Akasha's web

femdom erotica

Original Erotic Femdom Stories and Information Since 1995

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Articles

Femdom Reflections on Strap On Play

For the illustrated version of Femdom Reflections on Strap On Play, Click here (NSFW)

Keys to women enjoying using a strap on include:

- Fantasize early and often
- Enjoy the feeling of wearing one, even just for the mental impact
- Experiment by putting other things in your man's ass (safely and with liberal amounts of lube)
- Use your strap on for other things than fucking: Stick it in his mouth, pretend to masturbate with it
- Role play the act, the position and the movements with your helpless boyfriend

---

When I was about 16, I used to role play fucking a man in the ass.

At that time, I never really thought I would feel the sensation for real, but I found the mere suggestion of it very empowering. I would have my boyfriend lay face down on the bed, and I'd straddle his back.

Kneeing his thighs apart, holding his face down with one hand to the back of his head, I would position my hips in the right place, sneering at him, rubbing my crotch suggestively over his ass.

I'd growl, **pull his hair, thrust my hips toward him** in a rhythmic motion, gaining momentum (and enjoying the pressure and stimulation) until I was slamming into him as if I were the man and he were the woman.

The power rush was sensational. Having him face down, holding his face down, hearing the muffled protests. I wondered how good it would feel to be able to have that ability for real — to really *fuck* a man, to be a penetrator, not a penetratee.

I didn't actually think I would know one day. But then again, I was only 16 – I also didn't think I'd develop an interest in leashes and gagging men with my panties.

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I remember the first time I wore my strap on. I modeled in front of the mirror and felt somewhat silly, but very sexy. It has a lot of leather straps and buckles, and can be tightened to fit snug enough to provide great stimulation to the pelvic bone. As a teen, **I used to be able to orgasm** from a good make out session while rubbing my jeans up against the hardness in my boyfriend's pants — so you can imagine how stimulating it was to have that added bonus to my upcoming strap on play.

I can't say how many times I have modeled my strap on alone or in front of my victims, looking in the mirror, admiring the length and thickness of my new dick, sliding my hand up and down it. Simulating masturbation (I often wonder what that feels like for men — really feels like).

There is nothing like the visual impact of it — how it protrudes almost lifelike from my body if the lights are dimmed just right, or the room is only illuminated with candlelight. I catch reflections in the mirror and feel like the cock is really part of me.

Just strapping it on gets me wet. It's like a sign of what is about to come — the power, the total ownership of my victim, the ability to be **plunging into his most delicate of areas**, controlling every sensation.

****

A strap on was definitely not the first thing I shoved into a man's ass. I had experimented lightly with sticking lubricated fingers into my victim's ass during anal-exam fantasies, or just to make them feel violated.

I had inserted plugs and various dildos, simulated some fucking sensations. But as I sat there, ramming the dildo in his ass with rhythm, my mind drifted to the more practical, more erotic, more stimulating *for me* option — having the cock connected to me. Fucking him — literally.

****

There is a difference between the mind frame and objectives when it comes to dildo and plug play vs. strap on play. I can have my victim tied down, his legs up and apart, ass cheeks open to me — and very carefully and invadingly **violate his ass by inserting a dildo** or a plug. I can talk to him, tease him, stop and get up and look at him, stop and play with other toys while he has to hold the toy inside of him, testing the durability of his muscles.

Using the strap on is an entirely different sensation and mentality — it is about taking him, using him, and penetrating him with a lust and passion that is not matched by hand-inserting a dildo into his ass.

With the strap on, my dick becomes an extension of me, and **every thrust of my hips (sexual in nature) equates to a violation of his ass (domination)**. I can watch the look on his face if I have him on his back, or I can revert back to my schoolgirl position having him face down, gripping the bed sheets or shackles, depending on whether or not I have him locked down.

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Another thing, terribly overlooked in some erotic contexts, is the power of using the strap on for things other than ass fucking.

I like masturbating in front of my slave when he is not allowed to. Tying him down and having him watch me alternate between jerking myself off and massaging my pussy, until I cum in an orgasm that simulates his.

And he can do nothing.

I like making him watch me strap it on, locking the leather straps tight around my hips and thighs, staring into his eyes. Making him watch me lubricate it slowly, moving my hand up and down the long shaft with precision, making it shine with lubricant. Saying, "You know what I am going to do with this, don't you?"

But, I suppose, the second best thing to the actual ass-fucking with it is making my victim get down on his knees, crawl to me, and worship my latex cock.

Making him open his mouth so I can slide the tip of it between his parted lips, hands on my hips at first, moving just slightly back and forth. Telling him what a nasty cock sucking whore he is. Making him stick his tongue out and lick — lick the tip, then to lick down the sides.

Finally opening his mouth to accept the full length of me — all 8 or 9 inches, holding him by the head now, **sliding my cock out of his lips** slowly. It's glistening now, and I can feel the resistance as my hips move back and forth slowly.

It is then that I can reach over with my other hand, feeling down under me, feel the wetness, rub my pussy, soak my fingers while I give myself additional pleasure. Taking those wet fingers and rubbing them on the tip of my latex cock as a little treat for my nasty slave, making him lick it off eagerly to taste how excited he has made me.

Fucking a slave in the mouth can be extremely exciting — especially if I control the deepness, the timing of the thrusts.

Holding his head still, holding his chin down to keep his mouth open.

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For those thinking about strap on play, both from the giving and receiving end, I do have some practical suggestions — based on experience, but limited to my own personal experience. So please take it for what it is worth.

I strongly suggest for women considering strap on play, or men encouraging their reluctant partners to consider it, that role playing be used first. It is important to establish the position and nature of the act as highly erotic and sexy.

When I was 16, **I was fucking men in the ass** in my head. I didn't know it then, but that's what it was. I can easily determine now why using a strapon is so erotic for me — because at 16, exploring my sexuality, I was mimicking the posture and motions of it while highly turned on, and while stimulating my sexual areas through pressure and gyration — it became a very pleasurable concept in my head from a young age.

Role playing allows both people to enjoy the concept of the penetration without the hang-ups, inevitable snags that pop up, and logistics of dealing with objects in extremely delicate human orifices.

If both are comfortable with the erotic role playing concept, then perhaps it is time to move to the next level, but I strongly suggest not jumping right to strap on play. The woman, especially if she has limited experience with the motions involved in being the *penetrator* (by nature this is not how we are built), attempting it right off could result in problems due to a variety of factors — going too fast, too slow, at the wrong angle, with the wrong tempo. Moving in ways that she might not have as much control over her thrusts.

In order to make it more pleasurable and controlled, she should start with hand-inserting objects into her subject's ass, so she can understand the level of resistance, his tolerance for size and deepness, and the general limitations of the anatomy.

Only when she is totally comfortable with that do I suggest she move on — otherwise, the first strap on experience could be a disaster, and destroy any established eroticism associated with the act.

The logistics of this kind of play are covered very well in many other sources. Using a lot of lubricant the first time, going very slow, communicating very seriously during the first trial runs. Do not expect to fuck or be fucked violently and passionately the *first time*. Until a woman is aware of your anatomy, it is not feasible that she become the ravaging Mistress-from-hell with the nasty dick, ready to take you.

It makes sense, to me, that the first time with a new partner should be a non-headspace event. That is, there are no roles, you are simply two people becoming comfortable with a new position. Talk about it the whole time, discuss feelings and sensations.

Then, the next time, the domina can buckle on the strap-on cock with confidence, already comfortable with the positions, the tempo, the measurement and level of the thrusts. That way, it won't interfere with her headspace (sometimes nagging worries can really mess with a woman's control buttons — there should be little or no doubt that what she is doing is good, is erotic, and is empowering — not wondering, "oh no, is this too hard? is this too fast?")

There are plenty of times later where the domina can surprise the victim and take him as if it were the first time. I personally enjoy telling the sub that some day it will happen, and he knows he is to resist passionately, desperately, and will be taken **ruthlessly against his will**.

And because I love the act, because it is so erotic and nasty to me, I can strap him down, hold his face down, and thrust my 8 inch cock into his ass with no worries, no wondering, and no hesitation. I can violate him with deep, penetrating thrusts, until his ass is sore and he has smeared the pillow with sweat and tears.

The only way that is possible is because of my lust for the act — and my understanding of the sensations, and patience to do it right.

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Jan 4, 2021Akasha

Femdom Reflections on Strap On Play (NSFW)

Keys to women enjoying using a strap on include:

femdom wearing strap on and forcing man to suck it

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Jan 4, 2019Akasha

Femdom: The Good Girl's Guide To Female Domination

"I believe that many women are intimidated by and uncomfortable with the concept of erotic female domination or femdom because of the way they see it portrayed in adult films and in the media. I believe that men also develop many bad habits after years of satisfying their fantasies on their own, and focusing on their own pleasure. Through communication, trust and safe, sane & consensual exploration of erotic power exchange, I think many couples can experience pleasure they never imagined, and also develop better relationship communication and intimacy."

–Akasha

The Good Girl's Guide to Female Domination

INTRODUCTION

I receive a lot of email from women who are exploring domination and think they want to become a femdom. Many of them are doing it at the urging of their husbands or boyfriends, and the woman's attitude can range from "This sounds ridiculous and twisted and I don't think I can ever do it but I want to make him happy" to "Hmm, sounds kind of interesting, but some of that stuff is just too weird." The common question is always, "Where do I even start?"

I decided to develop a series of "scenes" that range from extremely tame to a little riskier. But rather than just say, "Tie up your mate and do this, that, and the other thing to him," I wanted to add what is important:

What YOU might get out of it
How you can do it without feeling uncomfortable
How to communicate about it

Hopefully, the end result will be that you find there are things you kind of enjoy, things you do once and say "not for me," and things you do and look back and think, "Hey, that was really HOT! I want to try that again."

ABOUT ME

To help you better understand where I am coming from, let me tell you a little bit about who I am, and about this website. I'm a very normal woman living a very normal life, with a career, and a mate. Unlike most of the women I hear from, I got into "erotic power exchange" on my own, when I was an experimenting teenager, and was not introduced to this by a boyfriend or husband. When I was a teenager, while relatively sexually conservative, I was fascinated with the sensualism associated with games like tying up my partner, or using blindfolds. As I got older, I was exposed to more, at my own pace, and found that there were a great many things I could enjoy with a partner. Some of them are considered quite kinky. In fact, some of the things I do now, I would NEVER have imagined I would do! One thing has never changed though, and let me make this clear:

I have always found the portrayal of "dominant women" in adult films and most adult erotica to be cheesy, ridiculous, and sometimes downright silly.

Chances are that you might only know about female domination (femdom)from these ridiculous portrayals of latex clad divas and men acting pathetic and you feel embarrassed for them. Rest assured, this is NOT what you are going to become. These films are developed to cater to a male audience. And most men, while they kind of dig that fantasy, really want one thing: A woman who really ENJOYS dominating him. That is more important than a costume or a fetish.

First, the rules. Please read these WITH your mate.

FOR HER:

–Enjoy yourself. Let go. Don't compare yourself to the stereotype of what you think "female domination" is — whether it be a dominatrix you saw on TV or something you read in the newspaper or saw in an adult movie or B-movie. Femdom is just a word. This isn't the same thing.

–Enjoy yourself. Make sure you do the things you like and do them lots. If something feels right but you feel confused about it, know that you can reflect on it later, communicate with your mate and find out how you feel about it.

–Enjoy yourself. This is YOUR time. Do not get caught in the trap of thinking, "Ok, I can do this. I can stomach it to please my partner because I love him." That's not the point. It defeats the purpose.

–BE SAFE. Most of these examples are fairly tame, but always know your partner, his health situation, allergies. Always have a communication mode set up, either agree to talk openly during the entire time (So if he says "STOP", that means stop), or set up a "SAFEWORD" if you prefer to roleplay — so if he says "STOP" and is just being dramatic, have a code word that really means "STOP". Personally, I prefer open communication, especially if you are just starting.

FOR HIM:

–No nagging. Don't push her into doing it. Let her do it when she is ready. Don't pressure. If she says "I am going to give this a try when I am ready," you are to back off and let her approach it in her own way.

–No asking for more. When she's done with the scene or session with you, don't ask for more. Even if you think you are complimenting her by saying, "Oh I am so turned on, please can we keep going" — DON'T. There is a time for communication (more on that later), but when she signals that she is done, you can't ask for more.

–Don't top from the bottom. No hinting at her, no telling her what to

do, no trying to "help" her unless she asks for it. No trying to manipulate her into doing more of what you like. THE PURPOSE OF THIS IS FOR HER TO FIND OUT WHAT SHE ENJOYS. You already know what you enjoy.
–Don't get addicted. The rush will be fantastic. Separate your relationship from your passion for these games and don't let it rule your life. Provide her with appropriate affection and encouragement in the hours and days following her exploration, without expecting anything in return.
–Retain dignity. If groveling is your kink, please tone it down. Keep your reactions in check and note how she responds to your reactions. The goal here is to not have her feel uncomfortable when she sees you submit. All women react differently to varying degrees of humility in their mates. It's your job to find out what her comfort zone is. It might change with time, but out of the gate you want her to enjoy it and not be distracted by you acting too pathetic for her taste.

THE GROUND RULES FOR BOTH PEOPLE

–All play is initiated by the woman. She picks the date and time. It is up to her whether or not to give advanced notice, and also to still NOT choose to play at that time.
–Play starts AND stops when she feels it should. When she is finished, or "stuck," or if she feels that it just isn't clicking with her, she says, "I'd like to stop now," and all bets are off.
–Communication must take place after the "scene" is over — in preferably three segments. One, about ten or fifteen minutes after completion. Spend some quiet time cuddling or making love, and then take a few minutes to reflect on how both people enjoyed it. Talk about it again later — a few hours later. Often new feelings come out. Then, try to talk about it the next day when you have had a chance to totally remove yourself.

TOPICS FOR POST-SCENE DISCUSSION

–What did she enjoy most? This is her opportunity to share what has worked for her. Also, ladies, remember that often a great deal of the pleasure the man receives is in knowing that he did a good job or made her feel good. This is your chance to give him praise.

–What pushed his buttons? Gentlemen, please do not use this post-scene time to lay out your laundry or wish list. YES, do tell her what pushed your buttons. But cautiously phrase things. DO say things like, "When you pinched my nipples, I thought I was going to lose it! That was so intense and exciting." DO NOT say things like, "I wish you would have pinched my nipples more." Don't phrase things in the negative. Say what you liked, not what could have been better, UNLESS she asks you. This is confidence-building time.

–What odd emotions are you facing? For both partners. Guilt? Shame? Why are you feeling these things? What is worrying or nagging you? Talk through the roller coaster of emotions are you both feeling to better understand how this makes you feel. Note that many times the emotions run VERY high right after completing this kind of scenario, and it takes some time to level off. Think about what you are feeling and talk about it.

–Aftercare — do not underestimate the importance of "aftercare" for both partners. It is common for one or both people to feel exhausted, zoned, restless or confused. Often a sure-fire aftercare method, to help both people settle down, is good old fashioned quiet cuddling. Gentlemen, do not forget that your femdom needs aftercare too — often they are dealing with confusing feelings of guilt, or wondering if they were adequate. Also, remember that aftercare comes also the next day — a phone call or an email to say again, "I really enjoyed that." The bottom line: Communicate!

QUICK TIPS FOR HER ENJOYMENT:

Ladies, I cannot emphasize enough how important these few tips are:

1. ENJOY YOURSELF. Don't try to do this just to please your partner. This is playful, sexual experimentation. Treat it like that.
2. DO NOT force yourself to do any of these things if you are not in the mood. Period.
3. KNOW THAT YOU CAN STOP whenever you want. He knows the rules. You do this on your time. Don't feel obligated.
4. THINK ABOUT the fantasy/scene ahead of time — a day or two before, a few hours before. Think about what will make it exciting for you. Think about how shocked and enamored he is going to be.
5. REMEMBER there is no set start and stop time, or "time length" this should last. It may be ten or fifteen minutes. It may be a half hour. It may be broken up throughout the day or over a few days. When you are done or feeling not quite into it, you say, "I am ready to stop now." At first, you may want to purposely take less time in your adventures — they can be exhausting!

ON TO THE SCENES

The following are simple suggestions for games that you can play with your mate. You take on all the risks involved, and please note that these are suggestions. Always keep safety in mind, and be aware of your partner's physical and emotional well being. Always communicate and always have an agreed upon way to stop the interaction immediately. This is critical to trust and safety!

1. LIGHT BONDAGE

Description: Often a little light bondage is the easiest first step for a woman who is exploring female domination / femdom. I think I read somewhere that a great majority of couples experiment with light tying-up and blindfolding games at some point. It's the most portrayed on primetime TV of all the female domination / femdom scenarios. You may have already experimented with this type of play with your mate. This time, though, do it on your terms. You choose the time, and you choose when and how to restrain him. Some creative, spontaneous examples:
–Lightly bind him to a chair and feed him dessert
–Tie his hands behind his back and make him service you orally

–Blindfold him and instruct him how to make love to you
–Tie him to your bed and pretend he is your sex slave, or someone you want playful revenge on. Pretend he is someone you have wanted forever, and now you have him in your clutches. IF you role play, make sure you tell him ahead of time how you want him to react. Should he be scared and timid? Should he be brave and stoic? Should he be a bit of a smart aleck, so you can give him an attitude adjustment? Which of these sound most fun to you?
** Always remember to be careful with bondage. Handcuffs are flashy and fun, but have to be watched as they can dig into the nerves and do damage — only use them if you are not going to be putting a lot of pressure on them. Scarves, pantyhose, ties work well, but do NOT tie the knots too close to the skin. The point here is to create the aura; later, if you want to follow this path, you can learn how to restrain someone so he really cannot get away, and do it safely. Stay away from the neck.
** Never leave your partner bound and unattended with no way to get free.

What do you get out of it?
For me, there is something very sexy and sensual about bondage. Maybe this is just in my wiring. The sight of a man bound tightly or helpless in some way is just raw. I always get fascinated with wrists, ankles, and hips during bondage. The little struggling bits get me very excited. I like to see a man challenged, and to me, bondage is a challenge. He's helpless. I like things like heavy breathing, sweat — these things come out when a guy is struggling, even if it's make believe. It's also fun turning the tables.

Note to men: Your fantasies may include heavy bondage, latex, straitjackets, cock and ball harnesses, or real imprisonment. My advice to you: Back off. Let her learn to enjoy the concept of bondage first. If you are looking for those games, you have to put your own desires aside and let her evolve. She will not go from light bondage games to complicated bondage overnight. If you help her

enjoy the above games, she is more likely to want to try more. Remember, it's about HER pleasure!

2. TAKING CHARGE OF HIS ORGASMS/TEASING AND DENIAL (also known as "Chastity")

Description: This is probably logistically one of the easiest games to play with your mate, and one that will generate the most results quickly. Very simply put, you get to control when and how he has an orgasm. Men often respond very well to being controlled this way. It is exciting for them, and they feel very helpless and enamored with a woman who is not afraid to control his sexual release. You start by simply telling him that he is not allowed to have an orgasm unless you direct him to, and with your permission. You can make the rules. If he is the nagging type, tell him that if he bugs you about it, you will put it off even longer. Make sure you continue to have him pleasure you, however. And make sure you let it be known that you are enjoying having this pleasure, and that he cannot have his own until you say he can. When you are satisfied with his suffering (a few days, a week, even a couple of weeks later), you can make him "EARN" the right to have an orgasm (you pick what he has to do!), or have a great lovemaking session, or even have him masturbate in front of you. He will be putty in your hands. He will probably be on the "honor system" as he could have snuck off at some point into the bathroom, or at work, and satisfied himself. But if he is serious about submission, he will confess if this happens, and you can make him start over again — or punish him by making him do something he hates (Clean the bathroom? Mow the lawn?). Always remember that the closer you get him to orgasm and then stop, repetitively, often directly results in making him hornier. Timing wise, these kinds of scenes work well in the course of ONE evening (lots of starting and stopping, so by the end of the night he's just ready to explode and will do ANYTHING for you), or over several days, with periodic teasing. Teasing can include things like: A nasty phone call or voice mail in the middle of the day (tell him what you are wearing, that you are masturbating and let him listen, tell him about a fantasy of yours, or just simply say "I bet you wish you could cum right now,

eh?"), a handjob in the morning that never leads to anything, the start of a blow job that never happens, wearing something super sexy and flashing him in the bedroom, making him go down on you, sending a pair of your panties to work in his briefcase, pointing out to him casually things about your sexuality, "Gee, it must be cold in here, my nipples are really hard, can you tell?" — Be a flirty tease, be sexy and know it, be confident and HAVE FUN. Tease the hell out of him. He'll be fit to be tied!

What do you get out of it?

You call all the shots. You have complete control over your sex life. Regardless of your sex drive, this will always work in your favor — If you have a low sex drive and feel bad about that, who cares — you deny him, and it gives you the breathing room you have always wanted, and actually you may find your sex drive comes back when you aren't pressured all the time. If you have a high sex drive, you can have your cake and eat it to. All the oral sex you want, when you want it, without having to return the favor. If you LOVE intercourse and can't live without it, train him (it takes practice) to penetrate you WITHOUT having his own orgasm, or experiment with dildos and vibrators. The bottom line is that you will own your own sexual pleasure, and he will become more and more under your spell as his desire for you increases. If he starts whining, or nagging, or his behavior during this "high horniness time" is a turn off to you, TELL HIM. The last thing you want to do is reward bad behavior by not pointing it out. He will be looking to do what you want during this time, and if anyone needs to modify behavior, it will be him. I have found that most men (even non-kinky men) respond to this kind of game because it's sexy and fun, and most women can get into it because it's relatively low pressure and she has many options to do it her way.

NOTE TO MEN: Your fantasies may include chastity devices or more severe treatment or humiliation regarding your inability to have release. Back off. This is about having her enjoy the concept of controlling your pleasure, and she must start with what is fun and

not complicated. Chastity devices can be expensive and bulky, and in practice are often hard to implement. If she really enjoys controlling you verbally, she may go down that path, so make sure she has fun. Men are often tempted to create their own rituals and rules regarding "not being allowed to cum" because they have done it for so long all by themselves with a make believe femdom, or someone they met on the Internet. DO NOT try to mold your mate into this person. Let her find HER style. Got it? Bottom line again — let her find out what works for her!

What's next? Let's move over to – How to Become an Amazing Domina – It's Easy!

Apr 17, 2018Akasha

Online Training

Ultimate Feminization Training Guide

Dear Slut,

An important note about this training program:

I created this online training program originally in 2008. The lessons would appear on my website every few days, and the poor hopeless sluts that were enrolled had to complete the task, due their homework, and send me a report and/or proof. The craziest thing about these trainings were how many sluts signed up, and how few ever finished.
When the trainings were most popular, I had 200+ slaves enroll. By the end, usually, only 2 or 3 finished. Most of these so-called "devoted" slaves started to flake after around lesson two. Yes, two. It goes to show you how many subs are serious about it!

I welcome you to try to complete the program now. Can you do it? Do you dare? This is just like how Netflix offers an entire season of shows at once. Are you going to binge-submit and complete these lessons one after another, or actually space them out so you can survive? Will your cock even last?
Will your blue balls explode?

Do not send me lesson reports, instead, Tweet them at me! Make sure you tag me, include a photo, and use the hashtag #TrainedByAkasha.

I will be looking for these! I always ache for that hidden slut who will come out of the woodwork and impress me….Is it you?

Tweet to me right now and say "I am doing Akasha's classic Humiliation Training!"

Affectionately,

Akasha

Akasha's Extreme Feminization/Humiliation Training

Say goodbye to your "manhood"

ULTIMATE FEMINIZATION

My upcoming training will have a focus on forced feminization and humiliation – all in ways designed to amuse and arouse me (and, perhaps, some of my girlfriends). Apparently, there are a lot of new, confident "men" that want to step up to the plate and show me what they got – oh, it will be a pure delight stripping away their manhood little by little and turning them into my own little sissy whore.

Unlike previous trainings, you will not be required to maintain a blog. The reason for this is that I know this level of intense feminization and degradation is very personal, and so the lessons and photos (optional) will be submitted to me via private email.

What kind of tasks can you expect?

Chastity
Forced Feminization
Anal play
Behavior modification
Private and (possibly) public humiliation/tasks
Sissification
VICTORIA'S SECRET SHOPPING TASK

Yes, the dreaded VS shopping trip task is back, just in time for Valentine's Day! Sluts in my training (who are still in good standing and doing their homework) will be provided with a sealed note to take into their local lingerie store and present to the prettiest lady that works there. What does the note say? Oh, that's my choice. I can assure you that it will be the most exhilarating and humiliating experience of your life – and one that makes me incredibly wet! (readers of my website will have an opportunity to participate in this task at the appropriate time, but will have to work harder to obtain the note).
Use your common sense: Submissives may enroll anonymously and are never required to provide any personal information. This is an opportunity for submissive members to explore their desires in a safe, anonymous way. We are not responsible for risks you may take while you participate in this program. That includes anything impacting your health, career or marriage.This program is for adults only and is for entertainment. This is an online training program hosted on AkashaWeb for Members Only.

Enrollment period:
~~You must enroll by January 18, 2008. You may apply by completing this application.~~

There are a few toys you should have in your collection to start. Of course, you are always welcome to use your existing toys or household items. I have a few toy recommendations that will help you, however:

Realistic Suction Cup Dildo

Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

These toys are not required but will make your training easier. You can be creative by using household items (as long as they are safe) or improvising.

Perfect Panties for Pussy Boys and Sissies, picked out by Akasha!

For this training, you may also obtain an optional "SISSY TRAINING KIT," put together personally by me to aid in your training. The kit includes necessities for new sissies, including new Victoria's Secret panties (picked by me), a sissy training collar and personalized name tag (with a sissy name I select for you), and special girlie accessories to enhance your feminine experience. I am making a limited number of these, so email me to reserve your sissy kit and receive further information. Use the subject line "sissy training kit." These are available to sluts both inside and outside the USA and are shipped by me discreetly.
(Sissy training kits are no longer available, but from time to time I will offer them. Email me to inquire.)

Affectionately,

Akasha

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Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson One

Hello my new slaveboy,

I hope you enjoyed your last weekend of freedom. When you signed up for my training, you should have known what you were getting yourself into. The title of this training really could have been "Ultimate Feminization meets Ultimate Humiliation." Before we get started, I want to share with you first what excites me about this topic.

The first time I told a man he was going to wear panties for me, he laughed. It was a cocky kind of laugh, and he looked at me like I must be joking. I wasn't joking, of course, and soon he learned how serious I was. The emotions that followed for him were embarrassment, humiliation, fear, and ultimately, shame regarding how turned on he actually was by it. He could not deny it as his cock popped out of the tight, pink lace panties. When I made him turn around and bend over, running my hands over his asscheeks and commenting out loud about how his butt looked so feminine in his new panties, he moaned out loud. I pushed him up against a mirror and made him repeat to me over and over again what a slut, a whore and a "bitch" he was, all the while reaching over and rubbing his package through the feminine panties.

It was only a matter of time before I had him in thigh high stockings, a little lipstick, making him crawl to me to suck my strap-on cock. He'd sucked my cock before, but adding the lingerie seemed to enhance his performance, make him more attentive, and it was so much more interesting to watch. No matter how much he denied his arousal, to me and to himself, every time he put on his panties, he got hard. The combination of shame and arousal made me incredibly wet.

Getting other boyfriends to put panties on proved a little more challenging. Sometimes I would trick them into it with a harmless bet ("loser has to wear the other person's PANTIES!") or through seduction, blindfolding them, tying them down, stripping off their brief and then replacing them with panties as he squirmed, laughing. Then it became no laughing matter, when I exclaimed, "Oh my – it's actually turning you ON isn't it!?" The first few times he'd wear panties it was while bound and blindfolded, until slowly, very slowly, he started to long for the feel of the tight material around his crotch. It was all downhill from there.

Feminizing a man for his own humility is one thing. Feminizing him for my arousal is a totally different matter entirely. If you are a slut who dresses in panties and other feminine attire in private, you need to understand that this is going to be totally different. Dressing and being humiliated for my pleasure is a totally different act, and you will soon learn that it's not about what makes you hard – it's about what makes me wet. So if you think this is going to be a bouncy, playful, 'let's play dress up!' game with you getting to dress up and indulge your fantasies, you may be surprised. This is about dressing up to make me wet, to amuse me and my friends, and to ultimately become a suitable bitch, fucktoy, whore, or lesbian slut for my pleasure – whichever role you fall into. In some instances, you may be required to endure humiliation and training designed to get you so close to being fully feminized that you will question your own manhood. Your cock, which will be rendered useless in a short time, will become totally secondary. Your orgasms (laugh) will be nearly nonexistent as you strive to be the best PUSSY possible.

For this training, you will not be required to keep a blog, but you WILL be required to submit your homework/lessons to me privately via email. Failure to submit your lessons will impact your SISSY GRADE. I will keep a running, PUBLIC roster of all my sissies so that my readers can see who is at the top of the class. At the end of the training, my TOP SISSY will earn a special sissy outfit, selected by

me – perhaps a cute little teddy, a dancer's outfit, or something you could wear while serving at a party or dancing on a stripper pole…

Pictures will always earn you extra credit, so send them in your emails – however, do NOT send more than 2 MB of photos or multiple emails. You are allowed to send ONE email per lesson with attachments. Anything larger than that will not be downloaded. I will not share the pictures on my web site, but I may show them to female friends (in person, not by sending them).

It's time to get started with a few ground rules, my new sissy.

1. If you obtained my training collar and sissy name, you must use that name in all correspondence with me. NO EXCEPTIONS!! You also must wear your collar when you complete your tasks and send your homework to me.

2. You must shave all your pubic hair, leg hair, armpit hair. Now, if you cannot do this for some work or personal reason, explain this in your first homework to me. Otherwise, know that feminine sissies are always shaved and smooth for their Mistresses. This will feel MUCH better in your lingerie and help tremendously with your state of mind…

3. You are now a PANTY SLUT. This is your first step toward sissification. This means you must wear panties 4 days a week at a minimum. If you received special training panties from me you must wear those. You must buy new, sexy panties to complete your wardrobe if you do not have any other panties.

4. NO MORE CUMMING. As of this moment, your cock is officially my property. You are not allowed to cum until I tell you when and how. If you have a chastity device, you must lock it in place now and keep it on until you receive further instructions. You will be required to "play with your pussy" as part of my training; you are to remove your device and replace it at the completion of your pussy training.

For your first lesson, you need to be in your panties while you do a quick little shopping trip. Sissies that obtained my special kit do not need to do this shopping trip, because they already have the items I want them to use for this. Other sissies, though, must go out and purchase nail polish (in a pretty color and/or with sparkles) and lipgloss. You are not allowed to buy anything else at the store when you buy these items.

When you return, you must paint your fingernails and toenails, wait for it to dry, then apply your lipgloss and get down on all fours. It's time to begin learning to suck cock for me – the nice, thick cock I had you buy will be perfect. Otherwise, I am sure you have a suitable, realistic dildo for this task. You must suck it while you are wearing your lipgloss, in your panties. You have to suck for 20 minutes, noting how tight the panties are starting to feel as you wrap your lips tightly around the cock. Notice if there is any pussy juice smearing inside your panties. Imagine being in full lingerie, taken against your will to a special salon, and being tied up, laughed at and humiliated by a group of women who delight in forcibly shaving your body hair, waxing your balls, and milking you again and again to fill a vial full of cum. What's the vial of cum for? Ohhh…you don't want to know….

For your first homework lesson, you need to email me with the subject line "Shaved pussy" – reporting to me about your shaving ritual, your cocksucking experience and what it feels like to be wearing panties for me as you first, simple step into feminization. Do not be late or you will lose your good standing in my class!

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There are a few toys you should have in your collection to start. Of course, you are always welcome to use your existing toys or household items. I have a few toy recommendations that will help you, however:

Realistic Suction Cup Dildo

Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Two

Hello my new sissy bitch,

I'm very pleased with the lesson reports I've been reading, and all the cute pictures of my property stuffed into sexy, feminine panties. Some of you little bitches are MEANT to be in panties seven days a week, I can tell you that!! And some whores have the most useless little dicks anyway, it's about time you were REFORMED and turned into a good sissy so that you can do something useful. Your excuse for a cock is of no consequence to me – really, now, you are just a little GIRL to me.

In fact, as you read this, I bet your pussy gets wet. Go ahead, reach down and play with your clittie. You like that, don't you? You are already missing the feel of the lip-gloss on your lips, the smell of the nail polish as you applied it. You don't miss your hairy crotch or smelly armpits. You want to be dainty and fresh, and want to walk and talk like a perfect little sissy so you can amuse and entertain all of my female friends! Ultimately, you'd enjoy a little fashion show or salon trip with us, shaking your fine little sissy ass and inviting catcalls as you emerged from your slut makeover!! All in good time, little bitch. Right now, you have to focus on the basics.

Go ahead and put your lip-gloss on right now and suck your big dildo as you read this lesson. Make sure your mouth is wrapped all the way around the cock and you are going down deep as you read about your next tasks. Your panties should be feeling very full and your clittie should be aching from not being allowed to cum for two whole days! There's so much more to cum…and you will NOT be cumming, so get your mind out of the gutter, slut!

It's time to head out and do just a little more girlie shopping. You need to go to the store and purchase some GIRLIE magazines. I want you to get Cosmo, Marie Claire, Vogue, and at least one other

GIRLIE magazine. Before you leave the magazine rack, you have to apply some of the perfume from one of the perfume advertisements in VOGUE – go ahead and put it on your wrist. Don't worry bitch, you are BUYING the magazine anyway. Put it on and make your way over to the feminine products aisle and purchase maxi pads and tampons so you will be ready for your first period. You also need to buy control top pantyhose. If you do not have condoms at home, you must also buy condoms at this time. You are not allowed to buy any other items besides these items. If you WANT to, you may also purchase feminine bath salts or body wash for your BATH later tonight….

When you return home, spread out your magazines and items and take a picture to send me for extra credit. You will be taking a long, luxurious feminine bath as you read your new magazine, looking at all the cute outfits and reading the tips on everything from make up to dating to sex. Make sure you read your sissy magazines carefully, because these hold valuable information for you as you become more and more feminine with each day.

By now, you also should be working on ways to eliminate or HIDE that useless bulge in your trousers. Unfortunately, we cannot simply remove your useless dick; we can, however, have you use athletic tape to tuck it under and then put on your control top pantyhose to cover your BULGE. Check in the mirror and see how it looks. Send me a picture, also, so I can see how you are doing….

You also must practice your cocksucking for 20 minutes now, each night before you go to bed. You must always be in your panties and you must always be on your hands and knees. Fasten your dildo to a wall or mirror or mount it between your couch cushions, get on all fours and crawl to it. Practice your best slutty crawl, shoulders down and ass high in the air, inviting the giggles and comments from my girlfriends if they were watching and evaluating you.

For your homework, you must email me a description of your shopping trip and the pictures (optional – extra credit) and then report an answer to the following essay question: "What would you enjoy MORE and why: Being abducted by me and my girlfriends and forced into humiliating, forced feminized slavery for a weekend; or, having a weekend of voluntarily feminization as my personal maid and serving me doing maid chores. Which appeals more and why? Which would you do better at and why? Your answers will be very interesting! You need to send this email to me no later than 11pm PST on Saturday, January 26 with the subject line "cunt whore."

Don't forget to check out the Sissy Roster and see if you RANK!

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Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Three

Hello my horny sissy bitch,

Check out the Updated Sissy Roster! The sluts are dwindling. See, you have more of a chance of being TOP SISSY than you thought you would, don't you? If you don't see your name marked with both symbols, maybe you need to work a little harder? You can include hot photos with your lessons, or this week, take advantage of a little EXTRA CREDIT at the end of the lesson….

Time to get to "work" though, my whore. I have good news for you. Today sissy gets to cum. That's right – finally, after almost a week, your poor aching clittie gets some release. Your panties are probably so tight and wet right now with the prospect of cumming that you are ready to explode and make a mess, soiling yourself.

Too bad, though. I must admit that in real life, your training would take a much devious turn right now. You see, I still would not allow my sissy to cum. Instead, I would invite all my girlfriends over to witness the act of you being milking. First, though, you'd be dressed up in a tight corset, crotchless panties, stockings and high heels. You'd be gagged tightly with pantyhose (how appropriate!), fastened down, ass in the air and your sac would be clamped into a device and your cock would have a sheath fastened over it. I'd use a long, aneros-type device, well lubed, to probe you deeply while my assistant applied a vibrator to your heavy, swollen balls, making you squirm until the fluid started to squirt. This would be incredibly humiliated since you'd be watched by my girlfriends, all of them mesmerized and impressed by the thoroughness and devious nature of the milking process. You would learn quickly that the prospect of enjoyable orgasms would be simply a memory….

So, consider yourself very lucky that as my sissy bitch in training, you do get to cum. I am sure you will enjoy your orgasm GUILT FREE, but remember, as you shoot your load, that in real life training it would not be so pleasurable.

When you cum, my whore, you have to do it my way. You must cum with your ass plugged. Yes, it's time to use the plug that I ordered you to buy, or a plug that you have on your own. I had you get an EXPANDABLE plug for a reason – because part of your training is about stretching your holes for my use. You will feel spread open wide as the plug inflates in your ass. Lube it up, push it in deep and inflate it at least half way the first time. Turn on the vibrator. Only after you have worn it for 15 minutes will you be allowed to cum.

But, not so fast. You don't think I am going to just let you cum, do you? No, there's more to it than that. You have to cum into an ice tray, and you must save every drop. Make sure your spread the cum through several slots so you can make multiple cum cubes after you combine water with them. Cum in your ice cube tray, add water, and then put it in the freezer. Make sure you do not mix it with any other ice trays, because you are going to need it soon. Perhaps…for SUPER BOWL SUNDAY? Yes, the classic "man's day" is going to become a SISSY DAY for my pleasure. No more macho male bonding, no more beer and potato chips. This Super Bowl, you are going to be a bitch servant, a humiliated sissy, served up special to amuse me and any of my female friends that want to come over for my party, "SUPER BITCH SUNDAY." The date of my party will be Sunday, February 3….

(If you will be unable to attend my Super Bowl party, you will have an alternate task. But you still need to have the "cum cubes" ready…)

EXTRA CREDIT: I want you to take photographs if you have a camera of both the ice tray, as well as a shot of you on all fours with your ass in the air in your panties. Sissies who obtained my sissy kit

must also use at least TWO of the items I sent you in the pictures!! Be creative and sissify for me…impress me!

You also must write a report about your CUM. You must use your sissy name, refer to your crotch appropriately – pussy, clittie are words you can use – and make sure you don't forget to thank your Mistress. Your email should have the subject line, "I'm a cum sucker".

Have a HORNY weekend after you get to cum, my sissy. Keep wearing your panties, keep sucking your cock for 20 minutes each day and don't forget what a little bitch you are….if you are feeling cranky and irritable, that might be your period sneaking up on you!

Until next time,

Mistress Akasha

Akasha's Extreme Feminization/Humiliation Training Lessons in this series:

Lesson One

Lesson Two

Lesson Three

Lesson Four

Lesson Five

Lesson Six

Lesson Seven

Lesson Eight

Lesson Nine

Lesson Ten

Lesson Eleven

Lesson Twelve

There are a few toys you should have in your collection to start. Of course, you are always welcome to use your existing toys or household items. I have a few toy recommendations that will help you, however:

Realistic Suction Cup Dildo

Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Four

Hello my sissy bitch,

How's your sissy clittie today? Hard already, as you read this email? I am sure your pussy is wet and your cunt is aching. My little panty-wearing bitch is becoming quite the girlie slut already, and I am very impressed!! This lesson will bring you even closer to your ultimate SISSY SELF, stripping more of your "manhood" and putting you in your place.

The ultimate goal, of course, would be to sissify you so extremely that you'd fit right in with my girlfriends in a night on the town. We'd rent a limo, sissify you in the salon on the way out, and turn you into a cocksucking bimbo before taking you to clubs and ultimately selling your mouth to horny men and women. Does that sound too extreme? Perhaps. But as you imagine what it would feel like to be hogtied in your lingerie, your bra full of big new titties, your lips painted with the prettiest lipstick, I know you find yourself squirming in your chair. Wrapping your lips around our strap on cocks, enduring cum facial after cum facial, all while strapped into an unforgiving corset and locking high heels…it terrifies you but excites you.

Really, though, what matters most is what me and my girlfriends think. We all would enjoy standing in the Victoria's Secret as you walk up to the sales girl with your note, watching from the sidelines, seeing the pretty woman read the note and then look you over, only to call her manager over and show her the note. Oh, the humiliating in your face as they exchanging knowing looks, stare right at your crotch. It's as if they can see right through your clothes and know you are in panties and a bra, and that you are not nearly the "man"

you are pretending to be, but deep down, you are just a pathetic little sissy who needs to be shown his place…

Well, let's not waste any more time. You have your sissy, slutty supplies (tampons, maxi pads, control top pantyhose) and your toys (inflatable plug, mountable dildo, open-mouth gag), oh, and condoms, of course. I want you to put your control top pantyhose on, being careful not to get a run in them. They will feel so soft, so sexy and tight against your thighs. Walk around in them. Walk in front of the mirror. Look at your ass and the nice way they hug and encase your butt cheeks. So hot, so ready to fuck!

You will need to wear your pantyhose under your clothes three days this week. Those will be nice and distracting as you try to go about your activities, hoping no one will notice the difference in the way you walk.

You have to also endure more stretching of your 'pussy' by inserting the inflatable plug and pumping it up more than half way. Do this while you are on all fours, sucking the realistic cock as it is mounted at eye level. Don't forget to put on your sissy lipstick or lipgloss. Alternate sucking with pumping up the plug. Once it has been inflated more than half way, you have to turn on the vibrator all the way. Ohh, my poor, stretched little bitch! I wish I could see the look on your face. You will have to describe it in great detail in your next homework lesson that you submit…

You have to endure this stretching, cocksucking ritual one time each day for twenty minutes. And – no cumming. Sorry, my sissy, you have to learn some self control…

It's time, though, that you get used to the O-ring gag, because you will be wearing it as part of your upcoming humiliation training. You will need to wear it for increasing increments of time – first for ten minutes, then twenty, then thirty – so that by the end of this week you can wear it for the full half hour. Your jaw is going to ache. Are

you wondering what the reason is for this open-mouth treatment? Oh, trust me, it will be very degrading.

As you perform the exercises in this lesson, I want you to begin thinking about your upcoming trip to Victoria's Secret (or, whatever lingerie store is near you); that lesson will be coming soon. In a few days you are going to be given a note that you must seal in an envelop and bring to the prettiest woman that works there. I, of course, will know what the note says, since I wrote it. And I can assure you, you will never feel such intense humiliation as when she looks at you and proceeds to assist you with the instructions.

Meanwhile, those cum cubes are safely in the freezer awaiting the "party" we will be having, and your ass and mouth are being stretched and transformed little by little.

For your homework, email me a detailed description of your exercises as described in this email. For extra credit, send me a picture of your pussy in the pantyhose. Also, you must tell me the city location of the Victoria's Secret or lingerie store you will be visiting. THIS IS MANDATORY! You must use the subject line "pantyhose bitch."

Akasha's Extreme Feminization/Humiliation Training Lessons in this series:

Lesson One

Lesson Two

Lesson Three

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Lesson Five

Lesson Six

Lesson Seven

Lesson Eight

Lesson Nine

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Lesson Twelve

There are a few toys you should have in your collection to start. Of course, you are always welcome to use your existing toys or household items. I have a few toy recommendations that will help you, however:

Realistic Suction Cup Dildo

Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Five

Hello my pretty sissy whore,

I suppose I am a cruel, evil tease, because I said your shopping task details would cum today – but they won't! Instead, the focus is on Super Bowl Sunday, because the party is soon! Your shopping instructions are coming soon enough though. Sounds like a few of you are nervous bitches who don't know if you can go through with it….

It's almost the most celebrated day of the year for masculine men – Super Bowl Sunday! Well, this year, there's a new sheriff in town, and there will be no beer guzzling, testosterone filled afternoons for my pussy bitches! No, instead, you will spend your afternoon serving me and my girlfriends…by submitting to a series of tortures and humiliations all based on the outcome of the game. LIVE. And, some of you will be brave enough to do it all on webcam!

The action will begin on Sunday, February 3 at 6:30 EST (or whenever kick off is). You can see the Super Bowl Slut Rules here. As you can tell, you will be busy. It is recommended that you get the following items before the Super Bowl Party:

Panties (you will be dressed in your lingerie of course! You get extra points for sexy slutty outfits)
Nipple clamps or clothespins
Dildo for sucking
Dildo (or your plug for your ass)
Ben Gay or Icy Hot (make sure you have tested it on your skin and are not allergic)
CBT toys (a harness or rope/string for bondage)
Cum cubes (you made these in your last lesson)
Sluts will follow the game live in the chatroom and perform tasks based on what is happening in the game. For those outside of the

US who cannot see the game, don't worry, your fellow whores will inform you of what is going on live…this is by far the most fun event in my chat room and it gets bigger every year. This year, with webcams, it's going to be even MORE fun!!

For the first half of the game, MissBlue will be the Mistress in charge. I will be arriving by halftime, probably sooner, to join in the fun. Make sure you are on your best behavior!

DRESS CODE

Sluts are encouraged to dress up for the Super Bowl Slut Party. This is your opportunity to show off what a good sissy you are and come in your nastiest lingerie or cutest outfit. Be prepared to send pictures or use your web cam so that we can see how creative you are. Don't forget to freshen up and wear lipstick for the special day also.

Can't make it?

Some sad, sad sluts will not be able to make it to the Super Bowl slut party, I am sure. Let me first say that if the reason is you must attend a masculine BOY party, then I am disappointed in you. You should try to attend at least half the party. In addition, you must go to your "other" party wearing panties AND pantyhose, and you must also wear a maxi pad and suffer through your SLUT period during the party. That should keep your mind off of anything masculine. And yes, you should still have toenail polish on your pretty toes, too.

If you are unable to make it, you must still look at the halftime and end game results and perform the tasks that have been lined up for you. You will have to do this on Sunday night BEFORE you go to bed and report to me on it. There are no exceptions!

For the rest of you, I am very excited about seeing you this weekend for our special party.

Now, let's get back to the tasks at hand – your horniness, your hard "clittie" and aching pussy. You should be wet as you read this, wet in your panties. The reason you are wet is because you are becoming more and more of a whore for me, and even as you read the lessons and thought about serving at my Super Bowl Party, you found yourself both embarrassed and turned on.

This is nothing, my whore. Imagine if you were serving in real life? Do you know the humiliation and degradation my girlfriends and I would put you through in a real life "Super Bowl" revenge party? Forget about the game. It's just an excuse to dress you up in lingerie and make you look ridiculously feminine, take turns swatting your ass and making you serve drinks, eventually have you on all fours in front of the TV waiting desperately for the next play because a big, huge, strap on dick is looking behind your ass and threatening to be rammed up into your tight little whole the moment the next team scores. Imagine that kind of tension. You would never see a game the same way again, would you?

I have special, special homework for you today and I am really looking forward to it. It may seem a little odd, but it will help to make Super Bowl Sunday even more erotic and hot for me. You have to send me a masculine photo of yourself, taken either with sporting gear, in sporting gear (holding something, behind something, in something), in the most confident pose you can muster. Remember, I am going to look at this picture with delight as I realize I am going to be able to feminize your sissy ass in just a few days during my party. In this picture, you must be ALL MAN. No, that does not mean naked. It means in some sporting context. Now, if you are more of a geek, and don't like sports, that's ok, too. You have to use your imagination and take a picture in some masculine pose – be creative.

The subject line of this email and picture must be, "I used to be a man." That should be how you are feeling. . Also in this email, you must tell me what your plans are for SuperBowl Sunday. I need to

know how much FOOD TO PREPARE! (hahah). Finally, in this email you must report how you are completing your cocksucking and ass fucking exercises again – like a good little whore. You are still wearing panties every day and now will be wearing pantyhose every other day.

See you on SUNDAY, my bitch!!

Mistress Akasha

Akasha's Extreme Feminization/Humiliation Training Lessons in this series:

Lesson One

Lesson Two

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Lesson Seven

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Lesson Twelve

There are a few toys you should have in your collection to start. Of course, you are always welcome to use your existing toys or household items. I have a few toy recommendations that will help you, however:

Realistic Suction Cup Dildo

Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Six

Hello my new sissy,

You must be getting used to the feeling of your panties by now. Your clittie is hard constantly, I can imagine, and your pussy is wet and aching as you long for release. You are looking forward to our Super Bowl Slut Party with anticipation and dread, wondering what nasty acts you will be forced to perform.

But you know, I look forward to all of these things with arousal and amusement. I get wet when I think about your manhood being stripped away, piece by piece, and how you must face your own fears and humiliation every step of the way. Of course, I even enjoy imagining it as an even more sadistic and cruel transformation, with you abducted and tied down by me and my girlfriends, kept prisoner in a sort of "sissy transformation" ward, forced to endure processes and tortures including waxing of your body hair, locking on fake breasts that you cannot remove, forcing your feet into whorish pumps that you cannot take off, and turning you into a cheap, sexy whore – all for a night on the town or a weekend with my girlfriends…as our special ho!

I think the diabolical, medical nature of it is what makes the fantasy so hot. That, and the humiliation and dread as your masculinity is pumped from you and you are stripped of your male ego and pride, turned into a sissy bitch. How hot the lingerie would look as you became more used to it, how you would learn to walk like a proper sexy bitch, how your ass would move. And your big tits, how nice it would be to fondle them and watch your body move in arousal, watch your eyes as you looked at yourself in the mirror.

Best of all, though, would be your painted lips wrapped about my huge cock, as you were on your knees in your lingerie, sucking cock like a good little sissy. You would learn to please unconditionally with

your tongue as part of your training, first by sucking my strap on cock until I was satisfied, and then earning the right to worship my ass and then my pussy. All one step at a time, of course, and each step would be earned.

Punishments would be severe for not handling your duties as a proper sissy. You would have to use the right tone of voice, learn to moan like a girl when you sucked cock, and would have to walk properly in your high heels. Punishments would include over the knee spankings with your panties pulled down, nipple torture, and ice dildos shoved up into your hole. You would not want to disappoint me, trust me on that…

My mind wanders when I think about extreme sissification, as you can imagine. But all along, the most important part would be your acceptance of your new self, and the authentic struggle you have with losing your masculinity for my pleasure. I know it would be humiliating and uncomfortable, but that struggle would be what turned me on most. That, and what you learned to do with your tongue….

What is probably most distracting to you right now is your upcoming shopping trip to Victoria's Secret (or, for those of you in Canada, La Senza..and for those of you elsewhere, well, you will have to find a suitable boutique!). This is one of my favorite tasks because it requires that you face so many fears and put your manhood at risk. I know you have thought about the extreme, degrading humiliation of being laughed at by the women that work there, being made fun of, being stripped of your dignity…all for being a real sissy and wanting to buy slutty lingerie. I bet you have thought of being dragged in there against your will and forced into a dressing room and made to do a little sissy fashion show (yes, I have done this!! It sure helps knowing the ladies that work there), or having to walk into the store with your cell phone and hand it to the sales girl so I can tell her LIVE what a sissy you are. And you know you are going to want to disappear when she smirks and looks you up and down,

lingering her gaze at your crotch. Of COURSE I told her you were wearing a pair of French cut pink lace panties! And she's picturing it…..

For this shopping trip, you will receive an email from me with the subject line "DO NOT OPEN. FOR VS." You will print that note, seal it in an envelope, and go to the Victoria's Secret or lingerie store and hand it to one of the women that work there. You must behave with complete respect, including dressing nicely and being very polite. Do not act like a sissy or a whore or do anything that will make the woman uncomfortable. Leave the task to me – the note will explain everything. You must also go to the location you told me about in your last lesson – do NOT go somewhere else.

If you are not in good standing and have not completed all your lessons, you must catch up before you earn the note. No exceptions!! Email me if you have any questions about that. All slaves in good standing can expect to receive your VS note sometime on Monday. Be patient….

When you go to the lingerie store, you need to be wearing your panties as well as a maxi pad. I want you completely distracted during this trip. You can wear your pantyhose also, but that is optional….

In the meantime, you still have to complete your sissy tasks, with some slight modifications. I will summarize them for you:

You must suck cock on all fours, in lingerie, for 20 minutes each night

You must play with your pussy for 15 minutes each day – NO CUMMNG- while wearing your gag….

You must wear your pantyhose at least every other day

You must paint your toenails again so they look pretty!

I hope to see you all at my Super Bowl Slut Party!!

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Akasha's Extreme Feminization/Humiliation Training Lessons in this series:

Lesson One

Lesson Two

Lesson Three

Lesson Four

Lesson Five

Lesson Six

Lesson Seven

Lesson Eight

Lesson Nine

Lesson Ten

Lesson Eleven

Lesson Twelve

There are a few toys you should have in your collection to start. Of course, you are always welcome to use your existing toys or household items. I have a few toy recommendations that will help you, however:

Realistic Suction Cup Dildo

Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Seven

Hello my little prissy bitch,

The Super Bowl Slut Party was a success!! MissBlue and I certainly enjoyed all the whores that did attend. And many of those that did not attend did a good job of sending their report from the game, detailing how they surrendered to the activities based on the outcome of the game. The best part, though, was watching the whores perform on cam live as the game developed. And the game did not disappoint – neither did the sissies!!

Unfortunately, now, NO ONE can cum for a couple more days – until Wednesday night at the earliest…and I know the poor little bitches cannot think of anything else but cumming now. Even as you read this, I am sure your pussy is getting wet, your clittie is aching. Those panties are starting to feel even more tight…

On top of that, add the little email that came in your box last night (or, will today), with the subject line, "Do not read. Print and take to VS." Ohhhh dear – you know what that means. Soon, you will be shopping in the lingerie store, getting "help" from a pretty salesgirl who probably looks right through you and knows you are a sissy bitch. Who knows, maybe the note actually tells her…. I mean, imagine, if the note said this:

"Hello,
I gave my 'boyfriend' this note to give to you, because I know he can't follow directions very well. He is too embarrassed to admit to you that he wears panties, and would wear a lot more if he had the guts. I know you have men that shop in your stores for lingerie for themselves – and I know you have seen it and can pick out the guys. Well, he is one of them. In fact, he's wearing a pair of panties right now, and maybe even pantyhose. He is too embarrassed to admit it, but just look at him, you can tell. And he's there to add to

his lingerie collection, and to make it fun, I think you should help him pick out the nastiest, sluttiest lingerie in the store. He will buy anything you pick out. If the store is not crowded, feel free to embarrass him by making him change in the changing room. Or get some of your friends over to help and see who can embarrass him the most – trust me, it's fun! I thought this might help your day by making it a little more interesting. Feel free to enjoy it. Ask him what color his panties are, so you can make sure the bra matches…."

Ooooh dear. Imagine if that's what the note says. Or maybe it's something simpler, like"

"My boyfriend is to embarrassed to buy his own panties so I wrote this note for him. He's wearing panties right now actually. Tell all your friends – he could use the humility. He'll do anything you say, so enjoy it!"

There are so many options, really. But, I am not going to tell you what the note says. You just have to take it into the store and do as instructed. As a reminder, you must be polite and conservative, well mannered, clean and pleasant. I sometimes call the stores afterward to make sure my orders were followed properly….

Once you finish your shopping trip, you will feel a tremendous amount of relief. But your sissy tests are not nearly over. We are just really getting started. My horny little bitch, who cannot cum, must continue the nightly rituals. In addition, tomorrow and the next day, you must wear maxi pads all day long. You have to change them three times a day. You need to be SLEEPING in your panties (not naked) also, so you are constantly hard.

I had planned to let you cum in this lesson – before the Super Bowl outcome – and it was going to include your legs over your head and a nasty cum facial. But, my whore, you have to wait now, and hope that it is the next lesson – or dread it. That O-ring gag is going to

come in handy soon, catching all the cum as it squirts down into your face.

Your ass should be suitably stretched now from the anal plug. It's time to start really fucking your ass now, on all fours, as you suck cock at the same time. Put your lipstick on, paint your nails, and then get down on all fours and worship that cock like a good whore. I want you sucking on it, licking the tip, sliding your tongue up and down the shaft like a good little whore. You are going to have to prove to me what a good cocksucker you are, what an eager cocksucker you are, in your next homework assignment.

In this written assignment, you are to tell me your hottest, nastiest and most degrading cuckold fantasy. If you are not a cuckold sissy deep down, then your fantasy confession must be about sucking strap on cock in a gang bang setting. I want to see whose fantasies match mine the closest….

The subject line of this email needs to be "Cuckold Bitch" and I need to receive it no later than 11pm PST on Friday, February 8.

Look for your next lesson on Thursday, February 7. Will this be your big chance to cum? Probably NOT, bitch! But you can hope, right?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Akasha's Extreme Feminization/Humiliation Training Lessons in this series:

Lesson One

Lesson Two

Lesson Three

Lesson Four

Lesson Five

Lesson Six

Lesson Seven

Lesson Eight

Lesson Nine

Lesson Ten

Lesson Eleven

Lesson Twelve

There are a few toys you should have in your collection to start. Of course, you are always welcome to use your existing toys or household items. I have a few toy recommendations that will help you, however:

Realistic Suction Cup Dildo

Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018AkWeb

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Eight

Hello, my sissy bitch,

You are going to have a very busy evening. It's time for a little sissy dress up and whoring, just in time to earn the opportunity to cum!! Your poor pussy must be dripping by now, your cunt aching. It's been SO long and you want to cum so bad. Well, good news, my slut, you get to cum – as soon as you complete a little "task."

By now you have received your note to take to Victoria's Secret. If you did NOT receive it and think you should have, email me with the subject line "VS" – only sluts in my training and in good standing received the note. Others who wish to endure the same humiliation and degradation can, of course, volunteer, but only for a limited time and after I do a little research – so don't forget to tell me what city the Victoria's Secret – or, other lingerie stores – is in…

A couple of sluts have already reported on their task and confessed what happened when they presented the hottest sales girl in the store with the sealed note I provided. Talk about sizzling. It's almost as hot as being in the store and witnessing the look on a poor little sissy's face when she is forced to endure the public humiliation of being a panty wearing bitch.

I'm surprised at how many of my sissies actually long to be dressed up and treated like this in an even more humiliating manner – taken to an all-girl party and being forced to serve drinks in ultra-high heels or a hobble skirt, being blindfolded and forced into bright red lipstick and made to suck the strap-on cock of all the ladies present. Or having to crawl across the room on all fours to present her ass to the ladies for punishment.

Are you feeling even more girlie? The panties, the shaved crotch, the pantyhose – all of these tasks make you more and more feminine

and move you closer to perfection. Perhaps you will be my little cheerleader bitch, my bimbo whore, my sweet little lesbian sissy or my cocksucking cunt. I suppose it just depends on my mood?

The task for this evening will be a learning experience for you. And, you will be allowed to cum – finally – but only after you complete it. You have to go out to the drug store or market and purchase a set of press on (temporary, fake) nails in bright red. Make sure you have matching toe nail polish of course. In addition, you need to buy a bag of clothespins. You are not allowed to buy anything else at the store. You should already have condoms from a previous visit to the store.

When you get home, you are to spend the evening preparing your nails and putting them on, and then painting your toenails. This will be a little bit challenging. You have to do this while wearing your panties only. Add a little lipstick and dress up if you obtained my "sissy kit" – you will be spending the evening as my little whore! For extra credit, put on girlie music or a girlie movie to add to the mood….

Once the nails are on and toenails are dry, you need to put on your pantyhose. You are NOT to get a run in your stockings, so be very, very careful. When you complete this task you have to write me an email – at least 200 words – describing how the nails make you feel and how the pantyhose went on. Report how many runs you had. You must email me this letter no later than 10am PST on Saturday, February 9.

Once you send the email, then you may cum. But you cannot cum until the email has been sent, and you must cum while still in your nails, sissified for me. You have to cum with your O-ring gag on tight, with your plug in your ass and turned on, and with your legs over your head. You need to squirt your entire load all over your face, aiming for your mouth. This is going to be incredibly

degrading, especially after spending the night putting on your nails, painting your toenails and preparing!

As for the clothespins and condoms – well, you will find out about that next time, my slut! Right now, you have to get to your pantyhose, your nails, and your cum facial….Send pictures for extra credit…

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Akasha's Extreme Feminization/Humiliation Training Lessons in this series:

Lesson One

Lesson Two

Lesson Three

Lesson Four

Lesson Five

Lesson Six

Lesson Seven

Lesson Eight

Lesson Nine

Lesson Ten

Lesson Eleven

Lesson Twelve

There are a few toys you should have in your collection to start. Of course, you are always welcome to use your existing toys or household items. I have a few toy recommendations that will help you, however:

Realistic Suction Cup Dildo

Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Nine

Hello my slut,

I am surprised at how many sluts did not do their homework for lesson eight – or, are planning to turn it in LATE. I wrote the next lesson earlier, but am adding this introduction because after waiting a while, I still can't believe how many sluts did not do their lesson! Does that mean we are going to be down to less than TEN sissies? Or, are you all just waiting until later and hoping to beg for forgiveness?

Maybe the "Victoria's Secret" task was too much. Is that what pushed a lot of sluts over the edge and made them quit? I did get the enrolled slaves the option to ask for an alternative task. That brings me to this next lesson:

My nasty little bitches!!

Things are just now starting to get very interested. There is a reason I waited until after the homework was turned in before I gave the next class. I wanted to make the rules interesting for the next task. The torment that you are going to face is directly related to your performance on lesson eight.

In lesson eight, you were asked to put on your nails, then your pantyhose, then type at least 200 words to me. You were also asked to purchase clothespins as part of your last lesson. Now, you get to find out what happens with the clothespins…

But first, you need to lube up your plug and put it in your ass. You need to put lipstick on and get your dildo out, because as soon as you finish your clothespins task, you will be sucking cock for 45 minutes.

You need to reflect back to your homework for lesson eight and complete the following clothespin torture based on your lesson:

For every RUN in your pantyhose, you need to put two clothespins on your balls…
For every TYPO in your email, you need to put one clothespin on your nipples
For every word LESS than 200 words, you have to put a clothespin on your cock or balls…
If you did NOT turn in your homework or it was turned in after the deadline, you need to put 10 clothespins on your nipples and 10 on your cock and balls….
All clothespins must be on for 15 minutes. You can put them near your nipples, of course, not all right on the nipples. You can use your inner thighs if you run out of room on your balls and the underside of your cock.

Now, we must address the Victoria's Secret task. When you complete this task, you must send me a detailed email describing the experience and answering the following questions:

When did you do the task and what did you wear?
How long did it take?
How did you feel when you did it? Describe the process…and the fear, and nervousness, as you asked for help and she read the note…
What did you end up having to do for her and how did it make you feel?

Your VS summary email needs to be to me by February 15 with the subject line "I DID IT!"

Now, some sluts did email me and beg for another option because they could not go through with it. Based on my email, I believe some sluts also are not going to go through with it, and are going to chicken out at the last minute.

As part of your homework for this lesson, you have to submit to me TWO ideas for alternate PUNISHMENT tasks for the sluts that did not want to go through with this VS lesson. I decided to see what the sissies and whores come up with as punishments for the other sluts in the program! I may or may not use any of the ideas. I thought this would be an interesting idea to see what the other slaves think… after all, some of you have some pretty hot ideas about punishment and humiliation, I have found.

The answer to this question as well as your CLOTHESPIN report need to be sent to me in an email by 11pm PST on Tuesday, February 12. Your next lesson will also be posted on that day. The subject line should be "TITTY TORTURED."

In the meantime, you are not allowed to cum. You are on strict chastity again, and should be wearing panties every day. You also need to begin wearing a slight touch of women's perfume or scented body lotion (on your lower body – legs, belly) with a feminine flair. Perhaps some women's deodorant? Remember what you are becoming….besides, who is going to notice that pretty smell? Only you, my bitch!

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Ten

Hello, my little sissy bitch!

What a beautiful day here in Southern California. It's almost like beach weather here, and I enjoy imagining what it would be like to make my sissy bitch prepare for a picnic on the beach. I'm sure all the beach bunnies were out today in their cute sundresses and strappy sandals, and my poor, tortured sissy would be wearing a string bikini under her shorts and t-shirt. I would force my little bitch out into the water so that the white t-shirt soaked through and the bright pink bikini top was showing through…and all the girls on the beach would giggle and point. I know just where all the college sorority girls hang out on the local beach of course…..ahh, some nice day dreams I have about embarrassing my poor little slut!

(If it were summer time, I would make you sunbathe in your bikini top to get a nice tan line that would draw attention to those that looked. Oh, wait, there ARE tanning salons all over the world…now, there's an idea. Making you tan in a sexy bikini and thong bottom? How humiliating…)

Your training continues to proceed preciously, with only a handful of little bitches remaining. Who would have thought the majority of the whores lost their ability to follow directions right around the time things started to get interesting? It makes it much easier to focus on the special few, though!! Look for an updated sissy roster this week.

It's been extremely hot reading the few "reports" that have come in from my sissies visiting the lingerie store armed with a note. It would probably mortify my little pussy boys to know that I have the option of calling the store afterward to verify your story by talking to the manager. There is a reason I have asked which store, of course. I can also call the store should I decide to send you back for a

follow-up – and after a little "talk" with the ladies that work there, I think your visit could be even more interesting!!

But – -I will let you worry about that for now. Next, we need to get on to something I have been looking forward to. You see, I am not the only one that is going to be exposed to your training. I plan to get input from my friends. And not just MissBlue, who is kinky. I have another couple of girlfriends I plan to get involved, and they will judge your sissy selves! You are going to be judged on how NASTY and SEXY you are, and how close you are getting to womanhood. So it's time to get your panties, stockings, bra, nighties, or any other sexy outfit and "strike a pose."

You have to send me 3 digital photos in three different sissy poses. You will earn points for creativity in your poses! The poses should be feminine and sexy and show off your poise and eagerness to be sweet and sexy. Remember, I WILL be sharing these with my girlfriends and they are NOT kinky – they just know I am. So they might laugh at your pictures – a lot. I will share some of their best comments maybe – depending on how brutal they are!

To get you ready for your nasty photo shoot, you must complete the following tasks:

Bathe in scented bath oils
Put on slutty perfume
Shave your crotch, armpits, legs (if you can!)
Listen to girlie music or watch a chick flick
Paint your toenails and fingernails
Fill your ass with your plug – the largest you have to date…vibration on!

Once you have completed these tasks and played with your clittie until you are on the edge, you must take your photos. I need to receive these photos, along with a description of your preparation and how you felt. The subject line should be "Sissy Photos".

Depending on how good these pictures are, I may or may not allow you some ‘clittie relief.” You are to still be wearing panties every day….do you even remember what it was like to be a man?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization Lesson Eleven

Hello, my sissy bitch,

Did you have a sweet and sexy Valentine's Day? Were you fantasizing about what it would be like to be my little sissy valentine? I bet your fantasy included a lot of sexy red lingerie and stockings, red high heeled pumps, pretty pink lipstick and sucking my latex strap on like a good little lesbian bitch. But in reality, I think your tasks, as my Valentine whore, would include sucking the cocks of all the men I brought home, getting fucked in the ass by my girlfriend while I watched in amusement, or being forced to serve fruity pink cocktails to my friends at a special "Man Haters Party" this weekend!

Every now and then for Valentine's Day I have a party the following weekend where all my girlfriends get together and we call it a "man-haters" party. We drink, we tell nasty stories, we toy shop, and we describe in detail what we'd like to do to some of our ex's. How lovely it would be to have our own "serving bitch" dressed in Valentine's Day lingerie, a sweet little pussywhore that we could ultimately take out all our anger on!

After serving drinks in your pretty pink lingerie all night, you'd be forced to endure spankings on all fours (with party favors that I hand out – Sexy Red Paddles to match the color of your ass cheeks), be blindfolded and tied up and forced to eat and drink whatever we fed you, and finally locked into a head harness on all fours and made to suck cock or be pissed on; who knows, some angry ladies, after a night of drinking, actually start to talk about things like toilet training, pissing on slaves and making them pay the price for their "brothers!" All I could say is….you need to be prepared.

But what would be hottest of all would be how you endured it like a devoted, precious little sissy. You'd look simply adorable in your tight pink lace lingerie, even though your manly bits would pop out

unceremoniously. Your lipstick would get smeared now and then and you'd be sent off to the ladies' room to reapply. You'd wobble so precariously in your high heeled pumps, trying your best to move your ass convincingly. Throughout the evening I would be able to admire your effort and your determination to be the best sissy possible…

You do want to be the best sissy possible, don't you? I hope so, because this lesson will be another test of your determination and will to endure. The class is getting very, very small. Less than ten bitches are remaining!

It's time to put your 'big girl panties on' for another public shopping trip. This is going to be for a very, very important part of your wardrobe. Some of my sissy bitches were able to complete this task as part of their Victoria's Secret challenge, but many did not. If you did, consider this supplemental – as you can never have too much lingerie, as you know…

My slut, it's time for you to get a sexy nightie to wear to bed. The kind of nightie you will want to get depends on your style and personality of course. But it must be sexy, it must be red or pink, and it must show off your best feature as a sissy. Is it your legs? How about your titties? Is it your cute belly? Are you going to go for something sexy, or something downright raunchy?

Now, where are you going to get this nightie? I will let you decide, but I recommend you make the trip to the mall, because your sissy purse is going to be FULL. You have to take your dildo and your plug with you on this little shopping trip.

To get you in the mood, your first visit in the mall will be the ladies room – oh, the men's room, I suppose – to prepare yourself. Into the stall, and down on your knees you will go. Make room my bitch – mount that dildo on the side of the wall inside the stall and start sucking. You have to keep at this for ten minutes in the stall, and

with every slurp and suck of that cock, your panties should be getting tighter and tighter. I want you to be wet and horny inside your tight, sexy panties when you leave the bathroom.

Now, I considered making you wear your plug as you walked through the mall, but I realize this could be dangerous for some whores. So you don't have to wear it; however, you do have to shove it into your pussy in the stall, inflate it halfway, and leave it there during the entire cocksucking exercise.

I wish I could see you as you go through the racks, looking for the perfect nightie. Maybe you should get a cute, sexy babydoll. Or a very hot teddy. If you need something larger, I recommend something like this chemise from Fredericks. Make sure you get something that will fit – and something that will be horrible distracting when you try to sleep at night…after all, remember, I want you to wake up horny….

Once you get your sexy nightie, you have to take pictures and send them to me, along with your report about the shopping experience, including what nastiness you performed in the mens room. The subject line should be "nightie" and I need to receive it by 11pm PST on February 18.

Now, I have another matter to address. This is the issue of the sissies that did not complete the Victoria's Secret task. I really enjoyed all the suggested punishments from the other whores! Some of them were absolutely cruel!

I did receive some inspiration though. What I really wanted to do is capture a sense of torment and humiliation, but of course, in a private setting. This is what my sluts need to do…that is, the sluts that did not complete the VS task.

You need to take a condom and fill it with water and freeze it. Also, make sure you have ice cubes. Once the "ice dildo" is created, you need to be prepared to endure a combination of cocksucking torture

and ass torture! Start by peeling off the condom and sucking on the ice dildo until your lips are cold and swollen. This is all to merely prepare it for your tight pussy, of course. On all fours, your legs spread, you have to slide the ice dildo up your ass, making sure that first it is smooth and melted enough to fit inside! You have the ice cubes, just in case, to stick into your pussy if you cannot get the dildo inside – but I trust you will make a strong effort to endure this task, considering you did not complete your shopping trip as instructed.

You can take the ice-dildo ass fucking until it's unbearable (make sure you report to me how long you lasted) making sure not to HURT your precious pussy – knowing the ice cubes are your back up – at least two ice cubes in your ass, melting out and soiling your slutty panties. This ice torture should be a little reminder that your ass does belong to me – and that I may at any time decide to fuck it hard – with anything that tickles my fancy.

I look forward to reading about this experience from the sissies that did not complete their VS shopping task as instructed. Keep in mind, I still may make you do another shopping trip, with another sealed note – even MORE HUMILIATING!

After all, I make the rules, right?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Expanding Anal Plug

O-ring gag

Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Ultimate Feminization – FINAL EXAM

Ultimate Feminization – FINAL EXAM

My party Saturday night with a few girlfriends was a hit. I made sure they had enough liquor in them before I brought them into the den and showed them some of the sissy pictures on my computer. I waited until one of my friends asked, as they always do, "so..what kind of things do you have the guys on your website doing these days?"

They love to see pictures and hear about the tasks and trainings – so I went ahead and showed them the sissy pictures that were in my email waiting for judging. They were all too eager to help give tips and pointers to the sluts, but each round of photos was met with shrieks and laughter, wide eyes, and massive giggles. My girlfriends can't believe what I make my bitches do…and they find themselves amused, interested and even aroused by their own reactions to the pictures! I think there are a few femdoms in training in the group, to be honest.

About the judges: Natalie is a 31 year old dance instructor. She enjoys working out, going to the beach, and spending money (her words). She is a shameless flirt and has a great body, and she dresses to impress! Irene is a 34 year old marketing executive for a Fortune 500 company. She is a type-A personality and is like a modern day Barbie doll beauty, but don't let her sweet appearance fool you – she is a corporate shark!. Veronica is a 36 year old "real housewife of Orange County" (laughs) – she has 2 kids and a lawyer husband who she keeps in line, but she says she lives vicariously through me. She's hotter than any of the women on that show and much more real.

Let me share some of the more specific comments:

Panty whore:

Natalie: Her legs are nice and sexy, but please, SHAVE THEM!

Irene: The nails in the pictures are a nice touch. She needs to work on her body language a little more

Jackie Lynne:

Irene: Need some more poses…. How about on all fours? What about something that shows the pretty toenails?

Veronica: The poses are a little too manly for me

Natalie: I love the stockings….but some more cleavage is a must.

Ashleigh:

Natalie: This sissy knows how to pose…the shoes are so adorable…

Veronica: I can see Ashleigh doing lesbian porn.

Sissy Gwen:

Natalie: Fantastic! Now that's an outfit and those are poses! I love the expressions, they are the best.

Veronica: I think sissy gwen knows how to work it.

Jake:

Natalie: I think jake needs a new name and a new round of training, he's way too masculine compared to the other sissies…

Irene: I could spend some with Jake to straighten him out

Veronica: She needs to put on some makeup, get really slutted up and strike a pose…these pictures are way too manly…

Now, as for my comments – well, overall, I was pleased. I was only disappointed that a few slaves still have the excuse that they lost their camera, they need a new one, or don't have batteries all of a sudden. Come on, admit it, your little clittie shriveled up in fear and humiliation at the idea that other ladies were going to see you in your true "sissy form"!

Let me explain something to you. Being my sissy, and my bitch, means you are also the sissy to my girlfriends. I get great pleasure in "showing off" my property to my friends, and your discomfort and humiliation serves a purpose – to get me hot! And so let me make it clear that you must get used to serving my friends as part of your service to me – even if it means being totally degraded and ashamed as you parade around in to-tight panties and prance in your stockings for our amusement.

One of my girlfriends had a suggestion for next time – a photo session with a stripper pole! How do you think THAT would make you feel?

I will admit, I am very pleased with the progress some have made. But more importantly, I am pleased with how many sluts are showing their TRUE sissy insides – that's what it really is about. I think a few of you are really meant to be fulltime sissies and need to be feminized when you are outside of your work and social structure – you would be sluttified on the weekends, and every evening at night…to help enhance your service abilities. I think being a pretty little girlie bitch helps bring out your submissive side. And you look much more comfortable in your lingerie anyway!

For your final exam, my desire is to immerse you in your sissy self more than previous times, then allow you the ultimate pleasure and degradation for my amusement. In the past I have had you use the

perfume patches from magazines, I have dressed you in sissy panties, made you shave, experience feminine baths are more. This time, for your final chance to cum for me, you will be able to experience the real feminine moment…like a good little sissy.

First, you need to go get some special hair products. I want you to go buy shampoo and crème rinse made for women, so pick the most feminine bottle with an assigned scent that is undeniable female! You are going to be using those hair products for the next week. You will be surprised at how soft and feminine your hair feels and smells. You may even get a few comments! You also need to buy pink deodorant. Pick any brand, but it must be pink…and for ladies.

After a day with your hair smelling so sweet and your armpits suitably femininized, you are going to be able to enjoy playing with your sissy clittie all evening. You can get yourself right on the edge, but not cum, a total of five times. Use this time to explore your feminine body as if it were the first time! You could also experiment with a vibrator – carefully, slowly, feeling it against your clit and inside your pussy…

You need to be in your panties and nightie, in stockings, and have your hole filled when you finally do cum. You don't have to wear your O-ring gag this time, but, you DO need to cum all over your face. This is your bit moment as a sissy and a slut, having a load of cum all over your face and in your hair. As you prepare for this, imagine that this is the big moment in front of my girlfriend at my party, showing off what a nasty little whore you have become, allowing you the chance to shoot a load all over your face and into your hair – and forced to stay that way.

You are not allowed to clean up your cum until your type your final lesson to me. You have to do your homework WITH cum all over your face. You must send me at least 200 words in your final exam, explaining to me how your manhood was stripped away, and what you feel like as my sissy – and what you have learned from this

experience. The subject line must be "Sissy Final" and I need to receive it by 11pm PST on Thursday, February 21. I will make my selection of "best sissy" over the weekend next weekend, with my prized slut getting a special sissy outfit, selected by me! I already have a few ideas based on the great photos I received from some of my "girls."

I'm very pleased with the progress of this class. Some of my favorite sissies completed the entire course without any apparent problems getting their lessons turned in. Of course, more than 100 sluts FAILED by the fifth lesson….many just cannot keep up! I got to meet a few new sissies who are very, very interesting and exciting, and I look forward to hearing more from them…

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Dec 3, 2018Akasha

Stories - Bdsm

The Slut, the Enforcer, the Captain and the boy

> Quite possibly it was the first time a professional hockey team collectively visited a house of domination.

But, it was what the coach wanted. Something about focus and discipline. The boys of course thought it hilarious, well, most of them, and as the first batch of them filed into the front reception area of the establishment, there were a few chuckles and sarcastic remarks.

"I'm sending you guys in groups of eight," the coach said as he followed the batch of nicely dressed young men into the room, which looked more like a dentist office waiting room than a dungeon. It was complete with a nicely dressed older woman behind a reception counter.

The coach continued as the players sat in available chairs in the waiting room, some of them dressed in shirt in tie and a few in sweaters. "I won't be hanging around, but I trust you'll all treat the ladies here with respect."

Rick Chambers, the team's dark haired center and well known flirt, immediately picked up a fetish photography book that was on the table next to him and started flipping through it. "Holy shit," he said to his blonde teammate, "Look at her." He was pointing to a black and white shot of a woman in nothing but black patent leather pumps.

The older woman behind the reception desk moved slowly and deliberately, almost matronly, around her cubicle as the coach gave a wave and exited. She had a handful of clipboards and pens she handed out to the team as they sat there, and then, smiling, said

methodically, “Please fill out all the information that is requested on the top form.”

The players were all milling around the papers, some of them mumbling to each other. Rick was still looking at the fetish book. “Holy SHIT!” he said, and elbowed his blonde friend once again.

The lady, who could have been his mother’s age, shot him a look and he quickly shut the book and said “Pardon me.”

She smiled and continued, her hands clasped together. “On the back of the second page is a list of fetish activities that you may or may not wish to indicate your interest level in.” It was obvious this was a memorized speech.

Immediately all the men flipped the pages over to look at the fetish list, and varieties of sounds were made. A couple of the guys also leaned to one another, pointing to something on the list and looking at each other incredulously.

“Please note that number eleven has a typo,” the older lady continued. “It’s not ball bursting, it’s ball BUSTING.”

At once, all eyes shot up to the woman as she made her way back to her chair. Obviously, hearing those words from her mouth led most of them to try not to burst out into laughter.

The blonde winger turned to his dark haired friend, who was eagerly checking every box on the list of more than 270 fetishes. “What the hell are you doing?” he asked.

“Hey man, you only live once.”

“Dude, cross-dressing?”

“Oh, shit.” He looked up to the woman at the counter. “Excuse me, do you have an eraser?”

**

The young Canadian had his clipboard on his knee and it was bouncing up and down. He stared down at the paper, his eyes like saucers. The Czech sitting next to him in the waiting room turned to him, observed him for a moment, then said "What are you so scared about?"

The boy turned to him, and said point blank, "Did you read that list? Whipping? Paddling? Man that shit's gotta hurt."

The Czech elbowed him. "Do not worry, that kind of thing is all for show. It is not really like that. I went to one place, like this, when I was in Amsterdam."

That got the attention of the surrounding players, who all leaned over to give the Czech a look as he continued.

"The lady, a beautiful lady, she just tease me, sit on my face. I give her some pleasure."

The Canadian stammered a little. "I – I don't think that's legal here."

"It does not matter. You think that massage place over there, across the street, they just give massage? My point is that you do not need to be afraid because they will not hurt you."

Just on that comment, when the boy was about to settle into his chair again with a semi sigh of relief, howls of pain from a grown man could be heard in the background as the doors to the back of the dungeon opened and two beautiful women emerged.

"Welcome to my dungeon, gentlemen," the taller brunette smiled.

All the men just sat there, staring.

**

“Let me introduce myself,” she continued to the men. “My name is Monica, and this is Lacy,” the statuesque beauty said. The blonde at her side was young and preciously adorable, with long hair that had big, healthy curls. Both women were dressed in black latex that was sensual and revealing, and with 5 inch heels on black patent leather boots, they would nearly meet the height of most of the professional athletes assembled in the room.

The dark haired center, chewing quite slowly and deliberately on a piece of gum, gave his friend an elbow as he sized up the two women. Of course, Monica caught this through the corner of her eye immediately but did not acknowledge it. Rick continued to gaze intently.

“Have you gentlemen had a chance to complete the forms that Ms. Trackwell provided you?”

There were a variety of nods and quiet yeses, then Rick said above them all, “Yes, Mistress!”

Some giggles followed from his friend, and the team captain shot them both a stoic glance.

Monica turned to Rick, smiling. “We don’t use that protocol here, Mr. Chambers. You can just call me Monica.”

He had a sort of half smile, sitting up straight, and without hesitation came back with, “Well how can I call you, if I don’t have your number?”

More giggles from his friend, who had his head turned away.

The captain said, quietly, stoically, “Guys,” and made a subtle gesture with his hand for them to tone it down.

“Sorry,” Rick responded, settling his titters of laughter and trying to compose himself.

“With that,” Monica said in an even tone, “We’ll start with you, Prince Charming,” and gave Rick a wave to join her.

He stood with enthusiasm and as he followed her out through the back doors into the halls of the dungeon, he said “All right! I get to go first. Let the torture begin!”

Before the doors could close all the way, there was a definite sound of beating on human flesh and screams of pain, and the young Canadian turned to the Czech and said, “That doesn’t sound very encouraging.”

**

Chapter One: The Slut

Monica stood before the center, who was standing now, in the buff, with his wrists in comfortable chains that held his arms above his head. Gazing at the two lovely women before him, he was visibly aroused, and not the least bit uncomfortable by it. Or by being in chains, for that matter.

Monica read an index card she had in her hand, one that the coach had earlier provided privately that listed the problems each player had in his play style or work ethic, and tried as best he could to explain clearly to the dominatrix non-hockey enthusiast. She was a quick study, however.

Lacy was quietly in the background assembling a variety of toys and props, and Rick split his time gazing at each of the two ladies.

Monica next picked up the clipboard and read the information he provided, which consisted of mostly sarcastic responses and sexual innuendos. On the category for gender, he had circled TS. “Mr. Chambers, are you a transsexual?”

He chuckled, a half sided smirk forming. “No, of course not.”

“You circled TS under sex.”

“I thought that was some sort of code saying I was willing.”

“No, it’s not.”

“Well, in case you are wondering….”

“No, I am not.” Monica paused and looked at him for a moment. He tried the smile again. “Give me that gum,” she said, obviously a little impatient now, leaning up close to him.

“No problem,” he said, opening his mouth a little and leaning toward her, his hair falling into his face a bit. He parted his lips more and attempted to meet her mouth but she backed away immediately and snapped at him.

“In my HAND,” She clarified, holding up her open palm.

He let the gum drop into her hand, and she promptly dropped it into the trashcan that Lacy lifted up next to her. “Mr. Chambers, are you a bit of a slut?”

“I like to have fun.”

“I bet you score a lot,” Monica continued, now regarding him with a smile, looking him up and down, and even reaching out to slightly touch his erect cock.

He smiled proudly. “Yeah.”

She lifted the index card in her hand. “Well according to this, you’ve only scored twice.”

His smile started to fade almost immediately, and for the first time, his body tensed a little.

“And no assists.”

Lacy was shaking her head, as if embarrassed. Indeed, it emasculated the center.

"It's just the start of the season," he defended himself.

Monica scoffed. "Oh please. What kind of a lame ass excuse is that. Three points in ten games?"

"Let's see your ass on the ice," he snapped. The smile was all gone, and the charm was turned off. He was, indeed, angered and getting restless.

Monica just smiled, and again strolled around him, now slowly touching him with her gloved hands, all around his arms, across his chest, down over his ass. Slowly, seductively, teasingly. Pressing her breasts against his back, and even unzipping the front of her catsuit so he could feel her hard nipples against his skin.

This quickened his breath, and he put his head back, shut his eyes, and started breathing deeply. In fact, he looked a little more tranquil, perhaps hoping this meant a change of subject. Her hands were really working him hard, and he was getting incredibly horny.

"You like to cum, don't you."

"Yeah," he whispered, eyes still closed.

"You are a great fuck, aren't you?"

"Yeah," he responded, this time with a little bit of a moan.

"You love to eat pussy, to eat women, to fuck all night long, don't you?"

"Yeah," he said. He was still standing there in the buff, and now Lacy's hands were on him too, and she was crouched down near his cock, cooing a bit, and touching his pubic hair.

Monica stepped back, and on cue, Lacy moved away as well, leaving the heavily breathing center writhing a bit, his cock totally engorged. He was starting to sweat. His eyes shot open and he looked to both women, quite serious now.

Monica smiled, zipping her catsuit back up all the way. "I think you need to spend less time thinking about fucking, and more time working on your face offs."

"What?" he asked incredulously.

She had a vibrator in her hand, and she was walking around with it, playfully turning it on and off, looking through some stat sheets that were on her table, casually rubbing the vibrator around her body, over the catsuit. "I think you need to stop thinking about eating pussy, and start thinking about improving your plus minus ration."

"Ratio," Lacy corrected quietly in the background.

"Thank you," Monica responded. Rick was just looking at them both, his smirk long gone, now replaced with a little bit of a half gape.

"In fact, Mr. Chambers, until you bring your points to 25 and your face off percentage to 55%, you aren't going to be fucking anyone, or even masturbating for that matter."

"The hell I won't," he laughed.

"Lacy, get the device. Mr. Chambers, let me introduce you to a device we call the CB-2000. It's a chastity device that will allow you to urinate, shower, and conduct your life as normal, but you will not be able to ejaculate. It is the most successful, unbeatable chastity device available today."

"I'm not wearing that thing," he laughed.

Monica picked up the clipboard and flipped to the second page, where he had marked off every box but crossed off “CROSS DRESSING” and wrote on the side “NO”.

“You marked it right here. Chastity.”

He glanced at it, then tried a little smile, out of half his mouth. “Yeah well, I meant for like, you know, two hours or something.”

Lacy returned with a tray, and on top of it was a razor, some gel and a menacing looking metal tube with a lock and key.

Rick looked at it and then back at Monica. “You can’t put that on me,” he said quite seriously.

Monica just gave him a long, long smile with a silence.

Lacy was crouched down near his crotch. She chimed in, “He’s right.”

Rick smiled, thinking, yeah, the assistant realized it was illegal or something, or that they could get arrested.

Monica looked down at Lacy, who peered up and continued. “He’s still too hard.”

Rick looked down quickly.

Monica gave his chest a tap with the clipboard. “Lacy will work on bringing down that erection for you. I have a feeling that might take some time. Then she’s going to trim you, shave you, and cage you. When you meet the requirements we discussed, you can return to have it removed. It was nice meeting you, Mr. Chambers.”

He said some foul words to her on her way out, so she added, “See you in April!” just to rub it in.

**

Chapter Two: The Enforcer

"Mr. Richards, what is your position on the team?" Monica asked as she paced around the solid player, who was still fully clothed but secured tightly to a straight back metal chair.

"I'm a left wing," he responded dryly, void of any emotion. He watched her carefully, and occasionally looked toward the blond Lacy, who was assembling a few implements of pain on a tray next to what looked like a modern day rack of some sort, complete with shackles.

Monica was reading the index card that again the coach had provided her. "It says here you are an enforcer. What does that mean?"

John sat for a few seconds, quiet, then responded, as if impatient to have to explain. "It means I use fighting as a way to get momentum shifted back to our team. I try to pick things up when we are down, and sometimes I fight with the other team's enforcer to do it."

"Doesn't it also mean that you fight with players on the opposing team that take liberties with your smaller teammates, or your captain, for example?"

"Yes," he responded. Monica continued to pace, conducting the interview almost like an interrogation. Lacy, meanwhile, carefully regarded each of the tools of pain with admiration, often holding them up so that the enforcer would take notice.

Monica started tapping the card against her gloved palm, nodding a little, then turned to him. "So then what happened in Boston? When they spread your captain across the boards, and stew footed your smallest scorer?"

He made a face at her, then Lacy chimed in from the background, "Slew Footed."

“Thank you,” Monica responded.

“I never had the opportunity -” he started.

“NEVER?” she interrupted, raising her voice and getting right up into his face. “The truth is, you didn’t want to get into it with their enforcer, because you are afraid of him.”

“That’s bullshit.”

“Is it? I saw the tape. I saw it. I saw what a chicken shit you were, and you blew that game by not stepping in, on that NEXT shift, and taking that — what’s his name -”

Lacy chimed in again, “Grant Couples.”

“-Grant Couples, and beating the shit out of him for what he did to your guys. Instead, you sat back and let it go. What are you, his gay lover or something?”

John just stared at her, in a bit of shock, not knowing whether to start swearing or to just blow her off. He was, indeed, breathing hard and visibly irritated, however.

Monica let a little silence follow, then walked around as if pondering, again tapping the index card on her palm. “You like to defend the scorers on the team, John, or just fight when it’s convenient for you?”

“I do what I can for the team.”

“Are you willing to take pain for them, even if you have to stand up to someone stronger, who can hurt you much more than you have ever been hurt?”

“Yes,” he responded, clearly, firmly.

She walked over, put a finger to his chest, and with a very, serious, menacing glare, even in her beauty, said “Then DO YOUR JOB.”

He looked down, and for a moment figured that was it, his torture was to be verbally abused and emasculated about what he agreed was a fuck up he had made, and he let out a sigh, and thought, well, that wasn’t so bad.

Monica turned to Lacy and said, “Bring me that young Canadian. The scared kid. The one that wrote on his form, ‘please don’t hurt me.'”

John looked up right away. “What are you doing?”

Lacy exited the room. By then, all the pain implements were neatly placed on a velvet cloth next to the rack that was a few feet in front of the chair where John was securely bound.

“You aren’t going to – ” he looked at the rack. “No, you’re kidding me. Come on, he’s just a kid. He’s terrified.”

“You think he feels any different on the ice when he’s beaten to a pulp because you won’t stand up for him?’

“That’s different.”

“No, it’s not.”

“It’s hockey. That’s the way we play the game,” he defended, and then he started to struggle, but his wrists were securely bound behind the chair.

“Do your JOB,” she said again, pointing at him, just as Lacy pushed open the door.

“One scared Canadian kid, coming right up,” Lacy announced, and gave the smallish player a shove.

He did look like a deer in the headlights, and he regarded the room, and his bound teammate, with a sense of fear and anticipation.

"Well aren't you cute as a button," Monica said with a wave. "Lacy, strip him and strap him down, let's get this show on the road." With that, she picked up a riding crop and gave her hand a few swats with it, creating a menacing crack.

The young Canadian was obviously terrified, he was visibly trembling, and he was trying to come up with something to say as Lacy very deliberately stripped him of his tie and started to unbutton his shirt. He even reached up and took her by the wrist and looked at her and said, "Wait, hold on. I put down – I wrote – on that clipboard thing – I told you guys -"

Monica had her back to him as she was looking at her whips. "What clipboard thing. I don't remember any clipboard thing."

John then started to swear. He cursed, and he struggled, and the entire chair rocked, and perhaps it was at that moment, as Lacy gave the boy a shove over the table, face down, that the Canadian put it all together. And he said to John, "They're doing this to me, because of you?"

Monica started shackling the boy's wrists to the table. "That's right. This isn't even your turn, sweetheart. This is HIS punishment."

Then words came out of John that the ladies had rarely heard, and the boy on the rack turned his head the other way and shut his eyes.

Monica said, "We should probably gag both of them."

**

Chapter Three: The Captain

The captain stood, stoic, as Monica just paced around him and read the clipboard information. This player was to remain standing there, she decided, fully dressed, because she still wasn't quite sure what to do with him.

In the background, Lacy was sitting on a table, legs crossed, just eyeing the handsome, unassuming man. He stood precisely still, and his eyes really never even moved. He just stood there, emotionless. She wondered if he was even breathing.

Monica flipped to the second page. "It says here you have some experience with bondage. What does that mean?"

His eyes moved for the first time. He looked at her, perhaps even slightly uncomfortable at the question, perhaps even shy, and responded quietly. "I had a girlfriend in college that sometimes liked to be tied up in bed."

"And did you tie her up?"

"When she asked me to, yes."

Lacy raised her eyebrows, trying to picture the apparently inherently unkinky shy fellow tying anyone up, period.

"Did she ever tie you up?"

"No."

"Why not?" Monica asked.

"I'm claustrophobic," he responded simply, but he looked right at her, quite seriously.

Monica flipped the page over and looked at the back. "You didn't write that down here, where it asks for phobias. Did you miss that question?'

He blinked slowly at her, and said simply, “This whole thing isn’t about what I want.”

“Good answer” she smiled and Lacy was nodding in the background. “So that’s really what is about, right, as the team captain, doing what it takes, leading by example?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think you are doing that? Leading by example?”

He blinked slowly again, then averted his eyes and looked straight forward. “I’m doing the best I can,” he responded, then he added. “Yes, I’m doing my job.”

“If you are doing your job, then why is your team in the toilet? Why are they lazy? Why do they only really show up for one period, and let the other three go to shit?”

“Two,” Lacy chimed in. “The other two.”

“Thank you,” Monica said.

Again, he would not look at her. “It takes time.”

“How much time? Five years? Is that enough time? You may have five years, on that salary you make, but those kids-” she pointed toward the door. “Those kids don’t have that kind of time.”

Monica paced again, and read the index card provided by the coach, then looked at the captain as he stood there, still not having even moved his feet an inch. She thought for a moment, still a bit puzzled. “Lead by example,” She said out loud, thinking. She turned to the captain.

“Do your teammates know you are claustrophobic?”

“Yes,” he said.

“They all know?”

“Yes, they do.” He said. And for the first time, she saw something from him, just a slightly deeper breath. She knew he was sharp, perceptive, and she was impressed, because she got a sense that he realized then where it was all going.

“Lacy,” she said as she looked at the young captain. “Get the straitjacket, the shackles and the trunk. Then set up the video camera. We’re going to help our captain show the team how he leads by example.”

And with that, he just shut his eyes, remained stoic, and Monica thought perhaps he was just trying to force himself into some sort of a trance. He was, indeed, terrified. But he never said no.

**

Chapter Four: The Boy

Monica was indeed exhausted. Six hockey players down, two to go, and she was wiped out. She went into the room where Lacy was waiting with her next victim, and like the captain, he was just standing there. Monica took the clipboard from Lacy and whispered, “Jesus, is he out of high school yet? How old is this kid?” She flipped around on the clipboard, but everything was left blank, except his name, which she could barely read let alone pronounce.

“I don’t think he speaks any English,” Lacy said, looking at the boy who just stood there, now with his eyes down a little bit. “I can’t tell if he’s super scared or just bored.”

Monica called his name as best she could, and he corrected her, but she still couldn’t say it. She was getting impatient, “Boy,” she said. “I’m going to call you boy. That’s what you are. Is that clear, do you understand me?”

He shook his head slowly, looking at her. His eyes, she realized, were sweetly passive, doe like.

“Boy,” she said, and pointed to him.

“Boy,” he repeated. Then he just shook his head and kind of shrugged and then looked to Lacy with the same blank expression.

Monica was frustrated and she shook her head, looked at the clipboard again, then the card that the coach gave her, and it was blank also. “Oh, great. I got nothing on nothing. I have nothing. I know nothing, he doesn’t speak any English, and I have no idea if he even has a medical history. I can’t do this.”

“The coach said to do them all,” Lacy pointed out from behind her.

Monica sighed and shut her eyes, thought for a moment. From the background, Lacy said, quietly, “He’s staring at your boots.”

Monica turned. Indeed, he was. Just staring. Perhaps he had never seen anything like them before. She walked over slowly and his eyes followed her feet. She lifted a leg and showed it to him. “You like these boots?”

He nodded. Monica turned to Lacy. “I bet he’s a virgin.”

Lacy responded, “No way. Those guys in even in the minor leagues lose their virginity at like 14.”

Monica suddenly had an idea. “Hey, go grab that other Russian out there, the one with the sour temperament. He can ask him a few questions.”

Lacy nodded and exited, and when Monica turned around, the boy was reaching out to place his fingers on her hip, to feel the latex of her catsuit. Monica smiled at him, then reached over and lifted his chin and his eyes finally came up. “You like it?” she asked.

Again, the Russian boy nodded.

Monica touched his cheek and regarded him fondly. She said, thinking out loud since she knew he couldn't understand her anyway, "I bet you're a virgin. I bet you have no idea even what I'm doing, or what this is. I have to be gentle with you. I can't break you. You're just a boy. Do you want me to be gentle with you, boy?"

He just stared at her, and she found herself slightly smitten with his boyish innocence and inability to even understand her. She actually found herself enjoying the session, which, in her line of work, was sometimes rare.

Lacy entered the room with the elder sour Russian in tow, who had his hands in his pockets and was chewing gum. "When's my time," he asked at once. "I got to go to a dinner tonight and I'm already late. What's this. What did you do to him?"

"I didn't do anything to him," Monica shrugged. He was just standing there. She showed the older Russian the clipboard. "He didn't answer any of the questions."

"Well of course not, he can't speak any English," the Russian replied.

"I'm sorry, I don't keep Russian translations of my questionnaire handy, we don't get many Russians by," Monica snapped. "Can you just ask him -"

The older player took the clipboard and started spouting things out in Russian, obviously reading off the form. Meanwhile, the doe-eyed boy just nodded now and then, and sometimes replied in a softer, more reserved Russian tone.

Lacy and Monica just watched the banter. It went on and on, and then eventually, the older Russian seemed to be quiet intrigued, eyebrows raised, and it appeared he was saying, "Really? Really?"

And the boy just nodded, and continued softly.

Finally the older Russian shook his head and turned to the ladies. "He said he had Mistress in Russia, two years. He was with her two years and serve her that time."

"You mean, like an S&M relationship?" Monica asked. Lacy had a look of surprise on her face.

The Russian handed the clipboard to her. "That's what he say." He shook his head and looked at the boy as he turned to exit the room. "I always knew you were a freak."

Monica frowned. "Hey, watch it. You're next on my list."

He gave a wave over his head, back to her, as he left the room. She turned to Lacy, who was also frowning.

Monica turned to the boy, who had his eyes down, and his hands behind his back. "Lacy," she said. "Can you go prepare the torture room for Mr. Sour Russian, I would like some time alone with this one."

"Of course," Lacy said, and quietly left the room.

**

AFTERWARD

Well, after the visit to the dungeon, the slumping team did make their comeback, winning 8 of 9 games and setting a few league records. The slut made his way to 25 points within a half dozen games, thanks to back-to-back four-point blockbusters. He flew back to LA in the middle of the road trip to be removed from the device, then went on an all night party binge with friends.

The enforcer saw his penalty minutes rise after six game misconducts, including an incident where he took down both the opposing team's enforcer as well as their elite scorer in response to a cheap shot on the captain when his back was turned.

Meanwhile, the captain led the team with the highest level of grace and bravery, and a little more discipline.

As for the boy, he remained the special prize of Monica, and while she taught him English, he taught her to ice skate. She joked with him, one night, that they took turns – her making his ass hot from a firm paddling, and him making her ass freeze from falling down in the rink over and over again.

He just smiled, and looked at her, and didn't understand a thing she said.

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Stories - Behind Closed Doors

Behind Closed Doors: Sissyboy for Strippers

Good morning my slut,

Welcome to a long week of pantyhose and lingerie torture combined with the worst, most humiliating chastity enforcement program ever.

What a way to start the day, don't you think?

It occurred to me this morning that you have been far too macho lately, far too masculine, and I have been extremely easy on you with regards to cock control, panty training and chastity. You cum too quickly, you masturbate on a whim, and you don't even get hard anymore when I slip you into black french cut panties.

I think you need a little re-training. And after some thinking about it, I have come up with a week long plan to really straight you out (so to speak) and also fulfill one of my hottest fantasies about humiliating you in front of beautiful women who are total strangers.

But before you read this email, you must go into your briefcase. I have hidden a pair of black sheer pantyhose in there. You will use the pantyhose to bind up your cock and balls very tightly, spreading your balls apart, making that dick that belongs to me completely stiff in your panties.

You'll feel the sheer material trussed around your ball sac all day and constantly be reminded of me. I'll be binding you exclusively with pantyhose, stockings and panties (for gags) all week long to remind you that you are, first and foremost, a SISSY WHORE.

And as if that isn't enough, your dick will get no relief. You came last Tuesday, and that will be the last time for a long, long time.

But don't think you won't be close a few dozen times…

**

Ok, panty boy. Are you ready for the long week? Are you sitting there in your big leather chair, naked from the waist down except for those tight panties and your balls pumping and pulsing with the pantyhose wrapped tightly around? To make sure you are doing a decent job, I demand pictures. I have put my digital camera in your briefcase also, so I expect a set of pictures in my email box by noon. Make sure I can see the flesh of your ball sac pulled tight.

And if that isn't enough, I might make you start hanging weight from your ball sack, making you sit on the very edge of the chair and tie your stapler to the pantyhose and let it slowly sway back and forth.

Oooh, now isn't that hot. It's enough to make me want to come down and sit on the edge of your desk and reach out with my high heel, giving that dangling stapler a little shove to get it really swaying.

I'm in a sadistic mood. You will suffer for me all week, suffer to get me off, to make me wet. And by the time Friday comes, you will be begging for release. Because every night I am going to sit on your face and play with your nipples under your bar, every night I am going to ride your face to orgasm and smear my juices on you but give you no release at all.

I'll lock your cock and balls in a tight metal chastity device by Wednesday, one that will not even allow erections. You will piss sitting down like a sissy girl, and wear pantyhose during your power meetings and hope no one sees the bulge in your crotch when you stand up to present.

Such a fucking pathetic little sissy! I know your pussy will be wet, and so tight, and ready for fucking by Friday. You will beg me to violate your slut hole, and I will give you what you need.

But only after humiliating you in the worst possible way. In front of beautiful women. In front of total strangers.

I get wet just thinking about it. My creamed panties might make their way down to your office for you to clean them out with your mouth and return to me at the end of the workday for inspection.

Do you want to hear what I have planned for Friday?

**

On Friday night you will wear a new, tight pink teddy with pink panties and white thigh high stockings with garters. The smooth, thin pink plug will be firmly in your ass, and possibly locked on with a butt plug harness, I have not yet decided.

You'll wear pink toenail and fingernail polish to accent your outfit, then be allowed to put on some bluejeans and a nice shirt, and prepare yourself to look stunningly handsome for our night on the town.

I am having a limo pick us up at 10pm. I will be wearing a skin tight elegant black dress with gloves, my hair pulled up in a high ponytail. I will be dressed to kill and you'll be my stunning escort.

We have reservations for a night of entertainment at Carmichael's. You do know what that is, don't you slut boy? It's the premiere strip club in San Diego. We will take a drive down the coast and I will lead you into the club by my pinky underneath your collar.

Inside you will find the most beautiful women in the world stripping to the hottest dance music, and we'll be sitting right in front. You'll keep your hands down and behind the chair unless I order you otherwise, and I'll make my way around selecting some of the most sexy ladies for your humiliation in the back room.

I’m sure many men will ask me if I am one of the ladies stripping; that happened the last time you and I went to a club. Of course I’ll just tease them by stroking a finger under their chin and showing off my ass as I turn and walk away, telling them I’ve got pussy on the mind, not dick.

And pussy I will find. I’ll be picking three ladies for a private showing in the backroom, sissy boy. And you’ll have to deal with the humiliation and fear when they see just how you are dressed underneath those macho, macho clothes!

**

You know I have been increasingly bi-curious lately, and so this night will give me the chance to explore a little pussy for myself. I will have my toy bag with me in case I get into a full-on scene with one of the ladies, but my main goal for the night will be to sit back, pleasure myself, and watch the ladies laugh and giggle at you when they unzip your pants and reach down.

But first you will have to tell them.

We’ll go the back and they’ll put you on the bachelor chair in the center of the room. By then I’m sure you will be rock hard, because I will have ordered many lap dances at the start of the night, and tipped the girls extra to shake their ass in your face and make you stick your nose in their crack to lick the back of their thong. By then they will already be calling you “ass boy” behind your back.

In that chair you will be forced to remain silent as I mingle with the ladies, sipping champagne. I have already decided I will choose a blond bombshell with huge tits, a very sexy, alluring dark brunette or perhaps Asian sex machine, and a red head who just LOOKS like she is femdom. And you know how gorgeous they will all be.

And I’ll also have three thousand dollars in cash to ensure we have a very nice time. Taken right from your savings account, of course!

This may take some time, because I plan to enjoy myself with the ladies while you squirm in your chair, dreading the moment that they will find out this sexy, masculine man is in a pink teddy underneath his clothes.

Maybe I won't even tell them until I go into the toy bag and pull out your sparkly high heel pumps! And when they squeal with delight and grab them to see if they are for one of them, they'll realize how big they are, then look at you, and burst out laughing.

Or maybe I'll make you tell them. I'll say, "Ladies, my boyfriend here has something he is dying to tell you. Go ahead dear. Tell the ladies."

How will you word it? Will you just blurt it out? "I'm wearing panties. I'm a total sissy. I'm in a pink teddy with stockings and I haven't cum in two weeks. I'm pathetic."

Oh, to watch you squirm in the chair and watch these lovely ladies smirk at you will be sheer pleasure.

Then, to watch you stand up and slowly strip. How ironic, stripping for strippers! You can bet we'll all laugh at you and it will be my bright idea to make you STRIP like a real slut, having to flaunt your manly body as you do it, looking like a Chippendales male dancer at the start, and ending the routine looking like Miss Priss of 1999!

You'll then be standing there, humiliated, your panties bulging, as I have the ladies investigate you. That's when I'll tell them about your chastity program, and about the plug in your ass.

You know how the odds work. Odds are, one of them will be femdom-curious, or a full fledged domina. That's when the toys will come out. I wonder which one will put on my strap on and fuck your ass while we watch? Who knows!

Then we will take turns sitting in the bachelor chair, and YOU will do a lap dance for awhile. You'll have to wiggle your slutty ass, wobble

around in the high heels, bounce around on your plug, squat down and open your legs and rub your hands all over your thighs and up the tops of the stockings.

How humiliating. I can't wait to see you try to pull it off.

**

Of course, I can't predict how the night will end. Maybe one of the ladies will join us in the limo for a drive around the city. Maybe I'll tie you up and make you lay on the floor while the ladies take turn sitting on your face. Maybe I'll show them all how to dominate sissies.

I'll have the camera though, and I intend to get some pussy.

You will never cum, that's for sure. You'll be brought home and caged up and maybe I will let you sleep in the bed.

I'm sure you'll be exhausted. So you had better prepare yourself all week long for a very long night on Friday. I am going to make you really suffer.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Dec 31, 2019Akasha

Is your door closed, slut?

Is your door closed, slave?

Because we don't want to have anyone walking in and catching you reading this e-mail. No, that would not be a good start of your day.

You are going to have to start getting used to closing your door in the office from now on. Because whenever you get a message from me, it could mean something terribly nasty.

I want to remind you how nasty I can be this morning.

*

I could not sleep at all last night. I am restless again, and the desire to see you submit is worse than ever. I had a fantasy this morning about you. Before you read it, you need to kneel down on the floor. Like a good little whore. Right there behind your desk.

Your door is still closed, isn't it?

*

You know how I get carried away with fantasy sometimes. You had already left, and I was lounging in the bed, still enjoying your scent on the sheets. I had watched you, dreamily, sliding into your nicest trousers and dress shirt.

When I watch you get dressed like that it puts me in such a mood. I was remembering you from the night before — when I had you tied down, spread eagle on the bed, blindfolded.

When I was straddling your face, but teasing you, keeping my sex just out of reach. Making you beg for it. Making you plead, and whimper, and gasp in desperation.

You could hear me above you, hear my fingers pleasuring myself. You could hear my moaning, and feel the bed moving with my motion. But you could do nothing.

You were helpless. I came, staring down at you, one finger in my mouth and the other between my legs.

*

Enough about last night, though. What I want to tell you about is tonight. What I want to do tonight, what my fantasy is.

So make sure you are content, there, at your desk. Get your coffee (crawl across the office floor on the way to do the door..ooh, I love the image of you doing that.)

Sit back in your big chair. Imagine being strapped to it, the way I strap you down at home. Naked from the waist down. Your legs pried apart and strapped in place.

Your balls hanging down — so vulnerable. As I walk around your desk with a ruler. You wonder what I am capable of doing.

Now that I have your full attention, you will listen to my fantasy for this evening. It begins with a special evening out for us.

This is an anniversary of sorts. I have arranged a limousine for us. Only the best for my little whore.

And I arrive to find you in your office waiting. Everyone has left for the day –which is perfect. Perhaps we even have time for a quickie. You know that I always bring my strap on and cock gag in my purse for such occasions.

You are never safe.

But I am eager to get on with my special evening. First, you must change your clothes.

**

For our special evening I have a plug that you must wear, as well as a very tight cock harness. I had it custom made — it is tighter and more uncomfortable than the Gates of Hell that you have grown accustomed to.

This device will grab hold of your balls and not let go, then latch around your cock in several places, holding it down underneath you as to remove almost all evidence of your erection.

That is, until I release the lever. Just by reaching down your trousers I can release it, and then your cock (I should say — MY cock) will spring to attention. Much to the embarrassment of you, I assume.

And the device itself is quite painful. I made sure of that when I had it made. So that every time your cock gets harder, you will wince, and squirm, and try uselessly to get free.

After the new harness is in place, I have a special pair of panties for you to wear. Humiliation panties.

I call them that because they are frilly white lace, a few sizes too small. Tight and restrictive, you will feel them, in combination with the new harness, and be totally uncomfortable.

And wait until you see where I am taking you.

*

Just to make things completely interesting, I will test out the effectiveness of the harness and panties by straddling your face in the back of the limousine.

You know how I get in luxury cars, of course. I'll be wearing a short latex skirt that I can peel up off of my thighs, thigh high stockings and no panties. Dripping probably already, when I lower myself down onto your waiting mouth you will feel the pain in your groin become excruciating.

The ultimate test will be whether or not you can make me cum before we get to our destination. It is a fifteen minute drive.

**

I can imagine the look on your face when you see I have brought you to the premiere strip club in the city. Where lapdances cost a fortune, and all of the women are beautiful.

I know this is the place you sometimes go to entertain clients. This time, you will be entertaining me instead.

You will be entertaining me by sitting, a strained look on your face, as I pay these women tremendous amounts of money to dance suggestively on your lap, pressing your face into their breasts, grinding their thong bikinis right into your crotch.

And oh how that will hurt. I will watch, smiling, already scouting out the next bombshell that I will have deliver the cruel dance to you. I will tip them well, and tell them I am your girlfriend, and they are to get you rock hard.

Do you think they will wonder why they can't feel your bulge? You know they are expecting a rock hard bulge in the crotch of your pants — how could it not happen?

Maybe I will announce to the most beautiful blonde that you are impotent. Or that your dick is just too small, no one can feel it.

How embarrassed would that make you?

Maybe I will let one of the stunning redheads peek down your trousers and see the frilly panties I have you in.

And maybe when I bring out the bondage gear, they will giggle, and help me tie you to the chair right on stage in front of the entire place. To get a very special lapdance.

The grand finale of which will be my reaching down your trousers to release the harness, so your cock springs up and reveals a huge erection in your pants.

I bet that will get a standing ovation.

**

But you must understand the most erotic part of this to me. You don't know this, but I secretly envy you when you take your clients there to entertain them.

I have gone there myself. You did not know that either. But I have gone, and enjoyed it. And I have had a few lapdances myself.

And there is a dancer there, her name is Veronica. She is tall, with long dark brown hair, dark brown eyes. She has an amazing body, with long legs and full breasts. I've had sex with her in the back room.

Just experimenting, really. Most of those women are lesbians or bi, as you probably know.

And on this night, I will have Veronica help me dominate you. She will see you in your sissy panties with your cock turning blue in the tight harness. She will see me sit on your face to shut you up, and then crouch down in her 5 inch pumps to make out with me and let me fondle her breasts.

You will be sat upon like a piece of furniture while I enjoy the taste of her full lips and let her start working her way down my neck, unbuttoning my blouse.

You will be there, helpless, squirming under me. You will be used as a prop at first, while I enjoy her, and she enjoys me.

I will show her what a good cocksucker you are. She expressed an interest to me in exploring domination, and she has never seen a man take a cock in his mouth this way.

So you will be kneeling there, your face still soaked with my pussy juices. Knowing Veronica, she will first lean down and lick it right off of your face. Yes, she loves the taste.

Meanwhile I will be strapping on my leather harness. Positioning my cock in front of me. You know which one — the big black one, the 8 inch one that fills your mouth until you are ready to choke.

I'll have her help me by pulling your head back with a fistful of hair. I'll order you to open your mouth. And I'll tell Veronica to enjoy the show as I first make you lick the tip.

You'll have to slide your tongue all the way around it and hope that I don't get too eager, as I sometimes do, forcing it into your mouth before you have a chance to loosen your jaw.

I want to watch it filling your mouth totally, gagging you. Veronica will be holding your head still as I penetrate your mouth. Filling you. Watching you slurp, and suck.

Meanwhile your panties will be bulging, and your cock will be burning.

From there, I cannot say what will happen. Maybe I will hog-tie you and leave you in the back of the limousine, our plaything to watch and toy with. Maybe I will bring her home and enjoy her for the

entire evening while you remain bound and gagged, the double-sided dildo in place in your mouth so you are ready to be used at any time…

**

I hope your door is closed and locked. Because now, as you sit there, my nasty little bitch, you are to assume the position and be prepared to be fucked.

You never expected this letter to turn nasty, did you?

You underestimate me. You underestimate how turned on I get as I write these things to you, and what that means. How it means that you are going to submit, be used, and then report back to me.

Go into your play drawer and take out the large plug. The ribbed one. The one that I sometimes make you lubricate with ben gay.

Take it out, and get out a pair of your training panties. The black ones will do nicely.

First the plug will go into your ass, then you are to put on the panties. You are going to wear them the rest of the day.

Next, take out your cocksucking dildo and practice for me. Practice and record onto my voice mail the sounds of your sucking, slurping. You are to repeat between deep throating it what a nasty little bitch you are. You are going to tell me that you love to have my big cock in your mouth.

That voice mail better sound good.

Finally, to make sure your chastity training is in line, you are going to go masturbate to the edge in the men's room, and when you are done, you are going to piss like a woman.

That means sitting down to piss. And you will have to sit there and waiting until you can actually pull it off. I hope your cock cooperates with you.

I trust you don't have any questions. If you do, send me an email with the title, "I'm a pussy and need help."

And be ready for tonight….I will pick you up at 7.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jan 8, 2020Akasha

Taking Down My Corporate Slut

Good morning, my slave.

So there you are. I can just picture you. In your fine suit.

You feel quite confident in your office today. Have you been thinking about me at all? About what I want to do to you? Do you realize that no matter how safe you feel, I am always there looking over your shoulder?

I am feeling very possessive today. Like I must own you totally. The harness on your cock and balls is not enough. Having you shove a plug in your ass during the day is not enough. Making you kneel down in the bathroom, terrified, is not enough.

You must feel, at all times, like you are completely owned.

Today will be one of those days.

*

First, I want you to kneel down. Kneel at your desk. If you have to close your doors again, you should do that. Today, whenever you get email from me, you need to kneel down and read it. You need to kneel if you hear my voice on your phone.

You must kneel at the mere thought of me.

You must kneel, and feel the tight bulge in your black lace panties. Underneath that sharp suit, no one knows what you are wearing. No one but me.

Those panties will soon become quite comfortable to you. I feel like making you drop your trousers around your thighs right now to

masturbate right through the panties this morning. So you ache. So the panties get wet. Soaked with lust and desire.

I'm going to torture you today. Can you hear my voice saying that? I'm going to torture you.

**

Let me tell you what I look like right now.

I am sitting in my silk robe. You left me just a while ago and thought I was going into the office, but I actually took the day off. Today I plan to do some shopping at the fetish stores-buying a new latex outfit, and buying some nasty toys to use on you tonight.

Under the robe I have on a pair of silk pink panties. So feminine. Almost as feminine as the white pair I put you in today before you left. Remember when I stopped you, just as you were leaving, and made you come back and put them on for me?

You looked so tortured and embarrassed. Oh, how that gets me wet. That was the start of it all. That made me wet – seeing you change out of your briefs and into the frilly little silk panties I dangled off of my finger before you.

Watching you step into them, carefully, easing them up, shaking your ass as you put them in place. You looked simply delicious.

I was tempted, then, to force you to take a day off as well. To be my prisoner for the day. To spend all afternoon crawling around on your hands and knees, in high heels, fetching drinks for me as I sunbathed on the patio.

Sunbathing naked, or perhaps in a thong only. Sunglasses. Reading fashion magazines. As you crawled, pathetically, back and forth. Looking at me longingly through the glass doors. At your sun goddess.

It is time again for you to be put in your place. You are my slave. Is that clear?

*

Today, you will prove to me how much of a slave you are.

You will prove it to me by following my directions. And understanding, most of all, that at any time I may show up, wanting to use you. Because I have the entire day off. And you know how I get after shopping for latex and sex toys.

I may show up to check on you.

First, I want you to take your plug out of the bottom drawer and insert it into your ass. You can use lubricant, but just a little bit. I want it to be difficult to get in. I am sure it will be.

Bend over your desk as you do it. Imagine I am standing behind you, in high heels, with my cock sticking out. My leather harness tight around my hips. My cock pointing at your ass.

Shoving you over the desk. Leaning down. My hard nipples pressing into your naked back. A hand over your mouth to keep you quiet (this is your office, after all). The tip of my cock pressing into your ass.

Can you feel that?

Do I have to shove it in even harder?

The head – penetrating- it feels so large. So much so that you let out an involuntary whimper. The sounds I love. But I still have to silence you.

A large penis gag. Filling your mouth so completely that it makes you choke.

And then I violate your ass. Fully. My cock feels so large, you cannot escape it. You have to bite your own arm to keep quiet. Terrified that someone outside may hear.

Just look at how my mind wanders.

As I sit here, describing this fantasy, I am at my desk at home. My legs open. The robe now hanging off of me. You would love to see me here – just in the panties. My nipples are hard. I imagine the feel of your tongue around them.

I feel like reclining all the way back in my chair and putting my legs up. In fact, I feel like pointing my little quick-cam in this direction and doing it, sending you a nasty file. A nasty little movie attached to a harmless email, arriving at your office.

And you are forced to watch it.

A video of me, my legs open, first sliding two fingers down along my thighs, under my panties. Disappearing. Lifting my hips, eyes closed, the chair tilting back.

Motion. Slow, steady. You watch, getting hard in that cock harness. Unable to resist. Aching. Wet in your panties.

And you see me – now with a vibrator – the same one I use to fuck you in the ass sometimes.

Are you going to be able to handle watching a video so graphic?

Better watch your email all day. It just might be coming.

*

So, my slave.

I have news for you. I've made an appointment at St. Clare's Dungeon today. I reserved the backroom from 11:00am until

1:00pm. You are going to meet me there.

You will have to tell your associates that you have a long lunch planned.

You will be there, waiting for me, on your hands and knees with your head down. Wearing nothing but the panties I so-love-you-in.

I will be bringing all of my toys. Of course, my strap-on. I might even be wearing it when I walk into the dungeon.

I may bring a friend, also. Someone to share you with. Someone who can also wear a strap-on, so we can fuck you at the same time. I know that is what you want. To be used by two women. Your mouth and your ass.

Such nasty violation. Such deep penetration.

Whatever I decide, the visit this afternoon will be unforgettable.

I can promise that.

**

So now, I must leave you. Time for you to get back to work. But not until you practice a little cocksucking (with the dildo in your drawer), and jerk off until you are on the edge. But not cum.

You never cum without my permission. You know that, don't you?

I want you hard – and desperate – when I see you.

Your cock will be bulging in the panties. The panties will be wet.

And I will enjoy taking you down.

Hard.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jan 13, 2020Akasha

Monday Morning Exploitation

Good morning my slave,

Have you shut your door yet?

Did you walk over, shut it, lock it, then return to your desk, crawling on your hands and knees? The way I like to see you. On all fours. Like an animal.

You know when you close your door, it is for me. Because they can't know what you do for me. They can't know that deep down, you belong to me. That your cock wears my leather harness. That your balls are often tied up when you arrive at work.

That often you ache, and your ass burns, and you are still sore from the night before, or from what I did to you just that morning.

They don't know that when you aren't running everything, you are being run by me. That you are really just a nasty little whore for me.

I like it this way. Leave them in the dark.

And as for you, my slave. Shut that door. We must spend a little time together this morning.

*

Latex gloves. The black ones, the ones that go all the way up to my elbows. That is what I am thinking about right now. I am thinking about wearing them tonight when you get home. And then putting you in something tight and nasty as well.

Some fishnet stockings are what I had in mind for you. Fishnet stockings, black thong panties and a black bra. Then I will bind you to the bondage chair, your arms this time pulled tightly behind your

back, exposing your bare chest to me. A leather blindfold over your eyes. Ahh, you will look amazing. You will look like a cheap tart, a sissy whore. Dressed in bra and panties like a cheap cunt for me. I can play with your nipples through the bra and get them nice and hard, I can slide my hand down your panties and squeeze your sissy dick. I can whisper into your ear about what a sissy you are, how your pussy is so wet, how your sissy clit gets hard just at the touch of my hand.

I can picture you there. Squirming as I move my latex-clad fingers over your helpless frame. I see you, and I see what I want you to become. I see you on all fours in that outfit. I see you on all fours with your legs spread apart wide because of my spreader bar. I see my cock in your mouth, and in your ass.

Is your dick getting hard right now? How is that new harness I put you in, is it tight enough? I want you to take down your trousers and tighten it for me, angel. Tighten it up good right now. I want you to be very uncomfortable as you read this e-mail.

I guess I should tell you about the double-sided dildo I just bought.

*

Now that your balls are securely bound, I want you to hear about the new toys I bought. Then I will tell you what you need to buy. Yes, I am sending you shopping today. You poor, humiliated slave. You will be shopping out at the mall today. Buying lingerie.

But I will get to that later.

I saw a large double-sided dildo the other day at the bondage shop. Immediately I thought of you. For one, I thought of expanding your anal training with it, because it is much bigger than you have ever had to take. It’s also going to be quite a nice sized cock for you to suck.

My ideas are far beyond that, though.

I want you to be on all fours tonight, holding it in your mouth. You are going to have to figure out a way to get a good enough grip on it, because you are going to fuck me with it.

That's right. Not able to even use your tongue on my pussy (you are on pussy restriction for a few days, until I decide whether or not to continue your pussy-collar training), you will be forced to maneuver the dildo just perfectly between my legs. It will take more balance, concentration and strength than you have ever had to use.

And I am sure it will be a nice, long fucking. I will want it that way. I will recline comfortably on the bed with my legs open, enjoying your fumbling and gasping (through clenched teeth, of course) to position yourself and the dildo most effectively.

I will enjoy the penetration. Long, struggling penetration. Maybe even making it more difficult for you by moving in subtle ways, making sure you never get a break. Making sure you must concentrate the entire time.

If you don't make me cum this way, you will be punished. Severely. The type of punishment will probably include leaving you tied down for long periods of time, having to hold the now-coated dildo between your teeth. Until your jaw is so tired that you want to scream. Until the scent and taste of my pussy is so overwhelming that you long for any kind of torture to be allowed to bury your face between my legs.

You will be suffering there, so helpless, so pathetic. I might watch you, or I might masturbate in front of you. I might get myself off right then, since you couldn't do it. I might chastise you for being such a worthless pussy.

Maybe I will enjoy it so much, you will never be allowed to fuck me with your cock again.

You will be reduced to just a sissy – a pussy-boy of mine. Used completely for sexual purposes, but never allowed to use your cock again. I would even have a permanent chastity device developed for you. Something metal that locks on, and allows you to piss, but nothing else.

But now, I must tell you about the shopping trip.

*

You are going to take a break from work today. You have no choice in this matter, I want to make that clear. You are going to the lingerie store to buy a special outfit for this evening. I want to be impressed, so you should allow sufficient time for selecting and trying things on.

Go to the lingerie store in the mall. You know the one – the one where all the pretty girls work. All the women in their early 20s. The shapely, pretty, polite girls. I am sure they will take very good care of you.

You are to go into the store and tell the ladies you are looking for a very special, sensual and erotic outfit. They will wonder who it is for. Or maybe they will know right away – who can tell?

Have them help you pick out some garters, thigh high stockings, and panties. I want the panties to be crotchless or thong – surprise me. Something either black or red. The stockings will need to match. And don't forget a matching bra. If they have a nightie there for you to wear tonight (you are sleeping in bondage this evening), pick up that as well.

I only wish I could see the humiliation and embarrassment as you browse the merchandise, looking for the perfect outfit for your slutty little ass. I wish I could see you turning bright red, while your cock stiffens in your panties. Are you going to have the balls to try them on this time? Or are you going to disappoint me?

And to make absolutely sure you follow my directions to the letter, I am going to make you mail me the receipts. Is that clear? You are going to mail them so I can check the postmark, compare it to the date on the receipt, verify the items, and perhaps call the store. When you go to the post office to mail the receipts, you will already be wearing the new outfit under your clothes. That means you have to find a place to change between the mall and your office. You know I like to challenge you.

You will mail them to me. You know the address.

Once you have completed that task, you can return to the office in your new outfit and enjoy the rest of your afternoon. You may hear from me again – a short email, a nasty voice mail message. I may decide I want to hear you down on your knees, whimpering, begging, pleading, gasping. You will be tortured.

I might even have you strip down in your office after you have the outfit, and make you pose for some self-portraits on your hands and knees on your desk. Great material to have hanging on my office walls to remind me what a whore you are. I'm glad you still have that Polaroid camera I bought for you. Make sure you have film today.

Talk to you soon.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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Jan 20, 2020Akasha

The Unproductive Bitch

Good morning, my nasty little whore.

How did you like going to work today so hard after being teased all morning? I so enjoyed our little morning session. I planned it all last night, you see.

When we went to bed, I set my own alarm to get me up before you. You were so sound asleep, you did not hear me even leave the room and prepare my things.

Then I fastened your shackles to the bedposts while you slept. Last night you fell asleep with the wrist restraints still locked in place, and you thought nothing of it. You did not know that I planned it that way.

You should have seen the look on your face when you awoke to find you could not move. It was as priceless as the muffled protest you gave when I started smothering you.

*

The smothering – well, that had been on my mind for some time. I longed to hear your whimpering, and to feel you struggling helplessly beneath me. I wanted to make it long this time, drawn out. I wanted to smother you with various parts of my body.

I knew all along that I must not cum. I know you felt that was strange – having you lick and suck my pussy for so long, but then I always got off of you when I was on the edge. You see, I want to be hot for you all day.

So I kept getting myself really close to cumming, and then stopped. That is why sometimes I would get off the bed and leave for a few

minutes, listening to you struggling. That's when I fixed tea.

Then I returned to sit on your face. This time, with my ass, the remote control to the television in my hand. I watched the morning news as you were smothered beneath me, and I made sure my ass cheeks covered you completely.

Those muffled pleas are music to my ears.

And the combination of teasing your cock and then torturing your balls – well, you know I enjoy that. And I do not need to give you a reason for that.

So I sent you off to work, hard, in pain. I sent you to work in a cock cage, a plug in your ass (Oh, how I loved shoving that in as you bent over the couch), red panties pulled up tight around you.

You probably already received my voice mail messages. The humming sounds – the mystery message – that was my vibrator. You see, I have been getting myself on the edge all morning. Then stopping.

I still have not cum.

I intend to save it for you. By the time you get home today, I will be a fiend. I will be sadistic, and cruel and starving for domination and pleasure. You are going to be my little bitch tonight. You are going to be used in the most unthinkable ways.

This is going to be a very long day for you, my whore.

*

I am sending your lunch today, my slave. I have not yet decided if I will deliver it myself or have someone bring it to you. I will make sure that you eat and drink it all, though. And it is a very special lunch.

I have prepared your sandwich in a unique way. And only after you have ate it all will I tell you what I used to add spice to it. And as for what is in the thermos..well…I think you will know as soon as you take a sip. But you had better drink every last drop. I prepared it – special – for you.

I also am sending along a new plug for your ass (it's pink, how fitting) and some dirty polaroids I took in the bathroom. I was sitting on the sink with my legs open. Showing you what I have been doing to get myself right on the edge all day long.

Make sure you put these in the box with the rest of the nasty pictures I keep sending you. I am sure your dick will grow rock hard in the cage when you see them. And the precum will start to form. Oh, my poor tortured little slut. How you long for release.

*

But not today. Instead, I want you to go to the men's room and first sit down to take a piss. Then, after you have finished (you sissy), you are too touch yourself until you are on the edge. You are to lick the precum off of your fingertips and not leave a drop.

Then, you will get down on your hands and knees and give yourself a good, long ass fucking. I want your ass trained and prepared for the night I am planning for you. A night of being used like a whore. Your ass should be well opened up by the time you get home tonight.

In fact, the special pink plug is a training plug. You will see that it is a little larger. I picked it for a reason.

Because you will not believe the size of the strap on cock I just bought.

*

And now, for your challenge.

You are to take a break today and do some shopping. As you know, by the time you get home I will be in a bit of a dominant, horny frenzy.

I want you to buy both a new outfit and a new toy. I will give you guidelines. If you please me, I will let you cum. If you fail, I will torture you and put the steel chastity belt on you until Friday. And you know how long a week is.

As for the outfit, I want it to be something very sleazy. It should consist of both lingerie and something to go over it. You must also find heels, or have the outfit match the heels you already own. It must make your figure look curvy, and you must show cleavage. I also am having a preference for lacy bras and thigh high stockings today.

Now, you must also buy a new toy. It should be something either for anal training or for cock and ball torture. If it is a torture device, it must have some sort of measured intensity – that is, I must be able to control how bad it is. You can use your imagination.

If you fail to arrive with either of these items, you will be put in your chastity cage and locked up for the night, and I will go out to play without you. In fact, I might not even come home for the night (that is how serious I am). Or, I might bring home a new playmate and you can listen to us frolic, and listen to me finally have that orgasm I have been putting off all day long.

So, you see you must not disappoint me.

As a final note, you should practice cocksucking. Take out your 8inch dildo and make sure you can still deep-throat it for me. I am in the mood to put on my harness and fuck your face in front of a full length mirror.

I will be spending the entire day preparing for my night with you. Don’t disappoint me. Acknowledge receipt of this letter with a polite note. Your lunch will be arriving soon. I hope you are very hungry….

Enjoy the pictures.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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Jan 28, 2020Akasha

Lunchtime Facesitting

Good morning, my slave.

Do you feel like sucking my cock today?

I am going to make today very easy for you. Because I know what I want, and I am hungry, and I am evil.

You are going to be ready for a good ass fucking at lunch today. And I plan to inspect you first, so you had better go get your ass stretched first by inserting your plug.

You are to wear it all morning in preparation for my visit this afternoon. I am going to be there for one hour. An hour to bend you over your desk, shove my wet panties into your mouth and fuck you until all the little items on top fall off and spill onto the floor.

Your pencil cup will tip over. Your stapler will bounce right off of the desk. You will be glad there is a silky pair of white, frilly panties shoved into your mouth to shut you up.

Because you will not believe the size of my new dick.

*

I bought it last night. Remember when I told you I was going shopping? You thought I was looking for an outfit for Halloween.

No. I was looking for a bigger dick. I know you wish you could just go out and get a bigger dick when you feel your pathetic little penis is too small (I bet it is bulging now, but earlier it was a shriveled pathetic piece of meat).

My new dick is almost ten inches long. It is so thick, your ass will feel spread so wide. I love it. I can’t wait to watch you try to suck it.

I might even make you lay on the floor of your office, stripped to nothing but bra and panties. Then I'd straddle your face and start pumping my new dick in and out of your slut mouth.

Do you think anyone would hear you gagging on it?

*

So I will come visit you. In a sexy new black dress – very professional. A little short on the skirt, but no one will mind because my legs look great. I will be wearing my 5 inch pumps.

I will come in and go straight to your office and close the door. If you are on the phone, I will sit on your lap and start teasing you while I watch you trying to finish the call.

Rubbing my hand between your legs. Squeezing that bulge which is my property, my toy package. Imagining what kind of cock and ball torture I might feel like putting you through today.

Who knows, I might even start jerking you off. But you know it is not time for you to cum yet. I would just do it to get you to the edge.

And then, I will enjoy a little face sitting. I will hike up my skirt and squat down over your face as you lay on the floor. On the floor of your own office! How humiliating is that?

Then my pussy – covered in my new panties – will cover your face. Smothering you. I might just decide to take that to the limit. That would mean I would be stripping out of my panties and making you worship my asshole.

Are you ready to do that in your own office? I might bend over your desk, standing in high heels, my skirt hiked up. I might pick up your phone, dialing with the eraser of a pencil. Calling up my girlfriends. One at a time. Inviting them over for lunch on Sunday.

Meanwhile, your face is pressed against my ass cheeks. For encouragement, I might reach around and spread my cheeks. Your tongue better be tickling and teasing my ass, and your hands better be behind your back as they always should be during ass worship.

Your tongue should swirl around my hole, applying just the right degree of pressure.

And let me warn you right now, my little fucktoy, if you show the least bit of hesitation like you did last night, I'll fuck you over until you're screaming for mercy.

Shall I make that more clear?

*

I have no hesitation about forcing you to lick my asshole, slave.

In fact, I probably would enjoy attaching binder clips to your balls and sitting on your face to shut you up. I might tie your wrists to the legs of your desk and smother you with my ass, masturbating at the same time with my vibrator and telling you that I'm soon going to be using my new dildo on your tight pussy.

If you struggle, I'll squeeze your balls until you whimper for release. I am in such a mood – I actually hope you'll act up today, because I would love to break you all over again.

When you feel my nails digging into your ballsac, you'll whimper right into my ass. And I won't even hear it.

I'll just tighten. And tighten. And tighten.

My fist will be a tight little vice on your balls. Then I will twist.

I love to see you sweat.

Too bad I won't be able to tell the sweat on your face from the juices of my pussy.

*

I suspect you are getting an idea of the mood I am in. I am just in the mood to use you. You are my most priceless little whore, and I miss really fucking you and enjoying your body. You know I adore you and love to use you and prove to you that you belong to me.

Wear your collar today when you are in the office with the door closed and locked. Wear it so you remember who owns you. Imagine my leash locked to it and the way it feels when I tug on it as you are between my legs. You know how I love to use your leash when you use your tongue on me.

If you please me during my visit, and endure my torture, and accept and worship my new dick, I will reward you tonight by locking you into my pussy collar.

I will lay back on my bed and open my legs, and your collar will be dragged to me. Your face will be pressed against my pussy. You will not be able to breathe or talk. You will just be able to lick.

My thighs will tense around your head. My hips will move with your tongue. You will be trapped, barely able to breathe.

My whore. Trapped between strong thighs, wet pussy gyrating against your face.

This is what you may earn tonight if you take it for me today. Kneel on all fours, present your ass to me.

I will be there at noon. You'll love my outfit. Be ready to kneel and kiss my heels when I enter.

You are my most precious slave.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Feb 3, 2020Akasha

Restaurant Humiliation

Good morning my slave,

Is your door closed?

I have just returned from a business trip and will be visiting you today. You'd better be dressed and plugged appropriately and ready for your inspection.

Do you enjoy your inspections? You know I do. You know I enjoy those random moments when I make you bend over, naked, exposing yourself completely to me. You know I like to make you feel violated and objectified.

That is how you will feel today.

It has been so long (4 days now) since I had my hands on your body. Felt the lingerie against your skin. I miss that soft, silky touch. I miss watching you writhe and twist underneath my firm hands while I explore every inch of you.

I feel evil today. Does that scare you? Four days away has rekindled my desire to break you, to prove once again that you are mine.

You will see that when I arrive.

***

When I arrive today, you are to meet me in the lobby of your office. This time, I want you to come down and get me.

Why do I want to do it this way?

Because I want to watch you walk through your office with such confidence and pride. I want to see everyone move aside for you.

It will make it all the better when I strip you of everything.

**

"Strip."

One word, in the privacy of your office. Bent over your desk. You will feel my hands unbuckling your belt and unzipping your trousers. My right hand will slide down your pants and feel what is mine.

What belongs to me.

I'll give you a firm squeeze to remind you just how much power I have over you. Do you remember what that feels like? To have a hand so tightly around your balls that you whimper inadvertently?

I miss those wonderful, desperate sounds.

As I type this, I smile, thinking of how you will look standing before me in lace panties and bra, in high heels.

"Turn around and bend over."

You knew this was an inspection, didn't you?

**

Bent over your own desk, legs spread apart, you will once again feel me violate you. Invade you. Penetrate you.

Cold and clinical, so unlike the times at home when I make love to your ass slowly and deliberately. No, this is an inspection.

This is to make sure you did not fuck up while I was gone.

Should you pass the inspection, you'll be put in your reclining chair tied down, and then have to do what I really came for.

Do you know what that is?

**

Perhaps it will be more clear when I sit on your desk, legs open, my skirt hiking up to reveal thigh highs. I'll order you to remove my panties with your teeth.

Have you forgotten how to do that?

You know, though, my whore, when I feel your hot breath at my thighs I will not be able to resist. I will want to close my legs and trap you there. Trap your face between my thighs, against my wet panties. You will feel the soft, humid material pressed against your face. And when you struggle, I will only want it more. Want to feel your desperate breathing right through my panties, right through me.

Can you smell that?

I'll probably be leaning back over your desk by then, propped up on elbows, resting on contracts and memos and everything that used to be of importance to you before your face was trapped against my pussy.

Working your tongue, your teeth, trying anything to get those wet panties off of me. You will feel my high heels pressed into your shoulders. Holding you just where I want you.

Are you ready for your lunch?

*

I've fantasized often about feeding you an entire meal from my pussy. Making you eat it, one bite at a delicate time.

Maybe this will be the day.

I just know that I will want you to spend the better part of your lunch hour with your tongue between my legs. You'll be reclined back all the way in your chair with the weight of my body right on your face.

Forced to lick me, in just the ways I command it. All the while I get to watch you in your slut clothes, watch how your body moves. Watch those lace panties on your ass, how they ride up the crack and make you look like such a whore.

That may be of little interest to me, though. I think my mind will be elsewhere – on your capable tongue, lapping hungrily at my pussy as I order you to make me cum.

You've been missed, and have a lot of time to make up with me.

This is only our lunch meeting.

Have I told you what I have planned for dinner?

**

You are taking me out to a fine dinner tonight, so you'd better pick up the phone and start making the arrangements. I want to be surprised.

Make sure you take me to a place where we can have a nice quiet booth with just the right amount of privacy.

You'll be dressed normally, and I intend to wear a skin tight black dress, low cut. When I sit across from you, you will get just enough glimpse of my thigh to see that I am wearing thigh highs again.

Under the table I plan to tease you. Tease you mercilessly.

You will not be allowed to cum, or to touch yourself all day. Our dinner tonight will be special. I have four days of pent up passion;

you will feel just how frustrated I am.

I am going to make you feel it even worse.

Sliding off my wet panties under the table (did you know I was masturbating?) and sliding them over to you, watching you fumble to find a place to put them.

“Take them into the bathroom,” I will order, “And find something to do with them. When you come back, kiss me. I’d better be able to taste myself on your lips. Go now.”

I think that will get your attention. But you’d better not stray. While I am waiting, imagining what you must be doing in the bathroom, I’ll have two fingers inside of me. Flushed, I’m sure. I wonder if the waitress will be able to tell.

Then you will return and lean down to me, like a romantic lover greeting his date upon his return. A long, soft kiss on the lips. I will taste my pussy on your lips — It will feel like we had just been making love in the bathroom (I wish — maybe later?).

You’ll move to back away and break the kiss, but I’ll hold you by the back of the head, sucking your bottom lip softly to devour every last drop.

What would you like to eat?

**

From across the table I will have you hold my hands, kiss my fingers. Again you will taste my scent. I will make you tell me, in detail, what you did in the bathroom. I love to watch you squirm, shy, telling me the things you are forced to do for me.

“How did that make you feel?”

You will squirm. I love it. When you lick your lips, I will still be able to see traces of my wetness.

We will order a glass of wine.

Then, over dinner, I will tell you in detail what I plan to do to you when we get home.

You are not allowed to say a word, and you have to keep your eyes on mine the entire time, both hands on the table where I can see them.

My hands, of course, will be under the table. My heels will be off, and my toes will be pressing into the bulge in your crotch for added effect.

I'll describe the bondage. The pain. The humiliation. About what I intend to record and what I intend to tell my friends about. I will tell you about what you will have to do with your tongue, and to which parts of my body.

I will tell you about the size of my latex cock, and where I intend to put it.

You'll listen to this all, staring at me helplessly from across the table. Persecuted.

I'll take back my panties from you (where did you put them?) and rub them between my legs while I watch you pick at your food. You will have to ask me permission to take each bite, and I'll observe you each time before agreeing.

All the while, the panties feel so good against my burning pussy.

When dessert comes, I will send you away. I'll hand you a roll of duct tape and those panties (which you will fumble to hide) and send you to the men's room to have some quiet time alone.

“I’m eating dessert by myself tonight,” I will tell you. “To finish making my plans.”

Then nothing will turn me on more than to see you get up, place the napkin from your lap onto the table, fumbling to hide a roll of silver duct tape and balled up panties.

Off you will go, head down slightly.

I’ll be thinking about what you are going to do in there with the items I gave you.

Are you ready to email me back and tell me, so that I can make sure you are on the right track?

If you tell me in just the right tone, with just the right words, I’m sure it will turn me on even more.

You do like to make me wet, don’t you?

I will talk to you soon.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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Feb 10, 2020Akasha

Sissy Wine Slave

Good morning, my slave.

Is your door closed yet? Are you surprised to hear from me this time of the week? As you know, I have been very busy. But you have not been far from my mind.

In fact, I have spent the time away to do some planning. I have planned a special weekend for us. A special, torture weekend. It is going to consist of you doing as I say, and you hosting my girlfriends as well.

I have planned the ultimate wine tasting, and you will be tasting no wine, but a lot of everything else.

But I will tell you about that at the end of this letter. Right now, we have some unfinished business relating to the torture of the dick that belongs to me, and the state of your body. And mind.

First, I want you dressed for me. And you will find a very special box waiting for you in the lobby of your office building. Don't be too shy when you go down to get it. I dropped it off an hour again. You will like it, the box is white and the ribbon is very big and very pink. It is too big to hide, so imagine the humiliation you will feel as you walk through the office halls with it and people say, "What's THAT?"

And before you shrug it off and figure you'd say it is a gift for someone else – someone female – guess again.

There is a big fat card on it with your name on it.

Everyone will know it is for you. I want to start your day off with a twinge of humiliation.

You'd better have that door locked when you open the box, my whore…

**

Now that you have the package, you are to open it for me, in a very special way. First, get on the phone and call my voicemail. I want to hear your shaking voice so I can imagine the look on your face when you lifted the lid. This is a special outfit indeed.

Do not continue reading until you have every item in the box placed on top of your desk, ready to be put on. You will have finished your voice mail to me (great masturbation material for me later).

I bet my dick is so hard right now you can't even stand it. How is that pre-cum? Are you a thirsty little bitch today?

**

I thought that pink would be a nice touch for today.

Do you like the lace panties? What about the teddy, do you think it will fit? Of course it will. In fact, you need to try it on right now. The bra is for later (I was thinking about making you wear a bra all the time as part of your training this week). I also gave you lipstick and a tiny pocket vibrator for your sweet little pussy.

I am going to call you at exactly noon today, my slave. You will be dressed in your outfit (including the high heels) and ready to snap some real-time digital pictures for me so I can see how sweet you look.

And I have another request. When you pick up the call at noon (I will call on your direct line and not go through the receptionist), you are to answer the phone and not use your real name. Instead, you are to say, "Good afternoon, this is Cynthia."

You need to hope that no one calls you at 11:59…one of your golfing buddies, or one of the receptionists from down the hall. Or, what if I feel evil, and have one of my girlfriends call you at noon? Can you imagine her surprise?

And if when I call you do not answer the phone that way, you are going to be punished severely. First by a strong beating when you get home tonight, chastity for the week, and worst of all, you will be serving the wine tasting from the closet instead of out and among me and all of my beautiful girlfriends. That is no way to spend the evening, is it?

You have an hour until my call. Get dressed and be ready. And practice saying your feminine name.

**

In order to prepare you for my evening plans, I want you to now start your ass training for the day. That means you need to put your plug on under your panties, then put your work clothes on over your outfit. I want you to take a walk around your entire building and practice tightening your sweet ass cheeks.

While you are on your walk, think about the long session of body worship I am going to put you through tonight, starting with my naked toes all the way up to my neck. You will not leave any part of my body untouched with your tongue. I will require a complete tongue bath from you when you get home tonight, and then you will prepare a bubble bath and dinner for me.

I want it all tonight. All in your new outfit.

So go kneel in the men’s room bathroom stall right now for me and meditate thinking about me, thinking about how bad you want to taste me. I want you masturbate to the edge at least three times, teasing and torturing yourself until you feel like you are going to

explode. Be careful of staining your panties. I will be inspecting them tonight, you know. And you don't want to upset me, trust me.

**

Once you have finished your duties, you will be allowed to finish this email. Be out of your work clothes and kneeling in your feminine clothes, waiting for my call. The plug should be tightly in place, and you need to be prepared to write me a long email telling me how soft and feminine you feel. I want you to describe, in detail, how you would make love to me. Only this time you must do it as a woman. And it must be believable. You will write from a female point of view and you will rub your pussy as you do it, telling me about it and how it feels. Tell me about how wet your panties are and how you taste.

Right now, you need to know about the twelve ladies you will be serving a week from Saturday. I have planned a wine tasting for my closest dominant friends, and we are going to have you as our one and only servant the entire night.

Today you are to start shopping online for the perfect slutty maid outfit. By the end of the work day I expect to receive at least 5 suggestions from you (send me the URLs) and I will select which one I want you to wear. Make sure they have them in your size. Also make sure you select shoes to go with the outfit, and they must have very high heels (you will be on them all night long, so be prepared).

I also may have you get a makeover that day, complete with hair and makeup. I have not yet decided.

Your main responsibility at this party will be to serve drinks, give massages and provide entertainment. That might mean a variety of things depending on our moods. You can bet that after we taste some wine and start loosening up, things will take a different tone.

You will not be allowed to drink alcohol as you have to remain alert and hard the whole evening. I will have inspections every half hour to make sure your are completely erect in your panties. This will happen in private at first, but later I might start doing it in front of my friends. In fact, I might even get tired of doing it and asking some of my girlfriends to do it. So be prepared to show yourself to anyone that I select.

You will be cleaning up after us as well, and may even serve in some toilet duties depending on the whims of the dominants. Some of them are pros and some are not, so we may also use you as a whipping boy, a sample to use, or someone to slap around and demonstrate toys on for the newer ladies. If we have enough drinks, I am sure things will start to become a bit wild. I will have my recording equipment there to capture the moment, and I might even set up my web cam and let people view it on my web site as the evening unfolds.

I hope you prepare yourself by paying very close attention to your private areas. You need to shave and perfume your body for me in preparation, and be ready to be either dressed in a variety of ways or made to be completely naked, should we feel like playing with your more vulnerable areas.

You also should start reading etiquette articles to properly prepare yourself for serving the ladies – everything from proper posture to manners and poise. You are to be one the ladies for the start of the evening, then I have a feeling by the end of the night you will be a slut fucktoy for us to take turns using. You may even end up with a dildo in your ass and mouth, on your hands and knees, with a half naked woman sitting on your back with her legs crossed, chatting to a friend on the couch. You just never know.

With that, you must continue your day. Get a lot of work done, my slave. You have much to do for me today, as well. I will be looking for that URL listing from you.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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Feb 17, 2020Akasha

Strapon Rapture

Good morning, my slave.

Have you been behaving this morning? That locking chastity belt should be on nice and tight right now, making sure of that for me.

Today I am going to pay you a visit in the afternoon. I am going to visit you because I want to fuck you. I want to fuck you because of the way you looked this morning when you left for work. I was watching you, and I wanted you. I wanted you right then. I wanted to tie you down and torture you before even letting you leave for work.

But I couldn't do that. No, I have to watch you get dressed in your perfect suit and put on your perfect tie. The people in your office have no idea what a whore you are. Little do they know about the pink frilly panties you are wearing right now. About the matching lace bra I wordlessly dropped on the dresser in front of you as I went into the kitchen to make coffee.

When I get there this afternoon, you had better be plugged and in your lingerie. From the time they buzz you and let you know I am on my way up you will have to be changing quickly so that you are exactly as I want you when I arrive.

You are to be on your hands and knees at the door. I will be careful to not let people see as I enter the room. But I swear to you, if you are not exactly as I want you, you will pay.

**

I intend to rapture you in your office this afternoon. Not because you need it, but because I want it. I want to hear the sounds you make, I want to feel your body twisting under me. I want to see that

begging look in your eyes when you can't take any more but I make you take more anyway – for me.

Today when you watch me unpack my toys in front of you, know it will be for me, entirely, and not for you at all. You are to say nothing to me but "I will take this for you." Then I will know you are ready to endure.

The rapture will be painful and humiliating. I will have to gag you to keep you quiet. I will be cold and calculating. You had better be emotionally prepared for the cruelty, my sweet whore. Only at the end of the work day, when you come home, will I shower you with affection and tell you how well you did.

This time, it will be like a surprise visit. Cold. Removed. You will be but a fucktoy for me to use. Be prepared to give me one hour of your time, door locked, calls on hold.

Tell them it is a very important meeting. Hell, tell them we are making arrangements for the purchase of a house, or a wedding. Just make sure they know we need one hour alone and are not to be disturbed at any cost.

**

This morning I have been preparing myself in many ways. First, I watched the video tape I made of you from a month ago. Do you remember the night I video taped you? How I made you service my girlfriends at a party, taping it? I never let you see this tape and maybe I never will.

The tape is very hot, though. I get wet watching it. There is a part of it where you are being smothered practically, your head pressed between Julie's thighs, and I am sitting on you like a piece of furniture. We were all a little tipsy from the wine by then, and you didn't get to see Anna's face as she went through my toy box. I

know that night is a blur to you. A blur of humiliation and pain, of being fucked and tortured by all my most beautiful girlfriends.

I masturbated while I watched it. I had just taken a long bath this morning, and my skin was soft and scented. Lounging on the couch, I had my thighs open and the remote control in one hand, a vibrator in the other. I could hear the rain coming down outside.

As I fast forwarded to the scene that I knew would make me cum, I could not help but think – this is the life. You, my slave, my high-powered executive in your office making power deals while wearing panties, and I am lounging at home, spending all of my time and energy coming up with new ways to torture you.

Didn't we agree that this is the way it should be?

**

Maybe you got more than you'd bargained for.

Today. The rapture. Is your tender ass ready?

I intend to do it as if I do not know you. I have to warn you, the mood has hit me. I need to be ruthless. I am telling you, now, to warn you. I want to hurt and humiliate you. I may do things to you that are totally unthinkable, and even as I write this, I get wet.

I just came a couple hours ago and already I feel it coming on again. I need to be serviced. I need your tongue between me legs. I imagine locking you into the tightest pussy collar of all, humping your face, drowning you in my juices. Just laughing at you, at your pathetic helplessness. How I would torture and degrade you.

I imagine you there, struggling for breath, but I just grind. I grind my wet pussy into your face, fucking your mouth and ordering you to shove your tongue all the way up inside of me. All the way.

But it’s never enough.

That’s our story, isn’t it? It is never enough.

Today – your rapture – will it be enough?

Not likely.

Fuck yourself with a dildo in the bathroom. Now. And do it until your ass is sore. I want you ready for me. When you have completed this task, leave me a graphic voice mail. I want to hear fear in your voice. None of that faked shit.

It’d better be real.

**

Let me tell you how I am going to fuck you, slave.

I will arrive in my business suit, greeting everyone in your office cheerfully. I have a few holiday gifts (the ever-loving girlfriend) for your secretary and a few others in the office. You will hear me delivering them, I am sure, and you will know they are all thinking what a sweet, proper, pretty girlfriend I am.

Little do they know.

Then I will come into your office, close and lock the door, and start taking off my winter gloves. By then you will be on hands and knees as ordered, in position, ready to be fucked.

“Well,” I will say. “Look what we have here.”

And I will put a spiked heel into your side and shove, pushing you over onto your back. You’d better look good and scared in your panties and bra, cowering. Hiding your cock, I should imagine. As if that did any good.

The strap on will look new to you. It is a new one. I just got it . I will just take off my skirt and be in my thigh highs and keep the spiked heels on. Stepping into the strap on harness, you will watch, bewildered, as my cock bobs before you.

This is the dick you will suck. And that dick that will fuck your nasty bitch ass. Are you getting the picture? Do you know what kind of mood I am in, yet?

This time, though, I am going to fuck you on your back. Your legs up (I might even put you in some high heels). I will fuck you, standing, your ass up in the air. You will be forced to look up at me, at your own pathetic dick in your face as I pull your panties down even more.

Drops of pre-cum will drip on your face, and if you struggle to get away from them, I will just laugh at you. No mercy this time. You are my little fuck toy, and your ass is mine.

Holding you by the hips for leverage, I will enjoy the longest, deepest thrusts. The feel of my slick cock sliding in and out of your tight hole will get me even hotter. I love it when you buck against me, move to meet my strokes. And I know you will.

But here is the catch. Of course, in this position, if you cum, you will cum all over your own face. Oh, the horror! I will make sure you are very aware of it.

"I'm going to fuck your tight hole until you cum all over yourself," I'll say, grinning down at your face as I pump into you, my thrusts shaking your whole body. "I am going to fuck you until you squirt that warm, milky cum all over your face, and into your mouth. You'd better open wide, whore."

If you resist, I'll stop to beat your tender ass until your muffled whimpers are probably heard throughout the office.

“When I tell you to cum, you will cum. And if you don’t cum now, I will lock up my dick and you will not cum for a month, is that clear?”

Will you give me the answer I want? I should hope so.

And I know you want to cum. You haven’t cum in so long. You want to cum, even if that means shooting it all over your face, drinking it, lapping up every drop. Feeling me pumping into you at the same time, seeing me grin down at you, my hair around my shoulders, the fire in my eyes. The hunger as I feed it. Knowing you are giving me what I need.

“I need to own you.”

You will cum when you hear that. Those words you long to hear so much. You need to be my property. Today I feel in that mood, the mood to own you completely. So much that I will come to your office, greet everyone cheerfully, rapture your ass ruthlessly, then leave and give out my Christmas cards. You will go about your day.

Then you will come home, and bring a bottle of wine, and you will make love to me tonight as if it never happened.

I trust this is clear. My phone call in an hour will clarify the details. You’d better close your door for that call, too, my slave.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Feb 24, 2020Akasha

A Visit from Sarah

Good morning, my slave.

Is your door closed?

You are going to have a visitor today. I have some very interesting plans for you.. I've been so hot lately – all I can think about is making you into my total pleasure toy. I even contemplated kidnapping you for the weekend.

But, I decided on something a little bit different.

So, we will start the day off right. As I type this, in my robe (and nothing else), and you sit in your big office chair, we will start by having you put on a pair of really tight pink panties.

Go into your locked drawer and pull out the frilliest, softest and tightest pair of pink panties you own. I want them on you, and you will read the rest of this email with your trousers down around your ankles.

You are to rub your pink panties as you read this. I imagine you leaning back in your chair so it creaks, reclining slightly. You know I love that sound. That sound reminds me of the times I have been in your office, mounting you right on that chair.

The rest of the day you are going to stay in those panties. And I will be checking up on you to make sure, so you had better go put them on right now.

You are going to have a visitor at noon today. After you put on your panties, I will give you the details.

*

I’m sure you remember Sarah.

Remember her? Her beautiful, tight body. Her long, dark hair. Those sparkling eyes. Do you remember how she looks when I have her tied down, forcing you to watch as I torment her, then bring her to orgasm again and again?

First with the vibrator, then with my tongue. Do you remember the time I had you bound and gagged on the floor like an inanimate piece of furniture and made you watch me make long, passionate love to her with my strap-on dildo? You whimpered so sweetly; but I didn’t hear you. I was quite taken with her.

As you know, she went away to college. I was very depressed about that, and never replaced her.

Well, we have kept in touch. And she is spending the week with us, starting today. That’s right, we have another slave in the house. That means you are going to be banished to the cage at night so she can sleep next to me. I miss the feel of a soft, feminine body. Don’t get me wrong, I adore you in your sweet, soft lingerie. I love it when you wear stockings and panties with a nice lace bra. I love making you saunter around in the kitchen, showing off for me.

But nothing beats the feel of a woman’s lips. She kisses so delicately. Her tongue – when she services me – is tighter, smaller and more precise than yours. I will enjoy the feel of her skin against mine again.

Even as I type this I find myself getting very excited. As you can tell, I am eager to see her.

But the first task I am going to give her, as my week-long live-in slave, is to check up on you.

I am sending her to your office. She will be dominating you.

Are you ready to submit to my dark-haired beauty? You'd better be. Because she is bringing a camera. And a few toys.

**

At precisely noon, you will be waiting in your office for Sarah. You will be plugged (use the inflatable black latex plug. You will have to hide the tubing and hope no one comes into the office), in panties. I want you to have your balls in the studded parachute harness and have your weights on your desk in case she decides to use them.

I have given Sarah very specific directions. And you know how obedient she is.

She is bringing a video camera so she can return to me and show me how it went. I know how terrified you are about being filmed. So this will be even more delicious.

She will be in a business suit with her hair pulled back in a pony tail. I can assure you, she will look hot. All your little office boys will be staring at her. At only 23 years old, she is so stunning. You probably have forgotten how amazing she is.

She will stride into your office in her 5 inch pumps with her big briefcase and video camera. She will shut and lock your door.

At that moment, you are to get down on all fours and crawl to her, pathetically, and start by kissing her toes. Kiss them right through the black patent leather. Kiss them while she looks down at you, smirking.

I have told her to be very cruel, and very demanding.

Are you ready for this, my whore?

*

She is going to fuck you in the ass while you hold a plastic dick in your mouth. You will do this facing the camera so I can see the pained look in your eyes.

I have ordered her to fuck you while she wears nothing more than lingerie and her strap on dildo. I have also ordered her to make you worship, lick, and deep throat a dildo first.

Her long, red nails will hold the flesh colored dick right up to your lips. She will coax you, and laugh at you. And make you open wide to accept all 8 inches of that latex cock. And you will have to suck it for a very, very long time.

I have also ordered her to sit on your face and smother you. She is to do it until you beg for mercy. She is going to wear g-string panties as she does this, and you have to try to work your tongue up between the g-string and her ass. If you can reach her ass with your tongue, she might give you some mercy.

You are not going to be allowed to get your tongue or any part of your body near her pussy. She will be freshly shaved from her scene with me (don't you wish you could watch that? I am preparing for it right now..). She is to come back and report to me everything that happened, and then present the video tape to me.

Then she and I will watch it. And we will have sex. We will eat pussy, fuck each other, and I will dominate her. I will truss her up on my chair and play with her nipples, her pussy, and her mouth. I will thoroughly enjoy owning her.

Meanwhile, you will be at work, a raging hardon in your pink panties, desperately watching the clock for her arrival.

I bet the scent of my pussy will still be on her lips when she arrives.

I have another idea I should share with you.

It is about that video camera. And the VCR in your office. And a little tape Sarah and I could make. Then she would tie you to your chair and make you watch it.

Can you imagine watching two women have sex while you are tied to your office chair?

And while my slavegirl, Sarah, sits on the edge of the desk with a vibrator between her legs? You know you are NOT allowed to look, pussy boy.

Did I mention that the dick I bought her is bigger than yours? It looks like you won't be getting any action this week…

*

So, my slave, do you have a handle on what this week will be like? Let me spell out a few more things for you.

First of all, you are not going to be allowed to cum until Sarah has left. The entire week you are going to serve us as our maid and fucktoy. You are going to service her while I watch, and you are going to be a place for me to rest my ass so I can talk to her about our long days.

You are going to wear the steel chastity harness the entire time. I will put it on this evening, and put the key to the lock on a chain around Sarah's neck. I thought that would be a nice touch.

Every night this week you are to be waiting for me, kneeling at the door, in panties over your chastity device. I will expect to be worshipped upon entry, which means you need to assume the correct position and use your tongue on me. I want to cum before I even get past the kitchen, every night.

You will be sleeping in the cage, as I noted. Your collar will be locked to the floor and your balls will be bolted down. You'll be curled up on

a tight little ball. I'm sure you will hear Sarah and I giggling in the bed, rolling around in the sheets. I'm sure in the morning when you do your chores you will smell the sex on the bed.

The sex everyone was having but you.

At the end of the week, after we drop Sarah off at the airport, I will decide what to do with you. I suspect I will be tired after my long week with my slave girl. But, perhaps, I will feel like getting re-acquainted with your ass.

I'm sure she and I will do a lot of shopping. Who knows, you may even be following us around and carrying the packages.

She will be arriving soon. Be ready for her. I want to see a video tape that makes me want to get my vibrator and masturbate.

Don't disappoint me.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 2, 2020Akasha

Weekend Sissy Gangbang

Good morning, my slave.

Is your door closed yet? Are you surprised to hear from me this time of the week? As you know, I have been very busy. But you have not been far from my mind.

In fact, I have spent the time away to do some planning. I have planned a special weekend for us. A special, torture weekend. It is going to consist of you doing as I say, and you hosting my girlfriends as well.

I have planned the ultimate wine tasting, and you will be tasting no wine, but a lot of everything else.

But I will tell you about that at the end of this letter. Right now, we have some unfinished business relating to the torture of the dick that belongs to me, and the state of your body. And mind.

First, I want you dressed for me. And you will find a very special box waiting for you in the lobby of your office building. Don't be too shy when you go down to get it. I dropped it off an hour again. You will like it, the box is white and the ribbon is very big and very pink. It is too big to hide, so imagine the humiliation you will feel as you walk through the office halls with it and people say, "What's THAT?"

And before you shrug it off and figure you'd say it is a gift for someone else – someone female – guess again.

There is a big fat card on it with your name on it.

Everyone will know it is for you. I want to start your day off with a twinge of humiliation.

You'd better have that door locked when you open the box, my whore…

**

Now that you have the package, you are to open it for me, in a very special way. First, get on the phone and call my voicemail. I want to hear your shaking voice so I can imagine the look on your face when you lifted the lid. This is a special outfit indeed.

Do not continue reading until you have every item in the box placed on top of your desk, ready to be put on. You will have finished your voice mail to me (great masturbation material for me later).

I bet my dick is so hard right now you can't even stand it. How is that pre-cum? Are you a thirsty little bitch today?

**

I thought that pink would be a nice touch for today.

Do you like the lace panties? What about the teddy, do you think it will fit? Of course it will. In fact, you need to try it on right now. The bra is for later (I was thinking about making you wear a bra all the time as part of your training this week). I also gave you lipstick and a tiny pocket vibrator for your sweet little pussy.

I am going to call you at exactly noon today, my slave. You will be dressed in your outfit (including the high heels) and ready to snap some real-time digital pictures for me so I can see how sweet you look.

And I have another request. When you pick up the call at noon (I will call on your direct line and not go through the receptionist), you are to answer the phone and not use your real name. Instead, you are to say, "Good afternoon, this is Cynthia."

You need to hope that no one calls you at 11:59…one of your golfing buddies, or one of the receptionists from down the hall. Or, what if I feel evil, and have one of my girlfriends call you at noon? Can you imagine her surprise?

And if when I call you do not answer the phone that way, you are going to be punished severely. First by a strong beating when you get home tonight, chastity for the week, and worst of all, you will be serving the wine tasting from the closet instead of out and among me and all of my beautiful girlfriends. That is no way to spend the evening, is it?

You have an hour until my call. Get dressed and be ready. And practice saying your feminine name.

**

In order to prepare you for my evening plans, I want you to now start your ass training for the day. That means you need to put your plug on under your panties, then put your work clothes on over your outfit. I want you to take a walk around your entire building and practice tightening your sweet ass cheeks.

While you are on your walk, think about the long session of body worship I am going to put you through tonight, starting with my naked toes all the way up to my neck. You will not leave any part of my body untouched with your tongue. I will require a complete tongue bath from you when you get home tonight, and then you will prepare a bubble bath and dinner for me.

I want it all tonight. All in your new outfit.

So go kneel in the men’s room bathroom stall right now for me and meditate thinking about me, thinking about how bad you want to taste me. I want you masturbate to the edge at least three times, teasing and torturing yourself until you feel like you are going to

explode. Be careful of staining your panties. I will be inspecting them tonight, you know. And you don't want to upset me, trust me.

**

Once you have finished your duties, you will be allowed to finish this email. Be out of your work clothes and kneeling in your feminine clothes, waiting for my call. The plug should be tightly in place, and you need to be prepared to write me a long email telling me how soft and feminine you feel. I want you to describe, in detail, how you would make love to me. Only this time you must do it as a woman. And it must be believable. You will write from a female point of view and you will rub your pussy as you do it, telling me about it and how it feels. Tell me about how wet your panties are and how you taste.

Right now, you need to know about the twelve ladies you will be serving a week from Saturday. I have planned a wine tasting for my closest dominant friends, and we are going to have you as our one and only servant the entire night.

Today you are to start shopping online for the perfect slutty maid outfit. By the end of the work day I expect to receive at least 5 suggestions from you (send me the URLs) and I will select which one I want you to wear. Make sure they have them in your size. Also make sure you select shoes to go with the outfit, and they must have very high heels (you will be on them all night long, so be prepared).

I also may have you get a makeover that day, complete with hair and makeup. I have not yet decided.

Your main responsibility at this party will be to serve drinks, give massages and provide entertainment. That might mean a variety of things depending on our moods. You can bet that after we taste some wine and start loosening up, things will take a different tone.

You will not be allowed to drink alcohol as you have to remain alert and hard the whole evening. I will have inspections every half hour to make sure your are completely erect in your panties. This will happen in private at first, but later I might start doing it in front of my friends. In fact, I might even get tired of doing it and asking some of my girlfriends to do it. So be prepared to show yourself to anyone that I select.

You will be cleaning up after us as well, and may even serve in some toilet duties depending on the whims of the dominants. Some of them are pros and some are not, so we may also use you as a whipping boy, a sample to use, or someone to slap around and demonstrate toys on for the newer ladies. If we have enough drinks, I am sure things will start to become a bit wild. I will have my recording equipment there to capture the moment, and I might even set up my web cam and let people view it on my web site as the evening unfolds.

I hope you prepare yourself by paying very close attention to your private areas. You need to shave and perfume your body for me in preparation, and be ready to be either dressed in a variety of ways or made to be completely naked, should we feel like playing with your more vulnerable areas.

You also should start reading etiquette articles to properly prepare yourself for serving the ladies – everything from proper posture to manners and poise. You are to be one the ladies for the start of the evening, then I have a feeling by the end of the night you will be a slut fucktoy for us to take turns using. You may even end up with a dildo in your ass and mouth, on your hands and knees, with a half naked woman sitting on your back with her legs crossed, chatting to a friend on the couch. You just never know.

With that, you must continue your day. Get a lot of work done, my slave. You have much to do for me today, as well. I will be looking for that URL listing from you.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 9, 2020Akasha

Locked-Down Corporate Slut

Good morning my corporate slut,

It's amazing what a little bit of tease and denial can do to you.

You already know that it's not just about the locked chastity for me. Sure, I get a certain rush of adrenaline when I hear the click of the lock as it seals your fate, imprisoning your manhood for what could be all of eternity.

I enjoy the sharp breath you take, the slight tremble of your flesh. The soft moan as your breath escapes your lips and I know that words couldn't really begin to sum it up.

Total imprisonment.

It's not that I get off merely on the fact that your cock is encased – not accessible – caged and denied your touch. I find that merely entertaining on the side, so to speak. What excites me most when we enter the long, now longer days of chastity is the power I have over you and the pure agony that teasing and denial put you in.

It's the most erotic form of torture because it's slow, deliberate, painful and humiliating. As a sadist, I must ask you – what's not to love?

I know that I can simply call you on the phone. And when you pick up, the calm and assertive successful businessman, I can turn you into a groveling, whimpering mess with just a few carefully selected words.

Or maybe not even words at all. Who would be calling you, after all, mid-afternoon and just start pleasuring herself on the phone, whispering one word to you, "Beg."

It’s a simple word really. But sometimes that’s all I need to reach orgasm, especially if I’d been fantasizing before dialing the numbers with my slick and wet little fingertips, waiting for your voice, waiting to hear that fantastic transformation as you go from distracted corporate superstar to groveling, desperate, locked up whore.

The meaningful “click” once I finish with you – moaning loudly in ecstasy to remind you of just how fantastic orgasms could feel – then I’m already off to my next project.

An hour of face sitting. Right when you get home from work. And why not? Only the third or forth day in chastity, the scent of my ass would leave you reeling, unable to compose yourself. Making you “work your way up” to pleasuring more desirable parts of my body, as newly locked up slaves always start at the bottom of the totem pole.

Not that there’s anything wrong with my bottom; freshly bathed and soaked in a warm, foaming bath to prepare for your arrival home, my lingerie and party clothes already picked out. And it’s only as you lick for what seems like hours – planted painfully under my ass cheeks – that I reveal my plans for the evening without you.

Dancing – drinks – dinner, maybe. A gentleman suitor or maybe three of my craziest girlfriends – a night on the town in a fantastic outfit, a night full of debauchery and sex all while you remain caged. Just trying to decide if you should be put into an actual cage for the evening, or locked into a dramatic and painful locking butt plug harness and forced to clean the loft until I return, maybe to share details of the evening – or maybe not.

Your exhausted tongue – barely having time to recover from the sixty minutes of delicate ass worship – only to be recalled for, perhaps, “Pussy duty” if there are any post-coitus messes for you to attend to. Such humiliation!

And as the days proceed and your desperation intensifies, my erotic rush just remains more consistent. The ultimate? An unexpected visit to your office, strapon in my purse. Forcing you to worship my shaft as if it were the only way to earn release. So much pent up frustration – I am sure you'd suck like your life depended on it!

And it would, wouldn't it? Because as you hear me moaning and riding closer to climax – from merely penetrating your mouth with my cock – your focus would again shift to your real purpose.

My pleasure.

Only when my cock is rammed so far down your throat that your eyes water do you realize that your chastity serves a greater purpose. And that however many days or nights or weekends it is extended, your attention and diligence is the reward for us both. Only when you are denied so relentlessly do you fully appreciate ever curve of my slick latex cock, or tune in to ever subtle groan of pleasure that escapes my lips.

Focus.

If locked chastity, teasing and denial are what it takes for you to keep your priorities straight – and to turn you into the hungry insatiable cockwhore that I so adore – then perhaps we're both in this for the long haul.

How many days now?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 16, 2020Akasha

Your New Name is Hole

Good morning, my sissy whore.

Is your office door closed? It better be.

You are wearing your silky panties today, aren't you? The ones I made you buy? And how do they feel right now, are they riding up the crack of your ass, making you squirm in your seat?

And the sexy garters – Ooh, I can just picture them. You are wearing the black thigh high stockings with garters. Your panties look so nice with this outfit. All that is missing is the bra. But that will come with time, right?

Eventually you are going to have a complete wardrobe for me to pick and choose from. You are going to have a wide variety of soft, silky panties. Nice sexy nighties. A lot of teddies, complete with garters.

As you dress more and more for me, you are going to start dreading and fearing your office, wondering if people can see the outline of your thong bikini panties under your work trousers.

Wondering if one day, when I show up to meet you for lunch, people will hear your moaning and gasping from behind the locked door as I mount you, fucking you with my big strap on cock in your office. While you are on your hands and knees, in high heels (black patent leather pumps, of course), my panties shoved into your mouth to keep you from making too much noise.

Still, the muffled cries come from you. Those sounds that turn me on so much, I cum merely from hearing those while plunging my dick in and out of your tight little pussy hole.

Ohh, I bet your dick sprung to attention from that, didn't it? You like it when I talk dirty to you, don't you? Well this letter is going to be quite different, my pussy. This letter is going to be graphic, and nasty. Just like you are.

This is the kind of mood I am in.

So right now, you are to get that plug from your drawer. Get the big, black plug that hurts your pussy asshole. Get it, and lubricate it. Lubricate it with your door closed, shaking all over. I want it slick and ready, and I want you to be on your knees when you shove it into your tight hole.

You know I would much rather be there inserting it for you. First, I would have you shove your face down to the floor, kissing my toes through the high heeled sandals I am wearing. I would have you lick and suck them, right through my shoes. Then I would make you stick your head up my skirt and sniff.

Yes, sniff my panties. I would make you inhale deeply, then press your nose and mouth against the silky material. I'd hold your head with both hands, not letting you move, and slowly start grinding my hips against your face.

Then, I would make you lick me through my panties. That's right. I wouldn't even take them off. I would make you bury your tongue as deeply as you could, right through my panties. You would smell my pussy juices, you would feel the silky, smooth material against your face.

You do know what it is like to be a true panty whore, don't you?

*

After you have that plug in, you can read the rest of this letter. I know that your cock cage is tight right now. I know, because I know what happens when you get really hard.

I imagine that your skin is pressed up against the metal cage, digging into you. I can picture the precum forming at the tip of your dick right now. It's a little puddle of semen, just waiting to be licked off. Ooh, how I would love to be there, scooping it up onto my fingertip and shoving it into your mouth. Or your ass.

(Yes, you know my latest fascination about putting cum into your ass. How I want to fill an entire condom, turn it inside out, place it over my strap on dick, then fuck you so my cum stained cock penetrates your tight, sweet pussy. Filling you with cum. You like that, don't you?)

I feel like wrapping pink lace around your entire erection in the morning, leaving you to work with a frilly little bow on your pathetic penis. You know, most men have DICKS, and so often you just have a penis.

You know what I mean by that, don't you?

Do you ever worry that one day you will get an e-mail from me, telling you that I have decided to spend the afternoon fucking a real man?

Then one after another, emails will show up, telling you how I am getting ready. How I am putting on my sexiest lingerie, the black crotchless panties. How I am masturbating with my vibrator because I am so hot for this mystery man.

Then a voice mail, when you are away from your desk. You hear me, moaning, screaming, "Yes, FUCK ME! Fuck me HARDER! Your DICK is so big, OH GOD it feels SO GOOD!"

You hear this. And then, the fumbling of the phone, and a dial tone.

And you are there, with your frilly little pink penis, shrunk to nothing.

You have to wonder. Did I really do that, or was I fantasizing with a big huge dildo inside of me? Will you ever know?

**

Yes, I am in a nasty, dirty mood. And you are my nasty, dirty pussy. Your hole is mine to use. Isn't it?

I want you to leave me a voice mail right now. You know my number. On this message, I want you to tell me what a nasty, dirty bitch you are. I want you to tell me that your new nickname is HOLE, because that is all you are to me.

I want you to have your big dildo there, and I want you to suck on it. Suck it so I can hear it penetrating your bitch lips, hear it gagging you. Slurp on it, and lick it, and sound like the pathetic cunt you are. I want you to tell me that you are bouncing up and down on that plug because you like to feel it pumping in and out of your shithole.

Does that make you feel nasty and cheap? It should. Because you are going to be penetrating yourself with that plug – I want it positioned on your chair so you can balance yourself on the arms of it, then lower yourself right onto it. You might need some duct tape to hold the base of the plug to the chair.

And be glad I don't gag you with that plug afterward.

After all, I am in a very, very dirty mood today.

*

Another one of my new fascinations is with plug harnesses. Sort of like – a chastity device that locks on and holds a plug in your ass. That way, I can lock it on you when you leave for work, then know that all day you are plugged for me.

I also have a really nasty, dirty idea involving an enema and locking plug and plastic diapers, but that's a story for another time. I doubt you are ready for that.

If you want to see what a device like this looks like, well, maybe I will appease you.

The one I want will be like this: Vac-U-Lock Suspender Harness. If you have real guts, and are not the pussy I think you to be, you might even surprise me by buying it today. You can have it delivered to your office and be ready to wear it next week for me. Ohh, with a big huge plug in your ass, and maybe some combination locks. And only I will have the combination. Can you imagine how sore your tender hole would be by the end of the day?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

PS: I am coming to see you for lunch today. I'm bring my 8-inch dick. Be ready.

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Mar 23, 2020Akasha

New Toys of Torture

Good morning, my slave.

Does today feel any differently than another Monday? Do those panties feel a little tight? How is that locking cock cage, is it digging into your skin?

I did not tell you this when we were talking this morning. I am in a very scary, very dangerous and very demanding mood. It is so much so that I almost asked you to take a few days off from work and take me away on a trip. I need to go away and be in a totally different place and own you completely.

But, I knew that this was an important work week for you. So instead I locked on the cage again, grinning at you as I did. You thought I was being playful. But it was a different kind of grin. I am going to leave you in it a long, long time.

You will not be allowed to cum until I am damn well through with you. Your cock will bulge day after day in the cage. I will call you and talk dirty to you at least three times each day, making you sit and listen to me cum on the phone.

I will make sure your cock is chaffed, sore, bulging. I want the head of your dick to be blue by the time you get home, your balls pulled into a tight little bulging package for me.

Is that your phone ringing right now? Are you afraid to answer it?

“Get down on your knees.”

That voice you hear. You know it is me, but it is not me. It is the evil, twisted me.

“Stick your hands down your trousers. Grab my dick through the cage. Do you feel those panties, little sissy boy?’

Ohh, you just squirm and do as I say. This makes me wet. I am commanding you over the phone. I am rubbing my pussy and telling you all about it, just to tease you more. You want to hear about it, don’t you?

“You won’t be eating me for a long time, fucktoy. You won’t be eating me until you please me like you never have before. Do you want me to humiliate you?”

A soft moan from you. But it isn’t enough. It’s never enough when I am in this mood.

“Get the pink panties from your drawer. The ones I wore that I make you smell. Get them out.”

I hear shuffling in your drawer. I hear your voice, your breath, shaking.

“Gag yourself. Shove them into your pathetic mouth so you can give me your undivided attention.”

You do it. I hear you whimpering. I can imagine you must be tasting my scent, now old, but still quite recognizable.

“Do you want me to humiliate you?”

I know what you need. And I lay back in my bed, naked except for silk bra and panties (your favorite set). I listen for your begging and pleading. Your desperate need to be put in place in the middle of your workday.

When the desperate gasps are enough, I might just indulge you.

“So you want to be humiliated? You want me to tell you how I am going to degrade you tonight?” I get up and pace around for this, looking at myself in the mirror. I look good in my lingerie, as I move my hands down my body I know you would love to see. The red satin panties, the matching bra.

“I want to tie you up in your frilly little bra and panties, in locking high heels. I want to make you watch a real man stick his cock in me. A big, eight inch dick, something that puts your pathetic little two inch penis to shame.”

Much desperate pleading to stop (or is it to continue?) just makes me more wet. I have to stop and sit on my dresser, rubbing my panties. Feeling them start to get warm and damp.

“Can you imagine how degraded you will feel when I show you that even my dick is bigger than yours?”

I can’t help but bring out my latex strap on and look at it. I want to wear it. Hell, I want to be fucked with it. We have been on the phone for ten minutes and I had promised myself to keep it to fifteen (after all, you do have SOME work to get done)..but this could take some time.

Then all hell breaks lose.

“I’m coming over.”

Click.

*

This is one of those days, my slave. You read this now, between your ten o’clock and your 11 o’clock. I am leaving and on my way to your office. You are caged and pumping, precum forming at your tip (lick up every last drop).

I am going to cum visit you and make you worship my panties. You don't even get to touch my skin with your tongue and lips. This time, I will make you crawl to me just to bury your face in my red satin panties.

I will hold you there, grinding my crotch in your face. Fucking your nose. Smearing my wetness all over you, right through the panties.

I will inspect you to make sure you are wearing your plug, then I will order you to the floor for some real smothering. First with my pussy, then with my ass.

Turning on your radio to make sure people don't hear, I plan to cut off every last bit of your breathing by locking a tight seal between my crotch and your nose and mouth. But you never even get to stick your tongue inside of me. Not this time. This is a week where you will suffer for me.

You know that I can cum just from fucking your face that way, even if I am still in my panties. Bouncing up and down on you like a schoolgirl, I'll ride you until my fists clench in your hair, my wet crotch pumping right into you. You'll feel the soft material rubbing against your face, you'll smell my juices and feel them coating your face right through my panties.

Is this torture? Or do you really get off on it?

I'll be there at 12:30. Tell your secretary that I am bringing your lunch.

*

Do you want to know what I am bringing you for lunch, my dear?

I am bringing a new cock gag. This one is almost 7 inches long and actually ejaculates. I had it custom made. Do you know what I plan

to do with it? I bet you were wondering why I whisked a vial of your cum into the kitchen last week. Three times.

I am bringing a ball stretcher and a set of weights. This time I plan on crushing and torturing your balls until I have to shove something in your mouth to prevent you from screaming for help. I might slam them in your desk drawer. I might make you lay on the floor and walk on you in spiked heels, pressing my spiked pump right into your most tender flesh…then your balls, one, then the other. I am in a really twisted, evil mood.

I've got a special pussy hood. It is for forced, long term pussy worship. It creates an air tight seal between your nose and mouth and my wet pussy. I will lock it on, put your face in it, then sit down, and until I release the valve you cannot breathe. You will have to earn that, and I won't let you breathe until your tongue manages to worship me to the brink right through my panties.

These toys will be used on you during your lunch break until you are spent, worn, and exhausted. This is just a preview of what you can expect this evening when you come home, and the rest of the week when I explore my darkest desires with you.

I just hope you have the energy and the courage to keep up with me. My new toys are very evil.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 30, 2020Akasha

Hold All Calls

Good morning, my slave.

Make sure your door is locked tight today. While I was cleaning out my toybox, I found a few things I want to re-introduce you to. I will be visiting you this afternoon for lunch and bringing:

1 latex inflatable dildo gag
1 latex inflatable butt plug
1 pair of black patent leather heels
My leather strap-on harness and my largest dick – the 9 inch black latex.

There is a method to my madness. I have in mind…a total ass torture session. I feel like being calculating and devious. Today, when I visit you, you are going to feel a new fear. It has been a long time since I had you truly terrified.

**

In preparation for my visit, I have a few commands. And I am going to request that you photograph these with your Polaroid camera, put the pictures in an envelope, seal it, and have your secretary time stamp it. I want to be 100% sure of your compliance.

So, get your camera ready for a nasty little photo session, my slave.

First, get out your black thong panties, and your black thigh high stockings and garters. The last time you wore these I fucked you up the ass in front of the mirror at the Ritz Carlton, remember? I was still in my evening gown from our night at the charity ball, and you were in nothing but high heel pumps, stockings, panties around your thighs and a tight bra. I had those clamps hanging from your

nipples, bra pulled down, and weights dangling. You looked like such a bitch. I loved it.

Put that outfit on. This is a day for you to feel true pain and humiliation. Soon you are going to be plugged, fucked, and degraded, all to get me wet. If you are lucky, I will bring my pussy collar and make you lock your face between my thighs, opening my legs, stretching out over your desk and pumping into your pathetic face.

Smearing wet pussy juices all over your until I writhe with orgasm, digging heels into your naked back. Your face – -helpless – pressed into my pussy because your slave collar is locked to my thighs. You are helpless…mine..suffocating..drowing in my pussy juices…

Oh my. I get carried away, don't I?

Go get dressed, little slut. And while you are doing that, shove your LARGEST plug up your ass. Trust me, you are going to want to be loosened up for today's challenge.

Then, take a series of pictures. On all fours. A close-up of the plug in your ass. A nasty shot bending over your desk. I require at least ten, all different.

I will see you soon.

**

Imagine this.

You are spread out over your own desk. I have cleared all of the papers and things from the desktop and forced you down on your back. Your arms are down and chained to the legs of the desk, and your legs are stretched out over the other side, ankles equally trussed.

You are naked except for crotchless red panties I brought for you. Your ass hangs over the edge making you feel so vulnerable.

In your ass…a well lubricated latex inflatable plug. It is dildo-shaped with ridges. I had to inflate it about half way to get it into your tight hole, and I had to loosen you up with two fingers because you did not wear your training plug long enough before I arrived.

Then, the latex dildo gag for your mouth. I push it in, cooing at you, telling you to open wide. You can smell my scent on my fingers, you can almost taste it. You can see it in my eyes. This sort of thing turns me on so much, seeing you open wide to take this nasty, nasty device.

I strap it around your head. The leather buckles are unforgiving. It tugs at your hair – I am in a hurry as I lock it in place. You see the long tube, the bulb at the end. You know what I can do. I can pump it up and make it very uncomfortable for you. Filling your mouth. Gagging you. Creeping down the back of your throat. How terrifying.

But then – there is the dildo in your ass. Also attached to a long latex tube. And another devious bulb that I hold in my other palm. I straddle you, smiling deviously, and hold one bulb in each hand.

Both — with just a few squeezes — could make you very uneasy. Imagine that dildo in your ass expanding slowly with each pump, pressing into the tight walls of your ass, spreading you wide. With ten or twelve pumps to go, imagine the slow increase of pressure. It could be a long, unthinkable torture. Ohh, how hot.

And then, the other one. I could pump…pump…pump..mocking you as I do…and that latex in your mouth would inflate more and more, making you gag, terrifying you. All the while you feel me squirming on you, rubbing my wet pussy on your panties, getting you even harder.

The most evil torment, though, is what I have planned.

And that is, to make sure you cannot see which bulb is attached to which device.

And to make you – my poor slave — pick which one I inflate. You will have to use your sad eyes to indicate which one, and I will sympathetically (well, sort of) gift the bulb a squeeze. But will it be a fast, painful but quickly over squeeze..or will I go slowly…

Or will I give it three squeezes, in fast succession, watching your pathetic eyes tighten up in pain as the unexpected dildo pumps up wider and larger.

You will not know. All I can say is this.

I will make it last a long time. I will straddle you, and make you look at me, and if you close your eyes I will pump them up more.

If you cry out (muffled, as it is), I will pump three more times on both. You are to look at me and take it like a good whore. You are to impress me.

And this is only to prepare your ass for my strapon and the fucking I intend to give you over your desk. And as for your mouth, it is to prepare you for an assault with my high heels – making you suck my heels until your tongue is raw and your lips are aching.

You see, my slave, the dual-pump is just to prepare you. To loosen you up, so to speak. We have a big night planned. Or, at least, I do. Make sure you are ready for this evening.

And ready for my visit. Hold all calls.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Apr 6, 2020Akasha

Little Office Slut

Good morning, my slave.

How do those panties feel? A little tight today, perhaps? I loved putting those on you this morning. The tight pink satin looks so hot on your ass. This entire week you can look forward to a new sissy outfit, and I am going to keep your legs and balls all shaved so you are smooth as a baby's bottom for me.

You are my sissy slut, and you need to realize that. Your pathetic little man-dick (if you can call it that) is of little use to me this week; no, this week it is all about you pleasing me with your tongue and your tight pussy.

I plan on visiting you today at lunch with a little bag of tricks, my slut. I am going to arrive in a black leather trench coat, black boots and black leather gloves. They are all new (you paid for them of course) and your whole office will smell of leather when I saunter into the room.

My hair is how you like it – to make you even more week. I have it in a high, tight ponytail, curled slightly so it looks like icing on a birthday cake. I will be wearing my black sunglasses and dark lipstick. I am sure your office boys will all do a double-take when I walk in. Just imagine what they would do if they saw what I was wearing under the trench coat.

When I get into your office and shut the door you are to get out from behind your big man-desk and get on all fours, crawling to me and placing many delicate kisses all over my leather boots. I shall count at least fifty little kisses as I take off my gloves, peering down at you from under my glasses.

What a sight! Little office slut, in his best suit and tie, kissing and nuzzling my boots. God, I get wet just thinking of it. I bet I will see the outline of your slut panties and garters right through you expensive trousers.

I may sit in your chair and use your phone to run up the bill, calling my girlfriends as you lick and suck my toes, my long boots off and my stockinged feet there for you to worship. All sweaty from being in those tight leather boots, too. I will expect the full treatment as I dial up friend after friend, making plans to shop and go out dancing as you savor and suck each of my toes.

Then you will have to strip for me. Strip like the little bitch you are, and assume position over your desk, legs spread. Ooh, I will enjoy walking all around your desk and looking at you in your thigh high stockings, garters and panties. Those panties are so tight, I bet I will see a nasty wet spot right in front where you are spurting little bits of pre-cum.

All of this is just for my amusement.

I will make you watch me step into my leather strapon harness, buckling it around my thighs.

“You like my cock, don’t you?”

You’ll have to look at me and manage an answer.

“You want to suck my dick, don’t you, office slut?”

This gets me so hot, do you know that? Because right now I know you are reading this in your suit, and fuck, you look so hot, your hair is combed perfectly, you look like such a man. But those panties are riding up your ass and your dick is hard from reading this and you just want to eat my pussy right now. God, I want to get you so desperate that you are willing to shove your nose up the crack of my

ass and sniff and whimper and squeeze your balls through your panties until they are aching. All for me.

Nose buried right up my crack. That's what I imagine. I bend over right in front of you and you bury it where it belongs.

Does all of this make your dick just BULGE in those panties, slave?

Squirm a little for me, boy. And go get that plug, the special pink one I sent you, and put it in. That's right. In your office. Shut and lock the door, find the lubricant in your bottom drawer and put it in.

Then be ready to give me what I need right now. Because I need you to be my slave now. And I have plans for you.

**

As you know, I have today off. This is my day off, slave. And I plan to get a massage. And a manicure, and pedicure. Then I am going shopping – first for some new lingerie (for you!), and then for some new toys. I am going to the city to buy a nice new leather body harness. I have a quest, you see, to find a body harness that will allow me to complete strap you down but have access to your asshole and mouth but you cannot move.

Even your head will be strapped in place. I think it will be a contraption that I can use with the bed where you will be on your back, knees up, legs spread, ankles hanging open. Head strapped down, wrists outstretched and pinned. Pillows under your ass to prop it up, and head propped up so I have access to your mouth.

Then, I will add a special gag that holds your mouth open for me – either a ring gag or a dental device. I have this fantasy..a dark, twisted fantasy about having your mouth held open and you cannot do anything. Your eyes are big with fear and you're breathing so hard. Damn, I ache when I think about this. About how scared you will be.

Soft whimpers coming from you. My poor, poor slave.

Do you have any idea how hot this all makes me?

**

Ok, so that brings me to my point. Today, you are going to serve me hourly at your job. Once every hour you will stop for a few minutes and prove your devotion to me. This hour, you will do it by going into the men's room and fucking yourself up the ass with a big black dildo, but only after sucking it off and licking the balls like a nasty whore.

Oh, by the way, that dildo will be arriving in about…15 minutes. Look for it at the front desk. Don't worry, I boxed it up. I just hope no one opens it!

In the box you will also find a pair of pink tights and white panties. You are to change into the white panties and put the pink tights on over them. Wear the pink tights for the rest of the day. They are dancing tights. I bet they will look very hot on you. And I bet you will be worried that someone might see them and wonder if you are wearing pink socks! Imagine trying to explain that!

My slave in pink tights! I wish I could see that.

Of course, I will. I will when I visit later today at lunchtime. So be ready for me.

**

Well now, it is mid-morning and I am sitting here in my robe feeling very horny after writing this email. I am tempted to call you right now and make you serve me on the phone. Just a quick ten minute call, make you suck a little dick, fuck your tight ass for me and then lap up a bunch of cum from your desk. Mm!! But, I will save it. Save it for tonight when I make you really earn that orgasm.

But for now..before I get on with my day of pampering, I want you to think about how you are going to be my very nasty sissy pussy boy tonight. Tonight you are going to be fully dressed as a sissy and forced to lick and worship my pussy and ass the entire evening. I have a new pussy head-harness all ready for you, and I expect to be bathed and pampered beforehand. You will find your head locked between my thighs all night, and that grip will be even tighter as I have spent the last 7 days working out my thighs to the limit at the gym.

Eventually, I look forward to having such a tight grip with my thighs that I could crush your head should I desire…just to make sure you lick with all the enthusiasm I require.

I don't scare you sometimes, do I?

So think about me today, slut. I will be seeing you at lunch. Be ready for me. And you do know what that means, don't you?

I'm off to change and get ready for my day. If you get this message in the next few minutes and want to call me for that quickie..you know the number…

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Apr 13, 2020Akasha

Personal and Confidential

Good morning, my slave.

I imagine you sitting there at work in your blue suit and tie. Your hair is slicked back, still a little wet from the shower this morning. Right outside your office door the sounds of business are all around you. Your secretary is sipping her coffee.

No one is aware.

I am writing this thinking about what a passionate, thrilling relationship we have. Just knowing that under those trousers you are wearing pink, tight panties excites me. And knowing that as I tell you it makes me wet, your bulge grows in your panties, and now you are painfully aware of it, and of the plug that fills your ass.

You dress, in the morning, for me. Like today, you have to give me a little show. Are you relieved that I did not make you wear the black lace teddy to work today? I was so close to making you wear it. It's a good thing you distracted me by going down on me for my morning treat..and for your breakfast.

But today is going to be a difficult day for you, my slave.

The courier is on the way with a package for you. Marked "Personal and Confidential".

Let me remind you that you have not cum in eleven days, and you will not cum today either. But before you go on to the next part of this letter, you are to shut and lock your office door, strip down to your panties, put on your lace bra from the drawer and use your vibrator all over your crotch until your panties are creamed.

Do not cum, though. No, my nasty little sissy bitch does not get to cum this morning, so don't even think about it.

After you have finished this task, you can read the rest of this email, and find out more about the special package that is on its way to find you…

**

In the package I have placed a few very special items. One is a very creamed pair of my black panties. I masturbated in them all the way up until the courier arrived then locked them into a sealed plastic bag. Also, you will find a remote control vibrating butt plug that we will be testing today. And finally, you will find a new slutty outfit, complete with white stockings, a white bra and new pumps. You are going to look like such the slut, hobbling around in your office with a remote control plug in your little butt.

The panties are going to be your gag this time, so have the duct tape ready. We will be having a 1pm telephone call for me to torture you and bring you to the edge several times. I bet your dick is just painfully raging in the panties right now. Ooh, how I would love to drop by and visit you right now, come sauntering into your office in my trenchcoat and gloves, glide into your private little area, slam the door, and open myself up to show you my latex mini, bra and thigh high bitch boots.

Hair pulled back in a sinister ponytail, elbow high gloves. Today is a "no fucking around" day, you'd be on your hands and knees at once sniffing and licking at my boots like a lapping puppy dog. Then I'd get my pony plug out and ram it right into your ass to take you for a ride. Are your pony skills up to date, little slut toy?

And then, of course, the ruler on your ass and the ball slapping exercises, just to see if you can keep your voice down and not be heard! I love hearing you try to bite back the gasps of pain. I love seeing you wiggle your white ass in front of me, shifting to get away

from the blows but they just keep coming. I'll use the ruler on your ass until it glows red and you'll hope you can spend the rest of the day standing.

Do you sense some urgency in my writing?

**

I will be totally honest with you, my slave. I am feeling neglected lately. You've been working such long hours and it has been a month since we took a weekend away. I want to go to the cabin in the mountains and chain you up, have my way with you over and over again. I want to invite my girlfriends over on a Sunday afternoon and have you serve drinks in a latex maid outfit, wearing a bad wig and looking pathetic.

I want to plan and stage a kidnapping that will make last year's look like a cake walk, and have you kept prisoner for five days in an unknown location having to endure pain and humiliation like you have never experienced.

Yes, I am an under appreciated and under stimulated femdom these days. I spend my nights fantasizing about ways to fuck you up while you work late or go out of town on business, and then I shop on the weekends and expand my fetish wardrobe when I would rather be expanding your ass with a plug.

There are no two ways about it. You must start submitting to me more.

And that means every day this week you will hear from me in the office. Every day you will receive graphic email orders and I will demand photographic proof of your compliance. Every day you will wear a new pair of panties and a large plug in your ass.

You will also make time to see me at lunch, either at the office or at home, and during that time you will serve me, even if it means

going back to the office sore and welted.

You see, I cannot be ignored, and I must be pleased. Otherwise it builds up like it did this time, and I end up needing to torture you even more.

**

Before I go, I have to tell you about Jennie. She is a little blonde slave I have taken on the side. You have been too busy to notice, and I wanted to fully train her before introducing you to her. Tonight you will meet her and you will be in your latex slut outfit, high heels and stretched full to accommodate both of us as we double team you. You'll fix us a nice dinner then eat yours from the floor at our feet and listen to us talk as if you are not even there.

Finally, we'll end the evening with me teaching her how to cane your ass, and you'll have such a sever caning that you may end up calling in sick tomorrow.

At least that is a way to keep you home, you know…

Your package should be arriving soon, my slave.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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Apr 20, 2020Akasha

Role Reversal

lGood morning, my whore.

How does your outfit feel today? I loved dressing you this morning. I loved seeing you slide into those thigh high stockings and fasten your garters. The panties – pink, with a little bit of lace, looked too tight for your bulging cock. The bra is a nice touch, and I know it is tight across your chest right now. You feel it brushing against your nipples all day, don't you?

This is going to be a week of total sluttiness for you. I want to train you all week long to have you ready for next weekend- next weekend when you will serve as a latex maid for my cocktail party. I have invited 6 of my closest girlfriends and they look forward to seeing your tiny waist in a corset, see the plug harness in action and see you hobbling around on 5 inch heels serving drinks on your silver serving tray.

Quite a change from your high powered corporate office, isn't it?

I get wet when I think about the duality of your life. I see you there, sitting at the desk, the lines on your phone ringing with matters that are urgent, with millions of dollars at stake. Yet you are twisting uncomfortably in your chair as the new large plug expands inside your tight ass and you are shifting your shoulders because the bra straps make your skin itch.

You are going to be raped and degraded this afternoon during my visit. I want to strip you of all that power today, and start your week of training by showing you what you really are -a slut for me to use.

And to prepare you, I am going to tell you what I plan to do to you during my visit, then you are to practice cocksucking so you will be very ready my visit.

So are you ready to be milked and humiliated? You'd better not cream your panties, sissy boy, or there will be hell to pay.

**

When I arrive today at 1pm I want you to be strong and assertive when you greet me. That will make me even more excited, knowing I am about to strip away all of that power in the most degrading way.

We will retire into your office and close and lock the door. First, I will do your plug inspection, and make sure you still have it completely inserted. Your panties will be checked for dampness – they had better be wet, but you know the penalty for improper ejaculation (yes, I am bringing the Ben Gay).

The removal of your fine suit of course will be the start for me. Mmm..I can just imagine how you will be standing there, breathing hard. My fingers loosening your tie will be just the beginning. I can see the look in your eyes as I slowly remove it. Remember three years ago, when I would just come to your office and strip you down, then wrap your tie around your balls, tie them tight, then sit on your face? We certainly have come a long way.

Next, I will remove your clothes completely. Shirt, trousers, shoes. You will be left standing before me in your pink frillies, your dick bulging and pushing to escape from the panties. Oh, how I look forward to walking around you for inspection, making sure the bra is still on tight, reaching over to rub your sensitive nipples through the silk material.

I will work them up to a nice hardness and then start pinching, squeezing, twisting. Just to break that serious stare you get. Look at yourself! Oh, I can't wait. I am definitely bringing the camera.

I will make you kneel for me as I go into my black leather bag and pull out my new strap on harness. The one with the dual dildo, the

one that allows me to fuck your ass and fuck myself at the same time. And, of course, do even better to your mouth.

By the time I start strapping on my harness your cock bill be bulging and dripping pre-cum, I'm sure. I'll lean against your big expensive desk and position my bobbing cock against your panties, rubbing it all over the head of your dick. I'll coat the tip of my latex shaft with your juices, then wave it in your face.

"Do you want to lick the cum off of my dick, sissy boy?"

Your dick will be pulsing with excitement. You love to be degraded and sissified, don't you? Well, you'll have to beg to lick and suck the cum off of my dick, so you'd better start thinking about what you are going to say.

I can't wait to watch you lean over as I back away, making you crawl after me, crawl after my dick. Finally I'll let you get it into your mouth, and I'll tease you by yanking it out and slapping it against your face. "You like to suck dick, don't you, whore?"

You'll obviously be distracted by the other side of the dildo which was so carefully slid inside of my pussy as I put the harness on. What a devious little device this is! I will be able to fuck your tight ass while I receive pleasure, all while looking at you in your stockings and garters.

It's a humiliation day for you, though. So that means you'll be fucked on your back with your legs up over your head on the floor. That way I can rub my hands all up and down your silky thighs, feeling your stockings, feeling the garters in my fingers. I can look down at you and smile at you, see how degraded you are as I pump in and out of your tight hole.

I'll keep your panties on but push them aside, making way for the head of my cock to pop through your tight asshole. Then, easing

into you slowly, I'll watch that once stone-sober face cringe and gasp and whimper for me.

Are you going to beg for mercy this time, slut? Are you going to beg me not to make you shoot your load all over your face? Go ahead and beg, you know how much it amuses me. I want to see desperation in your eyes, see you look so pathetic and helpless as I pump deeper and deeper, the buckles of my strap on harness pressing into your tender flesh.

I'll reach over and pump your cock a little, squeezing right under the head, milking out a few drops that will land on your face. You'll try vainly to turn away but they'll land on your lips and cheeks, and I'll make you leave them there!

So then..I can look down at you as I pump, feeling the other end of the dildo penetrate me and drive me closer to climax. I just need to look down at your face, at the precum dripping down in long, sticky strands.

"You want to cum, don't you?"

"NO!" I am sure you will gasp. That pushes me even more. You are so pathetic, you don't want to cum because you can't stand the thought of all that cum shooting all over your face. I just need to reach down though and grip your cock a little, only barely stroking, and you know you won't be able to hold it back.

How humiliating for you. How humiliating being fucked in the ass while you are in panties and garters and stockings, wearing a bra. Little drops of cum on your face, knowing that any minute now I can start stroking you full and then you'll not be able to resist, and that cum will shoot out all over your face.

You will be terrified that this might be one of those times that I make you lay there with cum all over your face while I degrade you and make fun of you for it. Or worse, what if I keep bringing you to

the edge and stopping, until you are in so much pain that you beg for it, and I make you beg to shoot the load all over your face.

You feel so helpless. When I see it in your eyes, true desperation and vulnerability, then I will have gotten where I need to be. Only then can I really cum, cumming as I bite back a scream and shove harder and harder into your hole, penetrating you with intense passion. Painfully.

Your cock will be bobbing close to your face, and you'll be distracted by the pain from my thrusts, only to feel me reach down and take hold. Then you can do nothing. You know what is about to happen.

And you see the look in my eyes.

You know that look, don't you? The look when my eyes are on fire, just right after I cum, when I want so bad to see you take it all for me. Take it all and more. To show me how much you can suffer and be humiliated for me.

"Beg for it," I will say.

Oooh, I can imagine the pain and humiliation in your eyes, being torn in so many ways. Wanting to be freed and escape from this total degradation. Wanting so bad to please me. Feeling so vulnerable and feminine under me as you feel the soft panties against your skin, feel the intimacy of being the recipient of my cock.

You will have to beg for cum. Beg and do it on colorful terms, telling me how you want to drink it all, how you want it all over your face. You will have to tell me what a whore you are, and how much you miss it.

I'll pull my hand mirror from my leather bag just for the occasion, and then start pumping you with my other hand. It will only take a few strokes to get you going, and then you'll bite back your feminine screams in pleasure when you feel it building inside of you.

And again, I will watch as you cum all over your own face, shooting a week's worth of cum all over your lips and cheeks. You'll have to open wide for me this time, open wide before I even let you cum, and I'll point your cock right down at your mouth so you can swallow almost every drop that makes it in.

I have not decided yet if I am going to make you remain that way for some time, or if I will immediately dismount, remove my harness and straddle your face for a second orgasm, this from your tongue.

I do know that you need to slot an hour of time for me this afternoon, and you must be prepared to show me all the love and devotion that I deserve. After I strip your corporate clothes away and have my way with you, I will expect you to endure this session of humiliation for me.

Even though it is hard for you, you must do it for me. I need it today. I need it very badly, it is all I can think about.

I will be seeing you soon…very soon…

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha
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Apr 27, 2020Akasha

Latex Panty Torture

Good morning, my slave.

You are going to have your hands full this week. I'm in one of those moods – the mood where I want to find new and devious ways to torture you, to turn you into a sissy and to make you into a complete whore for me. I feel like buying new devices, throwing nasty parties with all of my girlfriends or planning the ultimate kidnapping.

Sometimes my moods run away with me. Like this morning. I couldn't stop thinking about new and evil ways to degrade you. I want so bad to bend your pride until you have tears in your eyes and are naked, begging at my feet. Does it scare you that these images turn me on so much?

In bed this morning as you showered I pictured you in nothing but a tight pair of black thong panties, on your hands and knees at my feet. In my fantasy I was wearing black patent leather spiked pumps with five inch heels, a short latex skirt and latex bra. I had on elbow high latex gloves.

I was preparing you for a night of humiliation in front of my girlfriends, and this required the insertion of an expanding plug to prepare your ass for a variety of implements. You were shaking with fear because you knew this was going to be a night where there would be a variety of things stretched — your limits…and your ass, to name a few.

Sometimes I can tell you don't believe such a delicate creature like me is capable of these kinds of dirty thoughts. I was hugging my big fluffy pillow watching you dress this morning, how you smile at me as you put on your tie. When you leaned over to kiss me goodbye I could smell your cologne.

You are such a man!

That is what I love about you. How you can be so powerful and strong when you leave for the day. When I give you the freedom to be a man, you are quite the man.

But when I want you to be my sissy, well, that is another story.

**

At work today you will find a box in your cabinet at the far corner of the office. It's a white box with a pink ribbon around it. It looks petite and non-threatening. Go get the box and finish this email.

So by now your heart is pounding and you realize what kind of a day this will be, and what kind of a night it will lead to. Your lover and Mistress is at home preparing for a night of torture, and you are at work trying to meet deadlines knowing you are going to be used in a few hours.

Is it difficult concentrating knowing that I am picking out a latex bodysuit to wear tonight for your torture?

I am in a fetish diva kind of mood tonight. That means I will be wearing my extreme rubber clothes and you will be feminized and have to endure rubber torture. The latex helmet with breathing tube, the inflatable latex plug and the big inflatable gag. Get used to the smell of rubber, the taste of powdered latex and the feel of your body encased tightly. A tight corset, fake eyelashes and a new wig will be just the start of the night for you. Feminized, ready to endure rubber bondage and torture.

Inside the box is something to get you in the mood for your night of feminized torture. Open it carefully and be prepared to follow my explicit instructions.

You will find a pair of panties in a ziplock bag. Those are the panties I masturbated in as I planned your night of rubber encasement bondage. You will find them extremely wet; I used them for quite some time, and made sure that I rubbed the crotch deep up inside of me, and also worked it up the crack of my ass as well.

They are soiled, creamed and waiting for you. Inside the box you will also find a roll of duct tape.

Take out the panties and first lick the crotch of them clean, from the front all the way back up the ass area. Savor my scent and taste; feel your cock bulging in your cock cage as you do so. This is just the beginning.

You are to take the panties and put them over your head, soiled crotch pressed against your nose and mouth. Tape them securely to your face so every time you breathe you feel it sucked against you. You will inhale my ass and pussy scent with every single breath you take.

Next, remove the second pair of panties and the bra that goes with them. Yes, these are for you to wear. Something a little different — a latex panty/bra set I picked out for you. They will go well with the rest of your outfit tonight. You will need powder to get them on because they will be extremely tight around your balls and base of your cock. Do not tear them or you will endure a harsh beating – they were very expensive.

The bra will be so tight that your nipples poke through. Make sure you massage and squeeze them until they are bulging and visible. Later I will be able to torture them right through the latex.

Finally, you will find a video tape. It is a latex bondage tape I watched and thought you would enjoy. It features women dominating women, and the slavegirl in it is extremely sexy. She is encased in a latex, mummified, and has to endure extensive tit and pussy torture as pieces of the latex are cut away. She squirms and

squeals like mad but her pussy is soaking wet. Then the Mistress eats her out, and finally sits on her face. This will prepare you for what you will be enduring later; only this time, YOU are the sissy in latex bondage.

Of course, this little screening would not be complete if there was not some torture and training involved. You will be watching all 45 minutes of this tape with my panties taped over your face, in your latex bra and panties, handcuffed to your chair. I have enclosed a box with a lock and timer. Once you push the start button, you have 45 minutes until it unlocks so you can retrieve the handcuff key.

Ohhh, I only wish I could see you helpless in your chair, in your slutty latex outfit, helplessly watching the tape as your cock throbs in the latex panties. Every breath you take as you start gasping in arousal will fill your nostrils with my scent, it will be as if I am fucking your face.

You will not be able to escape the essence of me at all. You will be surrounded by my taste and my essence, and the tape will just show you what you are in for tonight, my latex slut girl!

As a final touch, I want you to take your vibrator out and position it right under your balls so they vibrate and throb the entire time, making your cock even harder and filling your body with sensation.

You have a very busy morning ahead of you. And an even busier night. I will enjoy turning you into my feminized latex diva slut. Be prepared for a long night.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha
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May 4, 2020Akasha

Documented Degradation

Good morning, my slave.

It is that time again. The time when I am full of this hunger, this desire to see you suffer for me, to see you humiliated and degraded. When all I can think about it making you mine, making you feel totally owned and possessed.

Sometimes, it just hits me. It hit me three days ago, and I have been working up to this point ever since.

Today, when you left for work, I made you put on the steel chastity device for a reason. I made you put on the frilly panties and thigh high stockings for a reason. I packed your lunch for you today for a reason.

Today, you belong to me.

You may be at your office, you may be at your desk answering calls and pacing around and sitting in meetings. But today, your mind and soul are mine.

Your cock is mine. That is why I locked it in the most confining cage I own. The one that squeezes your balls tightly and prevents you from even getting hard. The one that requires you sit down to piss, and piss all day you shall. That is why I have you drinking three glasses of water an hour — to make sure you visit the bathroom all day long and are reminded of what a sissy you are.

You are wearing the frilly panties and stockings today so you can start to feel seductive and slutty for me. Tonight, I will take you in the most merciless way — I will put you over the rack in your lingerie, make up and wig and I will have your body. In my own way.

More on that later. For now, I want you to find your large plug, and I want you to insert if into your ass.

But you must do it my way. Everything, today, must be done my way.

I hope you have closed and locked your door, my slave…

**

This is how I want you to insert the large, dildo-shaped latex plug. I want you to first strip down to your panties and garters, and attached the japanese clover clamps to your nipples. Leave them on for ten minutes so they start to get numb.

Next, I want you to place the dildo on your big leather chair. You need to place it so that it is pointing up. You can see where I am going with this, can't you?

Yes, I am going to have you lower yourself onto it. My darkest desire, my evil ideas — making you impale yourself. Making you slide right down on top of it, slowly, gasping, your panties down around your thighs.

Just how I make you back up onto my strap on when I am wearing it, making you fuck me while I stand still, hands on my hips, and tell you what a little pussy boy you are. And how much you love dick up your ass. And how you just can't pound it fast enough — ordering you, "Faster! Faster you whore! Faster, bitch!"

This time, you are to lower yourself carefully over the plug and hold the arms of the chair for support. Oh, what a sight that would be!

It is at times like this that I wish I had a camera set up in your office to watch you all day long. Watch you perform for me.

**

Today, at lunch, you are to go to Victoria's Secret to pick up the outfit that you will wear tonight when I strap you down over the rack to have my way with your body. There is a blonde working at the front and her name is Renee. You are to see Renee and tell her you are "Slut boy."

She has instructions to call me if you are late. She is expecting you at 1pm sharp. For every MINUTE you are late, slut, you will receive a several paddle swat to the ass. So a mere fifteen minutes could make tonight very difficult for you.

Renee has three outfits I selected for you. You are to go into the changing room and try each of them on, and select the one that makes you look like the biggest slut. I have a fine array of crotchless panties with matching bras, thongs, stockings and teddies.

Renee, of course, may check on you. I have made quite a few arrangements with her and I am sure when you see her, your little dick will shrivel up in the chastity device from sheer horror and humiliation.

But here is the best part. When you have selected the outfit, you must call me on your cell phone to tell me. Then, you will be prepared to hand her the phone so I can give her some more instructions.

And you will stand there, mortified, while she looks at you, smirking, and I tell her a few details about the night, about what types of things I do to you, and what she can do to you for a nice, large tip.

You'd better slot at least 90 minutes for your lunch break today, my whore.

**

All of this leads up to my wonderful night. The night I have planned for you. When you get home tonight, I will not be there. I have

made an appointment for a massage and a manicure this evening, so I can be rested and ready to fuck you senseless tonight.

You must prepare dinner and clean the place up — all in your new outfit and five inch heels. Put the locking heels on your feet and place the key on top of my dresser. I expect to find you dressed appropriately when I come home.

You also are to wear the large plug the entire time. I am sure you will be quite loosened up for me when I get back.

When I arrive, I expect to find you kneeling in your new lingerie, in your too-tight panties and bra perhaps, in your tight nightie or black teddy. With stockings, and garters, and those sexy locking heels.

Then, I will lead you to the rack. You should be wearing your collar and leash so I can just grab you and drag you to it, then lock you, face down, arms up above your head, ankles spread.

In the rack, you will be subjected to a few new tortures I have come up with in my head. I want to move my hands all over your body, feel the soft, silky lingerie in my fingers, reach around and squeeze your tender nipples through the bra. Massage your tits as I press my cock into the back of your panties, up between your legs, rubbing slowly in and out.

"Are you wet for me, bitch?"

Yes, I think you will be very wet. I can just imagine it now, when I reach under your crotch and rub my fingers all over your panties, tracing an outline over the steel device, up to the top where the head of your cock tries to poke through, oozing precum right through the device, even though you can barely get half an erection.

Pain. Lots of humiliating pain.

My video camera, set up, ready to catch every moment.

The array of dildos — each one larger than the one before.

The speculum…and the probes.

All on video tape.

A special tape made for my special new friend — Renee. From Victoria's Secret.

When I asked her what she wanted in return for playing a part in your humiliation, she said simply, "A video tape of what you to do him."

And she shall have it.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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May 11, 2020Akasha

You will beg for it

Good morning, my slave.

Make sure you door is definitely locked this morning.

I am in one of those moods. You know the ones – intense, evil, cruel. I feel so sadistic. I feel like the look of pain in your eyes, your desperate pleading at my feet is all I need right now to satisfy me.

It is all I can think about right now.

As I type this, I imagine you locked underneath my desk. You are in a tight little ball, naked, and you can't move at all. Your ankles are locked together, your ass is full of a new pulsating plug I just purchased. I control its pulsations through the control box at my desk, and I answer my emails while I torture you now and then for fun.

Under my desk you have to please me when I demand it, burying your face between my thighs and having to kiss and lick me right through my red panties. The panties are crotch-less but I still make it difficult for you, shifting out of the way and making you work with every stroke.

Your poor cock and balls, locked in the new chastity harness, bulge without any relief. It has been how long now? Thirteen days? Thirteen days since I allowed you to cum. As you know, the next time I let you cum it will be all over your own face, your legs locked over your head in the ankles stocks we just installed on the headboard of the bed.

You will cum, squirting the warm milky liquid all over your face as I pump all 8 inches of my latex cock into your ass, staring down at

you and guiding the direction of your ejaculation. I can spray it into your open mouth, onto your face, down your chest.

This time, I will make every drop land on your face.

*

I have here with me the large dildo that you hate.

You have only seen it one time. You don't like it because of its size (11 inches) and how real it looks. It is flesh toned, complete with veins and balls. I made you suck it, and you nearly gagged, and you begged me not to make you continue.

Do you remember that?

I do. I remember because it turned me on so much. It turned me on to see the look in your eyes when you saw it. The way you turned your head away and gasped, "Please."

I love it when your begging is so real. It was very real that night. I threatened to lubricate it in your mouth then use it on your ass, and this terrified you, because you are so tight as it is.

You are going to be seeing that evil device again soon, my slave. Very soon. And you are going to beg me to use it on you, on your mouth. Can you comprehend that? I want you to be shaking with fear at the thought of it, I want you to be terrified when I arrive today for our two o'clock late lunch.

I am bringing it in my big bag. I am bringing it along with a black lace teddy I am going to make you wear. And the pink lipstick that you will wear before you suck it, and the 5inch pumps that lock on your feet.

Do you remember the time I locked high heels on you and left, not giving you the key? I made you stay huddled in your office, legs

hidden under the desk, terrified that someone would call an afternoon meeting that would require you to get up out of your desk.

And then I called you, telling you that I was going to call in a bomb threat. And that everyone would need to be evacuated from the building.

Do you remember what I made you do that day to talk me out of it? I had you so terrified your voice was cracking, in that hushed whisper that I love so much.

I made you suck dick for me on the phone, I made you finger your own ass and tell me it was your pussy. I called you "Lacey" and we had phone sex like two lesbians, and you had to talk to me in graphic terms about your body – your feminine body. The curve of your hips, the size of your breasts. How hard your nipples were. The way your pussy felt, how you kept it clean and shaved for your husband. Do you remember that conversation?

That was the conversation that got you out of the most humiliating day of your life, the day when you would have to walk out of your office in 5 inch pumps, with two dainty little silver locks hanging off them, complimenting the three piece suit. You would have to say to all your executive friends, "I can explain!"

But would they believe you? I hope you are glad it turned out that way. You ended up being a good enough lesbian for me that day. Just barely.

**

Today might be a little bit like that.

I am going to arrive with my special toy, and we are going to have some quiet time in your office. I'm wearing my close-cut business

suit, my high pumps and sheer stockings. My hair is pulled back and I look quite professional.

After locking your office door, I'll remove everything from my bag and place it all across your desk. I can't wait to see the look in your eyes when you spot the big dildo. I can imagine you will be gripping the arms of your chair nervously, your eyes looking to me for some kind of mercy.

Trust me. You will be begging to suck it. You will be begging me, on your hands and knees, in your teddy. You will say to me, "Akasha, I will do anything to suck that dick."

You don't believe me now, do you? You can only think of how much that thing mortifies you.

**

Let me tell you how this will happen.

As you change out of your suit and into your slut teddy, I will sit back in your big leather chair and watch. You'll realize, once I pull one leg up and let the other dangle on the desk, that I am not wearing panties. I'll give you just enough of a view of my pussy to make it very clear that I have had some nasty thoughts on my mind for some time.

"Strip," I will order, idly playing with the toys that are placed on your desk.

You will remove your clothes as I watch, and I will make you do it slowly. Purposefully. For me. Looking into my eyes. Giving me a show. You will make a production out of it, so you'd better start thinking about this in your head.

And as you do, my slave, I think I will find myself holding that heavy, latex cock in my hand. The one that you hate so much. I will start

teasing my thighs with it, then my pussy – just the outer edges. Reclining back in your chair.

This will distract you quite a bit.

Do you know how you will feel, kneeling there in a black teddy and high heels, trying to apply lipstick while holding a hand mirror, seeing me plunge, slowly, the length of that dildo into my pussy?

Under my skirt, legs, open, thigh highs visible. You know I am not the most quiet woman in the world when I am being penetrated.

And what a dilemma that will be.

It will be glistening with my juices, and you will want so bad to taste me. It has been three days since you tasted my pussy, and I know you are desperate for it.

Watching me there, leaning back in your chair, pumping that dildo in and out of me, you will long so badly for the taste.

I'll make you massage your caged cock through the panties you are wearing, torturing you even more. Watching you, on the brink of orgasm. I could cum just from watching you kneeling there in your slutty outfit, the tip of your dick peeking out from the panties.

"Do you want to taste me?"

The words make you so hard. You can imagine the scent, the taste. You want it so bad, don't you?

And the dildo now, the balls are pressed up against my walls, it is in so deep. It has been so long since you have been that deep inside of me.

You will beg for it, slave. You will beg to suck dick just to taste me.

Just as I have told you a million times. When you are cocky and strong you laugh it off. But you know, in reality, when I have you where I want you, you will suck a dick that has been inside of me just to taste me.

You'd suck another man's cock to taste me if that was the only way. You'd crawl to me and beg for it, eyes closed, opening your mouth to accept it. Hard, hot flesh in your slut mouth, milking off my taste even though the cum on your lips is so foreign.

You'll be sucking dick today, my slave. You will beg for it, and you will lick every last drop of my pussy juices from it. Be prepared.

I'll be there at two.

Affectionately,

M. Akasha

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May 18, 2020Akasha

Stories - Corporate Slave

Triple Threat Male Humiliation

Triple Threat

Hello my slut,

It's just another Monday, isn't it? You thought today was going to be uneventful. I bet you're surprised to hear from me so early and are wondering what's on my mind. I will give you a hint, male humiliation. I have a feeling you'll be remembering this day for a long, long time.

As you know, I really get off on using you with a girlfriend. It's been too long since we've done this. Way too long. You might even be thinking that I've settled down a little. This couldn't be further from the truth. I've been saving up my lust, so to speak, for the perfect moment. And today is the day.

I know you've got plenty of experience serving me in front of one of my friends, or serving a girlfriend of mine while I give direction. You've even had the pleasure of having a cock both in your ass and in your mouth at the same time, but I bet that memory is almost a blur. You've been dual fucked, and you've been used by me and a friend. You've proven that you are capable of serving two demanding women at once – both orally and anally.

But are you prepared for what I have in store for you today?

Today, when your office is closed, I will be visiting you with not one, but two girlfriends. You don't know either of them, so it will make it even more exciting for me. You have no idea how experienced they are, you have no idea what role they will be playing. I'll tell you, though, that they are both extremely gorgeous women. Tall, fit and they look fantastic in latex. You know I picked the outfits. It's one of my favorite parts, isn't it?

You'll have three women to satisfy. But you won't have much time to be proactive, let me assure you. When we arrive, you have to wordlessly drop your pants and pull down your panties and bend over your desk, facing away. Leave the rest of your suit on, and spread your legs wide.

You will not say a word, just endure what is about to happen. You'll have to try not to stare at the lovely women I bring, because if you do, I'll put a tight latex hood over your head and you'll have to leave the rest to memory. I'm sure you don't want that; you'll want to see the red-headed beauty in her 8inch red strap on cock, and you'll want to see the sweet blonde's big, thick black dick. And you'll want to see the boots you're licking, I'm sure.

I'll have you know, though, that the first thing I'm going to do is put you in your place in front of these two women. I'm going to be wearing my flesh-colored ejaculating dildo, and under it will be hanging a clear plastic sack of warm cum. The cum has been defrosted from sixteen different loads I milked from you.

Sixteen loads of cum are going to be shot all over your face. I plan to come around to you as you are bent over your desk and make you look up as I jerk off, as I stroke my realistic dick and make you beg for it. I'm going to verbally humiliate you, call you a cocksucker, make you beg to lick my cock but never let you touch it with your mouth. Instead, I'm just going to jerk off until I'm ready, and then squeeze the bulb and let the load shoot all over your face. You can imagine how much actual cum that is – sixteen loads – and how your face will be coated, dripping.

At that moment, you'll probably feel your asshole being lubricated with your own cum. One of my two friends has been instructed to first coat your asshole with your own cum, then give you a cum enema. All of this is going to be done while you're sucking the remaining cum off of my realistic dick. You'll be taking the entire

length of my shaft into your mouth and sucking the last drops out of it, feeling the cum on your face as it drips and starts to dry.

I wonder how prepared you'll be as the two ladies work behind you to spread your ass cheeks, insert the device and prepare to fill your ass up with cum. It's the remaining seven loads, followed up with enough water to make you so uncomfortable, so full. Of course, I could just shove my ejaculating cock into your ass and cum that way, but I decided the cum enema would be more humiliating, more uncomfortable. Especially when she follows up with an inflatable plug and locking harness.

The next thing you will endure is two cocks in your mouth at once. I've wanted to do that for a long time, and the thought of doing it while you're bent over your desk with cum in your ass, plugged and cramping, makes it even more devious. I'll grab you by the head, a fistful of hair, and make you look up at us as two cocks push and force their way into your mouth. Mine will still taste like cum. Hers, though, will taste distinctly like pussy, as she'll have been using it, earlier, to fuck me. Nice image that is, isn't it? That is something for you to think about as you struggle to suck both cocks, trying to accommodate at least one at a time so we don't continue to stretch your mouth open.

Your ass, meantime, will be slapped. Your butt cheeks squeezed, the plug occasionally pushed to add pressure, to make your insides cramp and remind you of the cum load that you're holding. The woman behind, I must warn you, she's devious as all hell. She told me that she only wants to be watching your enema bag for a short time, because she's eager for her favorite activity – face sitting and forced ass licking. I told her you'd be happy to accompany her, as soon as you finish amusing us with your dual cock sucking.

When it is unbearable, you'll be allowed to beg for release from the cum in your ass. You'll be allowed to release it in the most humiliating way, a surprise that I don't want to give away. You'll

have to just wonder. But as soon as your ass is free, you'll find yourself in a familiar position, ass exposed, with a cock in your pussy hole and another in your mouth.

The dual penetration this time will be especially humiliating because a third will be watching, pacing, waiting her turn. She'll be playing with your nipples, attaching clamps with a long lead to twist and yank. She'll be fingering a paddle and perhaps giving a warning slap against your ass cheek as two women continue to pump in and out of both holes.

You'll remember again what it feels like to have a cock pumping your ass, making you feel so full, while you're gagging on a large dick and staring up, your eyes watering, gagging, trying to concentrate on taking it all the way down because you know that's what pleases me most.

You'll hear your own muffled, gurgling whimpers as your ass is stretched. My lady friends have a couple of different cocks – large and larger – and I've told them you can be quite accommodating. I'm sure you will not disappoint them with your performance.

I'm looking forward to seeing your reaction when you meet me and my two friends later this afternoon. But what I'm really looking forward to is seeing you bent over your desk, in that position I love so much.

See you soon, my slut.

Mistress Akasha

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Sep 22, 2020AkWeb

Bootlicker

Bootlicker

Good morning my slut,

As I sit here in my thigh high stockings, short skirt and stilettos I realize that it has been so long since you adequately cleaned my closet. Certainly you always do a great job keeping my lingerie in order, my panties clean and organized. But the time has come for you to go through my shoes and boots and provide a proper, intimate cleaning.

I decided to prepare you for this upcoming task with a little visit where you'll give me a sneak preview. You'll be required to show me just how well you remember your boot licking capabilities.

I know your cock is getting stiff in its cage as you read this. Your panties feel incredibly tight, and the bra you are wearing is uncomfortable and distracting. The medium plug I made you wear today is probably making you feel quite full. All of these things are even more distracting as you read this, because I know how slutty it makes you feel when I force you to do things like lick my boots spotless.

Such a simple task, yet it turns you into a complete whore before my eyes. Is it because you just love to be down there on your hands and knees, chin to the floor, lapping at the shiny black patent leather? Or is it the subtle glimpses up where you see my legs slightly open, see my panties getting wet, see me smiling and know that you are doing an adequate job?

Today I will wear my thigh high black patent leather boots, covering up with my long trench coat. Hopefully no one will question such extreme clothing on a nice day like today, but it doesn't matter. Soon

I will be in your office and you will be where you belong. Down on the ground, at my feet, ready to serve me.

You will start by kissing the tips of my boots one at a time, and by then I know your cock will be straining in the metal cage. You are to pull down your panties so I can see, so I can direct the heel of my boot over toward your heavy, aching balls should I please.

I'll sit on your desk in my short latex skirt, cross my legs and watch you lick to the sound of the creaking black-on-black of my shiny boots. You'll pay special attention to the 5 inch spike heels, licking around the tip, letting me point it upward slightly so you can get your tongue all the way under it. You know I'll take pleasure in sliding the heel in and out of your mouth, making you stick out your tongue and pressing the point of the heel painfully right down against your tender flesh. You remember what that feels like, don't you?

Will you be distracted as I let one hand linger between my legs, fingering my moist panties, watching you move to the bottom of my boot? The bottom, up the arch, and then to the front underside that so recently moved through the asphalt in front of your building, through the grass, and through the dirty carpet to your hidden office.

You will lick the bottoms until I am quite satisfied, then I'll see how far I can get the toe of my slightly pointed boots into your mouth. I'll see just how much I can stretch your mouth, smiling a bit as I use the other boot on your thigh. Poking into your flesh, pressing into your tender skin, dragging my heel up the inside of your thigh to your balls, bulging under the cock cage so vulnerably. Just the slightest pressure will make you whimper – a pathetic whimper with a mouthful of your Mistress' boot.

Next, you'll have to start using long, delicate strokes of your tongue to lavishly cover the black patent leather over the top and up the

side. These are tight fitting boots, and you will have to pay special attention to the delicate areas around my ankles. I'll lift my leg up and rest my boot on your shoulder so you can work your way all the way up the slick, glossy leather, and then to my favorite part – the precise attention to each and every clasp of the lace up beauties.

It will take you some time to get your tongue around and over all the metal clasps, all the way up, up around the laces to the top, at the height of my thighs, where stockings meet the tops of the boots. So close to my pussy. You will perhaps be rewarded by being allowed to kiss the tops of my thighs, maybe lick the outside of my panties. That is, only if my boots are remarkable and shining.

You do realize that you'll be doing this to many pairs of my shoes this evening when you get home; my beach sandals, my stiletto pumps, my ankle high boots, perhaps even my tennis shoes. You'll also go through all of my stockings carefully, sliding your fingers into each pair to look for the slightest hints of a run so you can purge my collection. You will also have to smell them, sniff the crotch, to see which ones are dirty and which ones are clean; I seemed to have mixed up a few in the drawer, but I know your sense of smell is unbeatable.

I only have one thing yet to decide before I change and prepare for my visit to your office. See, I'm very tempted to go into the freezer where I have stored some of your cum. I'm tempted to take a condom full, thaw it out and bring it along with me. I have this erotic image in my head of making you lick a load of cum off my boots. I can picture it, white milky fluid dripping down the front, down over the top of my black shiny boots, even down the heel. Your tongue lapping it all up, licking the cum off my boots as if you'd just shot your own load all over them. You'd have to keep lapping it all up until not a drop was present, and the boots looked as good as new.

You do remember the taste of fine black patent leather mixed with cum, don't you, slut? There was a time when you were licking it off

my boots all the time. Back when I used to allow you to cum.

Now, as your cock is locked tightly in the confines of the chastity cage, cumming is but a memory. Even as you read this you wish you could have the chance to cum on your boots for me today; instead, you're left with aching balls and only the ability to reach down and use your finger to taste the drops of precum that escape the cage. It's a taste you long for.

Go ahead and taste it now slut, taste it to prepare your palate for your afternoon treat. I am going to lace up my most powerful boots and make my way toward your office.

Oh, and one more thing. I have just got off the phone with Haley, and the hot young intern said her pumps need a little cleaning as well. She will be in shortly to allow you to "warm up" on her delicate shoes and feet. She also wants you to suck her toes through her stockings. She's not wearing any panties today, by the way. I made her go take them off and put them in an envelope in her drawer. I think she got off on it. Perhaps there's more to this little beauty than meets the eye.

See you soon, bootlicker.

Mistress Akasha

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Apr 12, 2018Akasha

Cum Shower

It's those "special saved loads" from the freezer with the little white labels, too. Knowing they are there, ready for use. Load after load, stacked in sequential order, each a very special memory, that flash of a moment where humiliation and suffering crossed your eyes and you gave it up despite the desperate attempts to not cum.

They are like my own little souvenirs of your humiliation and suffering, and they all come together one last time in a simple office visit that starts like every other "visit" the women make to their men on the 16th floor. Only yours result in a closed-door meeting for nearly an hour, and I can only wonder what they think outside in the hall.

If they only knew!

It takes so very little to entertain me, to amuse me, and to make me wet. Sliding into my own black thigh-high stockings and fastening the garters, knowing that in a few hours your face will be smothered between my legs as my cock pounds mercilessly into your wide-open mouth.

The panties. Simple black lace, barely anything there. Why do I even bother wearing them? Oh, for the gag, of course. Just a tiny bit of soft fabric, probably nothing of it except the soaking wet evidence of my aching pussy. Balled up and shoved into your mouth with a simple piece of duct tape when I decide it's time for your ass to take the pounding of my nine inches.

Lacing up my boots and putting on my gloves. Wondering if perhaps your office staff knows that when the boots and gloves are on, it means the door will be closed for one hour, no less!

And finally, my favorite part, the loading up of the new bag. Such a subtle black bag but roomy enough for two harnesses, three cocks, the inflatable butt plug, nipple clamps, a full ensemble of pink lingerie (should I decide you need a costume change, of course!), and a whole stack of containers of creamy, disgusting loads of cum.

And a big squirting dildo. Flesh toned. A squirter that really spreads, I must add. Yes, I tested it. I tested my aim. I got off – ironically – stroking the seven inches of the flesh-toned shaft in front of my full-length mirror, testing my aim as I "ejaculated" in time with the pumping, my hips actually convulsing pretty believably as my own whole-body orgasm made the moment.

I love dropping by to make you worship my shaft. I get a special rush when I actually wear the strap on cock on the drive over, sometimes secretly hoping I will be pulled over. I'd make sure my hand brushed my skirt as I reached for my purse to get my ID, wondering what the cop would think when he saw my black cock head popping out from under. Maybe I'd tell him which office building I was heading to, and which CEO was owed a visit from "my big huge dick."

It's a wonder I have not been pulled over yet, anyway, since I do tend to get a bit hot, swerving here and there, as I can't help but let my fingers wander a little in anticipation of our upcoming visit.

Walking through your office building with confidence. Long dark hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. Fire engine red lipstick. The boots. A large leather bag over my shoulder. And a big, thick, black cock under my skirt. If they only knew!

Of course, you know. You know by the look in my eye. And today, when I see you in your office, you are to immediately assume the position on your knees, gracefully holding my thighs, showing me how you can go from 0 to 8 inches, taking my whole shaft, in one fluid motion.

Then, the bobbing of your head will begin. I will hold your head still when I am ready, so I can start thrusting my hips and telling you I am getting closer and closer to cumming. Oh, I will talk so dirty to you this time, "You want my load? You want to guzzle my huge load of cum today, whore?"

I will make you beg for the cum load. All sixteen, seventeen containers of cum are stored in the device, ready to ejaculate when the moment hits me. All on my own time, based on how turned on I am.

I have a full hour with you today, so I don't intend to rush. In fact, you may as well know now that I intend to cum on your face with your legs over your head, spraying the full contents of the cum bucket down on you so that your face, mouth, hair is literally dripping in the loads of cum. And then you will stay like that the rest of the day.

In the hour leading up to this though, first, you will suck so hard on my cock that you may start to get little droplets of the cum to ooze from the tip. That's what I will be looking for. That's how I will judge your performance. Are you able to suck so fast and furiously that you actually defy the suction function of the ejaculating dildo and milk the cum load onto your tongue, one gooey droplet at a time?

At the end, though, most of the load will be saved for the finale. I already know that I will have your legs up over your head, pumping furiously into your tight, tight asshole. It's tempting; part of me delights in the idea of filling your ass so tight with loads of cum that you are leaking into your big girl panties all afternoon and will be forced to lick the cum load from the panties at the end of the night…

But nothing can replace the pure rush I will get from seeing the cum load cascade down into your face, right after ass-ramming you hard with the cock, watching the creamy load literally shower you with

humiliation that you will carry about with you for the entire rest of the day.

There are several other items in my “bag of tricks” that may make an appearance today. But really, to be honest, it’s all about the cum shower. I have been thinking about it for a week, practiced it as recently as an hour ago, and I’m obviously ready to make my hottest fantasy a reality.

The question is – are you ready?

Not that you have a choice, anyway.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Aug 9, 2021Akasha

Everything Counts

Everything Counts

Good morning, my corporate bitch.

This morning when I called you, demanding of my time with you, I was frustrated when you had to rush me off the phone to meet with your secretary.

Since when is she more important than I am? I already had a bad morning, and then you did that to me. There is something I must make clear to you. I COME FIRST. I come first, or you don't "cum" at all. I am sure whatever she needed could have waited five minutes until a proper goodbye was giving to your Mistress.

This is what you need to practice saying, slut boy. "Excuse me. I need five minutes to wrap up this phone call. Would you kindly shut my door and I'll be out in a moment? Thank you."

See, that was easy, wasn't it?

When we hung up, I thought of a devilish way to get back at you. And this will happen someday, let me promise you. I want you to imagine what I am about to tell you. And imagine it with your trousers pulled down resting around your ankles, with your door OPEN. And hope she does not come in, walk around your desk as she does quite often, and ask you a question. You better pray upon your own BALL SAC she does not do that.

Read this, with your cock in your hand. And if you are hard by the time you finish it (hell, a whore like you? You are probably hard right now!), you have to jerk off into your coffee cup and drink it in your coffee. Every drop of it.

This is what I will do to you one day. I am not going to tell you when, but you will know.

I will show up at your office unannounced, and tell your secretary that I must meet with you for a brief appointment. She will check your calendar and see that it is not scheduled, so she will check with you. The name I will give her is "Miss Sadie Benz" (get it? Say it. Say it three times fast, out loud. Ahh, get it, slut?)

Entering your plush office, you will see I am in fine leather boots to the knee, a long sexy trenchcoat, and a leather briefcase. You are to stand and close the door, but not until you say to your secretary, "Give me 15 minutes alone, please. I am expecting a call from a Miss Anita Mennit, if she calls, interrupt me immediately."

Shut the door. Do not lock it.

Then you are to take your place where you belong. That is, under the desk.

Yes, under the desk. Right under the desk, crawling on hands and knees in your suit and tie. Crawl under the desk, and position yourself there between my slightly open legs. I'll open the trench coat to reveal a very, very short skirt. Thigh-high stockings.

And the biggest black cock you have ever seen, nestled around my hips in a sweet leather strap on harness. A big cock right in your face. Ready to be sucked.

The boots, I must add, have 5-inch spiked heels. Very, very dangerous. One will feel even more dangerous as it is pressed into your bulging crotch to urge you on. To…encourage you to go to work.

I will casually go through the items on your desk. Bored perhaps. Yawning. Dallying with your ruler, your pen cup, your paperclip tray. Flicking pieces of paper off. Opening and closing file folders, tossing

them aside. Pressing buttons on your phone, flipping through your rolodex.

All while you suck my dick.

Hitting speakerphone on your desk phone. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Me dialing a call. Someone picking up on the other end. "MissBlue? It's Akasha."

"Miss Akasha! How are you!? WHERE are you!?"

And you will wonder, can the people in the hall HEAR THIS???

Then I turn up the speakerphone a little higher, even. "Miss Blue, I am in Denver. I have a Vice President under a desk sucking my dick."

"A vice president!?" She would exclaim. "A vice president of WHAT!?" and that contagious MissBlue laugh.

"A vice president of COCK SUCKING apparently. I'd put him on, but he has his mouth full at the moment."

Then I'd put the phone down, taking it off speaker, so she can hear you slurp, slurp, slurping.

The best part, though, though, would be the final blow to you. As you are going down on my big latex cock, and you notice now that I am masturbating at the same time, I'd add to MissBlue, quietly on the phone now, smirking down at you. "Miss Blue, do me a favor. This slut here has about 5 minutes to make me cum. So in ten minutes, I want you to call me back at this number, it will ring to his secretary. Tell her you are Miss Anita Minnet, and you MUST talk to him IMMEDIATELY, that it is a call he has been waiting for. Then… she will come blazing in here like a bolt of lightning. See, she likes to interrupt my corporate slut here, he has NOT made it clear to her yet how to appropriately not barge in on him and interrupt….."

I can see the look in your eyes right now, in my mind. Fear. Terror! Because if you don’t make me cum in time, you won’t have time to stand up and get out from under that desk, and your hot secretary will barge in and see it all….

You. There, on your knees under the desk. Sucking my black latex cock.

See why I hate interruptions, whore?

You will be hearing from me soon, pussy boy.

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

Aug 16, 2021Akasha

Cum Dumped Again

Good morning my corporate slut,

As summer rolls along, I find myself thinking that you need a constant reminder of your role in our relationship. I sense you getting cocky and arrogant more often than ever. I find this amusing at first, then a little annoying. Then, it starts to really boil inside me, a sort of surreal kind of lust and fascination, as I consider that you need to be reminded that you are my whore – my bitch – my total slut – and that I own every bit of you.

A night of complete objectification serves two purposes. First, it reminds you of your place and adjusts your attitude completely. At least for a little while. Second, it makes me incredibly wet – it arouses me in a deep, exciting way. My panties end up being so moist and hot, my pussy aches with desire, and I get such a sense of excitement and arousal as I watch you endure the degradation of slurping up cum, sucking a man's dick or being fucked in the ass with a strap on that is much too large for your little pussy hole.

So as you find yourself getting cockier and a little more "smug," you should keep in mind that this kind of attitude directly affects what kind of an 'evening' you may be having later that week.

Specifically, this week, I have sent out invitations to a few of my craziest girlfriends, inviting them all to a night where they can watch you consume loads of cum in a variety of degrading ways. I've been having them all email me with their suggestions and am going to make a top ten list and then you'll be enduring them all.

What does this mean for you, right now? It means that you have to be milked four times a day. I know that the first load is going to be huge because you have not cum in three weeks. You'll be so excited and relieved when I arrive this afternoon and take off the metal

chastity device. The softness of my touch and the scent of my pussy will have your cock oozing juice in no time. I'll ram the Aneros up your ass without mercy, though, and pump you dry – filling up a little vial that I will be taking home. The second and third times you are milked today will be equally nasty and cruel, and I'll take great pleasure in first strapping you down, sitting on your face, making you eat my pussy and telling you what some of my favorites are off this "top ten ways to humiliate you with your cum…" list.

The milking will continue until I have a sufficiently huge load of cum for this week's party. If I am not satisfied with how much cream you produce, we'll be hitting the club scene later on and you'll be milking a little of your own – using your mouth. I'll get the added pleasure of seeing you whored out, on your knees, sucking the dicks of the men I hand pick, taking their loads into your mouth and then spitting them into the jar. You don't want it to come to this, I'm sure, so you best pray and meditate for large, large loads of cum of your own. I think I might have some additional cum of yours stored in the freezer – so you may be spared the added humiliation of sucking cock at a club later this week….

But the party – with my girlfriends – that's going to be grand. We'll all be dressed up, wearing sexy cocktail dresses and fine stockings. Sexy high heels, some in boots. Hair and make-up looking gorgeous, the room will carry the scent of fine perfume and a hint of champagne. The ladies love it when I have these superb dinner/cocktail parties with you serving as a pathetic and amusing maid pussy boy, hustling around with a vibrating plug in your ass, lipstick on your lips, ready in an instant to drop to your knees and assume any of the humiliating positions I've trained into your thick skull!

The highlight of the evening will be the revealing of the list at the end. You'll be at the center of the room as all my lady friends gather around, now sufficiently lubricated with the champagne, all glowing with amusement as we watch to see how you will make it through

the list of cum-humiliation. Tasks, tortures, and totally degrading acts will make up the list – and I'll be the one to make the final selections!

My girlfriends have already been emailing me eagerly with their suggestions of what we can do with your "cum bucket" at the party. Some want to see your face shoved into it. Others want to use an ejaculating dildo to squirt it all over your face. My friend Louise wants to make you lick it out of her ass crack! I think she has the hots for you. My friend Rebecca wants to make you hold it in your mouth for five minutes, swishing it around, showing us it's still there, and then finally swallowing it. Laurie wants you to lick it off her shoes.

There are going to be some real zingers, I'm sure. My girlfriends have a way of coming up with additional ideas after getting a little champagne into them, so there may be some last-minute additions.

For me, though, the real pleasure will come from seeing the adjustment in your attitude. You'll be stripped of that slightly arrogant tone in no time – an evening of serving in this manner, of being used in this manner, will remind you that you're my corporate bitch, first and foremost. My girlfriends, no matter how "non kinky" they claim to be, always seem very willing and able to participate in one of my parties with you, and yet they all claim it's because of the fine food and wine! I think we know the real reason. They, too, like to see you stripped of your arrogance, and so they can participate and help deflate a little male ego as well. It's as if they all do wish to be the sexy, irresistible woman with her high heels crushing your balls.

See you soon, for your first "milking" – I know you will be ready….

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Aug 30, 2021Akasha

The Cuckold Fluffer

Good morning my corporate slut,

You didn't think all that cocksucking was for nothing, did you?

I know that sometimes when you find yourself kneeling in front of me and worshipping my latex cock, you wonder about my motivations. You wonder why I never tire of seeing your lips, painted with pretty pink lip gloss, sucking down all 8 inches of my stiff rubber dick.

It's not just that I love to watch you do it. Of course, that's a big part of it. For as long as I can remember, I've been fascinated and excited by having a man suck my cock. I could watch you for hours – and I know you can last for hours, worshipping and licking – because it turns me on.

It turns me on to see you gagging on my cock, to see your eyes water. Making you keep your hands behind your back and consistently bob your head up and down so you capture the entire length of my cock as you suck it. Grabbing your head by a fistful of hair at the back and thrusting my hips vigorously so you gag on it with every pump. Considering how much I make you do this, you know I enjoy it simply for the act itself.

But yes, there are other plans. There's a greater motivation for my desire to turn you into a grade-A cocksucker. Perhaps it's a role in adult films for you. Perhaps it's so I can show you off on stage to a group of kinky partygoers. Or maybe I want to start using you as my own personal fluffer on dates with well-built, thick-cocked men.

Oh, that got a bit of a "rise" out of you, didn't it?

Is that a swelling inside the confines of the new metal cock cage I locked you into this morning before work? You know that when I start a new chastity regimen, it usually means there's something much more ominous in the works.

Maybe three or four months of chastity will put you in the right frame of mind – as I go out every Friday and Saturday night to pick up men – to become the ultimate in service-oriented-cuckold-bitch.

After a night on the town, when I come home and fetch you from your "puppy cage," I may let you lap at my pussy and have you guess whether or not a man has been inside me. See, this is how it may start. With you at home, me out at night, and you just having to wonder if the scent of a man that you taste is evidence that I have been having a good time while your useless cock remained locked up all night.

When you are lapping up the remnants of cum juice from my pussy, you may have a chance to listen to me as I call up my girlfriend in the middle of the night, still buzzing on champagne, telling her about the man who recently fucked me. Down to every last detail.

The size of his cock. How his dick felt inside of me. How he pumped so hard and had me moaning in orgasm. All of this you will hear as I twist my fingers affectionately in your air while you clean up my pussy with your tongue. I could make it a very, very long conversation.

How many months of this will I take before I am ready to take you to the next level – the club itself, bringing you along, locked up, watching me as I select my man-fuck of the night? By then, I will be quite popular at the club, as many men will have had the chance to fuck me. Only the hottest men, tall, with broad shoulders, and big, thick cocks.

I will have you go around the club modestly and look at men, trying to identify for me who has the largest cock based on the bulge in

their pants. I am quite capable of dancing seductively with a man, rubbing my ass into his crotch, to create the bulge. Your job will be to evaluate it.

And then once you have told me who may have the biggest dick in his pants, I will seduce him and invite him back home, letting him know that he's going to have the time of his life.

When we get home with my new toy, I may blindfold him and then put lipstick on you and make you suck his dick while I go make myself a drink. It will be so entertaining for me to hear him react to your expert dick sucking while I lounge and read a magazine, having you as my own personal slut fluffer.

Why should I have to tire my jaw and succumb to the musky taste of dick when you can do it for me? And you are so good at it, after all. You can take the largest, thickest cock with ease into your mouth, and he won't know the difference. I'll put my perfume on you, put my lipstick and lipgloss on you, and he'll be so turned on, he won't even care.

Even if he thought it might be a man sucking his dick, he will be so turned on, he won't care – that's how GOOD you are at sucking dick. And that's why I have been making you practice, isn't it?

As much as I would enjoy having you finish him off and eat the load, or having him cum on your face as I watch and giggle, I will have to pull you aside when he's on the brink and push him into the couch to mount him myself.

That will be your cue to crawl away, quietly, and get into your cage. Maybe I will let you watch – if you are good. But I don't expect it to take very long, because I'll straddle him and fuck him hard from on top, using his cock to drive myself to orgasm while riding him.

Champagne will be chilling and strawberries dipped in chocolate will be in waiting for us, after all. Dessert, after a night of fucking, will

be sweet.

For you, it will consist of whatever is left inside of me – by my date. You will once again find yourself slurping up every last drop.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Aug 23, 2021Akasha

Glory Hole

Good morning my corporate slut,

Let me tell you about how wet I am. As I sit here in nothing more than my little pink thong, I can feel the moisture and warmth between my legs. My thighs feel warm to the touch. My panties are soaked right through as I finger myself, occasionally pulling the soft fabric to the side to apply light pressure to my clit. Soon I will switch to my bullet vibrator, and all the while, I am thinking, planning and preparing my little afternoon delight with you.

You must be wondering what has gotten me so worked up today. I'm sure you feel a distinct bulge pressing against the insides of the metal chastity cage you are wearing today. I'm sure the plug I made you put in this morning is starting to feel increasingly tight and uncomfortable. As you read this email, press your ass down against your fine leather chair, push that plug up even deeper. You are going to need a little distraction and diversion as I explain what I have planned for you today.

All day long I have been longing to watch you suck cock. And it's not enough to just slip my strap-on harness on and pay a little afternoon visit to your office today. I don't think I would be satisfied having you crawl to me on your hands and knees and wrap your lips around my shaft. It wouldn't be enough to watch you gagging and choking on my large latex cock as I hold your head and pump ferociously in and out of your mouth.

I want more than that.

I want to see you suck dick.

Go ahead, read those words. Read them and think about the consequences. Think about what it is going to feel like when you

have a real, throbbing dick in your mouth and hear his moaning, feel his sweat, smell the scent of cock and cum, taste the oozing precum as it starts to squirt a little at a time. Think about the soft moans you will hear from me as I pleasure myself while I watch, occasionally sliding my finger under your nose, or my wet panties, so you can get a whiff of what you are doing to me. A little motivation to keep you sucking and slurping on the length of that thick cock, so you can stop thinking about the fact that you are sucking a real dick for me.

I have a little trip planned for us this afternoon. I may or may not have you hogtied and gagged in the backseat to add to the effect for me. We're going to West Hollywood to visit a little location I found after doing some research. You may be familiar with the term "glory hole." This is a location where men come and stick their cock through a hole in the wall, and on the other side, they are sucked off. You are going to be my designated "sucker," and I plan to have you on all fours, on a leash, as I parade you around and look at all the dicks that are available, and simply point at the one I want to see you suck.

Cock after cock after cock. Thick ones, thin ones, bent ones, hairy ones, black ones. I will just look around and decide which cock I want to see sucked off, and you will suck it to completion, suck until the cum shoots out. I will make you earn condoms one at a time, but sometimes make you suck until the load squirts all over your face as I watch.

I'm not sure how many cocks I am going to make you suck. I'm going to make you continue to perform these tasks, on all fours and on a leash, until I am hot enough to want to finish our afternoon in style. I'm going to be meeting up with Alan, from the gym, once I'm extremely hot and horny. You'll have a belly full of cum by then but you'll have to suck one more – his – before I allow him to fuck me while you watch.

Consider the afternoon at the “glory hole” as a little bit of foreplay – for me. The point is for you to turn me on through your surrender and humiliation, and I plan to watch you suck cock as I get myself horny and ready for my afternoon with Alan.

It will also give you a chance to brush up on your cocksucking skills, so when you suck off Alan, it will be fantastic. He will not be cumming, though – I am going to save that for my pussy.

The ultimate end to our afternoon together will be when you are forced to watch, helpless and still on all fours, as Alan fucks me hard. You’ll be in your metal chastity cage still, you’ll be denied, and you will be incredibly horny. And there will be nothing you can do it about it but watch and wish you were able to feel that pleasure.

If you are lucky, I may allow you to crawl to us afterward and clean up his dripping cock, just to get a taste of my pussy. But you’ll have to beg for it. And by then, I think you’ll have seen enough cock for one day.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Sep 20, 2021Akasha

Dirty Cocksucker

Good morning my corporate slut,

Do you want to know what really makes me the hottest? When I see the look on your face the moment you realize what is about to happen to you. That moment when you suddenly become aware that my "visit" will include some self indulgence.

You may have no idea what is hidden in my black leather bag. They think that I am always bringing your gym clothes that you forgot. Oh, you will be getting a workout, for sure, but not that kind.

When I unzip the bag and pull out my long leather harness with the various straps and buckles, it's as if my second sense can feel you start to tremble, even across the room. Is that what I long for, most of all? Maybe. I know that when your body starts to react and you cannot hide it, you are already slipping into my spell.

Seeing you look at me with a combination of fear, arousal, despair is what starts to get me wet. That's all it takes. Feeling the leather of the harness in my fingertips is hot foreplay, too. But it's nothing like the look in your eyes when you see which cock I have pulled out of the bag to fasten to the harness.

Will it be the extra-long, thick, humiliating one that you can barely wrap your lips around – let alone THINK about having inside of you?

Or will it be the very realistic, degrading ejaculating cock that is most certainly filled with some saved loads of cum – or something even more humiliating – ready for your cum facial or to make you practice the ultimate in cum guzzling.

I always come equipped with a variety of "dicks" and no real plans. I could enjoy just fucking your mouth for some time, holding your

head in my hands, degrading you as I pump my hips so fast and furious toward your face that your eyes water and you gag on it.

And I could take one hand, of course, and pleasure myself, coaching you, licking my juices from my fingertips, ordering you, "Don't you fucking look at me, look at that big dick you are sucking! I didn't say you could watch me…" Oh, I would make you watch a mirror, maybe. But never, ever do you get to see my pleasure myself as I fuck your mouth!

Lubing up my ejaculating cock is especially entertaining to me because I know you are filled with humiliation, uncertainty, dread. Wondering what the contents of the bulb are, wondering where this huge load is going to end up. In your ass? All over your face? Will I make you guzzle it as I fill your mouth over and over again, the shaft scraping your teeth, filling your cheeks?

I may just push the tip of the cock against your lips and let a little leak out to humiliate you, make you lick it up, savor it, roll your tip around the head of my dick as I comment on how much you seem to enjoy it.

That's the "rub," isn't it? All the while, my big shaft in your mouth, you can't hide that your own dick is absolutely bulging, popping out of the pink lace panties, the tip of it glistening with your own precum. How embarrassing for you. I would make you scoop up all of that pre-cum and lick it up, slurp it, savor it. You know, I get off on even the simplest things, like making you very, very suggestively lick and suck your finger and roll your tongue around it.

There's nothing quite like making you assume your position. On all fours, then reaching around and spreading your own ass cheeks wide for an 'inspection," allowing me to take my time as your self-consciousness swells even faster than your dick.

Once I am certain you are clean, shaved and presentable, then you may feel the sudden, shocking, cool feel of latex fingers and lips

pumping into your asshole. Oh, the inhumanity! What do I care? I want a nice, tight, well-lubricated hole for my dick. In fact, I might even make you sit there and lubricate your asshole while I watch. After all, isn't it your job to prepare yourself and present your orifices to me?

And then, after you are lubed up and ready, I absolutely love how your ass feels the first time I press the head of my shaft against it. The tension, denial, anxiety. I love it how every single time it's like the first time and you struggle to relax. How pathetic! You are trying to relax so it doesn't hurt you, yet your cock is bobbing, bulging, oozing precum. Dripping it on the floor, making a mess so I have to stop and make YOU lick it up. It's the ultimate in irony. Your ass and ego deny how much you want to be fucked hard.

I don't care how long it takes you to loosen up and accept my dick. And you know I just love holding you still by the hips and getting a nice, tight rhythm going, pounding your ass cheeks with all 8 inches.

The sounds you make just push me to the edge. Masturbation is barely necessary at this point, just the friction of my crotch against your butt cheeks as I get the cock all the way in you – well, by then, I may as well explode and be done with it!

But I manage to hold on so I can enjoy watching my cock sliding in and out of your ass cheeks, listening to you moan and exhale and groan and beg.

Sometimes, I almost forget to cum. But that's the best part, isn't it? When I time my orgasm so I actually cum – and you hear me cum – just as I intensely squeeze the bulb and shoot the huge load of cum into your hole. Filling you right up.

And then you have such a nice reminder the rest of the day, having to wear a maxi pad to capture all the leaking cum from your asshole.

Sometimes you have to wonder just how big the load is. Maybe you will find out when I fuck your mouth….

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Sep 13, 2021Akasha

Bitch Fucked

Good morning my corporate slut,

Sometimes I wake up with the incredible urge to see you beg with your eyes.

It starts as a stirring inside me. This morning as I was waking up, I found my fingers trailing the soft skin on the inside of my thigh, and my mind wandered to images of you in inescapable bondage, your eyes looking at me, pleading for mercy, for release. You were showering at the time, and I could not help but continue this fantasy, pondering all the while whether or not this was going to have to soon become a reality.

You didn't know that I was awake this morning when I watched you get dressed. I watched you reach into the drawer and pull out the tight, red satin pair of panties you were instructed to wear. I watched as you spread your legs and stepped into them, pulling them up around the heavy chastity device. I watched how they rode up the crack of your ass in the back and you had to keep adjusting them before you put on your trousers for work, then your business shirt and tie.

My fingers were trailing around my pussy at that moment, watching your feminine side disappear behind the business suit. I was fingering myself as I imagined you on your knees, your head wrenched back hard, your eyes shut tight in slight pain as I forced you to look up at me from your knees. Such simple images, but they turned me on so much this morning – so much that I had to continue my fantasy time this morning until nearly ten A.M. It took me that long to get out of bed, because I kept playing with myself, getting wetter and wetter, bringing my fingers to my lips and tasting the arousal as I imagined how your whimpers would sound close to

my ear, how your breath would feel between my legs as you begged for mercy.

At first, I thought the simple solution would be a quick afternoon visit where I'd make you kneel down and worship my pussy as I sat on the edge of your desk, legs spread wide and skirt hiked up. I thought that a good half hour of pussy worship would take the edge off, and I could play with your hair between my fingers, call you dirty names, clench my fists until you whimpered as you licked.

Then I thought, no, I wanted to be fucked today; I thought about laying on top of that desk and having you pull down your trousers and panties, having me remove the cage to allow your cock inside me, then making you fuck me hard until I came – but to have no relief of your own. Of course, I would risk you exploding inside me because you were so turned on, but I'd employ a variety of tricks to distract you and keep you from cumming.

The same tricks, ironically, that would make me cum even faster; I may slap you hard across the face the moment I see arousal in your eyes. I could shove a terry washcloth into your mouth, cruelly, forcefully, until you choked on it, ordering you to keep your tempo, keep the thrusts deep, as I shoved it in hard and held it in place.

I could wrap my hand around your throat tightly, choking you, just enough to distract you and make you nervous, or simply place my hand over your face and apply enough pressure that it forced you to turn your head away, not letting you enjoy even a moment of looking down at me and seeing the pleasure in my eyes.

Still, I worry that you'd cum at the mere feeling of my hot, wet pussy, since it is so seldom that you get to enjoy the feeling of fucking me.

I realized that the safest way to enjoy my afternoon with you and satisfy my desires would be to visit you with my harness, visit you with the largest cock in my collection. I will visit you today to fuck

you in the ass, to fuck you until I cum, and then be on my way without hesitation. After all, you are just my little whore – my fucktoy to use, and today, I want to cum. I want to cum at your expense, cum and enjoy the orgasm because you never get to enjoy one of your own anymore.

You may get the brief opportunity to be close to my pussy as I allow you to worship the full length of my strap-on cock. I may allow you to crawl to me on your hands and knees, stripped down to the tight, red panties. I may enjoy watching you wrap your lips around the head of my cock as I reach out to hold you tightly by the head and begin the slow, rhythmic motion of pumping my hips to allow the length of my cock to slide in and out of your mouth. What a good show you will put on for me. You will provide the only lubrication that cock may have by slurping on it, sucking it, gagging on it, coating it with your spit so that it may slide more easily into your tight pussy.

Perhaps being so close to my pussy, without being allowed a taste, will be enough to make you plead for mercy and beg to do anything in order to lick me. You know that kind of begging makes me hot; when you are willing to negotiate unbelievable tortures and humiliations for just a hope of a taste or a lick. I may take advantage of that, getting you to agree to be used as a toilet, to suck a man's dick or to wear panties in front of the ladies that will be attending my cocktail party on Friday night.

Regardless, I know that watching you suck my cock will be all the foreplay I need to get ready for my own orgasm – the orgasm that I will enjoy while I'm fucking your tight ass. Not allowing you lubricant will ensure that my cock goes in so tight that you whimper with every thrust, and you beg me to gag you so that you don't have to hear your own pleading. Nothing turns me on more than hearing you beg for something you hate. If you are lucky, I may cum quickly – I know that my morning delights have left me incredibly horny. I will

continue to pleasure myself to the edge as I imagine your pleading eyes and the sounds of your whimpering.

And I'll count the minutes until I'm able to leave to visit you in those tight, red panties.

See you soon…

Affectionately…

Mistress Akasha

Oct 4, 2021AkWeb

Blueball Blackmail

Good morning my corporate slut,

So what is more difficult – a day in the office, or a day trying to satisfy my desires?

I know you are under a lot of "stress" lately, and you get grumpy and irritable and feel that you take on way too much pressure at the office. I just want to look at you with a fake, pouty bottom lip and say, "Oh, poor baby. Is it really THAT bad?"

You could, after all, have to spend your days and weeks keeping me happy. That's a full-time job, you know. And sometimes I do consider making sure you get fired and have no income and are totally un-employable. Then you'd really be a slave to me, wouldn't you?

Without your six-figure salary and fancy car, what are you, anyway?

All it would take is a few snapshots from my digital camera sent to your HR department and they'd have you packing in no time! Imagine the humiliation of being fired and the whispers in the office – all the women looking at you and giggling, as the "private" photos of you on all four in pink lingerie would spread like wildfire through the office.

Maybe I would make it a global affair, posting them all on a blog and then "accidentally" sending them to the biggest blabbermouths at your firm. I am sure your London, Tokyo and Moscow offices would hear about it before you even got to work in the morning!

And then what? Your sorry, fired ass would come home sulking, and find your new "uniform" waiting for you. Yes, full-time, at my house,

as my little cleaning bitch. A tight latex maid outfit with locking shoes made to be so uncomfortable that you could barely walk!

Not that it would matter; you would be spending most of your time on your hands and knees, either cleaning my toilets or taking it up the ass! Yes, my strap-on would be a constant mode of motivation for my new housebitch.

When you fall from the top, you fall hard. You would go from super top executive to humiliated housebitch of Orange County. I could get on that TV show on Bravo, I am sure! Then the whole world would see you for what you are – a humiliated bimbo who cleans my house and services my boyfriends. Imagine that!

Since I control all the money, this would be so easy to pull off. I move a few accounts around, assure you are fired with the click of my mouse, and then set my plan into motion. Your assets are totally removed, and you come home to nothing – nothing but me, and the need to please me. I put the food on your table, after all! Or in your dog bowl. No more bed for you, I have a puppy cage just your size.

You have to stop and think about it. Right now. Look around your office. You realize I have enough access to your personal work files and enough degrading photos of you with your face in full view that I could end your career in an instant. I waited until just now, really, until all the pieces were in place, to tell you something very important.

I have no qualms at all about ending your career in a flash if I decide I want to make you my housebitch instead! And there's nothing you can do to stop me.

Your weekends may soon be spent on a leash, wearing a leather hood with just your mouth exposed, so I can whore you out to the highest bidder just to ensure you pay for your own dog food.

Could I really be so cruel? Well, let me put it this way. As I type this, my pussy is getting incredibly wet. And what makes me wet makes me happy. And sometimes, when I wake up bored and sick of how your "corporate power" pulls you away from me, sometimes I do consider just taking it all away from you and turning you into a permanent whore.

Cleaning my house and sleeping in a cage, servicing my well-hung lovers (I am never letting an unemployed former corporate power broker near my pussy, after all) and enduring a life of chastity will be your "new calling." I will have you shopping for lingerie, buying my tampons at the corner drug store (how emasculating), and answering my door on date night.

Sleeping in your doggie cage outside my bedroom door, you'll hear the moans of the well-hung corporate executives, some of them from your office, as they fuck me in ways you could barely remember! And when you are lucky, I may let you inside to clean my pussy and lap up every last glob of their cum.

Do you think you could fall that hard, that fast? Oh trust me, you can. And you will should I decide it. It just takes a click of the button, and tonight, when you get home, I will show you all the photos lined up, the email open in my Outlook file, and the email addresses of the most influential people at your office.

And it says "Are you sure you want to send?" – and all it takes is hitting the RETURN key to have it sent. And hovering above that key on the keyboard is a stapler held precariously by some string wrapped around a pulley, with the contraptions set so that you have to keep sucking my huge strap on and taking another cock up the ass – without moving – or else the button gets clicked.

I want to see just how long you can last – sucking and getting fucked – and when you stop moving, back and forth so your ass and

mouth get impaled – the button is pressed. You need to keep it up for at least 40 minutes. That's the timer.

I like to let your fate rest in your own hands (or ass), so I thought this would be the best way. As you are bobbing frantically on my cock, as your ass is being pounded, just think about that email on my screen that is about to be sent. Just think about the photos in the files that are attached. I am sure that will keep you highly motivated, and I know you work well under pressure!

See you soon, my whore!

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Oct 18, 2021AkWeb

Leaking in Las Vegas

Good morning my corporate slut,

Insatiable cruel desire.

It's nothing a little 'sin city' couldn't fix, right?

There was a special, sadistic sense of glee when I looked at your travel calendar and saw that you had a 'business trip' coming up in Las Vegas. I know that when you think of Las Vegas you think of sales dinners, strip clubs, entertaining clients, and all the things that businessmen associate with the city of sin.

Of course, my thinking is totally different.

For example, what would happen if you found me waiting in your hotel suite upon arrival – with your suitcase absolutely hijacked (oh, I would send it down with the bellman – probably a bellman I fucked, but that's a story for another time). Nothing there but me.

And my toy bag.

**

The thing about "sin city" is that I could do absolutely anything to you, and no one would bat an eye. I could publically degrade you in such inconceivable ways until gaggles of bachelorettes were doubled over in laughter (snapping photos with their iPhone) at you, and yet, we would not be asked to leave or even stop.

After all, whatever happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.

So if I feel like forcing your masculine figure into a tight corset, thigh highs and high heels, and taking you onto the strip for a night on the town, no one is going to care, right?

Well, except the bachelorette party down the hall, of course. They will want a piece of the action, I'm sure.

**

But let's back it up a little. To the suite, upon your arrival.

When you find that I am already there, you will realize, first, that you must cancel all business scheduled for the next day. You "came down the flu," you realize. Because if I am going to meet you in Las Vegas, you are going to be busy.

When you see what I have in my luggage, you will realize what kind of mood I am in. One large suitcase just filled with the essentials. I'll make you unpack it, of course, as I watch you and pleasure myself, calling down to flirt more with the bellman on the phone.

By then you will be in nothing but a black lace thong. I will enjoy taking your last masculine clothes – the clothes you are wearing – and locking them in the hotel safe. So you can't even get to them.

Imagine that. You are in Las Vegas and your luggage has been removed completely, and your only male clothes are in the safe. And as you unpack, all you find are my toys – my vibrators ("Stop, give me that one. (Click. Buzzzz.) Keep unpacking, don't look at me, bitch."), my toys, and lingerie that you have never seen before. In your size.

Bright colored, tight, fantastic leotards and tights. Feminine workout gear, as if from the 80s. Screaming, "Look at me, look at my body." Oh, when you are in it, it is going to be fantastically degrading!

Underneath it, I will have all the necessary accessories to feminize your body. A tight corset to give you shape, breast forms to make your boobs much too large for a practical workout. You will be fitted with an inflatable, fully pumped-up butt plug just to make sure you

walk with a certain flair, and instead of sneakers, you will be wearing bright, sparkling pumps.

Imagine walking through the hotel lobby in such an outfit. To add to the humiliation, you will be in a bright, rhinestoned collar and on a long leather leash. Of course, I will be holding the handle of it.

Now, people will stop and look. Some girls will whisper and comment to each other. Some tourists may even take photos. But no one is going to stop us. Because, after all, it's Las Vegas. You could have lost a bet at a bachelor party or be the victim of a prank. So as long as you prance around appropriately for me and continue to perform tricks for my growing group of friends, it's all good.

**

Let me tell you why this makes me so incredibly hot.

As we continue on our adventures that evening, I will know that the plug is making it increasingly difficult for you to walk and maneuver. As we slide in and out of taxis and limos and I make you touch up your hair and makeup, I will sense that you are totally uncomfortable at how everyone is looking at you and talking about you.

The women, especially, will make you so uncomfortable. And I will feel your pride shrink as much as your tiny, useless cock is shrinking in the panties as I invite the groups of college-aged girls to come closer and evaluate you. I will just be waiting for the right boisterous, outgoing group to invite them to come along.

Our growing group of friends will mean more unpredictable humiliation for you. In the back of the crowded limo, rounds of "stupid slut tricks" will be encouraged, where the ladies laugh hysterically as I make you "perform" on command.

Get down on the floor, on all four, and kiss her manicured toes, slut.

Crawl to the lady next to her and sit up and beg like a dog, slut.

Take your leash between your teeth and crawl to the blonde, the bachelorette, so she can take the leash and slap your ass with it, slut.

Give foot massages to all in the limo, because their feet and legs are so tired from walking the Strip all day.

And finally, as we arrive at the club, your ultimate humiliation would begin. The hottest nightspots in Las Vegas, where the men are all checking me out, and the women are all looking at you and pointing. Loud music, alcohol flowing. By 2 am, the men will begin hitting on you, because they have had just enough to drink.

And me. Across the dancefloor. Hooking up with a tanned, young foreigner, exchanging kisses, making sure you can see that I am allowing his hands to travel down the back of my skirt and feel, squeeze my round ass. Something you never get to do.

Only to leave you wondering. How will this night end up, anyway? You have no masculine clothes to your name. Your Mistress is hooking up with a man who will certainly be invited up to the room. And your lipstick is starting to smear.

The least of your worries will be the throbbing in your ass, thanks to the expanded plug that ultimately reminds you of your place.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Oct 11, 2021AkWeb

Pussyboy's Peril

Good morning my slut,

You know how much I love parties. Some of my favorite parties that we have attended are those where you are made into a bit of a whore for the guests – mostly women – and forced to do everything from serving drinks in humiliating outfits to service their strap-on harnesses while the rest of us watch and giggle.

You've done so well at these parties. I remember the first time I made you suffer the humiliation of being the "bitch boy" of the night for a group of sorority sisters at the local college. Those young, giggling, pretty, tight girls all so dressed up and how – -how they looked at you and laughed when you came out in your sissy panties and thigh-high stockings, your cock poking out. I loved the gasps that came from them, the shocked laughter, the giggling. I think the sorority girls now think of it as a special annual tradition and love using you in their competition each year – that reminds me, it's time to get in touch with them again to see what they have scheduled…

The dark, dungeon parties have also been fun. I enjoy having people watch as I strap you down and cane your ass cheeks or apply weights systematically to your ball sac, making you squirm and whimper more and more. Seeing you suffer in front of other people does have a special place in my heart, I'll admit.

But the part coming up this weekend is a special one, indeed. I've started to grow so fond of being serviced and fucked by other men, that I thought it was time we attended a private party with couples, one where I can really enjoy myself. The men there are all handsome and well-hung, and you can look forward to a night of taking care of my drinks and watching me make the rounds, knowing that the men I select to fuck will all get something that you never will.

It’s occurred to me that I might never let your cock inside me again. There’s something special and erotic about the idea that your dick will no longer feel the hot, moist pleasure of my tight pussy, but you will be forced to watch other men as they fuck me hard, make me cum, and ultimately shoot their load inside of me – for you to clean up later.

You will be a special kind of slave, indeed. Your tongue will be put to work on a regular basis as you worship and adore my pussy, your tongue will know every inch of my ass crack, my feet and toes, and my clit. But you will never have the pleasure of fucking me again. In fact, you won’t even be allowed to masturbate and fantasize about my pussy any longer. It will be forbidden to you. Completely.

Yet, I will fuck other men at my leisure, including having them come over so you can serve us drinks and appetizers, adjust the television for us, pull back the bedsheets, and then kneel in the corner in your babydoll nightie as we fuck like rabbits all night long. When I want another drink you will fetch it, when I want a small towel to clean up some of the mess (the mess that you don’t lick up) you will fetch it, and when I want my pussy cleaned out, or his dick washed, you will, of course, tend to the task right away.

The men, I imagine, will find it odd and strange at first, but I bet they will get used to it in a hurry – and really, let’s face it, they just want to know they are the one fucking me, not you. As long as they don’t have to trade places and have their cock made useless like you, they will be content. Booty calls late at night (maybe I will have you make the call and set it up, why not?), picking up men at the club, or parties – like the one this weekend – where the men are all horny and ready.

You will have to suffer as I slip into my sexiest black dress, thigh-high stockings and black patent leather pumps. I will make you get my hair products ready, my vanity set up with my finest makeup, and have my outfit pressed and available. You’ll have to set my

music to play all the tunes that get me hot and ready to fuck. I may even have you trim and prepare my pussy so it looks neat, sexy and tidy – I want to be ready for a good, hard fuck after all.

Will all this preparation make your poor pussy ache? Will you feel so denied and rejected, like a worthless loser, knowing that other men will get to fuck me and you will not? Will you start to feel smaller than a man, and nothing but a little cocksucking pussy?

Rest assured, you will always know that you have a place for me – as my toilet cleaner, and my foot massager, and as my cum sucker. After all, when the men finish fucking me – maybe three in one night, all filling me up with cum – you will have a large task at hand. As you finally get a chance to be in the bed instead of in your cage on the floor, your face between my warm thighs, sucking out the last bits of cum from my night of rabid fucking.

So this party, this weekend, let me tell you what is going to happen. I am going to bring you there as my personal slave, my personal fluffer, and my cleaning boy. When we arrive at this party, you will strip naked. I don't care if you are the only pathetic, naked slut there – I want you naked so that you feel vulnerable, stared at, and humiliated. Then, I will begin the process of selecting which of the men I find suitable to fuck. You will approach them and tell them of my plans, and explain what your role is in this process.

Now, these are open-minded people, as this is a swingers/sex party, but I don't think they have had the humorous occasion to have a man actually approach them on behalf of his girlfriend or Mistress! So this should be very interesting.

But for me, it's really just exciting. You see, as you do this, and as I watch you, I will be getting wetter and wetter. I will be turned on beyond belief, my panties getting moist, my thighs feel warm. It is all foreplay to me, really. I may be so hot and wet that I will pull one of these handsome men into a spare room and have him fuck me

right there. Of course, not until I pull you along and force you to your knees bedside and make you watch. And as his huge cock fills me up, again and again, you will be reminded of your new role.

And you will love every moment of it. I bet you are hard right now, aren't you?

Do you see what you have become?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Nov 22, 2021AkWeb

Halloween Slut

Good morning my slut,

Happy Halloween. You know this is one of my favorite holidays! And, you know I have many things planned for you today. Starting with that outfit you are wearing right now. Of course, I was the one that convinced your directors over there to encourage the entire office to enjoy a little "dress up" to lighten the mood this busy time of the year. I bet you see plenty of creative costumes, don't you?

No one will beat yours, though. Who would have thought this masculine, built, powerful executive would come to work dressed as a French maid. Maybe your secretary is not surprised. I think she's seen you in stockings before – at least, she's been caught staring at you, at your dress slacks, when you were wearing stockings instead of socks. Oh, I think that pretty blonde has an idea about you.

I'll admit, you look extremely sexy in that short black skirt and ruffled top. The long blonde wig was the perfect touch. Are they wondering why you are able to walk so well in those stiletto heels? Do they have any idea how often you wear them at home, your ass plugged tightly, shuffling around the kitchen with them locked on as you complete your chores? If they only knew.

I know that making you wear make-up would be too much to handle. But I've got plans for that as well. Tonight, when we go to that party in Hollywood, you WILL be wearing makeup. You'll also be wearing a locking butt plug harness under your short skirt and a ball gag for the entire evening – or, as I see fit. You'll be a slave maid, of sorts. You're going to be more of a spectacle than anything.

I want to be the envy of all the dominant women there at the party. There will be plenty of slaves on leashes there, but none of them are as "pretty" as you. None of them will be as trained at walking in high

heels AND a hobbler. You'll be so vulnerable and irresistible in your bright red ball gag, your pink lips stretched painfully around it. I'll be the first in line to use the dungeon gear. I can hardly wait to unveil my largest strap-on cock ever, and maybe by the end of the evening, I'll have you do a special cock sucking show.

It's going to be such a long day, isn't it? First, with you hobbling around the office in those high heels and sexy maid outfit. Your cock must be so hard in those frilly panties I made you wear. Are you carrying around your feather duster as I ordered you? I'm going to be calling your secretary to tease her about it and tell her it's her job to make sure you've gone through and "dusted" all the desks of the marketing department. You know, where all the gorgeous, high-powered women are working? They'll be so amused by your outfit. I can't wait to hear what they have to say about the big tough guy.

Are they going to wonder where you are running off to at lunch? They'll probably laugh and ask you how you are going to drive in those high heels. They probably think you'll take the heels off. Little do they know, you've been driving in high heels for months!

On your lunch break, you have to make a trip to the Fashion Valley Mall. You'll be striding through the mall in full dress – how appropriate for Halloween! No one will suspect anything, but they will, of course, wonder how you have learned to walk so well. I want you moving your hips like I trained you. I want you to tone down your voice and speak like a lady. I don't care how embarrassed you are. You must remember – I may be hiding, and watching you. Remember that time I tested you by watching from afar, and when you failed to go into the lingerie store and speak to the redhead….do you remember what I did to you when you got home? Hmmm, you couldn't sit down the entire next day….

Today on your lunch break you have to go to both the lingerie store and the make-up counter. You'll be asking for some assistance at the makeup counter first – so by the time you make it to the lingerie

store, you'll be in pretty lipstick and some nice blush. You may even be in eye shadow and mascara.

You see, tonight you're going to have to look smashing for me. That means you have to go get your makeup done (I may even make a manicure appointment for you – and a wax appointment at the same time!). You have to suffer the embarrassment of trying to get help with your makeup – dressed like a slutty French maid – and telling the sweet girls what a predicament you are in. Tell them you are entering a costume contest and you must win, so you need your makeup to look fantastic.

I want them to also use glitter on you. That will make it impossible to miss. As you walk out through the mall after your trip to the lingerie store, surely you'll make heads turn.

This is what delights me so much. The thought of you walking through the mall like that, with your cock stiff in your panties, with people looking at you and wondering where on earth you are going dressed like that. I imagine the college girls will be there in packs outside the Starbucks, and you'll have to make your way past there to get to the parking lot.

As I imagine you going through all of this, my mind fast forwards to this evening, and what plans I have for you. I imagine how hot you are going to look as I lead you around at the party, a leather collar around your neck, your leash wrapped tightly around my gloved palm. You're going to be my little pet tonight, and you'll be unable to speak or do anything but follow me around and look pretty. All of this will lead up to a moment, either in public or later at home, when I'll enjoy violating this sissy maid I've created. I'll be fucking you like a woman. I'll be treating you like a woman. I'll be shoving my cock up your tight pussy and telling you how tight you are.

I'll be playing with your nipples through your bra and grabbing your hair, making you go down on my cock while I give orders. I'll be

making you get down doggie style and wet your own pussy lips for me, I'll make you play with your clit while I watch and then I'll fuck you until you scream. You'll feel more like a woman than ever because I'll keep you in your stockings and high heels the entire time.

I get wet when I imagine what it's going to be like when I use you tonight. As you read this, your panties tight, you're also imagining what it's going to be like. It's going to be tight, and probably painful. You're going to feel used and spread wide. You're going to feel nasty for me.

This is going to be a Halloween to remember, my slave. Now, go take a few laps around the building and show off your outfit. I want to hear rave reviews from all the women you work with.

Just wait until they see you after lunch.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Oct 25, 2021AkWeb

Milked on Display

Good morning my corporate slut.

Kicking and screaming.

You know the phrase, I am sure. You willingly endure so much of my humiliation and torture. At times, I revert back to the ideas surrounding what it takes to bring you down to the level that you resist, fully, with all of your soul, because the degradation is simply too much for your fragile ego.

Reducing you to a mess of tears, spit and humiliation; your mouth stretched from the dildo too large, the thrusts too deep. Your hair disheveled, your precious lips swollen, your ass leaking. Maybe it's hours and hours of gang banging, public humiliation, selling your holes; taking you to levels you thought unimaginable yet find yourself craving because your need to suffer for me is so great.

How far could you go? How far down? Even if you knew – at the end of it all – I would ignore your pleas, your 'safewords' and your promises to be a good boy. Sometimes, after all, I just need to listen to my inner beast.

I see you on all fours, in black lingerie and high heels, your mouth stuffed with an O-ring gag so large that you are ready to accommodate any sized dildo or cock. Your wrists and ankles are chained into position. This is all on stage, with a spotlight on you.

As your mouth is made available to my guests, your ass is on display as I debut my most diabolical milking machine, using a steel rod, a ball crusher and long rubber tubes connected to vial after vial ready to capture your huge loads.

So tell me, what would be most terrifying of all this? The fact that you are on stage, on display, for all to see? Or the fact that you will simultaneously be sucking cock as you are milked, your loads saved for a diabolical purpose?

What is most important is how this will affect me. Even as I write this, I feel myself getting wetter. I long to take breaks from typing just to let my fingers explore a little. To imagine you in such a state of raw vulnerability and sheer objectification is so hot to me.

How can I resist not wanting to put you through more and more, until you are reduced to that spent, "hot mess" that I visualize so distinctly in my mind?

Will it be my large cock that penetrates your mouth first, or will I be "working the machine" that systematically pumps the huge loads from you without the mercy or reward of even the slightest orgasm?

Milking turns me on. It turns me on, ever since I saw that scene from "A boy and his dog," the idea hit me as absolutely remarkable! To steal an orgasm from a man, to milk his cock so that he explodes but without an ounce of pleasure. But to add to the humiliation – even better – by using his ass to complete the process. So ironic!

As the metal rod is slid up your ass – tight, cold, unforgiving – will you be shamed and looking away, or will your eyes scan the group of women watching to see if there is any mercy to be found? Your ass – pumped, massaged – until you feel the loads building up, but without pleasure! I will rig it so you can SEE the fluid squirting from the tubes. Milky white – load after load, as you suck and suck on the big cock in your mouth.

Oh, if only I could connect the two. So you are sucking the dildo that pumps with huge loads, fresh and warm, so tasty and degrading. The ultimate invention, isn't it? A dual fucking setup that ensures you will be ass fucked while sucking cock, so the loads fill your

mouth and despite the gagging, despite the resistance, you have no choice but to swallow or drown.

I hope my approach today doesn't seem excessively cruel. I am in a bit of a mood, can't you tell?

Affectionately.

Mistress Akasha

Nov 29, 2021AkWeb

Inflatable Plug Torture

Good morning my slut.

By now, that locking butt plug harness I've made you wear is starting to become uncomfortable. How delightful it is that you can wear this harness underneath your "power suit" and walk around work all day, hoping no one will notice the discomfort in your stride.

It thrills me to imagine you sitting there, squirming in your seat, the half-inflated plug pressed up inside you. Are you worried about just how much it will inflate? Are you desperately hoping I won't make you inflate it to its fullest, not allowing you any mercy? You know I sit here wishing I could remotely pump it up from here, slowly, watching the strain in your face as your ass expanded with every pump of the bulb.

This makes me so wet. You have no idea. The panties I am wearing right now – the panties you will, at lunchtime, be chewing on – are soaking right through. They are wet because I know that your ass is mine. They are wet because I know the ass torture I am putting you through this afternoon is only to prepare your hole for what is in store this evening. My strap-on, hanging neatly in the closet, is going to come out for a special occasion. Your ass, your mouth, will both be used tonight by me and a special friend.

But for now, you must sit there in your inflatable plug, locked in that harness, knowing that I have the key to the lock. I have the key right here, and so release is not an option. You must walk around with the harness on, the tube and bulb hid carefully. Imagine if it were hanging outside of your trousers and your petite 24-year old secretary were to pipe up and ask what it was?

Right now, I want you to prepare yourself by locking the door and getting your cock gag from the locking file cabinet. It's time for you

to start practicing cocksucking, because tonight you're going to be double teamed – ass and mouth – for my lovely girlfriend Mindy. Mindy will be taking your ass (which will be fully stretched) while I fuck your face. She and I have been planning this all morning. This will make it a long day of waiting, won't it?

Now, I want you to open wide and slowly insert the penis gag into your mouth. Reach around and pull the straps tight so they dig into your head. I want the cock pushed far back into your mouth. You will be wearing it for twenty minutes to start. Twenty minutes, regardless of how much you drool, how much your jaw aches.

Once the cock gag is locked in place, you must take the pump to the inflatable plug and give it one full squeeze. As you do this, you must be prepared to write to me and tell me how your ass feels as it expands. I wish I could see the pained look on your face (I can picture it!) as the plug opens up your pussy hole for me. All of this is to prepare you for the ass fucking you are getting later, my bitch. So take it in stride.

The second pump should be a fast one. I want you to give it a good hard squeeze. Feel the plug in your ass push against the walls, expanding you, opening you up for me. You have never felt like such a used whore, have you? Your ass being expanded, the locking harness totally inescapable. Those leather straps are digging into your skin, aren't they?

A third pump of the bulb should really bring you to attention. Now, drooling in the cock gag, reach down and unzip your trousers. Slide your hand down under the pink thong panties and reach for my property. My dick, all tied up with cords from this morning, balls spread tight, must be stiff and throbbing. You poor thing! What a whore you are – your ass expanded, a big thick dick in your mouth and all you can do is get hard?

This is really proof that you're a complete whore for me. And tonight, you're going to show Mindy.

Tonight, when you are on all fours, I will finally unlock the butt plug harness and remove it from your ass. It will be after a day of pumping and deflating, starting with this email and carrying on through lunch when I arrive with wet panties to shove into your mouth (then, I am going to be the one controlling the bulb – you will have tears in your eyes when I am done with you).

You will be on all fours in front of me and Mindy, ready to take a cock up the ass while I fuck your face. I am going to show her what control she can have over you by working her new 8-inch dildo up your ass. I expect that you should be well stretched by then, but your asshole, used to the extreme exercise regimen I put you through, will tighten right up for her on command. I want you to be tight as a virgin when she pushes her dick into you for the first time, your whimpers muffled by my latex strap on. I'll have you sucking on my dick to keep your mind off the burning in your asshole as she pumps into you for the first time.

I expect you to treat her with respect and affection, offering to kiss her feet, suck her toes or sniff her asshole on command. You will heel like a dog, fetch her shoes with your teeth and open your ass on demand to show her how clean and ready your hole is.

Can you see what kind of a mood I am in? All of this from this morning, when I pulled my new toy from the closet and said to you, "I want you to see this new locking butt plug harness." I am happy to not have to improvise any longer on this one. Your plug is now locked tightly in place for the day. A constant reminder.

You are going to have quite a day, my slut. Right now, as I sign off, I have licked my fingers clean. The pussy juices are going to drive you insane. You are going to be aching just as I am aching now, but your aching will be from the pressure in your pussyhole.

Do you think you will get any work done today, my slave? Once you remove that cock gag from your mouth, I want you to be a good whore and coat it with your precum, then lick off every single drop of it. Get yourself ready for tonight.

Affectionately,

M. Akasha

Nov 8, 2021AkWeb

100 Days of Denial

100 Days of Denial

Good morning my corporate slut,

I sometimes wonder what is worse: The first day of locked chastity, or the 100th day?

I suppose the answer is simple. Clearly, it's the day I want to be most painful. It's the day I choose for you to suffer most, to be the horniest, to be denied cruelly just at the moment when you feel as though your balls are going to explode or the pain will just be unbearable.

This time around, my sweet bitch, I plan to make every day like the 100th day, every day the worst day, worse than the day before. And it isn't because I am simply mean; it's because seeing you denied makes me wet. Knowing I can cum and you cannot is like a constant aphrodisiac.

The control I have over you when I possess and control your cock is like no other. You walk around and feel that tight cage around your dick and you feel your balls getting heavier, and you know that you belong to me completely. And it's not just the pain and denial of chastity, but the sheer amusement and arousal I feel because I see such longing and desperation in your eyes – constantly!

To make this round of chastity "memorable," I plan to force you to endure 100 days of denial like no other. I call it "100 days of denial" because it will clearly feel like that – 100 days even when you are on day 3 or day 10. It's going to feel like 100 days when I sit on your face and cum all over you when I ram my cock up your ass as you beg for more, as I make you put on the tightest lace thong and

present yourself for inspection to my group of girlfriends who are drunk on champagne and sunshine.

We are only at hour seven, right now, and I know it feels like 100 days. When I pick you up today on your lunch break and we head to the mall, you will be forced to unzip your pants and pull out your caged dick so I can marvel at it during the stoplights. I'll remind you, the entire time, that your cock is staying in that prison for 100 days. I will make you rub your nipples through your shirt, then unbutton it, and pinch and squeeze them to make my ride even more entertaining.

The stroll through the mall will be long and painful. You will find it even more painful when I detour you to the men's room and order you into a stall with a pink butt plug that you must insert and wear the rest of the trip, one that makes you walk funny, one that makes you wear a constant shade of red on your face.

The lingerie store, as always, will be the worst. When I announce to the sexy blonde manager at Victoria's Secret, Megan, that your cock is locked up. "Corporate boy is back in prison!" I will tell her with delight. She knows what that means. When she looks at you with the sympathetic, melodramatic pout, with her bottom lip sticking out, you will melt and die inside a little. She is so gorgeous and sweet, and she giggles when she hears about you. Oh, how you would love to submit to her!! Maybe, someday.

But the best will be I have Megan bring the latest line of "pink" into the back and you pull down your pants and she gets a look at your freshly shaved goods stuffed into the too-small clear cage, with the sweet metal lock in place. "100 days!" she will gasp, shaking her head. "That must hurt."

What will hurt, she has no idea, is when you are forced to try on the pink satin French cut panties over the cage, and then the thong, and the matching bra, and then the thigh-high stockings. All while trying

painfully to make sure that big plug does not expel onto the floor of the dressing room. Talk about humiliation!!

I will make you pay with your corporate credit card and carry the big Victoria's Secret bag around the mall, your ass on fire, your cock pulsing in the cage. "How are your nuts feeling?" I may ask, teasingly, and we're only at hour eleven. How will you ever last? 100 days of denial?

Day three will feel like day 3,000. As you wake up, sucking on a big thick dildo. I plan to use special "alarm clock moments," where I design new and degrading ways to make sure your morning blue balls are really morning purple nuts, and your stomach hurts so bad that you want to cry.

I wonder, on which day, you will break down and cry?

The worst days will be the "extreme teasing days," the dates I have on my calendar but you don't know. That's when my wet, freshly cum-on panties will arrive at your desk and you'll have to go on cam and sniff and worship them. That's when you will have to earn freedom from the cage for a token, cum-free stroke, by drinking a full glass of my warm piss. That's when you will have to endure the role off ass-sniffer for 20 minutes before I go out, leaving you behind, only to return home hours later and make you clean out my cum-filled pussy. And yet you get to hear nothing of who, what, and how good a fuck the big-cocked man was.

After all, just because your dick is useless for 100 days does not mean I should be denied; oh, fucking I will do. Trust me. There will be a lot of hot, passionate fucking, just not with you. Yet, you will clean my pussy, keep it trimmed and perfect, place adoring kisses on my lower belly down to my crotch so close you can nearly taste me. And then you will be locked up, both cock and hogtied, while I go out on a night on the town.

The nights on the town, though, that will be most painful for you are the ones where I bring you along. In Las Vegas, early next month, on business, I will attend and you will be at the strip clubs with me late at night, watching me dance and get close to the high-class strippers with the perfect bodies, and you will be laughed at and made fun of up in the VIP room when I offer the ladies big tips for who can make you cry first.

Cry from pain in your balls, from them sitting on your face in their see-through thong, making you hold your tongue no matter how bad you want to lick and worship. "Does crying out count, or do you mean, like, real tears?" one will probably say. You know how tenacious those strippers are! I'm sure the haggling will be amusing, as they all try to find a way to "crack your nut" and get the prize.

What day will that be? Will that be day 32 or so? 100 days of denial is a long, long time, and it will feel like 100 days when you are on day 2.

So let's talk about Day 2. Tomorrow. The day you wake up, sleepy still from a dream until you feel the pain in your nuts and the chaffing in your cock. My warm, soft lips down around your thighs, teasing, my fingers on your belly. Just touching you makes you whimper. I will make you suck my fingers off one at a time as I please myself with them, and the taste of my pussy on my fingertips will drive you insane. If I like the way you suck, it may evolve into my strap-on, and you'll be on all fours worshipping it in front of the full-length mirror while I dial up my girlfriends and make my leisurely plans for the day.

And you, on Day 2, just a lowly cocksucker. Once my dick is fully lubricated, I will turn around and pull up my cami and make you worship my ass for a full 20 minutes, making sure you are reminded of your role before you start your big, powerful corporate day.

You'll take along with you, in your pocket, my panties from the morning. Still wet, a painful reminder of me. You will have to worship them every hour on the hour, and also respond to my email commands for pictures, and a webcam performance at noon while I paint my nails.

Indeed, Day 2 will seem even longer than Day 1. The longest, most painful day of all? The day I choose, of course. And when I wake up, every day, I want it to be that day. When I hear your pathetic, desperate whimper, and I know I hold the key, it keeps me high all day long. Why wouldn't I want that every day?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Dec 5, 2021Akasha

Monday Delight

Good morning my corporate slut,

Are your pink panties feeling a little tight this morning? Can you feel the lacey materials pressing into your throbbing bulge, feel the thong riding up your asscrack, reminding you of what a prissy bitch you are? Three weeks is a long, long time to go without cumming, and I'm sure you just had to glance at the fine ass of your secretary this morning to get your juices flowing. All for nothing, though.

You have to sit there in your pink panties, your little sissy clit hard and throbbing, imagining what it was like to cum. That's something you have not enjoyed in a long time, and it is going to be even longer before you get it again. I prefer to keep you horny and desperate because it allows me to better mold you into the perfect little bitch.

Today I want you to be on your best behavior because I'm bringing guests by this afternoon. As you read this email at your desk, you have to prepare yourself by first lubricating your large, inflatable butt plug. Take it out of your bottom desk drawer and get it nice and slick, then get down on all fours, facing your mirror, and look at yourself as you spread your ass cheeks and push it deep inside. You will feel your clittie throbbing, feel your pussy stretched as the plug fills you up.

Next, I want you to inflate it until it is unbearably large. This is a requirement for today because I want your asshole ready to be stretched for my audience. I plan to slide the biggest dildo up your ass as my girlfriends watch, proving to them that you are a size whore and actually drip with excitement when you are stretched to your limits. They will gasp as they see the large, slick, lubricated dildo push deep into your hole, disappearing into your ass cheeks as you moan like a girl. Yes, you will be moaning like a girl today –

every word that comes out of your mouth, every sound you make must be distinctly female, or you will face extreme punishment. After all, they are going to be referring to you as my "girl" the whole afternoon!

In addition to the inflatable plug this morning, I also want you to clamp your nipples with the tweezer clamps, add weights, and then put your jewels into the spiked ball vice and tighten it to level seven. This is going to ensure that you are in massive pain by the time I arrive with my entourage, and you'll be nearly broken. You will be so eager to please, so easy to earn release that you will do anything. That's where the fun will really begin.

I'm going to first make you strip out of your corporate clothes, out of your shoes and socks and even out of your panties and stockings. You are going to be completely naked and vulnerable as me and my four girlfriends stand in front of you, commenting on how foolish and in pain you look. Hands on our hips, knowing smirks, a few whispers to each other as we look you up and down. This kind of visual and verbal inspection will leave you feeling so objectified and small.

Speaking of small, my friend Layla is hilarious, and she told me she wants to spend a half-hour making fun of your tiny cock! I did send her pictures, and she told me she is bringing a ruler. I warned her that even though you are so horny that you walk around hard all the time, you will be so embarrassed that your manhood will shrivel up and nearly disappear. She got a kick out of that and asked me how you even satisfy me. I told her I wouldn't know – I don't let your cock inside me anyway!!

Layla is bringing a magnifying glass and a ruler and plans to berate and degrade you in front of the other girls, talking about how such a small dick is a joke. She is pretty good at it, too. I have heard her humiliate other guys at clubs, and she does it because it turns her on. The more embarrassed and ashamed you feel, the wetter she

gets. I have a feeling you will cower and whimper at her words, and you know how much that turns me on.

But the best part of the afternoon will be when I put the hood on you, the tight leather hood with the gag and blindfold. You'll be put down on the floor on all fours, and the ladies will fasten your ankles into a spreader bar. Your ass will be so stretched from the inflatable plug that you'll moan out loud when we slide it out, only to replace it with the monster-sized dildo. This, of course, will make Layla really laugh at you, comparing your tiny-sized dick to the huge cock, which is more her size, she will explain to you. She may slap your face with the large dildo and make you kiss it and tell her, out loud, how tiny and useless your little weenie is. She will make you refer to it out loud as "my little useless weenie." She loves that word, can you tell?

You may wonder what the blindfold is for. You see, I get a certain amount of extra pleasure when I see you squirming, uneasy, afraid because you don't know what is coming next. The blindfold will serve that purpose because I plan on having a little sissy/slut gangbang of your whore mouth. First I'll take you by the chin and apply lipstick, then my girlfriends will line up with their strap-on cocks, including Lydia's massive ejaculating JoyDick, full of creamy cum. We'll take turns fucking your mouth as Layla makes fun of your continually shrinking dick, even as she massages it with her hand to try to get you hard. All this humiliation will just make you smaller, and the entire process will build.

Watching you suck cock while you cannot see is a real turn on for me, so I may take a break and assume a comfortable position in your office chair to watch my girlfriends go down on your mouth, stretching your lips, making you drool, making you gag out loud with each thrust.

Perhaps we'll add a special surprise, and you'll know by the hushed whispers and tension in the room that we do have a new visitor, and

you may find something warm and thick filling your mouth. But you would just go right along with it, wouldn't you?

You'd hear Layla say, "Now, THAT is a cock…" and I may make a few comments as well.

Sounds like the perfect way to spend the afternoon, don't you think, my whore?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Dec 13, 2021Akasha

Old Fashioned

Hello my slut,

You looked stunning today in your suit. It's always a thrill to see you get really dressed up for an important presentation. I also enjoy seeing you a little nervous. It goes without saying, but I know you'll do fine today. Just try not to think about what a slut you are when you are standing up there doing your presentation. I'll admit, I hope the audience consists of a few gorgeous women in sharp suits, short skirts and sexy high-heeled pumps. That'll put you in the mood, won't it?

You must feel strange today, being dressed totally normal and not wearing a heavy chastity device. With the exception of your closely shaved and neatly trimmed crotch, you must look like every other power suit in the office today – both inside and out. Does it feel nice to go back to being the man in control?

All of this makes me remember the old times. Remember when I first started tormenting you in the office? Just the idea of wearing a thong under your suit was so foreign to you, so difficult and humiliating. The idea of me penetrating you was unthinkable. It took so long to get you to trust me enough to give me your slut virginity. But after that, it was all downhill. You turned into a magnificent corporate slut and have never looked back.

I suppose seeing you this morning, in your power suit, I started getting nostalgic. I was remembering our "normal" lunches at your office when I would come by dressed like a sweet innocent young lady and we'd eat Chinese takeout behind your closed office door. You had no idea what I was planning for you. Or did you?

After your presentation today I'm going to drop by just like old times. I'll even bring you lunch. There will be no long, drawn-out

humiliation for you today; after all, you have quite a busy morning ahead.

Consider it a little bit of old-fashioned affection. I'll be wearing a nice leather skirt and tight red blouse, sheer stockings and stiletto pumps. Behind closed doors this time I'll straddle your lap and let you slide your hands up my thighs, feel my stockings, trace your fingers to the suspenders as your cock stiffens in your briefs.

Then you'll feel the leather buckles around my hips and under my ass, and realize I'm wearing my harness. You remember it, of course. The strap-on harness I wore the first time I fucked you. You'll understand what I mean by old-fashioned.

I want to fuck you with my strap on, but only after making you watch me fasten the dildo in place. You'll have to kneel down in your suit and watch as I put the shiny black dildo in place, sliding my hand up and down as I taunt you with it. "You want to suck cock, don't you?" I'll say.

The response will come naturally to you. "Yes, I want to suck your cock," you'll say. I'll make you repeat it again and again. You know how much it turns me on to hear you say it. I'll reach under and slide my fingers over my panties as you say it – over and over again. I'll walk toward you with my cock in my hand and make you open your mouth hungrily for it. Maybe I'll even make you crawl to me on your hands and knees.

It's going to be incredibly hot to see you in your business suit behaving in this manner. Crawling to me on your hands and knees until you reach my cock. You'll have to open wide and prepare to accept the entire length of my shaft. I'll hold you by the head and make sure you don't move – just remain there trying not to gag as I start the slow, steady motion with my hips. Pumping in and out of your mouth – faster and faster.

Listening to you slurp and slurp and suck on my dick will be what sets me off, what makes me want even more. Your ass, your fine slut ass bent over your desk with your pants pulled down around your ankles. As I fuck your face I'll tell you about it – I'll tell you how I am going to ram that slick cock up your ass and make you beg for more.

The only lubrication you'll get is the slick wet spit on the dildo, now slippery and glistening and ready for real action. Maybe, if you're lucky, I'll take the warm, wet juices from my pussy and delicately slide them around your asshole. I'll certainly be lubricated enough for both of us by then.

You'll have to stand up and take off your belt and drop your pants and briefs for me, standing there with a stiff erection. How amusing that'll be! Your cock, hard, from sucking dick. Perhaps some humiliation will be in order, perhaps I'll get myself off even more by making you admit you get hard from sucking cock.

There won't be much time for hesitation, though, because I'll want to get to the best part. First, bending you over your desk and spreading your ass cheeks, holding them apart, positioning you to take the head of my cock. You'll have to keep your mouth shut for this, you'll have to hold back and yelps of pain as my dildo slides into you. If you tense too much I'll lube it up for you because I want to get a good, steady rhythm going so I can feel the pressure against my crotch build and bring myself to orgasm while fucking you.

Holding you by the hips and positioning my cock for depth, I'll keep pumping until you're thoroughly opened up and able to take the entire length of my shaft. You'll feel the balls of my dildo slamming into you, you'll feel the entire desk shaking under your weight.

Whether or not I let you cum, I'm not sure. All I can think about right now is having you in position at home, in the swing, so I could get your legs high over your head and your cock pointed squarely at

your face. I can see it, in my mind, so perfectly. I can see you grimacing as you try to hold back the orgasm but you can't. No matter how much you try, the pumping in your ass brings you right to the edge until you have no choice but to explode into your own face. Streams of white cum shooting down all over your face – that's what I want to see. I want to see you licking your lips hungrily as the drops keep falling. No matter how much it humiliates you, you only want more.

Today, though, I will have to settle for the old-fashioned fucking over your desk. Your arms will be outstretched over the top of it, holding tightly onto the edges for leverage. Your ass cheeks will be red from being slapped as I tell you to loosen up, to relax your hole so I can get deeper and deeper.

Maybe you'll explode right there as you are fucked. Maybe when I finally pull my cock out of your ass I'll have you stand up and you won't be able to hide it. Cum coating your dick and on the floor.

You know what will happen. I'll point to the ground and you'll get down on your knees, like a proper slut, and proceed to lick the cum up off the floor. You'll lick up every drop because you don't want a co-worker to notice later that the odd substance is leaving a stain.

Yes, I'll consider today a bit of an old-fashioned lunch date. And you, I bet, are just sitting there reading this with a bulge in your pants and an aching in your balls. You can probably already imagine what your ass is going to feel like later today.

Good luck with your presentation. I have some preparations to make myself.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Dec 20, 2021Akasha

Monday Mischief

Good morning my corporate slut,

Is my property aching relentlessly today in those too-tight pink panties? You looked so ridiculous this morning when I had you put on your special "bitch for a day" lingerie – the pink thong, white thigh highs and pink bra. Such a cute collection for my frilly little whore. Adding the perfume to your panties was a nice touch. I am sure the ladies in your office are wondering what that strange, feminine scent is every time you walk by. I might have to consider making the fragrance a regular part of your training!

To add to your predicament, I have a new set of instructions for you. Right now you have to go into your toy drawer and take your ribbed pink butt plug. I know you are not quite used to this pink menace thanks to its large size and unique shape. That's ok, my whore. In good time you will learn to love this toy like you love all the things I violate you with.

Today you are not allowed to use lubricant, though. You must prepare yourself by deep throating the plug first, and then after you have worshipped it thoroughly, you may use any precum that you have accumulated. You'll have to reach down into your pretty pink panties and scoop up as much precum as you can, then lubricate the plug with your fingers. I bet you will be sucking long, deep and passionately as you kneel down, preparing yourself for the violation. I know that you get very, very wet when you suck cock for me, so perhaps you'll have to imagine that you are worshipping my strap-on dick as you go down on the pink plug. The more pre-cum you have to work with, the better off you will be….

I imagine this plug is going to be very, very tight as you work it into your ass. It might help you a little if you imagine my upcoming visit this afternoon. I'm bringing two girlfriends and four strap-ons. You

can do the math on that one. You'll be wondering what all the hardware is for, I'm sure. You just keep thinking about that as you lift your ass in the air while you are on all fours, legs spread, groaning and sweating as you push and prod the huge plug into your ass. Your poor hole will be so tight, so stretched. I imagine you will have to take deep breaths, imagining any scenario you can in order to get that plug inside. You better take your time, my slave, and not do any damage – your ass will need to be in good shape when I arrive later with my hot friends.

I should let you know that the other special thing about the gear we are bringing is that the strap ons are actually ejaculating dildos. I'm equipping myself and my girlfriends with ejaculating dildos because we want to have a little, special afternoon together – seeing who has the best shot and who can humiliate you most with the use of your defrosted cum.

I have a few ounces of stored, creamy white cum in my possession. When we arrive, I plan to start by stripping you down to just your pink sissy lingerie, then bending you over your desk and having a very thorough, humiliating inspection. During this inspection, you are going to have to say out loud, to all my pretty female friends, "I am nothing but a pink sissy bitch," and "I love to suck big dicks," and "My useless tiny penis fits easily into these size small panties." I have other humiliating lines that you will be forced to say in front of my lady friends, and I am sure they are going to have a few lines of their own.

Once you are totally prone and feeling completely helpless, I'm going to pull your pink panties down your thighs, all the way down around your ankles. You'll feel them tightly there pulling on your skin as you feel my hands spreading your ass cheeks apart and slowly, carefully removing the menacing plug. You'd better hold still for this part, my slut.

Next, you'll feel lubrication on your ass before I stick the syringe up your hole, and you will have no idea how much cum I am squirting into your asshole. All you will hear are our giggles and a few whispers as I shoot load after load into your ass before replacing the plug. "Now, he's full right up with CUM!" one of my girlfriends will probably observe, laughing as we plug you tightly and keep the cum up inside you. How humiliating it is going to be for you to have to wear the plug for the duration of our stay; you know when we leave you, we will put you in a maxi pad so that once the plug is removed the cum will leak out of your hole and soak the pad. I suppose we could be really cruel and let the cum ooze out and fill up your panties or leak right into your trousers….oh, now there's an interesting idea. Something to make you beg me not to do, perhaps?

The grand finale of the afternoon is what I am looking forward to most, though. After making you suck – vigorously – on each of our strap-on cocks, I am going to check to see if you have managed to suck any of the cum from the ejaculating dildos. Let's see just how passionately you can use your mouth and lips, and how hard you can suck when you know you have to.

You'll then have to get down on all fours as we line up, all the ladies, and take turns ejaculating in your face. We're going to have our own competition to see who gets the largest load on your face. There's nothing wrong with a little healthy competition after all, is there?

See you soon, my whore…

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jan 3, 2022Akasha

Measured

You really have to be some kind of top-tier corporate bitch to have your tailor come to your office to do measurements for your next couple of suits.

Is it arrogance, or are you just that busy?

And more importantly, why does this vision turn me on so much? I bet you fantasize about some hot, tight young blonde arriving from the tailor to "measure" you, enjoying all the attention and the brushing against your body, the scent of her skin as she gets too close. And how she must think about just how powerful you are.

That damned ego again!

I leave you alone for a few weeks and look what happens to you. You start bragging about your measurements being taken in your office, about how busy you are.

You should have never told me this. Any of this. Haven't you learned?

**

Oh, I called the tailor. We had a talk. Sadly, I could not get a tight little blonde out there to measure you, but I made one simple, diabolical request.

I told them, "Leave the measuring tape behind."

Such an innocent request it would seem. But trust me, it isn't. Because once they are done fawning over you, measuring your inseam and chest, I will be dropping by to do some inspections of your own.

And to introduce you to my own nine inches.

Special, thick, cruel nine inches.

It's the size of my latest strap-on cock. Once your ego is fully inflated with all the attention to your thousand-dollar suit(s) creation, I will be there to bring you back to size. Literally.

You must be wondering what the measuring tape is for.

**

My nine-inch cock is gorgeous.

It's black and has a fine texture. When lubed (yes, I lubed it up to stroke it in the mirror) it glistens. You know how much I love to see black, shiny glistening dick – it just makes me want to shove it. Hard. Into …well, whatever "hole" I desire at that given moment.

This cock is good and thick. How many women do you know that take great pleasure in window shopping for dicks? I do. Because I know the bigger it is, the better It will feel as it presses between your ass cheeks.

Of course, I do not feel the actual cock, but I feel the pressure against my crotch, the base pressing, rubbing against my pelvic bone, sending much-appreciated vibrations of sorts down toward my clit.

That's all it takes. It just makes me want to thrust more. Harder.

And it will be tight. I will bring plenty of lube.

But what about the measuring tape? Oh, yes. That.

**

My dick is much larger than yours. In fact, we will be entering a month long, if not more, period where your dick is of absolutely no concern to me. It will be locked up, in a pink chastity device. Then in pink panties. Every day.

I will start our visit by measuring – with the tape – the size of your pathetic cock. With a serious reminder that I need a much larger cock for satisfaction – but, that's ok. You will please me in other ways. Many, many other ways.

I will make you measure my strap-on cock while on your knees, using your teeth to hold the tape in place, so your lips are so close to my shaft tip. I will double your size. Because you are going to be flaccid and humiliated. This will not be one of those times that you are stiff, rocking a large erection, so turned on by your humiliation, because I am going to shove ice cubes into your asshole until you are quivering, pathetic.

Limp.

I bet your nose will be sniffling and eyes watering. Like a pathetic girl. Just over some ice.

Then the humiliation of the measurement.

Then, to be honest, what I am most excited about — making you present your wrists to me in front so I can bind them with the measuring tape. Tightly. I want you tied up with that measuring tape as I make you attempt – sadly – to get your lips around the entire thickness of my new cock.

Good luck with that.

It is so big, your mouth is going to be swollen all day. So instead of walking around with pride and a spring in your step over having the tailor there doing your measurements, you will be self-conscious about your puffy lips, stretched corners of your mouth.

My hands tightly in your hair, holding your head still. I will pump. And pump. And pump. Until my hips are moving hard and fast and you are gagging, choking on it. Eyes watering. Pathetic wrists bound. So much for the ego of your big measurement!

It is all the warm-up though. Because next comes the bending over, you presenting your ass to me, so I can lube it up liberally and fuck you hard. Fuck you until I cum. It may take 15 minutes, it may take an hour. I will bring my clit vibrator just in case, in case you are crying ad begging for mercy and need me to finish off before you are unable to walk the rest of the day.

But after the mouth-fucking, the ass-fucking, I am not done.

Not even close.

I need the measuring tape for something else entirely. As you grovel there, wishing you could curl up into the fetal position, I will make you strip down for my measurements. I have to measure 7 different parts of your body.

You must be wondering why.

Well, because I am ordering a custom pink satin dress for you, ruffled, so feminine. It will be custom-designed to fit your body perfectly, so I can finally create my biggest fantasy – "the taking" of you as a very feminine, slutty girl bitch. Oh, a tight, pink satin dress is going to be incredible on you. So degrading. Yet, you will have a huge bulge in your panties – or, be stiff against the cage.

I am going to film the measurements to send to the ladies at the custom dress shop – and they will be laughing and sharing it among their group, I am sure.

Three weeks later, I will have your custom dress. Probably just around the time your "new suit" arrives. Sorry to put a damper on

the arrival of the new suit. How ironic that you get a new "power suit" at the same time I get you into a new girlie dress – all for me.

Is it clear why I want that measuring tape left behind?

I can't wait to see how your ego holds up.

Not well, I predict.

See you this afternoon, my corporate bitch!

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jan 10, 2022Akasha

Lunching for Cum

Good morning my corporate bitch,

If you have looked into your briefcase yet this morning, you will see that the lunch you so carefully prepared last night is gone. You were so proud, I could not help but feel a little sad for you when I removed the carefully sealed container of such healthy, freshly prepared food. I know you take your health and body very seriously and had a very special lunch planned to give you all the energy you need for your gym workout after the office is done for the day…but you know, sometimes I get a bit of a whimsical idea.

No, I am not going to starve you. I did not steal your lunch just to be cruel. Although I will admit, I am eating it right now as I write this letter, pausing sometimes to think about what my plans are. Your food is quite delicious. Does that make your stomach growl? I finished the small salad quickly and am now eating the salmon. You did such a nice job on a very healthy, practical meal. If I were not enjoying it so much, I'd feel sorry for you, sitting there in your office, dressed so sharply, stomach growling, worried about what I might have in store for you.

I could just tell you that you are going to take me out for a nice lunch this afternoon and this was a way to guarantee it. That maybe you have not been paying attention to the details, and as such, you will be making it up to me by joining me at a very fancy restaurant, buying me a very expensive lunch, while I flirt with you from across the table and eventually sit on your face in the backseat of the car making you eat me out before letting you return to the office.

(Of course, I would not let you wash your face, making you return to work with a shit-eating grin and your face glistening with the scent of my pussy, forcing you to try in vain to get focused on work again, but we both know how well that would work out.)

Oh, I bet there's a tight, inappropriate little bulge right now in your panties as you think about the taste of my pussy and the prospect of a little afternoon delight. Maybe it's a good thing that I stole your lunch after all, right? Go ahead, reach down and take a little distracting squeeze break, reach into your trousers and move your hand down the front of the pink lace panties. Feels good, doesn't it? Oh, you are just imagining the taste of my pussy and my groans of pleasure as I ride your face, wishing the clock would stop so you could lick me to orgasm after orgasm. That's the way to spend your lunch, isn't it!?

I have some disappointing news for you. On the one hand, you are correct that my stealing your lunch is because I have other plans for you today. But in reality, the self indulgence is all mine, and while the idea of a fine meal at a fancy restaurant followed by a half hour of pussy worship is appealing, my mood is far more dark and sadistic. After all, I can get my pussy eaten out anytime I want, remember? You are my slave. You lick when and how I tell you, whether it be my ass or my pussy.

No, I had other plans. But they involve your lunch break and will still result in you having a full belly when we are done. With what, though, might surprise you.

I took out a personal ad. A very nasty, degrading, graphic one. As a result, I have fifteen cocks lined up for you to suck. You are probably wondering why I have fifteen lined up – well, I plan to be prepared because some of them might not go through with it. At the very least, I want you to suck five cocks. Five cocks and five loads of cum – that's what you will be sucking for me. Each man is going to pay me $100. I could earn up to $1,500 in one afternoon, think about that!

I suppose you are probably thinking about something else. You are probably busy thinking about why and how you are going to do this. I can assure you, you are going to go through with it. You are going

to go through with it because you are my whore, my bitch and I own your ass. I own every part of your body, and today, I want to see you suck dick for cash.

When we do it, you are going to be dressed for me, humiliated for me and degraded for me. The entire afternoon will be about my pleasure – and the dicks that are lined up for you to suck, you will do it while I watch, perhaps just taking it in, perhaps pleasuring myself during the little performance.

I expect you to do a fine job. After all, the dildo sucking exercises I have made you submit to over the past years have been for a reason – to ensure that your cocksucking capabilities are amazing. I expect you to do such a fine job that I receive tips on top of the cash that I am paid….wouldn't that be fantastic?

Then I will hogtie you in your sissy lingerie and head off to the mall to spend my cash. Whether or not I bring you along for the shopping trip is still undecided. You'll have a belly full of cum, though, and probably a fair amount dried into your hair and over your face. Is that appropriate for an afternoon in the mall? We shall see.

Hope you are good and hungry around lunchtime…..

See you soon.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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akasha@akashaweb.com

Jan 17, 2022Akasha

More than your Mouth Can Hold

Good morning my corporate slut,

I certainly hope your stamina is strong today. Because I just feel like it's going to be one of those days.

I didn't sleep well last night, I woke up in an insatiable mood that can only be cured by one thing. Don't worry, I'm not going to be sending you lingerie shopping with a sealed note today, or calling ahead to Victoria's Secret and telling the gorgeous, tall, buxom manager there to expect Mr. Corporate Guy to be by later to purchase new pink panties for himself.

But I am going to be 'visiting' you this afternoon to get a few things off my chest. And then some.

And if that doesn't make me feel better, well, then maybe there will be a little shopping experience for you after lunch as well. It's always entertaining to totally humiliate you in a lingerie store. Hearing those quiet giggles from the ladies in the store just tickles my heart. It is as if the warmth of your blushing cheeks actually moistens my panties…

But we'll have to say.

For this afternoon, I need you prepared, so you should start by continually jerking off until I arrive. Continually. Nonstop. Without cumming. I want you stroking in your panties until you are so wet and hard over and over again that by the time I arrived, they are soaking wet.

And I will be inspecting them to verify.

They had better be so wet and stained with precum that they look like you pissed in them. I will be peeling them off from you and then pressing them into your face and making your tongue them clean before I get down to business, and as I do so, I expect your cock to be so stiff, swollen and red that it's obvious you've been torturing it all morning waiting for my arrival.

The nonstop edging should have you absolutely ready to explode. So if I lean down and slide your cock between my breasts, you will nearly fall apart. If I bend over and make you slide it between my ass cheeks, you might explode. If I give you one stroke with my hands, you might lose it. If I even give you a 'foot job', you will risk shooting your load.

If any of these things accidentally happen, you will be punished severely, only after eating your load and entering a 120-period of non-negotiable locked chastity with NO stimulation, not even your ass. So you'd better be careful when you feel my warm, warm tits around your cock, or feel the fine skin of my ass cheeks that you so love to worship…don't blow your load, my horny little bitch!

Next will come the blindfold and my favorite part of the afternoon. All I want to do today is make you kneel there like a poor, helpless little whore with your mouth hanging open, waiting eagerly to suck, worship, adore anything I shove into it. Starting with my fingers, ramming them into your mouth, making you suck on them as if your life depended on it. Such a simple and mundane task, but do you think I give a damn?

I might make you do this for an hour. I might make you do this while I masturbate with my other hand, just to make you sulk pitifully because you wish you were sucking dick. Just because I know you want so bad to be used sometimes that you can start to "sulk" if you feel you are not getting enough attention, and even when you sulk, I get off on it. I will cum watching you suck my fingers because it pleases me to watch your tongue go at it around the tips, trying to

be adequate, to be efficient, knowing that in your head you are imagining bit juicy dicks.

You always want more. I know that you want a big cock in your mouth, and maybe I will cum and decide you have earned it, and I will go ahead and strap it on, or hell, maybe I will just hold the cock in my hand and shove it into your mouth. Who knows, maybe if I am lazy, I will just bring a friend, and have him come in, that way I can just have him unzip and then all I have to do is watch…

I could always bring a cock that is simply too large for your mouth. With you blindfolded, it would be entertaining to see the confused look cross your face as you try to open wide enough but just can't do it.

"What's the matter?" I would say in a condescending tone. "You aren't good enough to suck my cock anymore?" Maybe it would be so thick you can't stretch your lips to wrap all the way around. Maybe you can't open your jaw enough to get it in, no matter how much you try. Then I would berate you, and tell you that you are useless to me if you can't suck cock, and then tell you how small your dick is compared to this real cock. Blindfolded, the size of this large, thick dick as it tries to find its way into your mouth would be shocking and humiliating. That might be a bit of an attitude adjustment.

It might make you wish you were back to the easier, meditative moments of sucking on my delicate fingers when surrender was simpler when simply following instructions was all that mattered. Only then, when your mouth could barely accommodate even the head of the super huge cock would you realize that perhaps the passive-aggressive sigh you let out earlier was something I pick up on all too easily, and such messages were not ignored.

Be careful what you wish for, my corporate slut. I will give you more than your mouth can hold!

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jan 24, 2022Akasha

Overwhelmed by Cum

Good morning my corporate slut,

Lately, I am obsessed with the idea of seeing you absolutely overwhelmed.

This isn't the first time. And it won't be the last.

I just can't decide yet if I want you to be overwhelmed with the size of my cock. Or, the number of cocks I make you suck. Not many women can present this dilemma to their corporate multi-millionaire boytoy first thing in the morning on Monday, can they? Yet, you sit there, dressed in your very expensive suit, over your very expensive lace pink panties, shaking probably a bit, pale, and the ladies that walk by your office probably think you just had a 'rough weekend.'

As in, too much champagne on a yacht.

They wouldn't think you spend a great deal of it on all fours with an inflatable penis gag in your mouth, pumped up full, as I plunged a large, thick strap-on dick deeper and deeper into your ass. Yet, it wasn't enough.

They probably have no clue that not once, but twice, you literally passed out due to lack of oxygen because I smothered you with my ass, forcing you to endure an ass worship session of forty minutes in length each time, riding your nose and mouth with my ass cheeks and ass crack while torturing your balls with my long, sharp fingernails because the gasp and whimpers, when strategically positioned right under my ass crack, make me shiver.

Of course, they would have no idea that you were positioned in the corner of my room with my soiled panties pulled over your head, licking wet cum from the crotch of them. Wet cum that did not come

from your cock. It came from a man we only knew as "Rex". Rex who fucked me in the same room after you suck his dick. Not that this was easy – me, making you suck cock because I masturbated first in front of you, made you suck my fingers, then blindfolded you and led you into "the position" and guided his member into your waiting lips, encouraging, moaning, gasping.

I was the one that made him cum into the panties after all, so I could give you a fresh reminder, and I was the one that positioned them over your head, crotch over your mouth, then duct-taped it into place and told you to have it licked clean before he was done fucking me. Nicely done, I must say. The first of many nights of pleasure!

No wonder you look tired and pale. But they think you just had a long weekend of partying.

And yet, over the weekend, I don't think I ever saw you look "overwhelmed," and that's what I need. I didn't "need" to fuck your ass hard; I didn't "need" to smother you twice and have you pass out, I didn't "need" to cuckold you, make you suck cock and eat cum. What I needed was you to be so humiliated and degraded that you shook and trembled with such desperation that your ragged breathing changed to a whimper and your cock still raged stiffly and leaked precum even though your body would not stay still at all. I need you to be so overwhelmed that words wouldn't even come anymore, and all you could communicate with is your eyes, and perhaps a few desperate kisses.

So think about that when I bring over the new strapon I like to call "the big boy," and I give a call to my girlfriend Brenda who said she's new but wants to give it all a try. I know you freak out when I bring a new lady around. Maybe two cocks shoved into your mouth at the same time will degrade you enough. Maybe when I make you strip down and you stand there wearing embarrassing pink lingerie and she laughs at you and says "Oh my god!' you will feel overwhelmed.

Seeing you accept cock from a new woman is always exhilarating for me. I get to stand on the sidelines and observe from the outside and see how your body tenses, your hips move instinctively, it's as if you are fucking yourself! This tells me how turned on you are. And your cock starts to get hard and starts to drip. If you are wearing panties, they start to bulge. Your cock begins to pop out. And the tip leaks.

I get to make fun of you. I get to walk around and laugh out loud, laugh as the cock fills your mouth. I get to point out how easily and smoothly you can take the entire dick into your mouth, and this always amazes the women. I get to announce in advance how that same huge cock will fit entirely, also, into your ass.

Being able to watch is almost as erotic as being the one pumping the cock into your ass or mouth. Being able to watch allows me to the ability to sit back in your chair and pleasure myself, put my legs up on your desk, spread them in a very unladylike manner, and then watch you pathetically try to act like you are averting your eyes when I know you so desperately want to watch!

Maybe I will have to leave the door open just a crack. Just to make your eyes widen a little. You know – I know what I need. And I will get what I want.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha
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Jan 31, 2022Akasha

Stealing Composure

Good morning my corporate slut,

How well do you think you could "hold up"?

I wonder about you and your cool composure sometimes. I wonder about just how long it would take me to break you completely, to make you lose your cool during an intense and important conference call, or what I could do to humiliate you so much in public that you'd have to excuse yourself to go hide in a corner for a little while.

After all, stripping away your strong exterior is one of my favorite pastimes.

It's been too long since I visited your office and made you endure pain and humiliation while leading a "state of the industry" conference call briefing with your company. Since these calls typically last about 45 minutes, I have plenty of time to fill with tasks and torments that will entertain me and get me hot all at the same time.

"Hands-free" phones are wonderful. A speakerphone wouldn't be ideal, because your audience may hear the locking of buckles, the tightening of leather straps, the squirting of lubricant. However, a headset phone is absolutely ideal, allowing me to fully immerse you in my own degrading playground while you try to conduct business.

If you are a good boy, I might even let you keep your notes in front of you.

You can expect a few things, though. And know that the ultimate goal in all of this is to make me so wet that by the time your call finishes, all I want to do is lock you into my pussy collar and make you bring me to orgasm as quickly as possible.

That is if I don't finish the job myself first.

**

It's easy for me to imagine and plan all of the deliciously degrading things I can do to you – or make you do – while you try to keep your composure on the company-wide conference call.

How would you feel having to strip – slowly – out of your suit and into embarrassing, tight, frilly and feminine lingerie while I sit back, watching you, pleasuring myself, moaning with every move of your hips?

Watching you unbutton your shirt, lower your trousers. Just the image in my mind is enough to get my heart racing. Seeing you roll up the white lace stockings and fasten them up, watching you fit the tight, ultra-girlie white bra around your broad chest. All while talking about the bottom line, facts and figures, and the impact of the economy. Priceless!

I've decided that next, you will have to give me a lapdance. Just like you are a high-paid stripper. And you will be dressed like one, anyway. Right down to the spiked pumps! I'll perfume you for good measure – adding a spritz of the latest girlie scent on your cleavage.

Sitting back in your chair, looking at you as you grind and press your tight feminine body against me, like a pro stripper, making all the right faces. How could I not enjoy this? I may wave a few dollar bills in your direction, making you turn around and bend over, rubbing your g-stringed ass cheeks against my crotch suggestively. Oh, trust me, you will be putting on quite a performance, all while talking professionally to your entire staff.

Why is it that I think you will find your natural groove as my stripper dance queen? In lingerie, swiveling your hips, feeling my hands as they explore your body (as a customer, I get special privileges, of course). I will take my time exploring the feel of the sweet, sexy

lingerie on your masculine body, enjoying how the panties rest over your hips, sliding my thumbs down the back g-string, pulling it taut up your ass cheeks.

And your nipples. I'll delicately tease and torment them through the white lace of the bra, making sure you continue to dance, writhe and move your body the whole time. I bet if I close my eyes and just focus on your hard nipples, inhaling the sweet scent of the perfume, it will be as if you are really a stripper…

That is until I move my hands down your belly and to the front of the barely-there panties. A thick, dripping bulge will greet me, and I'll take special amusement in stroking, massaging, using my nails on the length of the shaft bulging out of the lingerie until your body is twitching and you are losing your cool under pressure.

Your staff may think your voice is quivering because you are so passionate about the sales numbers. I don't think so. I may give you a quick break to pull yourself together, but it will only be to allow you to watch me step into my strap on harness, lube up my 8-inch cock, and pleasure myself a little bit before snapping my fingers and ordering you down on all fours, ass raised.

Seeing you prone like that may put me over the edge. Making you talk – carefully – even as you reach behind and pull the g-string from your ass to give me access.

I'll take a moment to enjoy the show – enjoy you preparing your body for the thickness of my cock – as you do your best to relax, spread your own asscheeks and make yourself prone and available to my large dildo.

I know that it will be very, very difficult for you to remain quiet and calm when my cock enters you. This is where it gets interesting. We both know that you would find it absolutely impossible to remain quiet if I penetrate you too fast, too deep. You could not keep the

muffled whimpers from escaping if I do anything – anything at all other than going precisely slow and deliberate.

So how will I choose to violate you, when your career and ego and livelihood are on the line – literally?

Maybe I am excited by the ultimate challenge – the idea that you will fight to keep your composure as my cock pumps in and out of your tight, tight ass with deliberate rhythm and purpose. Just know that I will be hanging on your every word – just like the rest of your company-wide audience – and making sure my thrusts are appropriately timed.

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

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Feb 7, 2022Akasha

Unmanly Monday

Good morning my corporate slut,

Are you feeling safe now, tucked away in your big corporate office, feeling like maybe – just maybe – you can have a few hours away from the torture and humiliation that consumed your weekend?

Not a chance. Don't you think there's a reason I put you in such a sexy, tight corset today, aside from wanting you to shift in discomfort for a few hours?

Don't you think there's a reason I made you pack a little "goodie bag" of treats – all for me, of course, including a new pair of nipple clamps, a vibrating butt plug and a package of Ben Gay?

There's no rest for you today, my slut. Even though you are working ten hours, you are going to be a whore all day long for me – starting right now, when you take a break from reading this email to pull down your pants and slide down your pink thong and apply Ben Gay to your balls.

Don't get too comfortable, little sissy bitch, because when you finish that, you are going to have to lube up the new vibrating plug with the Ben Gay and shove it up into your tight, quivering little pussy. That's right-you're going to be twitching at a whole new level this morning in your chair, my slut. The Ben Gay butt plug is my own little version of a morning cup of coffee – designed to really get your eyes open and make sure you're alert.

I want you to be fully awake when you hear about the end-of-the-week plans I have set up for us.

But not until you unbutton your shirt and start playing with your titties for me, making your nipples hard. You are going to be so

nervous, afraid someone is going to come to your office door and knock, maybe peer over and try to peek through the blinds. Imagine what your secretary would think if she peeked in and saw you there with your shirt open, wiggling in your seat as your ass is on fire, playing with your titties like a cheap porn star!

Before you get too into it, open up your little "goodie bag" and find the bright red lipstick I sent along with you. I want you to put your lipstick on and take your big black cocksucking dildo out of your drawer and start worshipping it. I'm going to have you ravishing that black cock for a good half hour, maybe calling your office so I can hear on the phone how much you slurp and moan as you deep throat it. You are going to be so into it, you may forget about the lipstick completely… and end up walking into your afternoon budget meeting with lipstick smeared all over your swollen, puffy lips!

(I can't help but giggle imagining that visual. In your nice suit, looking all professional, walking into the boardroom with lipstick smeared all over your face, your lips puffy from sucking on that engorged black thick cock, your panties bulging, I'm sure…oh, that's a picture worth a thousand words, isn't it?)

So my plans for you. Before I get too distracted, thinking of you with smeared lipstick being giggled at by the pretty ladies in your office… let me tell you about the little "salon" trip I have planned with a few girlfriends.

The girls and I were thinking about a girls' weekend – you know, night out drinking, all dressed up to kill, makeup tips, painting our toenails, slumber party, that kind of thing. I confessed that I've had some ideas cooking about new ways to humiliate you, and my girlfriends are on board – one of them said she wants to "take a few things out on you" (haha). Jamie is working at the salon on Friday night and she invited us over after closing to "have our fun" – and that's when we had the idea of turning you into a bimbo and taking you out to sell your goods in Los Angeles.

Really, whether or not we actually make you street walk is uncertain, but we for sure are going to crank up the music, tie you down in the salon, and first wax your privates and trim up your ass real good. We're going to leave a little bit of hair around your "pussy" and dye it pink. That was Lindsay's idea, to be honest. She wanted to dye all your pubes and your armpit hair and I said I'd think about that.

We're going to do a fake gyno exam on you, spreading your legs wide open and videotaping the whole thing up close for later display on the Internet. I've got some "toys" coming in the mail, things to spread you open and other things to shove up inside you, and you are going to have to moan like a girl the whole time!! We may have someone else applying makeup at the same time, to see how much you can concentrate.

We're going to be listening to great dance music, drinking champagne, and finally putting you in fake eyelashes, stuffing your bra and giving you a big, sexy haircut. You'll be cinched in a corset tighter than the one you are wearing now, and then put into a skin-tight latex skirt. Hot. And I don't just mean how you will look – you will be so hot in skin-tight latex because we have a hot top to go with it.

Topping it off will be some thigh-high stockings and "fuck me pumps" – an outfit that would surely get some heads turning down Hollywood blvd. if we do drive you down there and dump you off so we can cruise the streets and find some real guys at some clubs while you earn cash to pay for our drinks!!

I don't know what is going to be harder for you – the humiliation of being prodded and opened up, probed, ultimately dressed up like a whore – or, seeing how smoking hot and sexy we look in our club clothes, talking about all the guys we want to fuck. I am going to offer you as a "clean up bitch" too, perhaps instead of having you walk the streets we can leave you hogtied in the limo so when we bring back guys to fuck us, you can clean up the messes afterward.

Or in the dark back of the limo, you can suck dicks for us – I'm sure that will be a great pick up line in the bar, telling the potential guys that we have a young, hot, horny slut girlfriend in the car that is tied up and blindfolded and all she wants to do is suck dick!

What guy wouldn't want that? After a few drinks, and the way you'd be dressed up, he'd have no idea you were really a guy – unless he reached over to play with your titties! We will have to tell him the rules, I suppose….

I'm sure you can tell I have a lot of ideas for our little "salon date" soon – and I am not going to reveal much else to you, other than the fact that you need to be eager, horny and ready to do anything. With that in mind, make sure you go jerk off to the edge after you read this email, and enjoy the rest of your day – horny, desperate, plugged and ready. Your nipples should be sore and your ass will be on fire. Just don't forget to take off the lipstick, bitch!

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Feb 14, 2022Akasha

Sloppy Seconds

Hello my corporate slut,

I hope you are getting used to the idea of being my cuckold sissy bitch. The more and more I go out and enjoy having other men fuck me, the more I realize that I really do have little use for your "cock." I know this actually excites you. I bet you would be tremendously turned on if I were to tell you that I plan to lock up your cock and balls permanently and reduce you to a mere fluffer for my men.

It's really about my pleasure only, isn't it? Tonight you will come home and strip out of your power suit and remain in your sissy panties and bra. You will put on some sexy thigh-high stockings for me and after you fix me a glass of wine, you will go into my closet and select three outfits for me to choose from. I want you to pull out something latex, something leather and something lace. Tonight I'm going out dancing with my girlfriends, and I want to be dressed to kill.

Your job will be to prepare my outfit and make sure my girlfriends and I are attended to as we get ready for our night out. You'll be serving us drinks as we get dressed and listen to loud dance music, as we laugh and talk about the prospects of getting laid. You'll ache sadly as you hear us talking about having a big cock inside, or fucking a man senseless, knowing that you will get none of it.

Once the night is really roaring and my girlfriends have had a few glasses of wine, I will have you enter the bedroom and strip out of your lingerie so you are naked and they can have a good laugh at you. You'll have to change into your cocksucker outfit as they watch, and I will explain to them what this outfit means.

"My little bitch wears his cocksucker outfit when I bring men home. He dresses up like a cheap bimbo, with big hair, big tits and a corset

and high heels, with bright red lipstick. A locking plug goes into his ass and a vibrating egg is in the crotch of his panties, one that I control remotely."

Oh, how humiliating for you. I'm sure my girlfriends will have some questions and make your dress-up process even more degrading – but really, we're only thinking about one thing. Our night out and what men we hope to meet, how we want to get laid, and how a good a nice fuck will feel later. I will invite my girlfriends to use my pad as a place to hook up if they want – so long as they fuck their men in front of my cocksucker!

Now, I am not sure either of them will be into this idea, they can be rather shy. But after a few drinks, who knows?

At 11 pm the limo you paid for will pick us up. We'll be dressed to kill and you'll be in your cocksucker outfit, crawling to the door to see us out. Maybe the limo driver will get a glimpse of the pink, pantied little sissy in the door on all fours as we make our exit and wave. After a few drinks don't be surprised if one of my girlfriends decides to tell the limo driver all about you.

(It just occurred to me that the limo driver may actually be a woman. You never know. I might have to request a hot female driver sometime and let her in on our little secret! Maybe I could keep you hogtied in your sissy cocksucker outfit in the back of the limo and tell the driver to keep you "busy" while we are in the club making the rounds?)

Now, what are you going to do while we are all out at the club? The vibration in your panties will keep you acutely aware that I am out having a good time. I will whisper to you before I leave that I plan to turn it on every time I am making out with a new guy. When you feel that vibration in your crotch, you can imagine that some gorgeous, built man is kissing me deeply and moving his hands down to cup my ass, pressing his hardon against my skirt. If he's

good, he might even be getting laid later. You know I will take my time sampling the goods at the club, making sure I find just what I am looking for – a man that can deliver a long, hard fuck, and a man with a huge cock.

Maybe I need to think about having a video camera on you while we are gone, so I can check later and make sure that you remain in your sissy corner practicing with your dildo the entire time we are gone, as you are instructed. It might be just what I need to assure you will follow instructions like a good little bitch, practicing deep throating and licking and worshipping that dildo in case I need your services later in the evening.

It will be difficult for you – not knowing what will happen at the end of the night. After all, I could come home alone, after being fucked long and hard in the limo, and all you will be left to do is clean up my pussy. But you'll smell the scent of a man all over me, and as I spread my legs and force your face into my pussy I will describe in great detail what an amazing fuck he was, how big and thick his cock was, and how good it felt when he pounded it inside me. As you suck and slurp up the cum I'll remind you that you are a pussy clean-up bitch, and that your cock will never again be inside of me. How will that make you feel?

Or, maybe, I will bring a man home. I could bring a tall, built, handsome jock into our place and warn him ahead of time that I have my own "fluffer" and tell him what a bimbo you are. With the lights down low, maybe he won't even question it, and I know when your lips (painted fresh with lipstick) wrap around his cock, he will forget everything and just moan with pleasure as you do what you have been trained to do. I will watch as I sip wine, telling him you like it rough, to go ahead and fuck your face hard with his cock, to ram it down your throat, or cum on your face if he so desires.

But we both know he will never get to that point. I will be so incredibly turned on from watching him fuck your mouth that I'll

make him pull out and drag him down on top of me on the bed, pulling down my panties and hiking up my skirt so he has access to my pussy. I'll make sure I tell him how good it feels as he fucks me, knowing that my little cuckcold bitch is watching from a few feet away. You may get to see a great show, after all, perhaps barely remembering what it feels like to have your cock inside a woman.

Your job will come later, though, when he finishes. Wherever he cums, however, he cums, you will clean up every last drop like a good little bitch, won't you? After all, that's what I've trained you to do.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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akasha@akashaweb.com

Feb 21, 2022Akasha

Face Fucked

Good morning my corporate slut,

Today you're going to know what it's like to be a real pussy slave. I've decided that you need a reminder of what your main purpose is – to satisfy me sexually. Another reason this comes to mind today is that I woke up so incredibly horny. I've cum today twice already. Once with my rabbit vibe, and the other time in the shower. Both times I was thinking of you strapped helplessly down in front of me, a cock in both your ass and your mouth.

I won't tell you exactly who else was present in the fantasy. After all, it was just a fantasy – my fantasy – but I'll share with you that you were whored out at a party to couples while I watched. There was nothing hotter than watching you suck down a huge black cock. A black man with a stellar body, a hard body, and a huge 9 and a half inch cock. He had a shaved head and a single tattoo. Watching your mouth take the entire length of his dick was a rush for me. I imagined that you were blindfolded and did not know that a real dick was about to be shoved into your mouth.

I was rubbing my pussy when I pictured the beefy black man with the huge dick coming at you. I imagined how you'd hesitate at first but I'd grab you by the head and tell you to suck it. I'd order you to suck cock for me because I wanted to see a real cock on display. A real huge dick. One so much larger than yours. This made you feel so humiliated, but the bulge in your latex thong just grew and grew.

I bet as you read this now you are getting stiff in your thong, aren't you? You get hard when you imagine being forced to suck dick for me. You know I get wet when I imagine whoring you out at a party, making you walk around with a cock gag in your mouth and offering your cock sucking talents for five dollars a pop. I could make a hundred bucks easily.

The best part would be the "free sample" on stage where I made you get down on all fours and take a real cock in front of the entire room – men and women, singles and couples. Hot women in latex dresses and thigh-high boots, women with slave girls on leashes and women who wanted a shot at fucking your ass by the end of the night. I'd make sure you were the most desirable slave present.

Oh, but I'm getting ahead of myself here, talking about my fantasies. Right now I want to talk about reality – the reality of what you're going to have to endure for me at lunch today.

Today you are going to be my pussy slave. I've created an updated version of my pussy collar and I'll be wearing it when I visit you after lunch. This time, I'm going to actually sit on your desk and spread my legs wide. You'll be locked into my pussy collar – your leather collar will be shackled tightly to the leather bands around my thighs. Every time I open my legs, your face will be smashed against my cunt. You won't be able to move away, you won't be able to stop.

You'll be smothered, smeared with my pussy juices.

I'm going to pump my hips to really get going. I'm going to be lifting my ass up and down all over your paperwork. The combination of moisture from your licking and my pussy juices will start to slide down my crack and coat your most important contracts. Nothing will matter; you'll have to just keep going until I'm done.

I won't even have to hold you by the head, but I will anyway. You'll be used to the feeling of both my hands gripping you, two fists in your hair, my nail digging in. I'll pump against your face so hard that you'll have to time your breaths.

As if this was not enough, I have a second plan for you. Once I've had my way with you in the pussy collar, I'll re-introduce you to my other favorite toy – the dual cock gag. My poor slut, you know what this means.

I'll ram the large, thick cock gag into your mouth and buckle it tightly, preparing to ride your face for my pleasure. You'll be choking on the large cock, fully aware of what comes next.

When I fasten the thick, vibrating dildo on the other end of the gag and prepare to mount, you'll realize again what it is like to be used like a sex toy. My pussy will be tight when I slide down at first – just how I like it – having to move my hips to settle into the most comfortable position.

My thighs will be around your head. My pussy will be so close to your face, but the gag will prevent you from licking or sucking me. Instead, you'll be forced to inhale my scent and listen to me moan as I ride your face.

Is this worse, more humiliating, than being used the way I imagined in my fantasy? Worse than being used like a whore for women and men to fuck – your mouth a hole ready to accept anything?

I'll enjoy riding your face for as long as it takes. Your face will soon be glistening, wet, and you'll be surrounded by the familiar scent of my arousal. Best of all, I will not let you clean up. Instead, you'll have to go through the entire rest of the day remembering our little afternoon visit.

As you read this, knowing that later you're going to be my "sex toy" and my "fuck object," I bet you aren't able to hide your arousal. Go ahead, slut. Call my voice mail while you reach down and take out my property. Stroke your freshly shaved cock and balls and moan into my voice mail, and for a grand finale, take out your large black dildo and suck it for me.

It'll be a nice message for me to listen to while I get my toys together and prepare for our afternoon visit. Today I'll be cumming many times. Many more times, I should say.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Feb 28, 2022Akasha

Immobility

Good morning my corporate slut,

Delicious immobility.

Do you know what this might mean for you? When I decide that it's time to make you endure what's pushing all my hot buttons, there's really no room for any kind of negotiation. It occurred to me over the weekend that it's been much too long since you've been completely immobilized. Reduced to just one thing.

Just one thing. For me.

That one thing – of course – is a hole. Or perhaps two, I should say.

Your total immobilization will be the part that turns me on most, though. I want you restrained so tightly that you can barely breathe. I want you reduced to simply eyes – two sweet, begging eyes, unable to do anything but try to will me into letting you go because the pleading in your eyes is so sincere.

Your mouth will be open, as well as your ass, so that I may insert any variety of degrading, violating things into them. If I add a blindfold, you will be totally helpless. That will terrify you. And when you start shaking, I'll just get wetter.

Your mouth. Open, perhaps held open with an O-ring gag or a dental gag, ready to take anything I shove down your throat. Maybe it will be a dripping, ejaculating dildo, or maybe this time it will be fluid, straight fluid, forced down your throat and into your belly.

Creamy, warm cum. Saved from last time. A condom full of someone else's seed, collected from moments before, fucking just inches near

you, while you listened. Warm piss, straight from my body or elsewhere, in amounts that are too much for you to handle.

My fingers. Prying open, massaging the inside of your mouth, whispering cruelly to you, telling you what a useless cunt you are. Gloved fingers, latex, the taste of rubber will surround and suffocate you, gagging you, making your eyes water.

Or perhaps something sweet. Like a kiss. Maybe you will have just one moment, one brief second as I straddle your chest, to romance me like a good boy. A kiss, when you least expect it, with the gag removed, your mouth still aching and jaw sore, so quickly that you have no time to mentally prepare. You just have to hope and pray that the sincerity in your kiss comes through; or, you better damn well hope the kiss makes me wet.

Maybe if I like the way your tongue feels in my mouth, I'll instead sit on your face, rather than prepare for the violation of your asshole.

So as you kiss me, desperately, know that you are just mere moments away from one of two things. Either a fine, lovely afternoon of facesitting, your tongue hungrily lapping at my wet pussy. Or, an afternoon of violation, your tight hole stretched in unimaginable, inhuman ways, violated with new objects, new instruments, and finally filled with fluids that are meant to degrade and disarm you.

My pussy. Or a complete violation of your pussy, so to speak.

I'll be honest with you, I don't think you have much hope. Because the devices I have lined up for your open, vulnerable asshole are just too tempting.

Once again, you'll be totally immobile, and unable to see anything. I won't even give you the benefit of seeing the items before they are lubricated and worked slowly, painfully into your asshole.

You'll feel the cold metal, vibrating plastic, milking rods. Your ass may be filled with a hook, or pumped full with fluid – warm cum or piss – until you are so full and uncomfortable that your softest, most sincere whimpers may just get my attention. You know I so love it when you are quietly pathetic.

The useless, desperate struggling will be what I am looking for. You may be able to clench your fists and curl your toes, but that's about it. Your body will strain against the leather straps that are holding you down on the medical table, and I'll enjoy the sound of stretching, strained leather with every deep breath you take.

Any tightening of your ass cheeks will be met with swift obedience. Your balls will be in a vice that I can turn slowly, cranking up the pressure. I'll always add pressure, never remove any, so keep in mind that there is no going back once you misbehave. You will get no warnings. You'll just hear the turning of the crank and feel the crushing pressure on your tender balls, one full crank for every tiny bit of resistance.

You'll have to focus very hard on keeping your hole loose and open for me, accepting willingly anything I want to violate you with. For amusement, I may loosen the straps around your hips and make you work hard to thrust your asscheeks upward, working your own hole around the deep, throbbing metal cock that will be delivering painful shocks to you from the inside out. Watching you struggle to impale yourself deeper on this torture device will be highly amusing – and undeniably erotic.

I'll admit, as I write you these descriptions, I find myself taking long, lingering breaks to pleasure myself. I am not going to indulge with you with long, gratuitous descriptions regarding how wet I am and how much it aches. I know you can use your imagination there.

Just remember, that it's all for you. My sweet, corporate bitch, I am coming to take you away for an afternoon lunch break at the finest

dungeon in Los Angeles, where the medical room is waiting. Perhaps I'll have a couple of the most gorgeous and dynamic professional Dominas assist me as I fasten the sixteen leather straps that will hold you in place.

Some late morning "stretches" and yoga, perhaps some meditation, may be beneficial.

See you soon, my slut.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 7, 2022Akasha

Making up for Lost Time

Good morning my corporate slut,

It's been a little too long, hasn't it?

I always wonder if I gave you too long of a break, would you return to your virgin-like state of innocence, fear, desperation? Even more, would your ass return to its tight, impenetrable form, like in the days where I had to constantly search for the lubricant or scold you to settle down, stop whimpering like a baby, and tell you to – scoffing – take it like a man.

Part of me misses the days when you were so fragile. But even giving you a couple of weeks of a "break" probably lets you get just comfortable enough to forget, almost, how ruthless I can be when armed with a leather harness and an insatiable attitude.

The look in your eyes, always, when I prepare my leather harness is what already gets me hot. Watching you as you are on your knees, even in your most expensive suit. Shaking. Watching me tighten the buckles around my hips, the cock bobbing precariously in front of me.

I enjoy taunting you by taking my time. Lubricating it, that is if I decide not to make you suck on it first. Lubricating it slowly by squirting a stream of glossy fluid down the shaft and then slowly sliding my hand up and down, gripping it, watching your expression, knowing what you are thinking. Well, guessing at least.

Imagining I am stroking your cock, perhaps?

Imagining how good it must feel to have these slick gloved hands sliding that lubricant up and down your shaft – your cock, which has

been neglected for so long, you forgot what it feels like to be stroked?

And my touch is so perfect, so sexual, my hips barely moving, it's almost as if the cock is real. I do love stroking it, and just jerking off, so to speak, while you watch, kneeling in your suit, is enough to already get me moist. How long can I do this?

Well, let me put it this way. On some days, it's almost as fun as making you suck my cock. Well, almost.

**

Nothing compares to making you suck my dick as "foreplay" for banging you.

Isn't that romantic?

I don't know about you, but I get hot just writing that line. On the days I feel like taking you for a rough ride, even when you are in this "re-virginal" state, it means I am grabbing you by a fistful of hair, ordering you to open your mouth, and just shoving the head of my cock in and demanding you take it all.

I long for that first groan, gasp, gulp, choke, whimper. Whatever the sound may be, that first reaction, it's what makes me start to drip in my own panties. That first wince, your body tensing, your eyes shut tight, or looking up at me in shock or desperation, or if they are going to start watering. "Wheel of reactions," so to speak – whatever I am going to get, as a result of shoving my dick in your mouth, is going to start getting my femdom juices flowing, literally. And it's always a delight.

Then, next, watching how your mouth strains to accommodate the length and width of my cock. Always so hard until your jaw adjusts again. After having several days "off" from cocksucking, your muscles need to readjust. How long does that take? Every moment

is pleasurable for me because these moments are the ones where you are straining, aching, your body trembles, you struggle not to gag, you choke a little, your eyes fill up with moisture.

But you are straining to perform, to please. And you are straining to take more and more of the shaft into your mouth because you want it so bad – that's what is so hot to me. You miss it. You miss the feeling of having your mouth full of cock. In fact, I bet you crave it to be leaking precum, dripping fluid. You wish it were warmer, thicker. You ache for it to ejaculate all over your face. When your eyes are closed I know what you are really dreaming of as my hips start really getting into a rhythm and I am literally pumping back and forth, your throat opening up wide.

I can tell what you want and need. That's when I find myself reaching to the nasty places, and the darkest places of my mind, and pleasuring myself as I fuck your mouth. Cumming while I fuck your mouth is an intense, insane pleasure.

When I do it, it may mean temporary relief from bending you over and taking your ass next. Or, it may just mean a short break.

After all, we have to make up for time lost.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 14, 2022Akasha

Inappropriate Appetite

Good morning my corporate slut,

Sometimes I wake up and just want to treat you like a whore.

There's really nothing else to it; there's no long, complicated reasoning, no big psychological explanation. It isn't related to anything going on in my life or anything stress-related – I just simply want to use you like a whore.

Do you feel objectified, sitting there, knowing that I think these kinds of nasty thoughts about you, or do you feel somewhat flattered, knowing that the lust I have for you is so great that it drives me to want to make you into a sex toy for my amusement?

Or do you feel a little frightened, wondering where it will all go, how intense it will be this time, and will I even want to stop?

When I arrive at your office at noon to meet you for "lunch" and I have my large leather bag over my shoulder, do you start to shake instinctively, your ass twitching, your cock straining against the metal cage, knowing that ultimately you are about to be fucked and violated – for an entire hour – while I may not even say one word to you?

Or maybe the few words will be simple. Direct. Cruel.

"Suck it harder, bitch."

"Open your hole for me, open your pussy, cunt."

"Take it like a whore, open wider, you can do better than that."

"Lick my asshole, you little bitch. That's all you're going to get!"

“Eat that cum – swirl it in your mouth – let me see – what a whore!”

The ideas are endless. I think about how I want to use you, I think about you on all fours with your ass propped up high, ready, making you spread your cheeks with your own hands and beg me for violation. I think about making you lube up your own tight little “pussy” with your fingers while I sit back and laugh at you, buckling my strap on harness tightly around my hips, walking around to see you degrade yourself further, just taking my time before I decide to shove my big cock into your tight ass.

Sometimes I just enjoy looking at you when you are like this, lingering in the moment. There’s something so hot about you ready to be violated – willing, open, horny, desperate. I might make you beg for it – make you beg for the things that you dread, make you beg for the things that are painful and humiliating.

There’s a special intensity about hearing you beg for the things you find so nasty yet need on some primal level. Making you beg to guzzle your own cum, make you beg me to piss on your face or suck a real dick. I might make you beg me today to lick the cum off my boots, off my high heels.

I might make you beg me to turn you into a cocksucking whore for money, but I think you would like that a little too much.

What I do know is this. When I arrive today, you are going to be a whore for me. When I close your office door and lock it, you are going to get down on all fours, still in your suit, and wait for a command. Your eyes will be down and you’ll look at the floor until I walk over – and then, you’ll kiss my feet until I tell you to stop.

While you’re doing this, I’m going to unpack my bag on your desk, placing my dildos, vibrators, plugs, clamps and restraints on top of your precious work documents. Placing my bottle of lube next to your coffee cup.

This little ritual of mine will be all I need to push me to the next level. Considering I get wet just writing about it, imagine how turned on I am going to be when I finish unpacking my toys. My panties will be moist as I consider the options in front of me. I'll be pleasuring myself, taking my time, surveying my inventory and knowing that you are mine to use for the next hour. The possibilities excite me. I know that I can turn you into a whore; where would I even start? With pain, humiliation?

Or maybe I will just shove a large cock gag into your mouth, make you pull down your trousers and panties, and violate you with my fingers first, then a large, hand-held dildo – so large that you feel like you are going to be split in half.

It doesn't really matter, though, does it? What matters is that I want to possess you, and we both know how I accomplish this best. To scratch the little "itch" I am having, I'm going to need to fuck you until you beg for mercy. Strapping on my largest cock (one you have not even seen yet), lubing it up while you watch with big, terrified eyes, then turning you around and slowly working it into your very tight hole…yes, this is what I need. Your whimpers will turn to cute little squeals through the gag, and the steady motion of my cock sliding in and out of your ass will excite me more.

I won't even need to use the little mini vibe with my strap on to cum; I think I'll easily climax just from the sensation of fucking your ass, the steady pounding, the jiggling of your ass cheeks as I pump into you. And when your ass gets nice and slick, I'll make you do all the work, backing up onto my cock as I laugh and slap your ass cheeks, reminding you once again that you've totally become a whore for me.

And all the while, your sad little cock will strain inside the metal cage, unable to get out, unable to get fully hard. Your balls, full of cum, aching, throbbing, will not get any relief. Maybe I'll knee you in the nuts once for good measure – just to remind you that pain is

only an instant away – just to make sure your balls are good and sore when you come home tonight for your evening milking.

I do love our afternoon get-togethers. Don’t you?

See you soon, my whore.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 21, 2022Akasha

Tears and Humiliation

Good morning my corporate slut,

You know they say it's important to get back to the "grind" after a holiday break. I have my own little view on what a grind is, don't you think?

The best way to reset your thinking after you come back from a lazy break is for me to pay you a little visit and enjoy some self indulgence of my own. What turns me on right now, most of all?

For some reason, I woke up with the absolute intense desire to totally smother you with my ass. I don't know what is more appealing about this; imagining your tongue flickering helplessly up and down my crack and around my hole, or knowing that I will completely control your breathing. Of lack of it.

Sitting comfortably atop you while I browse a few women's magazines I bring along or use your company phone to call up my friends and catch up on what happened with them over the holidays. Relaxing indeed.

Almost forgetting you, except for the occasional desperate grunt when you need me to shift ever so slightly so you can catch a break, or the feeling of your renewed efforts as you really start to work your tongue in an effort to excite and arouse me.

Between reading or calls, I may take some time to really enjoy myself, pressing my ass cheeks as hard as I can down on your face, calling you humiliating names like "Ass licker" and "useless tongue whore," making you whimper in degradation as I make you beg to have a taste of my ass and tell you how you are lucky to even get that.

How long will this go on? An hour, maybe 90 minutes. Ass worship is very enjoyable to me, but it takes a long time to get me hot and ready for what I really want – my big cock in your mouth, fucking your face so hard that your eyes water.

Oh, did I write that?

Go ahead and read it again just to be sure: I want to fuck your face so hard that your eyes water. And you choke out loud. And between thrusts, you beg for mercy. Are you getting a clear picture of the kind of mood I am in after the holiday break?

That's right – it starts with 90 minutes of ass smothering and asshole licking and launches right into my strapping it on, while you watch and catch your breath. I can just picture your trousers bulging, and I know you'd wish desperately that I would remove your clothes and give you some kind of attention – anything! Or even let you stroke yourself. But nothing. This is all about me. You will remain hard, aching, balls full. Not even milking today.

Just ass worship, and face fucking.

I pick my largest dildo for these kinds of celebrations. You know, the one you can barely get your mouth around, the one that causes your jaw to ache. How else can I be assured that the tears will be streaming down your face in short order, that your nose will start running, that you will be a humiliated pile of gagging, choking snot and spit, so I can talk about how useless you'd be unless you had a good tongue and a mouth that could accommodate such a big, black dick!

I enjoy the fact that I have to hold your head still with both hands because the cock is so big you can't help but try to back off of it. You aren't going anywhere. I get wet when I watch my dildo penetrate and stretch your mouth, and I insist on making you keep your eyes open so you could look at me and my big smile of

amusement as you try to hold back the tears but they well up in spite of yourself.

Are you crying because you are a big baby? A wimp? We both know it's a natural reaction to how much your mouth is being stretched and how you are fighting to not gag on it. But even though it's just your body responding, it fuels my fantasies, my dark and evil fantasies, that you are so humiliated and used that the tears are emotional and just won't shut off.

How can I be so cruel?

Oh, it's easy. This is my opportunity to get off on my hottest humiliation fantasies. The fact of the matter is, you could really be crying, be bawling your eyes out in shame, but I wouldn't know or care – it's all part of the show designed to get me to orgasm. Sometimes, I need you to be pushed that far.

And you have a little safe place, don't you? Because you can shed real tears when I am fucking your face anyway, and your nice big fat male ego can tell yourself that I wouldn't know the difference.

I have news for you, corporate slut. I do know the difference. And when I want you to cry, trust me, you will cry.

See you soon,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 28, 2022Akasha

Unlocked and Fully Loaded

Good morning my corporate slut,

Wouldn't it be absolutely fabulous if a company developed a drug that would massively, intensely and immediately increase your cum output? The result would be aching, swelling balls, increased horniness and "super sized" cum loads that would be four or five times the size…

I don't know what got me thinking about this. I suppose it has something to do with my latest fascination about dressing you up in fine pink lingerie and a leather leash, taking you out on the town, making you watch me hook up with big stud men and then taking you home and locking you up to a milking machine while I fuck these suitors in the next room.

The diabolical power switch is what fascinates me most, I think. I get to have fantastic sex with well hung men, while you are suffering through increased cum production but nowhere for relief. Unless you count the pumping, ass pounding, electro-shock milking device as 'relief.'

Not since Milking Matthew have I been so fascinated with equipment that involves tight restraints, cruel bondage and your ass being used to help the process of milking your loads for later "use."

If your cum production was increased three, four or fives time the amount, imagine how huge loads of cum would be. Imagine, even better, how you would feel in full lingerie, your panties pulled down, your ass leaking with lubricant as the pumping mechanism stimulated your insides and the cum just squirted in large bursts through the clear tubing and down into the bucket for later.

The soundtrack to this delightful display? Of course, you'd get to hear me moaning in ecstasy in the next room as hung stud number three or four experienced the extremely tight, relentless grip of my pussy around his thick cock as he provided me the thrill of penetration – a sensation you will never, ever know.

Ahh, yes. It's a fine little thought for a Monday morning, and one just sadistic enough to make you squirm a little in your office chair and forget, for a moment, the ringing of the telephones and the hustle that surrounds you this fine day.

I know the idea is just surreal enough, just sadistic enough, and just 'fucked up' enough to get your attention. And you can sit there and smile probably and reach down, tugging and poking at your crotch region, excited because you feel the lace of the panties around your bulge and feel the string up your ass just enough to cause you to wiggle the right way.

And you can get excited because you are safe – safe in the office, reading and thinking about how "fun" it would be to be locked into my imaginary milking contraption as your ass is prodded and poked and your balls squeezed and pumped, until finally, the loads come flying out of your cock and shooting through the clear tubing. Hell, you may even find yourself creating a special little wet spot in those panties when you let the fantasy go a little deeper, with the tubing swirling around up above and funneling down to the o-ring gag that is locked in place.

The thought of those huge loads of cum – remember, they are super-sized loads – being pumped directly into your mouth in huge gushes. And you gag. And choke. But there is nothing you can do but keep sucking at the tube and swallowing and hoping that if you suck it in hard enough, the loads will go directly down your throat without lingering over your taste buds.

I know, I know. These twisted and dark fantasies make your panties very tight and very uncomfortable for a couple of very significant reasons. First, they are safe.

Safe because you know this machine isn't sitting in my basement (well, not yet at least) and you know that while I adore the idea of a big, thick cock in my pussy, I am not the type to go out and bed three or four strangers on a random night. Although I admit, the thought has crossed my mind more frequently.

But don't get too "cocky," my little small-penis slut. Because I often get ideas in my head and they excite me just enough to figure out how I can dial them back into reality.

So while I can't get you to take a drug to make your cum loads 5 times bigger, I can certainly make you wait 5 times longer before the next time you ejaculate. We both know the size of the load would be – well, fairly spectacular.

And while I don't intend to fuck a room full of strangers while you are in lingerie being ass pumped and milked, I could very well have made arrangements with a long, lost lover who has a HUGE dick and I know is fantastic in bed. For – say, as an example – tomorrow night.

And then, the lingerie. Maybe this time it's a sweet lavender teddy with white thigh highs and a little rose in the front, with cute black pumps that lock around the ankles and a sparkly feminine lace collar. How would I know these specifics unless…well, unless I already had it in my possession?

So maybe tomorrow night you WILL be milked in the next room. Milked by a trained girlfriend who also works at the local dungeon. And she'll have you on all fours with a big, inflated penis gag and a metal rod in your tight hole, and a tube collecting the loads. She also has a fondness for ball stretching, ball smashing, and ballbusting – she tells me. I just shrugged and said – hey, since I'm not paying

you except in champagne and strawberries, you bust all the balls you want, hon.

She loved that.

And let's just say my former mantoy, "Bruce," is ready to give me a very, very good fucking, since it's been some months since I enjoyed penetration (as we both know your cock – my property – has not and will not see the inside of my pussy in this lifetime). But it's been even longer since you've had to come crawling to me in very sexy, very feminine lingerie to play the role of clean-up boy.

As you lick, worship, and suck every last drop from my pussy, I am sure my lady friend will be handing over the large vial of "load" she milked from you.

And what I do with that, oh, you will just have to wait and see. That's simply the best part of all.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

(c) 2022 akasha@akashaweb.com

Apr 3, 2022Akasha

Solitary Transformation

Good morning my corporate slut,

Sometimes, I think, it's good for me to remind you just how diabolical and relentless I can be. And that really, when it comes down to it, you are helpless. Absolutely helpless. If there is something I cannot accomplish, I will simply pay someone to make it possible. You know that I've made sure that nothing will stand in the way of the ultimate pleasure – feeding my lust, making me wet, turning you into my little whore. Any way – and any time – I please.

That's why this little warning is necessary to advise you of a seemingly non-consensual thing that is in your future. So when it happens, you do not hurt yourself in the process. Resistance, you see, is futile. Just remember that when the time comes that you are jumped from behind and a pillowcase is thrown over your head.

Or you are at an innocent dinner with a business colleague and find that you've become incredibly drowsy – ultimately, drugged – and cannot resist the intoxication.

Somehow, somewhere, yes, you are going to be rendered unconscious. And whether I am watching the action live, or having it videotaped for my later amusement, I shall surely be fingering my pussy with absolute delight as you try vainly to resist. It's so charming when you put up a little bit of a fight.

The one clue I can give you is that I will take you down at your most masculine moment. You'll either be in one of your most expensive tailored suits, or a tuxedo at a formal event, or on the way back from the gym, drenched in sweat, body pulsing with testosterone and adrenalin. There is something so absolutely delicious about taking you from your highest point of masculinity and turning you into….

Well, you know.

Do I really need to tell you all the details? I'll give you a few because I do so love to have you squirm, to picture you there with your breath getting caught in your throat, to almost hear you gasp under your breath, "That's impossible," or "That's unthinkable," while meanwhile, down between your legs, there's an undeniable, embarrassing bulge forming in those too-tight panties. Is it so unthinkable? Hmm? So much so that the visions are not crystal clear in that masculine mind of yours?

Total transformation, against your will.

When you wake up from this drug-induced fog, you will first spend a great deal of time in total darkness with no one answering your useless questions. You'll know it's me, of course, because if I tire of your chattering, you'll find a distinctly cock-shaped gag in your mouth, or, maybe if you are lucky, the familiar taste of my panties will fill it up, stuff it securely, followed by duct tape around and around your head until you're suitably silenced.

In your darkness, you'll quickly become aware of a few facts about your new reality. Your unconsciousness time will be spent well, let me assure you. With the help of my new friends, we'll be taking care of the first stage of your little transformation.

While you lay there in restraints, strapped down so tightly, I'll watch with great amusement and excitement as the reality comes over you. You'll have no idea what we did to you, at least, visually, but you'll feel it all.

First, the lack of body hair. Complete lack of body hair. How it was removed, well, you may be grateful that you were unconscious for that. But you'll realize it on your legs, and armpits, so clearly. Your legs, you may become first aware, will be in the finest sheer stockings. Thigh high. With cute suspenders, the clasps tickling your fresh skin.

You may notice immediately that your feet are in sexy shoes, strappy perhaps, with a distinct feel around the ankle. Maybe even locked in place. So tight around the toes, your masculine feet cramped into something dainty and sexy. Do you wish you could see the color and style?

Your crotch, also freshly shaved, will feel so different in a pair of lace panties. Your manparts will have been shuffled, strained, pulled, prodded into an unnatural position, taped into place, so tightly that when your cock stirs it will be painful in your groin and belly and you'll immediately want to replace those thoughts to calm it down.

So you'd better not think about that bra – so tight, with what feels like silicone pressed against your chest, when you breathe, you will feel the fabric of a tight blouse – or nightie – stretched against your skin. And then you will be aware of the waistband around your middle. A corset-like strain up your back. What an outfit – so much of it to digest, but you cannot picture it…you will have no idea.

And then you will be keenly aware of the scent. Not from the women in the room (multiple women, you hear the giggling, the low laughter), but from you. Your own flesh – distinctly feminine, tarty. You will be so aware that you are covered in sexy, sultry perfume. Your flesh. All of it. You were bathed in body oils or lotions that permeate every last ounce of flesh…

And the sounds of cameras clicking. A tripod being repositioned. Whispers, feminine whispers.

Then you will feel the waxy texture on your lips and a light trace of make up on your cheeks. You'll realize how far this has gone! Even hair – hair you did not used to have, curls around your shoulders, thick and heavy.

Every last detail. So thorough. So relentless. And your new feminine persona – restrained, helpless, ready for inspection and torment.

From more voices, feminine, giggling, than you can count and keep track of. Perhaps the blindfold will never even come off.

The torment will last some time. Hours maybe. And if you never get to see what we've done to you, rest assured, it will not be a secret for eternity.

One day, when you least expect it, you'll open your email to find the letter with the attachments. The pictures and videos. In great detail. Of you – oh, at first you will not recognize the tarty, sexy lass as you, but it's you. Pictures of you so feminine and sultry that you will think, at first, it's a woman. A woman in such degrading and nasty positions, with that huge latex cock in her mouth, on all fours, lingerie in disarray, so many nasty outfits. That tight figure and big breasts, the sexy thighs in the lingerie. Yes, you will through the pictures with embarrassment, astonishment and arousal.

But the question remains. Will you be a man when you are looking at them?

See you soon.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Apr 11, 2022Akasha

Presentation Pressure

Good morning my corporate slut,

It's not just a normal day at the office, is it? My panties are undeniably wet when I imagine you there today – thinking that perhaps you will have a little bit of freedom – totally unaware of what I have planned for you.

When things are a little too quiet in our 'relationship' you do start to feel a false sense of security and safety. By now, though, you should know that this just means I am planning something.

When I'm not torturing you, I'm probably thinking about ways to torture you. When I'm not humiliating you, I'm trying to come up with a new way to embarrass you that will make you feel like a virgin all over again. When I am not giving you degrading, painful commands, I'm surely just making my list for next time – but doing it in a way that I am sure the demands will be as terrifying and unthinkable as the first time.

So yeah – don't think I'm just letting you off easy. Quite the contrary. I'm plotting and planning just what it is going to take to make me feel what I need to feel. Your total surrender, helplessness – the pure fear and begging in your eyes, the humiliation and shame. It's all going to have to be real, and it's all going to have to be more intense than anything you have experienced in the past.

That's just going to be what it takes. As a professional and a perfectionist, you always have to do everything right. And this is no exception. So try not to think about the long trips I have had to the lingerie store, the special order I placed in the UK that involves rubber, a breathing tube and something inflatable; don't think about the new ball crusher, all clear plexi, that I had specially made for your crotch. Don't think about the inflatable strap-on dick that I have

packed in my bag right now, don't think about the penis gag that squirts real fluid. Don't think about the anal hook, the spiked nipple clamps.

Oh, did I mention the video camera and the "Craig's List" ad?

While I won't go into specifics, my latest fantasy – no, my latest QUEST – involved totally fucking you, using you and treating you like a whore in a two-hour period of time, then having you "put yourself back together" and return to your office. I have personally picked the afternoon of your national sales conference when you have to deliver your speech to all your executive peers.

So at 1pm you will be on all fours, taking a strap on up your ass and another in your mouth, while at 4pm you will be standing in front of a room of high-powered executives giving one of the most important speeches of your career. I have to wonder if a little cum will be visible in your hair, if your lips will be slightly pink and puffy, if your body language will be strained as your ass still throbs and the lubricant leaks into your red panties.

The afternoon – in a motel room down the street from your office – will be an intense, packed two hours where I have a little "agenda" of my own. You will arrive on time, be blindfolded, frisked and then stripped. All very mechanical and methodical, even a bit cold, before you get just a brief chance to study the faces of the ladies present. A video crew, champagne chilling in an ice bucket (a stark contrast to the cheap, dim-lit motel room), the bed with the shackles already in place, the assortment of tools and devices and lubricants out and ready.

What makes me most hot – what turns me on about this – is the idea that you'll have to endure an incredibly packed two hours, leaving you feeling so brutally humiliated and objectified, then quickly pull yourself together, put on your suit and return to the working world.

When I am sitting in the conference room watching your speech (because, of course, you will see to it that I am there), I will be studying your expressions and body language. Try not to be distracted as you run through your annual report, while I am imagining that just an hour previously you were on all fours with your mouth stuffed full of two huge dildos at once. Try not to think about how your ass feels as I recall, smiling, the sounds you made when my cock violated you.

You will avoid eye contact with me, for sure. But you won't be able to forget me, or the experience, because you are to make sure these words are ALL in your speech: violation, nasty, ass, cheap, restraint, and hole. And when you say those words, you will know I am getting wet. Watching you, feeling my panties get moist every time you say a word that I ordered you to pepper throughout your speech. I know this does not give you much time, but you work best under pressure.

Finally, when I send you away, after you have serviced, sucked, worshipped every dildo and dick I present you, after you have been strapped down and assfucked on camera by the ladies I line up, I am going to send you to your presentation in a new, tight pair of red lace panties. They have a remote-controlled vibrating crotch. I will have the controls, of course. Just in case I decide to test your concentration during your speech.

You will be lucky if I do leave your ass alone for this. Yes, I have considered a remote control plug in your ass, also, but after the intense fucking you are going to endure, I don't think your ass will be ready to handle that. And I'll admit, that vibrating plug is just a little too loud. Imagine trying to explain that to your peers after the speech.

You can tell that my mind has been very busy making plans and plotting your fate. Many moments of masturbation have fueled my fantasies. I get so hot imagining my corporate whore enduring such humiliation and pain just to get me hot. If you are a good boy during

this process, I might just reward you with the taste of my sweet pussy a few times – when your mouth isn't full, that is.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Apr 18, 2022Akasha

Gymboy

Good morning my slut,

I've decided to start taking a more active role in your gym routine. I realized that your time at the gym is one of the few things in your life that I have not slowly taken control over. It's time for you to accept that the only reason you go to the gym is to stay fit for me. I want your ass looking fine and your muscles toned. Why? Because nothing is more exciting than fucking a masculine man in the ass.

There's nothing more exciting than completely sissifying a man with a defined body and all masculine features. I may make you grow out your facial hair, even, just so the lipstick looks more out of place when your mouth is wrapped around my latex dick. What an image in my mind that creates. One that really does cream my panties.

The first thing I'm going to do is completely change your overall gym experience. I'm excited by the idea of making it somewhat uncomfortable, uneasy. I want you to be slightly embarrassed and humiliated the moment you get there. To that end, I'm going to force you to shave your legs and also your armpits. My poor, hairless slut!

I'll admit I'm excited about the idea of having more and more of your body smooth and soft for me. Tonight you'll have to do all the shaving, followed by an application of body oils and perfumes. Every morning you'll put more body perfume on – just enough to leave a soft scent.

I'm also going to change your workout clothes. You'll be surprised by what I've chosen for you to wear. In fact, I picked out two outfits for you, and you have to go pick them up. They are waiting for you at the mall. I thought a pink leotard would be a little too much; I settled for a less dramatic color, but the message will still be the

same. No more shorts and tight t-shirts for you. You'll be working out in tight spandex and anything else sexy I decide to put you in. It was difficult finding tights in your size, but the pretty ladies were a lot of help. Be sure to thank them.

From now on, whenever you go to the gym you will also have a sealed set of instructions from me. They will include new challenges to keep your workout fresh and to keep you reminded that your dick is my property. The kinds of things you will have to do will range from going to the unisex bathrooms and pissing sitting down or wearing your butt plug for Spinning class. Imagine how that will feel after a good 45-minute workout!

I'll also be filling up your water bottles for the gym. You'll never know what kind of surprise I might have in store for you – whether it will be simply water, or perhaps some cloudy water. A little extra "cream" in your Evian, perhaps? Maybe it is watered down lemon-flavored Gatorade – or is it something more notorious? You'll have to drink it all up during your workout because I'll be checking your gym bag when you return.

I've signed you up for some new classes. I know you prefer the ones you've settled into, but I did my research and have put you in an all-female aerobics course with the hottest instructor in the entire gym. She'll be shocked to see you in her class because there are rarely any men in it. I've heard she gives men a hard time and loves to embarrass and humiliate them in front of the ladies to keep the morale high in the class and keep everyone laughing. She'll have plenty of material to work on with you there in your tights. She might even be able to tell you're straining to keep a butt plug in your ass as you complete the complex stretches and moves. I might have to go watch this class sometime.

I've considered forcing you to find one of the strongest, most beautiful women in the gym to befriend so that I can have her physically overpower you in a "joke" wrestling match one weekend

afternoon when we're both working out together. There's this image in my head of a tall, built woman with thighs of steel – and she has you pinned to the mat with your head squeezed between those thighs. I'd be laughing and telling her to go ahead and squeeze harder, that you could take it. People would gather around, especially the women, all wanting to see what was going on. A big, tough guy like you – taken down in the middle of the gym like that? That would be a memory you'd have for a lifetime.

Of course, the one thing you must keep in mind is that none of this can get in the way of your objective of keeping your body toned and built for me. By the end of next month, I want you bench pressing 15% more and squatting 20% more. I want you to reach the finest level of definition in your abs and torso. How ironic that all of this is just so I can enjoy feminizing you, dressing you in pink, putting you in frilly lace and then pushing you up against the full-length mirror as I finger your tight asshole and tell you how I'm going to ram my strap on up your pussy.

I want you to be solid as a rock next month when I bend you over the couch at home, pull down your pants and without warning push my strap on cock up against your hole. This surprise encounter will be one that I plan out – specially designed to allow me to enjoy the fine definition in your body as I pump my hips with each thrust. I want to fuck you hard – all the while admiring what a strong body you have worked so hard to perfect.

Your new workouts are going to start immediately. If I like the results, you'll have to start going 6 times a week instead of 4. By the start of the new year, you'll be a "whole new man" for me.

How ironic.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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May 2, 2022Akasha

Element of Surprise

Good morning my corporate slut,

What is it about the element of surprise that gets me so hot?

I suppose it's not just the act of surprise. It's my desire to somehow get as close to a totally unethical "taking" of your surrender without actually being immoral. Don't get me wrong, but if I knew I could take you against your will – abduction, forced penetration, absolute humiliation – with no negative repercussions…well, let's just say you'd spend your entire life looking over your shoulder wondering when it would happen next.

So the element of surprise is the only way I can manufacture enough of that delicious flavor of lust that calms my aching hunger when I need it most.

I need the absolute real taste of fear that I sense from you, and it sadly only comes these days when I have caught you in a position where you have no idea what is going on or will happen next.

That never fails to make me so wet.

*

When you resist me – when I am forcing you to kneel by taking you with a clenched fistful of hair – that's when I feel my panties really getting soaked. So much so that I long, immediately, to peel them off, down under my skirt, stepping out of them in pumps, just to shove them into your mouth and force you to taste it.

When I bring you to your knees in your full corporate uniform, I can't help but get off on the paradox of your situation. Powerful, yet helpless. The look in your eyes that comes across your entire face

that shows me you're already suffering. Wincing in pain combined with a tinge of fear and the unknown. This is foreplay for me.

My corporate bitch, kneeling and ready, fighting your own instinct to reach up and grab my hand because I keep tightening my fingers in your hair, twisting your head back, whispering in clearly vulgar, nasty words what I intend to do to you.

Without mercy.

"You will suck my cock," I explain to you, and hearing the words myself is another boost of lust to my libido, when I am already feeling as though I'm soaked, so wet and hot just by the sight and smell of your fear.

"You will beg to deep throat my huge, realistic cock, the one I am wearing."

Wearing a large strap on, concealed by my otherwise normal, professional attire, it's arousing in and of itself. Sporting eight inches of plastic dick under my skirt, practically masturbating on the way in. Hell, thoughts even of pulling over and using the dildo for some self indulgent penetration.

Is that what you taste when the thick head of the dildo is pushed into your tightened lips?

Your resistance in these moments of surprise is what makes me ache to be even crueler. The way you try to turn your head but my grip reminds you that I am serious. You will surrender eventually. I don't care if it takes an hour or longer – the ride is just more foreplay to me.

But watching your grimace when the cock pushes through your lips for the first time is hypnotic and wonderful. The mix of agony and arousal, and how you fight it all at the same time, it's better than any orgasm. The moment when you realize that a cock is in your

mouth and I am pumping against your will – the groans, the slurping. Again. And again. I want to replicate that first moment when the realization comes over you, and you suffer in it. It makes me want to stop – everything – and pleasure myself to your humiliation.

Does it bother you that I get off on seeing you so humiliated? It's the angst in your face that makes me so incredibly wet. To see you accepting the foreign, humiliating object in your mouth, knowing that in your mind you know what is next. That you will be forced to enjoy it, to surrender fully to it, to then beg for more because you are so aware of what it does to me.

How fantastically evil. The moment when you become fully aware that you are a powerful, confident man, in a high rise building, in charge of so many people. Yet you are on your knees with a dick in your mouth, with my hands in your hair, and I am forcing your head to bob back and forth on it as I order you to suck harder and faster. How degrading, because you are so fully overwhelmed by my arousal that you can think of nothing else but to keep pleasing me. You want to make me more and more wet. You want my juices to drip right through. You want to drown in my cum.

So much, that you will go to any length. Despite your own pride.

So you suck harder, and you open your eyes and look right at me even though you are choking on it. And that's the beauty of your surrender, in that moment, the look of shame combined with – what is that emotion? Affection? Surrender?

No. It's clear. Devotion.

**

Devotion is what makes me want to shove my large, uncomfortable cock in your mouth. Forcing you to go against your very nature and

to do so willingly because you know my pleasure is more important than your pride.

I get such joy from the moment that I know that my strap on is so wet, so juicy from your devoted sucking and slurping that I could – with ease – have you on all fours spreading your own ass cheeks and begging for it in your ass.

The act I force you to endure – begging for penetration after being orally violated – is the cherry on top of the "surprise visit," so to speak. Not so much the actual thrusting when I have you on all fours and I work the rhythm up to a speed that stimulates me sexually; but the willingness you show at that moment when you know that the lack of real lubricant, the feel of your stretched mouth and lips, the degradation of being forced to present your ass and even spread your own cheeks in surrender is what makes me so hot.

Having you hold the pose, eyes shut tight, and tell me, no, beg me, by saying, "I'm ready."

Even though you can't see, if you could, you'd simply see me there smiling. Dripping wet. Taking my time.

Someday, maybe, I will honestly take you against your will. For now, I will settle for the element of surprise. It's still enough to get me off.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Apr 25, 2022Akasha

An Easy Choice

Good morning my corporate slut,

Decisions, decisions.

I realize that every day you are faced with multi-million dollar decisions. Decisions that will impact shareholders and your employees, your business peers and your vendors. Such important decisions that come across your desk every day, and they trust the decisions of such an important, decisive leader.

But what if I were to present you with a few diabolical decisions of my own? After all, decisions made for me are going to be much, much more interesting.

Let's not forget that for the last week I have been walking around with my own virtual hard-on, unable to stop thinking about the way your mouth looked recently wrapped around my flesh-colored latex cock. Yes, I've been plagued by that image, and as recent as this morning I found myself with a few fingers in my pussy, quivering a bit and moaning as I reflected in my mind how deliciously pathetic you looked as you choked and gagged eagerly on every inch of my plastic dick.

The decisions I want to force you to make are decisions that will impact your ego. Your pride. Your ability to function.

I couldn't decide, on my own, which little bag of tricks to put together for my latest visit because my urges lately are too intense and diverse. And perverse.

I have narrowed it down to three, and don't let your ego fool you into thinking that because I am "allowing" you to select one, that this somehow gives you power. I will suggest you wait until you

review the options before you start to puff out your chest and feel important!

The first choice: A complete milking

It's been way, way too long since I have opened up your ass and penetrated you with the intent to milk the largest load possible while not allowing you any pleasure of orgasm. People are always sending me "inventions" and asking me to try out (and endorse) these devices, so why not give them a shot?

Never mind that it makes me so, so wet to simply envision you hopeless, prone, vulnerable as your body twitches and your cock convulses, oozing out the largest load of cum despite your best attempts to stop the reaction. Never mind that I could easily just sit back, open my legs, and masturbate in your general direction, taunting you, mocking you, as your ass is pounded and pumped and your helpless tubed-dick just oozes as it's pumped load after hefty load. The look of the "test tubes" and the wiry hoses excites me all on its own – merely imagining the helpless look on your face as I fasten the gear up to you and flip the switch and shrug, "I have no idea, really, how this will all work out."

Of course, as a back up, there's the Aneros tool and a few other tricks in my bag. I could simply enjoy the humiliation and your fear as I lock on the electrical shocking device, lube up the menacing metal ass prod, and then latch the harness around your heavy balls. That, alone, could bring me to the brink. Imagine the added humiliation of facesitting- no, ass-smothering – as the machine goes to work. The fine print guarantees me a few ounces of oozing white cum. Made in Japan! It has to work, right?
The second choice: Dual fucking, a mini-gang bang

My girlfriend Vicki has been bugging me for weeks to have a "piece" of your ass. She insists she's ready to learn to strap it on, but she

insists that I give her a little hands-on instruction. Doesn't that sound like quite a visit?

I know you think Vicki is incredibly beautiful, in her own Christina-Hendricks kind of way. Imagine her striding through your office and turning heads. With the door closed, I bet your corporate peers, or I should say peons, will think you are enjoying a little threesome over your desk!

Meanwhile, what's really going to be happening is a long, carefully planned dual-penetration session where I get to enjoy the remarkable feeling of your ass opening wide for me as I instruct Vicki to pump harder – pump faster – into your wide-open mouth. On all fours, on your office floor, you'll look prone and delectable, your ass and mouth so inviting!

I envision that I am going to have you all "slutted up" to look wanton and desirable, right down to a white ruffle panty, white lace stockings and pretty white bra (Vicki will love it!), making you rub and caress your clittie until your panties are moist and you are aching with need. Then you will beg for it – beg to be filled up in both ends, beg out loud by selecting your own words to best describe how incredibly whorish and nasty you are.

How long will it take? Well, of course, as long as you can last!

The third choice: Cuckold bitch

I have to admit, the third choice is the one I have been fantasizing about most. You know, I can't resist the most intense, taboo fantasies, and this is one that I am simply determined to make a reality. Consider it my own, well-deserved birthday present.

Do you know that strapping young lad in your office? Doug, the new office boy? Well, I know for a fact that Doug has a very, very large cock. Don't ask me how I know this. It is of no concern to you.

I simply want to get a closer look at this monster cock, and also see what he's capable of. A young, probably a bit dim, insatiable 20something, one I know is "up" for a little afternoon fucking, do you see where this is going?

It's really quite simple, and really, it's practically already set up. I just need to give the word. And when I do, you will find yourself kneeling there, in full lingerie, wearing an inflatable penis gag, as you see a real, hung office boy fucking me hard. I'll make sure it's all very up close and personal, and as I type this I can just feel how thick and hot his cock is going to be inside me. The whole time, though, my pleasure is going to be intensified as I look at you, at how slutty and helpless you look, knowing that you will be "cleaning up" quite efficiently in a matter of minutes.

You'll have time to get used to the feeling of that thick, inflated cock in your mouth, and you may have even endured a little "fluffing" of your own. But most importantly, you will be expected to be dutiful and thorough in worshipping my pussy after the office boy has finished inside me. You wouldn't want me soiling my sweet new panties, after all, would you?

Three little choices. Pick one. You may end up enduring all three, anyway. It's really up to me, isn't it?

See you soon,

Mistress Akasha

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akasha@akashaweb.com

May 8, 2022Akasha

Blindfold Bitch

Good morning my corporate slut,

You know how much I enjoy sending you out with a list of tasks, a few sealed notes and a degrading little outfit tucked into a velvet bag. I can just picture you walking so confidently out of your office and into the covered parking garage, holding these items and pondering, briefly, what I have in store for you.

Sometimes I leave the instructions purposely vague so that you have to figure things out. Other times, I am so painfully specific that I leave little room for error – making sure you follow my orders down to the minutia. Every. Last. Painful. Detail.

Today is a bit of a mix. The outfit – well, it's tight, and latex, and feminine. And the biggest problem you are going to face is when and how you will put it on. Because it's something that is going to require baby powder and a lot of flexibility. Watching you try to put it on in your car would be very interesting!

You will have to use the men's room of the local mall, I think, since you are headed there to go shopping anyway. But before you slip into the latex teddy, latex thigh highs and bra with the little jingly bells, you have to start with a bright pink butt plug.

The plug, you will find, is a little on the large side. And it's equipped with a remote control function, and I am going to be using it as my own personal 'paging system' to keep you aware that I am watching you and being entertained. You just don't know where I am watching you from.

The pink plug will require a lot of lubricant, so I included a small bottle of KY in the bag. Once the plug is in place, the latex gear goes on next, and then your old business suit on over it. You will be

walking funny. I can just picture it. When you leave the bathroom at the mall, you will be walking so seriously, so upright, with careful steps.

Because you don't want women to hear the jingling of the little bells on your bra under the suit, do you? And you don't want anyone to see that you are walking carefully because a huge butt plug is vibrating in your ass, expanding at my whim, keeping you in a hot sweat as you make your way to the lingerie store?

Once at the store, you have to present the manager – the tall, buxom blonde – with the sealed note and your cell phone. She will look at you and wonder what is going on, but trust me, once she reads the note, she'll laugh and be ready to play along. I've offered her quite an incentive to get her all-girl staff involved in this Scavenger Hunt of sorts, with the main goal being how much sexy, silky lingerie they could get you into for two hundred dollars.

Oh, and then, there are the cell phone pictures they have to take. You see, the note promises them each a gift certificate to their favorite clothing store if they get you into a degrading pose in a picture in the store's lingerie. And a special bonus for the most degrading picture of them all – a picture I can feature on my special Slutty FaceBook Page!

I get pretty wet and hot when I think about the pictures, the poses and the lingerie. They have a nice-sized dressing room at this lingerie store. When they see you strip down out of your corporate clothes and see the sexy, tight latex you are wearing, I think they'll get the idea. If they propose that you open your toy bag I have provided, you must obey – and they may select any number of the props that are involved. Including the realistic flesh dildo, the makeup or the nipple clamps.

You know, creativity will be rewarded. And these ladies will be very motivated!

This is just the preparation, though, for your real afternoon visit – the visit where you will come face to face with me again. Or, face to dildo, I should say. Because once in the hotel room, you will be instructed to blindfold yourself, handcuff your wrists behind your back and kneel in your new lingerie as you wait for me.

When the door opens and you hear a voice in the hall, that will be your cue to lean over, open your mouth wide and wait to accept my large cock. I want to walk into the room and impress my guests if I have them with me, by having you waiting there with mouth opened wide, ready and eager to take my whole cock into your mouth.

This is also even more convenient if I have a male counterpart with me, perhaps a man I just fucked in the next room, so you can take his cock into your mouth and clean it up for round two. You just won't know WHAT I have in store for that mouth of yours, or who I have with me at my side.

Maybe your senses will be overwhelmed with fine perfume and the scent of new leather. Or maybe you will smell musky, wet, used cum and a sweaty cock as it slides into your mouth. Either way, I expect you to be waiting with an open mouth, eager, and if any words come from your lips they better be simple and to the point: "I am your whore."

I suppose that's the most important instruction of the day, don't you think?

I will see you this afternoon, my slut. You, of course, will not be seeing me.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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May 16, 2022Akasha

Don’t You Forget about Me

Good morning my corporate slut,

It’s the days that you get the most dressed up, in the most expensive, most masculine suits that I look the MOST forward to what plans I make.

It’s when I decide to do things like — place an ad on Craigslist for a “lunchtime cock to suck,” or call a few girlfriends and tell them I want a lunchtime gang bang.

Or I just want to throw a few surprises into my toy bag, and tell your secretary to clear two hours on your calendar, and start masturbating on the way to your high rise knowing that I am going to do all of the absolutely humiliating acts in your own office – with the door closed, but not locked.

When you look so absolutely masculine and in control in the office, that’s when I get off the most – taking you down. Sure, everyone might think you are Mr. big shot, but I know you are just a bitch cocksucker. Even having you shut your eyes on all fours, and say those words to me while you are still dressed somewhat “respectfully” gets me wet.

I could make you say those words over and over again – with your eyes closed so you don’t get to enjoy the show – and sit in YOUR big office chair and pleasure myself – making you say, “I’m nothing but a cheap, nasty cocksucker for you.”

Yes. That’s the image that gets me wet. You – on all fours – in your most expensive suit, on all fours, saying it over and over again, as I make you part your lips, lick your lips, ask hungrily for cock. As I masturbate, as I strip down to lingerie, as you BEG to look because you KNOW what I am doing.

But you get nothing. You get nothing but my wet (with pussy) fingers in your mouth to shut you up. And then, later, wet (with pussy) dildo in your mouth to shut you up. And then, later, wet (with pussy) – no, soaking – panties, and the strip of duct tape…just to really shut you up.

Then, really, there's nothing left for you but to bend over and put your face where it really belongs. Into the floor. Fine, expensive trousers pulled down. My fingernails in your ass. You may feel the buckles of my strap-on harness or focus on the sounds of my heavy breathing. You may wish you could go back to the simple pleasure of repeating lines or listening to me masturbate as you felt so special, knowing that I was getting off on watching your lips move and delighting in making you suck my juices off your fingers.

But, too late. I have already moved on to nastier games. You feel fingers lubing up your ass, not taking much care in how you feel about it. You know already what kind of mood I am in – one of those moods. Spreading your ass cheeks far apart – this means, you know, I am "inspecting" to make sure you are clean and have presented yourself well to me! You know I plan to fuck you hard, fuck you deep and fuck you well. You know I am planning to be thorough and intense.

You know by the way I keep pressing into your body before I even get the cock near your ass, the way your face keeps getting smashed into the floor of your office that there is little care for your comfort at all. All you feel are juices. My juices mixed with your saliva filling up your mouth.

The lube, wet and slippery, my fingers, so quickly one then two then three. Then my fingers digging into your hips to hold you into place.

And then the monster, monster, MONSTER size of a huge, magnificently large head of a cock like you have never felt before! And this, my poor corporate slut, is where it gets interesting.

**

This is what makes a Monday wonderful for me. It's not the strange men that line up for the Craigslist ad when I offer to sell your mouth for $20 a "pop," it's not when my phone texts start buzzing nonstop when I sent a group offer to my girlfriends for a luncheon "gangbang" – it's when I have you face down and ass up and your entire body tenses up, your fingers curl into the floor and out escapes this muffled "eep" sound because I have managed to shock the biggest size whore in the country!

When I spread your ass so wide today that your eyes water – and then I really start pounding you – I am going to feel something special. Because I know the entire rest of the day you are going to be walking funny, walking tenderly. I know you are going to be walking with rug burns on one side of your face. Try explaining that.

I know that you are going to have so much lubricant leaking from your ass that you will have to wear a maxi pad in your underwear. Don't worry, I will bring one. It makes me smile when I think about how each little "drip" will remind you of what I did to you, and how it makes you feel like such a used, dirty whore.

In fact, as I fuck you, as your ass gets opened up so wide you will feel like you are bleeding and being stretched to an inhuman size, I will tell you just how used up you are going to be. "You love being fucked with such a big cock don't you!" I will tell you. "I bet you wish I were using this ass-dirty, shit-dirty cock in your mouth next! That's how DIRTY you are, WHORE". Oh, it all just turns you on more. Admit it. I can see by the wet spot….

Even as you walk gingerly around the rest of the day, the dripping in your "pad" – as it degrades you – will make you long for it even more. Even though, during the act itself, you will wish for it to end.

Such is the diabolical paradox of being the whore!!

See you soon!

Mistress Akasha
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May 23, 2022Akasha

Thawed

Good morning, my slut.

Well, you won't believe what I have thawing out from the freezer right now. As I type this, I have three months' worth of your frozen cum completely thawing out for a little visit to your office. I keep checking on it, waiting for it to go back to that watery, milky white substance. I'm curious about what it would taste like right now. It's hard not to think about that, isn't it?

So as you read this, at your office, right now you've got a sense of dread coming over you. You are perhaps starting to tremble a little. There is some sweat forming on your forehead. Your feet are shuffling a little bit under your desk. Best of all, your panties are feeling tighter and tighter, getting warmer and warmer, as your cock stiffens instinctively. The plug I made you put in your ass one hour ago is now starting to feel more uncomfortable, and as you sit here reading this email you realize you've once again found yourself in over your head.

Well, before I even tell you what I have in store for you later, I want you to do something for me. I'm sitting here in my bra, panties and thigh-high stockings, fresh from the shower, preparing myself for our visit. And as I sit here, typing this, I cannot help but want to make you fuck yourself for me in preparation. I only wish I were there to see what I am about to make you do.

You have to close your office door and return to your desk, log onto the anonymous web chat room we use and turn on your webcam, aiming it at your crotch area, pointing down from the top of your pc.

I want you to pull down your pants so you are standing there in the light blue pretty panties, your cock stiff, the tip poking out. This is when you have to go online for all to see, whoever happens to be

looking at that moment. They will see your stiff dick in pink panties and wonder what the hell kind of man does that. I imagine there are probably a group of college girls in their dorm laughing their asses off, calling friends and telling them to log on and see it.

Next, you have to turn sideways in your chair so the camera can see your ass perfectly, and I want you to reach around and slowly pull out the large pink butt plug you are wearing. Oh, that is going to feel good, isn't it? You might feel like you are ready to shoot your load right then! You better not, because I'm not quite ready to let you cum yet.

You have to then start slowly fucking yourself with the pink plug, right there on camera. I want you to slowly slide it in and out of your pussy asshole for 15 minutes to get you ready for my visit. I know it will make you feel completely humiliated to do it on cam. And, I am not going to tell you which girlfriends I have told to log on to the chat room and wait for the show….

As for me, I will be on the way to your office by the time you read this, so I won't be able to see it live. Pity. But, I will be setting my pc to screen capture it, just to make sure you really did it. There is no getting out of this one, my slut.

You're probably wondering what I am coming to see you about. You know all about the frozen cum that is defrosting, and you know it is quite a few ounces. I was just stirring it up again. It's very disgusting, I must say. I imagine what uses I could have with all this cum. You know I have plenty of ideas I've been saving up. You just had no idea it was going to be today, did you, slutboy?

I am going to pack your huge cum load into a thermos and bring it to your office in my black leather duffle bag. I'll be wearing a tight, black short dress and spiked stilettos over my lingerie, so I know you'll be immediately turned on when you see me walk in.

You'll be at your desk, your ass again plugged, wearing your light blue panties and white bra under your work clothes. Oh dear, you are going to be dripping and oozing precum when you see me in this outfit, my hair pulled back, my lipstick that stunning red, matching my long nails. You'll know that I mean business.

With a snap of my fingers, you'll jump to attention, closing the door for me and immediately strip down to your bra and panties, then get down on all fours so I can press my feet into your face and make you lick. You'll taste my stockings and my sweat as I recline comfortably in your office chair and unzip and start unloading my black leather bag.

I bet your cock will jump in anticipation, in fear, when you hear the thermos plunk down on your desk.

You'll wonder what I am going to do with that huge load of cum. How terrifying for you. What a turn-on for me. You see, when I think about it, think about the pathetic, helpless, terrified look in your eyes, I just get wetter. In fact, the panties I am wearing right now are going to be changed into something fresh, so I can take this smelly pair and gag you with it when I see you. You'll know I mean business, and that my arousal is for real. You are in deep this time, my slut.

You are going to have to watch me unzip my dress and step out of it, standing in front of you in only my stockings, bra and high heels. You'll have to watch me buckle on my strap-on harness, the fine, thick leather one. You'll notice that I am wearing a new cock, my slut. A new cock indeed.

You see, this dildo I can fill up with any liquid I choose. Water, piss, even coffee. But you know what I am going to fill it with, don't you?

I am going to fill it immediately with your cum, and trust me, that will just take care of a little bit of what fills that thermos. And I'm not going to waste any time, I have already thought long about this,

I've masturbated to this thought. I've giggled to myself and questioned the cruelty of it, but I know it is something I just have to do.

I'm going to immediately squirt the entire first load all over your face.

Let's hope I have good aim! And I can't wait to see the look on your face as it is covered. Your own cum – warm, almost fresh. You are not going to be able to wipe it up, I'm not going to let you at all. I'll just shove my cock in your mouth (after re-filling it of course with more cum) and start moving my hips. You'll be deep throating, gagging on my large, cum filled dildo for as long as I see fit. You'll feel your face still covered with cum, drying up on you as you deep throat my cock.

I'm going to keep pumping until I'm good and wet, and then without warning, at some point, I'm going to empty another load right into your mouth. It will be a huge turn on watching you gag, in shock, as the warm cum fills your mouth up. You are not allowed to spit it out; you have to swallow every last drop or face serious punishment. Are you going to be ready when you feel it start to squirt? Are you going to remember where that came from? Or are you going to be imagining that I have brought a big, tall stud into your office and you're sucking a real dick for me?

You'll barely be recovered from swallowing that cum load before you realize I've shoved my strap-on dildo up your asshole after removing the plug. Yes, it once again will be full of warm, salty cum. Your ass will be open and ready, but the dildo will feel long, different. Your panties will be down around your thighs, and I am going to make you push your face into the carpet.

Your face, still smeared with cum, will be shoved down on the ground as I ram your ass with my cock and tell you what a little bitch you are. Oh, I am going to verbally humiliate you to no end,

telling you how bad you need a real dick in you, how bad you need your pussy ass filled with cum. I am going to make you beg me to fill your pussy hole up with cum. You are going to be telling me what a little sissy bitch you are, and how you need that cum in your asshole.

It's going to be such a turn-on when I release the cum, pushing the valve when I have my hips all the way against your ass cheeks, so I know the dildo is in deep. I will know it's squirting, squiring up your asshole, finding its way deep. I wonder if you are going to feel it squirting inside of you. I know you are going to be so turned on, your face pressed into the floor, feeling me fuck your ass and cum inside of you, filling you up.

The most humiliating part, though, will be when I make you pull up your panties and get dressed and go back to work. I'm going to be through with you as soon as I cum, and like a man lose interest in you completely. I've already had my fuck, after all.

I will wordlessly dress and pack up my things in my leather duffle bag as I listen to your whimpering while you pull up your trousers. I might look at you and tell you how ridiculous you look with dried cum on your face (imagine if I did not remind you, and you went on with your workday like that?).

You'll be back in your chair, dressed, and already feel the cum dripping out of your sore asshole, making your panties wet and uncomfortable. You are not allowed to do anything but sit there the rest of the afternoon as it leaks out. I bet you are going to be nervous if you have to leave your office and go somewhere in the building, knowing that cum is dripping out of your hole and dampening your pretty panties.

After I have packed up my things and checked my lipstick and makeup, I will say my goodbyes before heading out.

And oh, about the thermos full of cum. Well, the three loads I shoot will only be a small portion of what is in the thermos. I plan to leave with that thermos empty, but I’m not telling you what I’m doing with it.

For that, you’ll just have to wait.

See you soon, cum boy.

Mistress Akasha

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May 30, 2022Akasha

Sissy Shopping Bitch

Good morning my corporate slut,

As much as I enjoy planning corporate parties and large sales events, I get so much more enjoyment out of planning cruel and diabolical scenarios for you.

I suppose I shouldn't say "for you" – really, they are for me. So many submissive men get their fantasies catered for them, and get to have all their dreams come true. You, though, get to wonder each day if I am going to do something nasty and degrading to you because it turns me on. You know that this is not about your fantasies, but about mine.

So when I "plan" my little tasks for you, or projects, I get a sense of excitement. My panties were wet today as I spoke to a lovely lady named "Caroline" at the Victoria's Secret downtown. I started off by chatting with her casually about their new lines, then asked if many men were in the store lately.

She laughed. It was a slow morning, I could tell, and she was happy to chat about it, how the guys come in there all embarrassed, buying panties for their wives or girlfriends –or, whatever, she said. I laughed with her and told her about my own little "whatever" slut (you) and how I got great pleasure sending him to shops to buy lingerie that he'd have to wear for me later.

Caroline really got a kick out of this, to say the least. She asked me about your age and build and whether or not I was joking. I assured her that I was not, and then told her I would be sending you in today to get a new pair of panties, a matching bra and a cute little nightie to go over it. She thought it was hilarious.

She also told me that several of her co-workers would really get a laugh out of it – and she actually asked me for permission to get them in on it. I told her of course – if she only knew!!

She's going to be expecting you to arrive by 11:30am and you are going to take your cell phone to take pictures. Well, she will be taking the pictures – and you will send them to me. I'm going to be judging your little "fashion show" and she has agreed to find you a private area in the back to try on the frilly, sexy, feminine things to make sure they fit. You will have your bust measured and your panties sized just perfectly.

This is just the start of your "shopping day," though, and just the start of your humiliation. Once you get your panties and bra, you have to go immediately change into them and throw your boxer underwear in the trash. From there you are to immediately go to the perfume counter and put on a healthy dose of something sexy and feminine – and yes, I better be able to smell it when I see you tonight.

From there you have to go to the drug store and buy a large package of maxi pads, a box of pantyliners, KY jelly, and feminine douche. You are allowed to buy nothing else. You must go to a pretty, young, petite female checker. You are to confess to her that you are on a 'sissy scavenger hunt' and will not get "credit" unless you snap a cell phone picture of her and at least 2 other girls with you holding up the maxi pads as they laugh at you. If you do not deliver this picture, you will be put into chastity for 6 weeks.

You then have to go to a stationery or office supply store and buy red ink. You can buy it via fountain pen, as long as it's a liquid pen, or a red stamp pad.

Next, you have to go into the men's room and pull down your trousers and panties. You will be forced to put a large maxi pad in your panties and pour the red ink all over it, or smash the ink pad

over it, and also on the inside of your trousers so it leaks through. Put a pantyliner over the ink-stained maxi pad so you do not let your "precious pussy parts" come in contact with the ink- imagine having to wash out your CUNT! Oh, I guess that's what the douche is for, in case you fuck it all up!

Now it's time to walk through the mall wearing a big bulky maxi pad with a red stain on your crotch, hoping no one sees. I sure hope the lovely ladies from your office are not taking a nice stroll through the mall on their lunch break!!

Make sure you go through Nordstrom at least three times, in a large circle. They are having a huge sale that ends today, and the store will be packed. And yes, I emailed all your female work associates to remind them of it, and the prettiest shopping addicts will be sure to take a long lunch and browse the sales racks. I am almost CERTAIN you will run into someone you know!!

When you get back from your little shopping adventure, I am going to be waiting in your office, wearing my strap on. A large container of lube will be on your desk. You are to close your door, strip down and present your ass to me for inspection, followed by an ass fucking at my leisure. While I am waiting at your office, filing my nails, I'll be imagining your suffering and humiliation as you complete these tasks, knowing that when you get there, you are going to be undeniably hard.

It will give me a great chance to verbally humiliate you, reminding you of what a whore you are. Did your cock get hard in your tight panties when you shopped in the lingerie store? Did you feel embarrassed when the girls laughed at you, yet you were so hard your panties were full of precum? Did you feel foolish and small as you walked through Nordstrom with girls, some college-aged, looking and pointing at you, whispering? Did the questioning looks from the gorgeous sales staff make you feel like a pathetic little sissy?

Sounds like a normal day in the office to me.

See you soon.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Jun 5, 2022Akasha

Portable Milking Machine

Good morning my corporate slut,

If I can't share my darkest, nastiest fantasies with you, then who can I share them with?

I want to tell you about this new invention I'm working on. It's a portable milking machine. But before I tell you about it, I want you to close your office door and strip down to bra, panties and thigh-high stockings. I want you to apply bright pink lipstick. And I want you to suck your large, realistic dildo on your knees in front of your keyboard the entire time.

As you get hard in your panties, as you start to make them wet with pre-cum, I want you to remember the most important thing. You exist purely as a toy for my pleasure – your cock belongs to me. You want only to make me wet, to worship my pussy and bring me pleasure. Even if that means never, ever cumming again. What do you think about that?

I bet those panties are feeling mighty, mighty tight right now. I bet there's a pristine little wet spot forming already. Maybe you feel the thong riding up the crack of your ass. That bra feels tight and uncomfortable, doesn't it? Those thigh highs make your legs feel so sexy and energized, almost electric. And the lipstick, you can feel it, the waxy familiar feel that reminds you that you are a whore.

The cock in your mouth, it feels so natural I bet. You deep throat with ease and precision, knowing that when you go down on that dildo you are merely practicing for the real thing.

So keep on sucking, take it all in, as you read about my most delicious invention. Akasha's Mystery Milker!

What I wanted to devise is a tool that makes milking very efficient, and absolutely pleasureless for the man. But it thoroughly cleans you of any cum – so your balls can get full again and again, but you never get to actually enjoy an orgasm.

The Milker will be thick and metallic and require a lot of lube before it's inserted into your ass. The added humiliation will come from the fact that you get hard once you are probed, and the precum will begin flowing almost immediately.

Imagine the shame you will feel when I laugh, with my girlfriends next to me, as your cock grows thick inside the clear tube that is slid over it. There will be no pumping or pleasure from the tube, it is just there to collect the huge load of cum that will be forthcoming.

I'll have controls on the Milker that will let me decide how fast the cum will be milked. Your ass will be stretched and probed in a very degrading, yet effective manner. The position that you have to be in will be on all fours with your ass up in the air. Your ass cheeks may jiggle as the device really heats up and starts pumping inside you, causing you to jerk reflexively as the cum load squirts into the clear vial.

Collection will be easy. For me, that is. You, on the other hand, will endure the ultimate humiliation as the loads are collected at my leisure, but you get no pleasure at all. Future innovations may include methods so that I can combine face sitting/ass smothering with the milking, so that you are reduced to a mere asshole licker as your cum is forcibly milked from you.

And what will become of all these saved loads? Anything I desire. Perhaps I will freeze them into cock shaped popsicles that you will have to eat on a hot summer day, or I will use a syringe to fill up your ass with them and make you spend the entire day leaking cum into your panties!! Of course, this is what a real whore feels like, wouldn't you agree?

Surely by now, as you sit in the office sucking on a huge dildo for me, you feel ready and eager to submit to my desires. You know I will be by soon for a visit, and upon my arrival you need to be prepared to worship my body in any manner that I see fit.

But first, be a good little whore, and clean up those panties you are wearing. I am sure they are stretched tight and just soaking with precum. Take them off, turn them inside out and lick the crotch area clean. When I arrive to inspect you, I expect to find them good as new and totally clean.

This is a good “warm up” for your tongue. You’ll soon know why that is important.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Jun 13, 2022Akasha

I Like to Watch

Good morning my slut,

I've got another busy week for you planned. You'll be taking care of my insatiable appetite in the evenings and working early mornings on your deadlines. It must be so hard for you when my "hunger" overlaps directly with your work commitments. You'll get through it all, of course. You always do.

There's a fantasy in my head that I can't stop thinking about. The only way I will be able to stop obsessing about it is to actually do it, you know. I think I'll arrange this one very soon. It does require a bit of preparation, as you'll soon find out.

But before I tell you my plans, you must prepare yourself at your desk. Right now. I don't care who is in your office and what calls or meetings you have scheduled. You are going to take ten minutes to read this email, and read it properly.

You'll have to shut your door and have your secretary hold your calls. I want you to immediately go to your locked file cabinet and take out your large pink butt plug. Yes, you can use lube. In fact, I want you to use lube liberally because then you'll really be reminded all day of your torment. It will be hard not to when your asshole feels so slick.

I want you to insert the plug by placing it on your chair and slowly sitting down on it. I can picture you holding carefully onto the arms of your leather office chair for balance, delicately lowering your body down a little at a time. I can just picture the grimace on your face and hear you gasp as it pushes up inside of you. Since you have to sit on it, I can be assured that it is all the way inside and will stay that way.

Next, you have to get your pink dildo and practice sucking on it. You have to suck on it until you finish this email. You can't take any breaks. You must never let the dildo actually leave your mouth completely. You have to use long, deep sucking as you slide the entire cock in and out of your mouth. Your lips are going to feel stretched. Your jaw will start to ache. But the entire time you're going to be so hard, even though your ass is full. You're going to be hard because you are a cocksucker, and you love to suck it for me. Just the feel of that cock against your lips will set you off.

This is all very relevant to the fantasy I am going to create soon. You see, lately, I've been in the mood to watch. I mean, I want to watch you perform. I want to do it from across the room, relaxing, just being able to watch every move you make. Since I won't be the one performing, it gives me more time and I can focus intensely on the reactions that I love so much.

Since I am going to be watching, I'll be needing a woman to use you. I have a woman in mind already (you know her, and you are going to be blown away when you find out; she is your ultimate fantasy — besides me, of course!). She's going to know exactly what I want her to do to you, and she'll perform it to the letter.

You're still sucking cock, aren't you slut?

Don't stop sliding that cock in and out of your mouth until you are done reading this letter. I don't care if drool is dripping down your chin and onto your keyboard. I don't care if your hand is wet with spit from holding onto it as you pump it between your lips.

Do you still feel that plug deep inside your ass? Bounce a little on the chair. Just as a reminder. Does your cock stiffen in your trousers when you do that? Did a muffled moan escape your lips around the dildo?

This tall, stunning woman is going to be wearing a custom-made leather strap-on harness. I'm going to take her to have it fitted and

help her pick out the lingerie she will wear with it. I'm going to help her pick out the dick she will use. We're going to take time to plan and prepare so she is totally comfortable with her new dick. Oh, she's had experience before. She's fucked many men up the ass. But this is going to be the largest, most realistic cock she's worn and by far the best quality harness. Fine, expensive leather and shining silver buckles.

What I'm going to have her do is fuck your mouth with her cock, first of all. When I fuck your mouth I am always looking down, and I can't see the full view. What turns me on about this is that she will be able to hold you by the head while you kneel and pump as fast or slow as I say – and I can see every bit of it.

I'll be able to see that thick cock sliding in and out between your lips. I will see your cheeks straining and your eyes watering. I'll be the one to make you moan loudly to show how much you love having her cock in your mouth. I'll make you lick and kiss the tip of her cock as if you were hungrily trying to taste any precum you could.

Who knows, I may thaw out some of your cum from the freezer and bring it in a baggie so I can pour it all over the cock, carefully, precisely, so that you are kneeling there staring at it as the cum starts dripping down from it. You'll be waiting for the command to lean forward and suck it off hungrily, using your tongue to clean up every last drop of it. The familiar taste of your own cum on that dildo will just turn you on more.

You'll be hard as you are kneeling there, hard and helpless. You'll have no choice but to allow her to keep fucking your face. You'll probably be in awe of her, and not believe that this is actually happening to you.

I wonder if you will be torn between watching her — in all her beauty, soaking in that image of her in the tight leather strap-on

harness – and watching me as I pleasure myself during the show. I'll be in your office chair reclining back, legs up on your desk, knees bent slightly, my hands comfortably between my legs. My toys will be within reach should I decide to use a vibrator.

So which will you watch, my slut? Will you watch her as she prepares for the second act, where you will be forced onto all fours and violated from behind? Or, will you watch me, my pussy glistening wet and my vibrator teasing my clit until I'm on the edge?

Maybe I'll blindfold you for the entire thing. That would solve your dilemma. You see, I do still have a lot of planning to do.

For now, you must put your toys away and get back to work. Sadly, your cocksucking practice is over for now. I want you to write back to me and tell me in great detail how sore your jaw is and how your lips feel. It makes me so hot when you suck cock for me; the least you can do is share the experience in email for now.

Soon, you'll be doing it in a little show for me. I can't wait.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha
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akasha@akashaweb.com

Jun 20, 2022Akasha

Tasks for Torture

Good morning my corporate slut,

I realize that this is one of your busiest days at the office in a long time. But my hunger for your surrender and humiliation doesn't really keep a calendar to sync with yours. Unfortunately, when I need you to submit, you just have to suck it up, as they say.

And what an appropriate phrase, 'suck it up'. Visions in my head already – you, prone, on your hands and knees in that fine business suit, gagging and slurping on my strap-on cock as I watch with my hands on my hips. This time, standing still, making you do all the work. Not even moving my hips, just making you move your entire body back and forth, degrading you, coaching you, egging you on.

"Come on. You're a better dick sucker than that and we both know it. Stop sucking and look at me and beg to eat my cock. Beg for it."

Enjoying the beautiful show you put on – eyes begging, sweet long eyelashes, your lips pink and slightly puffy, your mouth stretched. Just the beginning and we both know it.

A little diversion like that during a busy day is enough to take your mind off of deadlines, wouldn't you say?

Now, the time of my arrival is not guaranteed. I could be stroking and lubing up my cock right now. I could be sitting in your parking lot, getting ready to enter your building. Or I could make you suffer painfully until the end of your long, long day before the elevator doors open and I begin my deliberate stride down the hallway of your emptying office building.

But I do know this. By the time I do arrive, you are going to be in such a pathetic, nasty frenzy that you will want to fall immediately to

your knees and beg to suck my dick.

Why?

Because of the long, painful day of teasing and denial I have set up for you – designed entirely by fate. Let's see just how busy you are. You must follow the rules below with immediacy and diligence. If you fall behind, take notes, and catch up. It must be executed perfectly, and I will be checking up on you.

Shall we begin?

For every EMAIL you receive (including spam, so check your filters today) you must stroke to the edge. This even includes one-line responses, so be careful how you engage those people who email for small talk…oh, and that includes me. And you KNOW how much I enjoy emailing you throughout the day…

For every EMAIL you receive from a WOMAN, in addition to the stroking/denial, you must consume every drop of precum while you stroke. So when that email pops up from your cute vendor or a secretary asking to confirm your travel plans, or that extremely hot designer from your ad agency, you know you are going to be paying the price with your lips and tongue.

Every time your PHONE rings, you must finish the call (or let it go to voice mail) and go to the bathroom and get on your knees and suck a dildo for 10 minutes. Fortunately for you, most people use email these days…or, wait, is that UNFORTUNATELY? And you know how much I like to call and leave you vulgar voice mails….Yes, this does include how many voice mails pile up on your phone…

Every time a person physically comes into your OFFICE to talk to you, you have to spend ten minutes with an ice cube in your ass. No, not while they are there, of course. But as soon as they leave, you have to go do this task. I hope you are not expecting many visitors.

For every MEETING you have, you must attend the entire meeting with a butt plug in your ass. For your sake, I hope you don't have any of those incredibly long budget planning meetings…

For every CONFERENCE CALL, you sit on today, you must do so with a vibrator plug in your ass or a plug + vibrator against your crotch. Make sure you mute your phone so they don't hear the humming… or your moaning…

For any OFF SITE MEETINGS you have today, you must make sure you are wearing full lingerie under your suit. That means panties, stockings or pantyhose and bra. Or, just the panties, if you only have those with you today. I want to make sure you are feeling especially distracted. Oh, and on the car ride? Plugged, of course.

Once you survive the entire day of these tasks, you will be primed and ready to endure the main course. Submitting to me – completely – in the desire that I see fit.

And keep in mind, I have developed these tasks for a reason. You see, I can only imagine what torture and humiliation you are enduring because I know how busy you are going to be – how can I not, you have been talking about it for weeks. Now I know that with every ding of your email box, with every ring of your phone, with every interruption by your co-workers, your humiliation and suffering will deepen. You will be flushed, aching, dripping and nasty. You will be breathing hard, shaking, and thinking of nothing more than submitting deep into the nastiest sides of your submission.

I know that the more intense the teasing and denial, the more desperate you will be for release. So by the time I arrive, we both know you won't only be ready for complete degradation.

You will be begging for it.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jul 4, 2022Akasha

Humiliate. Objectify. Exploit.

Good morning my corporate slut,

Humiliate.
Objectify.
Exploit.

Just a few simple words that have been on my mind lately.

What are these things? These are things I want to do to you. I picture you there in your office reading this email, and I picture the look in your eyes and hear the creak in the leather as you move in your chair. The discomfort and hesitation.

I picture you, and I want to hurt you.

Not many women, I think, send "love letters" quite like this one. Make no mistake, I am sending this email with the ultimate affection and desire for you. I send it with lust, amusement and desire. I write these words alternating through pauses to fantasize about you, pauses to feel the warm moisture between my legs, pauses to contemplate whether to finish it and hit send, or just discard it entirely and go off to masturbate with my ideas.

So what is it about you?

Why do I get a distinct ache in my pussy when I think of your eyes on the bulging, thick strap-on cock I am wearing? Why do I imagine how your muffled whimpers feel between my legs, and I can think of nothing else but the feeling of your tongue sliding up and down my ass cracks, as I humiliate you, call you names, cut off your air and menace your balls all at the same time?

While I don't really know the answer, I can surely tell you more about the three words, and give you a few interesting instructions to make the email more exciting. Well, for me, at least.

Consider it a test. A test that requires you to start stroking, right now, with two fingers, but never actually climax. Feel the stiff shaft, feel the oozing precum from your tip, but know that my property is not allowed to cum. Know that your dick still belongs to me, and all you can do when you start leaking into your panties is scoop the precum onto your fingertips and lick it delicately off your skin.

And know that as your tongue moves carefully, I would be so wet watching you; making you swirl little circles around the tip of your finger just so I can long to have that talented tongue flicking against my clit.

So what is it about the first word, "humiliate"?

I suppose it is because I see you as quite competent, and strong, and even powerful at times. When I see you at your strongest point, as I have lately, I so long to degrade and humiliate you by making you feel intense shame. I like what it does to the skin tone in your cheeks. I like how your otherwise strong eyes turn puppydog-like, and you hold your head down in dismay, your shoulders down.

When I humiliate you, it's like I am stripping you naked and making you show me your bare insides, and you feel totally helpless and vulnerable. The way your body reacts to the stripping of your pride is just totally erotic to me; it's no wonder that when you are fully degraded, with the full length of my dick in your mouth, I just want to mount your face and order you to pleasure me. Alternating between tonguing my pussy and worshipping my cock.

What is it about the second word, "Objectify"? Oh, this is an easy one.

You see, I see you, ultimately, as a sex toy for me. When I want to fully embrace this feeling, when I want to objectify you to the core, I long to strap you into a double-sided dildo and mount your face, fucking you as if you are just an inanimate object for my pleasure.

I get so hot when I think of how this must feel to be you. Used that way. Knowing that my pussy is so close to your face, my juices are literally dripping down onto your skin, but I am fucking you like you are a dildo. I am even calling you "my cock face" and "hole," when I fuck your ass. When I spread your ass cheeks and tell you to be quiet, to shut up, because you are my hole. When I reduce you to an object for my pleasure, I feel like I possess you more than any other time. I feel like you are my property, a piece of meat. I long to piss on you to mark you as my territory, to brand your ass. I think of such extremes.

But those extremes are nothing, really, when compared to the extreme ideas I get when I consider the third word, "Exploit."

Your total exploitation is what I long for at the peak of my intense desire and need for pleasure. When I fantasize about exploiting you, it's when I have successfully reduced you to more than owned property or an object for my pleasure. It is when you exist so much to please me that your own essence does not matter anymore. When my pleasure becomes more critical to you than your own livelihood. How could this not make me soaking wet with lust?

My exploitation fantasies are pretty dark, I will confess. But what is most dark about them is that I intend to fulfill them – deliciously slowly – one at a time.

Exploiting you by selling you like a whore. Selling your dick sucking skills at a party, where you are blindfolded and wearing lipstick, with a sign around your neck, your cock stuffed into tight spandex so your manhood is totally hidden. Objectified to the degree that you suck, and suck, and suck, earning me $20 for every load of cum. But

you do it all without complaint, and you beg for more – just to earn $100 in a night to buy me a pair of shoes.

Exploitation at the level of me putting together a virtual slideshow that I can make the screensaver on every single PC in your office, thanks to the fact that your geeky but delicious IT intern is infatuated with me. Just one press of the button, remotely, and every screen in your office would be filling with pictures of you on all fours sucking cock. In pink lingerie. Licking your fingers with your legs spread and hamming it up for the camera – remember the photo shoot I made you do when you had to pretend to be a porn starlet?

Exploited to the level that you not only suck dick for me, but you go out and find me men to screw while you sit in the corner sucking on my moist panties. More than that, though; the fact that you long for it, enjoy it. And need it.

Because you need to please me more than you need air itself. And this is most apparent the times you find yourself smothered under my ass cheeks as I dial my phone and set up the next date night, fingering my pussy as your air runs out and laughing richly while my plans pan out.

Is it all too much for you? I think not; and this, my dear corporate slut, is why we are a match made in heaven.

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

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akasha@akashaweb.com

Jul 11, 2022Akasha

Slip and Slide

Good morning my corporate slut,

I hope you're able to deal with a hefty dose of distraction today, my nastiest little whore, because I have quite a bit of it myself. And if I am going to be aching, if my panties are going to be wet, if I am going to find it impossible to concentrate – well, then, I think you should be in the same boat.

I'm sure as you read about how wet I am, you feel a familiar bulge in your crotch. Those panties I made you wear today – black lace, crotchless, incredibly slutty – must feel very uncomfortable. The only thing a little better would have been that bright pink g-string thong riding up your ass crack all day as you tiptoed around the office trying not to be so obvious.

I'll settle for the crotchless panties. The feature will come in handy today because I woke up in the mood to take out my frustrations by forcing you to endure the most painful cock and ball torture – right through the panties.

In fact, it's a whole little degrading fantasy in my head, one that includes you kneeling before me in thigh-high black stockings, those nasty panties, and a matching lace bra. The bra is pulled down so your nipples are exposed, and I am grinning cruelly as I attach clamps with weights on your tender flesh. Watching your nipples endure the stretching, painful pulling just makes me ache with need – the need to get you on all fours, still in lingerie, and make you feel like a total pussy for me.

But that isn't a bad thing, is it?

See how my distraction is today – it goes like this. I think for a moment about a little office visit, about the cock and ball torture,

and suddenly my own nipples are getting hard and my thighs are pressed together at my desk, and I feel my panties getting moist. I imagine peeling those panties off as you kneel expectantly, hopeful, wondering if it will be an afternoon of humiliation or an afternoon of torture.

Making you open wide, crawl to me, and beg to lick them – to lick the crotch of my panties clean as I turn them inside out and pat your head and call you a good little whore. The little taste of my pussy will be all the inspiration and motivation you get before the cock and ball show starts, and you know, you have to keep quiet in the office.

**

There's something about those strained, muffled whimpers. You know the ones I am talking about. As I sit there in your leather office chair, with you kneeling in your black lingerie, holding carefully still as I apply the clamps to your nipples and then begin the long task of applying the nutcracker and ball stretcher.

The sounds you make – hissing between clenched teeth. Is it enough to keep you motivated if I let you see – no, let you taste – just how wet your pain is making me?

If you are lucky, I may be in a sharing mood. I may smile, and open my legs, let you watch me tease my pussy with my fingers, then let you lick, eyes closed tight, to keep your mind off of the pain.

Or, if I am in a bit of an evil mood, I may just press the button on your speakerphone, dial up a few friends – or your secretary down the hall – and make you join me in a little chit chat as you try desperately to mask the pain in your voice while I twist and pull the clamps on your nipples.

Watching you squirm is my favorite pastime. You know this already. It's also my favorite form of foreplay. Cranking, slowly, the lever on

the ball smasher will just delight me. Adding weights to the nipple clamps until your breathing turns into ragged gasps will just make me want to sit on your face and muffle your pleas in a more… creative and effective manner.

Maybe this should be the "carrot" after all. I can promise you, my whore, that the end of my visit will be appropriately punctuated one of two ways.

Either I will reward you by sitting on your face – deliberately, suggestively, demandingly – to ride your tongue to orgasm. My orgasm, of course.

Or, I will go into my leather bag and pull out my favorite harness, and make you watch me put it on and prepare my large black cock. Making you get on all fours, your balls still clamped and your nipples still pinched, will be a very, very painful way to endure a long ass fucking! You know, with every thrust of my massive dick between your cheeks, you'll feel your balls ready to explode and your nipples on fire. Delicious.

It makes me wonder what you will focus on. Will it be how brutally painful the ball torture is – or the piercing distraction in your tits – or will it be how massive my dildo feels in your ass as I degrade you with my ruthless penetration? Once again you'll feel totally degraded as I call you – out loud – my cunt, my cum bucket, my bitch. And with every thrust, you will be pushed deeper and deeper into surrender for me. Maybe you'll be conscious enough to hear and recognize the sound of me licking my own pussy juices off my fingers. Do you know how wet it makes me? Yes, you do.

If I am feeling especially hungry, you know I just may do both. You may be in a position to mark off two hours for my visit.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jul 18, 2022Akasha

Flight Path

Good morning my corporate slut,

I'm so disappointed to hear that you will be leaving town on an 'extended' business trip. Anything longer than 3 days away from my direct supervision is too long, you know. But don't think I'm not going to take full advantage of this opportunity to make you endure a variety of tortures for my amusement.

First I was a little frustrated, but then I started to recall all the humiliating games that can be played at the airport, on the airplane, and at the hotel when you arrive at your business destination. Frankly, I'm not sure how much work you are going to get done anyway.

I'm going to start by unpacking and removing anything masculine from your luggage. You will not be taking any boxers or briefs. On this trip, you are going to be wearing only the sweet, sexy, frilly things I leave in your luggage for you. And you won't know until you arrive just what little outfits I have in mind for you. I can assure you they are going to be very feminine, very tight, and very distracting. You'll feel like a 'million bucks' – or a million-dollar-whore – sitting in the boardroom in the tight red corset and thigh highs, for example. And what a painfully distracting thing to have to endure.

Your walk through the airport and airport security is going to be a special task for me, also. I'm not telling you just what I've placed inside your carry-on luggage. But you will stay on your cell phone with me until they make you put it away and you go through the line, simply so I can pleasure myself to the sound of your trembling voice as you near the security line. You know I am going to place something in your bag to make them pull it aside and open it.

And you know that I am going to make you describe to me all the people working the security line, so I can direct you toward the one with the most attractive woman working. Or, the line of passengers that features hot, corporate women in sharp suits and sexy high heels, so they will be standing next to you when security pulls you aside to take a look into your carry-on bag.

Will these young, attractive businesswomen – perhaps someone you even know from your network – be looking as the female security officer opens your bag and pulls out a number of items? Oh, what will it be? First, a pink bra, then a big pink dildo? How about a big tube of lubricant and a large butt plug? Maybe a brightly colored vibrator and nipple clamps? I may put the most embarrassing items in there, knowing that you may or may not have to explain them, and knowing that you may have close company in the form of a woman, perhaps a lady that will be on your flight, watching over your shoulder and looking closely at you, wondering if that's a thong under your business trousers….

Once you "survive" the walk through security, your ride on the airplane will be one you won't forget. I'm going to load your laptop with videos that you must watch – but they will be renamed, and you won't know what they are. Of course, the lady sitting next to you will look over your shoulder and see – what is it you are watching, a video on crossdressing? A video about your first period? Maybe a short movie about how to give a blow job? I may put something suggestive on there – with a little quiz at the end – a quiz you must take when you are on the flight and send to me upon your return.

But don't get too comfortable when you arrive on the plane, because the first thing you will have to do is visit the lavatory and insert your large black butt plug – the one that is too tight to endure for more than 3 hours. You'll be riding that your entire flight, hoping there isn't too much turbulence. At the one-hour mark on your flight, you are to return to the bathroom and put your nipple clamps on under

your shirt and apply Ben Gay to your balls. Surely you will stop thinking about the burning when you wonder if the pretty lady next to you can smell that scent.

At that point, you will have to use your laptop, taking a break from the movie, to write me an email to be sent later. You have to write it in MS Word using size 18 font. That way, you know she will see – how could she not? You are to address me as "Mistress" and begin the email by telling me what a devoted little whore you are – and then describe to me the sensations and humiliation you are feeling. I bet your little fingers will be typing furiously as you try to finish as quickly as possible.

Once you finish your note you must go into the lavatory again, and this time, you have to jerk off until you are on the edge, and take all the pussy juices you produce and coat your lips with them. The creamy taste of pre-cum will be a nice reminder of what it tastes like to cum – and, maybe, if you are good during the trip, you'll be consuming quite a large load. Or, going to work with it crusted, dried on your face.

What a long, painful, humiliating flight it will be – I'm sure. When you arrive at your destination, a long cab ride will remind you again what a whore you are – you can, of course, remove the clamps and plug at the airport, but don't get too comfortable. I have a package waiting for you at the hotel.

The package will be at the front desk – I left it with the receptionist named "Kayla" – I took the liberty of calling the bellmen and asking the testosterone-filled guys there who the hottest woman was that worked there. I told them I was playing a joke on a friend of mine and they were happy to fill me in on just who the sexy kitten is who works there – and I think "Kayla" is really amused at the way I labeled the package for you. Let's just say she laughed out loud and asked me what was inside, and how she could get involved. What luck! When you are turning three shades of red as you pick up the

box at the front desk, you will probably be wondering if she's going to be involved in making your stay at the hotel more memorable.

As for the package – -well, the instructions inside make it very clear what you are to do when you get to your room. Make sure your webcam is set up though and you have called me so I can log in and view the "show" you will be performing.

And – by the way – I have invited a few girlfriends over to take a peek as well. I told them we were watching some special videos and the wine will be flowing.

I certainly hope you did not intend to get any "work" done on this trip….

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha
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akasha@akashaweb.com

Jul 25, 2022Akasha

New Worship

Good morning my corporate slut,

When I get a new toy, you know I can't wait to use it.

There's something about the fit and feel of this new strap on that is simply addicting. The leather straps run tight along my thighs and up between my ass crack; a unique feel and fit, but oh, such leverage for the big, thick black dildo that bounces slightly between my legs when I walk.

As I model it in the full-length mirror this morning, my mind drifted immediately to how it would look on you. Or, in you, I should say. In your mouth, as you kneel, hands politely behind your back, showing me that you have remembered how a proper slave kneels and sucks.

Your eyes closed, as if not seeing could block out the image of what is happening to you. I wouldn't let you off that easy anyway, telling you out loud how your mouth looks wrapped around my dick. "Suck it deep, come on, I know you can deep throat better than that!" I may say. Or, more to the point, "My cock is stuffing your mouth and you love it, don't you?"

And I'd make you gag an obedient, "Mm-hmm" just to prove you are listening attentively to the humiliating descriptions and instructions.

As if my hands, sweetly running fingers through your hair, could even distract you from how full and gagging the new dildo is. You know when my fingers are in your hair affectionately it is only a matter of time before the gentle caresses turn to fists between the strands, tightening so you will wince in a way that gets me hot, so I can force my hips forward in a motion that makes you choke. Just because I like it.

You – kneeling – sucking and worshipping – this is why I do what I do. Because I long to see you prone in front of me, down low, obedient, and willing to do such degrading things like suck a huge cock. I will admit, sometimes I imagine, as I watch my cock slide in and out of your lips and you slurp hungrily, that I am watching you suck a real dick.

A woman is entitled to her fantasies, after all, right?

I imagine you sucking a black man's huge, bulging cock as I watch and pace around, providing instructions. When I see your lips around my black dildo, my mind wanders, I just can't help it. Because you suck so eagerly and efficiently, you have adopted a style that conserves energy and stretches your mouth, and opens your throat to take more and more. Who could fault me for wanting to share this talent?

When I imagine these things, standing in front of the mirror, I can't help but start stroking the full length of my dildo while I watch in the mirror. You'd think I was momentarily transformed and could actually feel the strokes, feel my body stiffen, feel the orgasm building up inside. Maybe it's the slight pressure I am putting on my clit with the base of the dildo, the egg vibrator positioned perfectly. It makes me just want to lay down and finish myself off, but I can't stop looking in the mirror.

And what's turning me on most is visualizing you, anyway. My whore, sucking dick, either on all fours or kneeling with wrists crossed behind your back. And when I see my cock is glistening enough, the saliva dripping down from tip to base, perhaps that's time to take what I really want from you.

Sometimes gently, sometimes violently, but always with precision and intense purpose. Turning you around, bending you over, pulling down your panties, and spreading your cheeks as you are ordered to open your legs and prepare yourself for me. You know, by now,

what this ritual entails. Loosening up, relaxing. So many times practicing, even making you spread your own ass cheeks degradingly, finger your own ass hole as I verbally humiliate you and tell you to show me that your hole is ready. Making you pump one finger then two then three, so cruel in my tone that you worry in your own dark demented mind that I may make you suck your own fingers clean.

Come on, admit it. Your own internal fantasies are MUCH nastier than even mine, and you have thought about such disgusting things, I bet, and even gotten hard! Just as I know you are humiliated at the fact that as soon as my cock touches your lips you get hard, and as soon as my hands grip your ass cheeks you long to be pumped up full with my dick.

(How amusing, I admit, to think that when a woman grabs your ass, instead of the normal reaction of a man, you associate the feeling with your hole being penetrated).

You, on all fours, taking my cock. My new cock. That's what it really comes down to. But before I even give you the opportunity to worship it with your mouth, or take it in your ass, you will first lick and worship every ounce of the leather harness, the buckles. Even the strap that rides tight up my ass, the base that presses warmly against my pussy. It's soaked through, already, the leather taking various shades now as my juices have permeated and soaked through. I am sure the smell of pussy and leather will bring you to a very, very special place in your mind.

How does noon sound, my whore?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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akasha@akashaweb.com

Aug 1, 2022Akasha

Left for Dread

Good morning my corporate slut,

Sometimes on a Monday, I feel like a little intrigue and espionage. I guess I grew up with a little too much James Bond (you know, Mr. Bond was always getting into tight situations) and Batman (do my outfits remind you of Catwoman?), so there are times when I wake up and just want to do something devious and unpredictable.

Like – say – kidnapping?

Oh. Don't worry. You won't be hurt (much). And I won't risk getting arrested. But I hatched a plan with a very sadistic girlfriend of mine, I will just call her "Mistress Dread." She's the hottest vixen in Hollywood and her specialty is public humiliation, forced feminization and cuckolding. What a devious combination, don't you think?

I told Ms. Dread that I wanted to implement an abduction of my Corporate Slut that would leave his head spinning and my panties soaking. We got together a few times over the past month, drinking champagne and laughing about the ridiculously nasty things that we could do to you.

Unfortunately, we can't FULLY take you against your will and without warning, because someone could get hurt. Namely, you. So she and I decided how little information we could share with you to prepare you, and also make some recommendations about how you need to get yourself ready for your little date with Ms. Dread.

Dread's got this wicked play space in North Hollywood, with floor-to-ceiling mirrors and contraptions I've only dreamed of. We will eventually end up back here, but I am going to make sure you are off for a wild ride (all videotaped by her production company). In my mind I want you to make a fantastic arrival, but only after the entire

thing is caught on tape. Who knows, maybe this is going to be your breakthrough performance in porn.

I've made my expectations for Ms. Dread very clear. I want you tarted up and hogtied, left in a warehouse where nearby kinky and swinger partygoers can drop by and have their way with you, and it won't be until everyone has had their fill that you will be transported to me at her play space. I figure you will arrive suitably "worked in" for my plans.

The most erotic part of this, to me, is that she and her team are going to forcibly feminize you so intensely, so severely, that in your bound & gagged state, I don't think anyone will know, for sure, your real gender. Your pussy will be off limits, anyway, but your mouth will be available for full use.

(In fact, she tells me she has a glory hole/metal stocks contraption they can lock you in, on all fours, that forces you to assume a dick-sucking position for as long as I want; in your thigh highs and high heels, this position might be even more delightful than hogtied on the floor!).

She's going to have you laced into a tight corset that gives you an amazing figure, add fake breasts and a tight latex outfit, a luscious head of fake, feminine hair, and big, painted lips ready to suck cock.

The strap-on cocks will come fast and furious, one after the other, and you will be blindfolded the whole time. I've asked that the lights be kept low to help hide your real gender, but she assures me, no one would even question it in full light! Plus, she told me, the production lights are pretty bright, and she's capturing it with three camera angles.

I've asked her to include great close-ups of your face, the blindfold tight over your eyes, the cock sliding in and out of your mouth. You are going to show off how you don't even smear a bit of lipstick.

Ms. Dread will coordinate this hour, two or three-hour "session" in the dark warehouse. What's best is that you will be left there, alone, until the party starts next door. And you will have no idea how long this will be. You'll just be plugged, locked into a leather harness under your sissy clothes, ass full unless they decide to have another "hole" open for use later.

You will be in full lingerie, blindfolded and gagged with a huge, pulsating penis gag. The penis gag is a reminder of what will come the rest of the evening. In the darkness, you'll feel the thigh-high stockings, the tight latex, and the fact that you can barely breathe because the corset has laced your waist so tight.

I asked her to videotape this part, for me, as a special little "behind the scenes bonus." I don't think the general kinky public would appreciate it, but you know I get so wet thinking of you helplessly waiting, struggling perhaps, the high heels sparkling, the muffled whimpers as the big, thick cock gag chokes you.

The hours that you must wait will go by so slowly. You may wonder, ultimately, if you've just been left there all night as a mindfuck to end all mindfucks. Then when you hear her high heels, the sound of music thumping in the next room, and screams of laughter and drunkenness, you will know that your test has really just begun.

I don't think you'll ever hear the words, "Action," from the director, or even distinguish the genders of the voices as the ladies and eventually, couples come in to use you in your tarted-up nastiness. You may start to distinguish, at some point, the difference in the stiff latex vs. warm skin of cocks sliding in and out of your mouth, or the feel of a glory shot of cum dripping down your face.

She tells me, with a chuckle of course, that she wants some great money shots in this video. Unfortunately, for you, I think this means you may have more than one load of cum on your face as the evening unfolds.

As the grand finale, like in all her videos, Ms. Dread is going to use you once on her own. She tells me of this massive 10-inch, thick black dick she calls MONSTER, and how she will fuck your mouth with it until your choke on it. All the other cocks through the evening are going to just be to work you up to her level, so to speak.

I hear there may be some sort of a grand closing shot that involves a massive cum dump. You will still be blindfolded. Who knows, she may even do something even nastier, she's done everything in Hollywood, and she revels in it.

Luckily I do get the final say in the "product" that will eventually be sold if I want to sell it. I even got to name the film myself.

I'm calling it "Left for Dread."

Isn't that cute?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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akasha@akashaweb.com

Aug 7, 2022Akasha

Secret Sauce

Good morning, my corporate slut.

What a beautiful day it is today! And I woke up in just the kind of mood that terrifies you. All I can think about right now is making you suffer. All I can think about is humiliating you. I wish you were here right now so I could make you crawl to me on your hands and knees and lick and worship my boots, from the 5-inch heels all the way up the black patent leather sides and around the laces. Perhaps you'd even make it up my stockings and my thighs, so close to my moist panties you could almost catch my scent.

But, no, you are instead sitting in your stuffy office with secretaries running around and phones ringing, sitting in your suit and tie, dealing with contracts and official business. What a bore. Meanwhile, your horny Mistress is at home with a manicure appointment thinking of ways to humiliate you. I am in such a lustful mood, I want to walk around with a smile on my face all day knowing that my corporate slut is suffering complete humiliation all day in his preparation to come home and serve me this evening.

Tonight, my slut, you get the dual strap-on torture.

But, I will spare you the details for now. Right now, you have to focus on the moment, and that is about pleasing me right now. Making me wetter. Sending me something that turns me on, makes me want to slide my fingers into my wet pussy and not even hassle to go get my vibrator.

Let me give you your instructions for the day. You are to take a lunch break today and go to Fredericks of Hollywood. I have called ahead for you and said my husband "sissy" is coming to pick up a corset and it must be in his size. The girls were laughing hysterically. I asked them if this was going to be ok, should I wait until they close

for discretion – and they said no, "send him on in!". They said it has been slow lately so they could use some amusement. This is the outfit you will be looking for:

Frederick's Bustier

One of the women there, Angela, said she would be able to help you with the sizes. They even asked if you needed some additional panties! I think this group of women is going to be a good one. What a humiliating experience for you. I can't wait to call them afterward and ask them how it went.

You have to stop and pick up a sandwich there at the mall and then go back to your office. Get your camera out and ready. I want before and after pictures.

You have to strip out of your nice suit and hang it up piece by piece in your office. I know you are wearing your tight pink thong today since I was the one that put it on you. Take it off and put it in your briefcase. You have to slowly put on the outfit from Frederick's. I am sure it is going to look amazing! Laughable, but amazing.

Perhaps it's finally time to shave those legs of yours….I can't wait to see how those thigh-high stockings look on you.

Once you are in the new bustier I want you to take pictures from all angles, including one of your bulging cock popping out of the panties and your ass when you bend over. I want to see pre-cum oozing out of the tip of your cock, because I know you will be rock hard as soon as you put on this sexy ensemble.

What a sissy bitch you are. I can already picture you sauntering around your office like a slut girl. If only your secretary knew. What if they had a key and didn't know you were in there and came inside one day during one of your afternoon fashion shows for me?

Once you have taken all the pictures I demanded, I want you to kneel down and pull your cock out and start stroking it. I want you to alternate between stroking it with your hand and then putting it back in the soft panties and rubbing it through the material. Keep it up at a steady pace until the pre-cum is bubbling from the top.

When you are good and horny, I want you to insert your vibrating butt plug into your ass and put it right to full. There is no mercy for you, sissy. You are going to explode in no time.

You have to stand up and pull out your cock, then get your sandwich out of the bag. Put your sandwich on the table and open it up, and point your dick right at it. I want a picture of all of this as proof, slut.

You are to continue jerking off right above your lunch, and let the pre-cum start dripping all over the lettuce and tomatoes. Mmmm, tasty. You have to keep stroking as the plug buzzes away in your tight asshole, driving you right to the edge.

Finally, you are to explode and shoot your cum all over your sandwich. I want the entire insides coated with your cum load. You have to keep letting it squirt out until there is nothing left. Then, take a picture.

My slut, you then have to close the sandwich and press it down. You have to change out of your sissy clothes first and put your suit back on. This might take a few minutes, and all of a sudden the thoughts of that sandwich waiting for you are going to be more and more ominous.

By the time you sit down to eat, you are going to dread every bite of it. I want a photo of you taking that first bite, and I better see cum oozing out of the sides of it. I want to see the grimace on your face as you start feasting on your “cum sandwich,” slut. You are going to have to eat the entire thing, and not leave a drop.

And, you are not allowed to have water or anything to drink with it….nothing until you get home.

My poor slut. How does this make you feel? I can tell you how it makes me feel. Very, very hot. I am off to take care of my own personal nasty business now and am so looking forward to your pictures.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 14, 2022Akasha

Rapt Attention

Good morning my corporate slut,

What a hot, wet dream I had last night. One of those dreams I'll just have to make a reality. Soon.

And since it's been 46 days since your last orgasm, I think you should reach down into your tight pink panties as you read this, and enjoy the feeling of the stiff bulge as you imagine it unfolding. I know the precum will be oozing as you read my words, so go ahead, take a taste. It's the only pleasure you will be getting in the foreseeable future – well, other than worshipping my ass, of course.

In this dream, I was visiting your office with an interior decorator. I'm not sure what he was going to help decorate – your office or my loft – but we were going through his book of concepts and you kept glancing at your computer, looking at missed calls, checking your cell phone for texts.

It was clear you were bored and disengaged, and it was rude. Or maybe you were just horny and cranky, and this was how you expressed your displeasure. But you know better than that, I have trained you better than that, and your poor behavior led to severe punishment.

You see, this interior designer gentleman was built like a linebacker. He was incredibly solid, and handsome. He had short black hair, a very defined torso, and huge arms. Probably in his early 20s. And he had been checking me out during the whole meeting, but of course, you were oblivious, staring at your computer screen sometimes for several minutes before I called your name and you'd say, "What? I'm sorry, can you repeat that?"

It only took a little while of this treatment before I decided to give the man who WAS paying attention to me a little reward. Yes, you did start paying attention when I took Rick's hand and placed it on my ass as I bent over your desk. You noticed that but did not say anything.

And when I slid it by the wrist over my ass and up under my skirt, you saw what was unfolding, but it was too late. I had every intention of taking this man right in front of you, right on your desk. Making sure you saw, in plain view, a man getting what you did not have in months.

For added humiliation, I knew I could strip you down and make you kneel on the floor in your pretty pink lingerie and stockings, and Rick would laugh, but I would not let him stare. I'd be too busy devouring his huge, 9-inch dick, marveling at its size, commenting that my limp dick, pink-pantied corporate slut made 7 figures but couldn't even manage 6 figures in his panties! Inches, that is.

And he'd fuck me hard – right on your desk. With my legs open wide, pounding me, and I'd tell him – repeatedly – how tight and wet my pussy felt because it had been so long since I had a real cock inside me!!

The best part would be teasing you though – looking at you as you watched helplessly, longingly. This would make me wetter, hotter. I'd look right at you and ask when the last time you tasted my pussy was.

You'd say, softly, "6 weeks." Or something like that. I know you have the exact date in your mind, of course.

Then I would laugh, and ask you how bad you wanted to taste. I would ask you this as he fucked me, and you saw his huge cock pounding me.

I'd make you – my highly ranked, powerful corporate slut, beg to suck his dick, to suck my pussy taste right off of it. And beg you would. Hearing you beg to suck a man's dick just to taste me is what puts me over the edge. I know you mean it; I know you would crawl and beg and plead just to lick, suck and worship his dick, just to taste my pussy on it. Even if it meant getting a huge load of cum down your throat or having to suck his cock until you choked on it. After all, what else have you been practicing for?

To be honest, I am not quite sure how it ended. In my dream, that is. I think he came on your face – I think I was jacking him off with my hand and you were kneeling there with your mouth wide open, begging for it. Oh, I made you beg – beg and plead, and describe how you needed and wanted a huge load of cum on your face.

As you remained there waiting, I slid my hand up and down his huge cock, and in my dream, it was a magnificent, perfectly shaped, and beautiful cock. It was a sharp contrast to the small bulge in your panties, encircled by a moist spot that was clearly visible. In your pink lingerie, kneeling, mouth wide open, you looked like you were finally paying attention.

That load squirted all over your face and you jumped, startled, but lapped up what you could. Then I made you work the rest of the day with it drying on your skin. It was a reminder of what happens when you don't pay attention.

That reminds me. I do plan to drop by your office later today, and I am bringing a friend. I won't give you much more detail than that, but I trust you will be very attentive and show us a tremendous amount of courtesy.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 22, 2022Akasha

Red Thong Torture

Good morning, my corporate slut.

I am sitting here with my toys spread out across the bed, planning what I am going to take for my little visit to your office this afternoon.

Oh, you didn't know I was going to drop by? Yes, well, you see, since I barely got to see you this weekend as you were working most of the time, and then out at a business dinner, I decided to take matters into my own hands. You owe me a little bit of attention, and I think the office is just the perfect location. After all, if your office can take time away from me, certainly I can take time away from your office.

And you know how much I love to humiliate you in your own office. At your big mahogany desk, in your big leather chair, with a locked door and all the hustle and bustle going on in the halls just outside. I told your secretary I have to come by to discuss some very sensitive tax information with you, and she bought it. No wonder the door will be closed and locked. But what if she hears something? Perhaps the slamming of your body against the desk as I plunge my latex dick into your ass? A slurping groan as you deep throat my dildo? The gasp of pain when I clench my fists around your balls and slowly twist, bringing you to your knees?

It doesn't matter. All that really matters is that I get my hour or so of pleasure, and you get your humiliation and torment. You're sitting there at your desk right now reading this with a huge bulge in your pink thong. I can just picture it. You're reading this, shaking, wondering if I really mean what I say. Meanwhile, your right hand is down at your trousers, pressing against your strained erection. You can feel a wet spot in your thong. You can feel your pathetic dick

popping out of the elastic seam. You can feel the thong riding up the crack of your ass. Oooh, I can picture it all.

Go ahead, bitchboy, reach down there and start stroking. I want you desperately hard when I arrive for our lunch appointment because I have plans for you. You just keep your hand down there rubbing the thong while you read the rest of this email.

When I arrive around 12:30, I am going to be dressed in a short black skirt and a low-cut red blouse, showing off the lace of my red bra. I'll be in black sheer stockings and 5-inch stiletto pumps (you know, the ones I so love to torture your balls with). I'll have my briefcase and a gym bag, and tell your secretary I'm heading for a workout after my accounting visit with you. A workout, how appropriate.

In the gym bag will be your "outfit" and my toys. The outfit I have selected for your ass fucking humiliation is a red lace teddy, red thigh-high stockings, and a red thong. You are going to look extremely feminine. And, I am bringing lipstick as well.

The first thing I am going to do, though, is make you get down on your knees in your suit and I am going to sit in your chair. You will have to slip off my shoes and massage my feet through the stockings as I rifle through the things on your desk, seeing what you are up to. You're going to have to remain there on your knees rubbing and caressing my stockinged feet and toes.

I'll alternate each of them and use the other to press my toes into the bulge in your crotch, making you groan. Then I'll make you unzip your trousers and pull them down, so I can jerk off your cock as it pops out of the thong, using only my soft, silky feet. You're going to be ready to explode, I know it, as you feel the stockings of my feet slide teasingly up and down your shaft. I'll even collect precum onto the tips of my toes, and make you suck it off, tasting

the sweat of my feet combined with the precum and distinct flavor of stockings.

This is all just to get you warmed up, my slut. You'll then have to put on the red lingerie, and I will watch with amusement. Because it's going to be a tight fit, and I know your cock is going to be poking out of the red thong, begging for attention. I will make you model the outfit by spinning around and bending over so I can see the red thong ride up your ass crack. Oh, I can just picture it. So very humiliating!

Next, I will make you apply the lipstick, without a mirror. Let's see how good you are getting at it. Then I'll have you kneel down and watch me strip out of my skirt and blouse, standing in front of you only in my stiletto heels, thigh-high stockings, red thong, and red bra. You're going to be ready to explode.

That's when I'll start teasing you, treating you like the sissy slave you are. I am going to bend you over your desk and pump my hips suggestively into you, pressing against your ass. I'm going to reach down and use my nails to tease your nipples through the corset, telling you what a feminine little whore you are. I'm going to reach under and start squeezing your balls, twisting them, forcing you to stifle a yelp so no one right outside the door would hear and suspect that anything is going on.

It's going to be difficult for you to keep quiet as you see me peel off my red thong and step carefully out of it. Let me assure you, it is going to be soaking wet with my pussy juices. I will carefully slide it over your head, putting the crotch against your nose and mouth and grabbing the string behind to pull hard, pulling it taut against your face. You'll have to inhale my pussy scent to add to the teasing and humiliation while I stand behind you and buckle on my strap-on harness. You know I love a good fuck in the afternoon.

With my panties over your face, you are going to have to bend over your desk and hold onto the edges. I will waste no time lubing up my red latex cock and pulling your thong aside, pushing my cock into you. Let's see how you keep quiet as I fuck your sissy ass right over your desk.

I am going to fuck you good and hard for about 15 minutes, starting with slow thrusts until the lubrication is thorough. You'll be breathing hard and feeling so full and tight, all the while inhaling my pussy scent through my thong. What a nice reminder, something to keep your mind off the pounding, burning in your asshole.

Your thighs are going to be sore from being spread apart, and you'll feel so cheap and used as I reach around and play with your tits, telling you that you're my corporate bitch and your entire purpose is to please me. I'll alternate between playing with your nipples and playing with my pussy, occasionally wetting your nipples with my juices so I can swirl my fingers around them with ease.

I plan to fuck your ass until I cum, either from the intense, rhythmic pressure against my crotch or from teasing my own clit with my fingers. I certainly will try to remember to keep my moans to a minimum, and I know you'll be gasping through the pussy-screen over your nose and mouth.

Once I cum, I'll pull my cock out of your ass and make you adjust yourself, turning around, and let me look at you. Standing there with my thong over your face, your cock bulging out of the thong and oozing precum. I'll take the thong off your head and stroke your cock with it, pumping immediately. You know what that means. It will take no time before you explode in the moist, soft thong panty, and I'll just keep stroking until all the cum is cleaned up onto the thong.

You'll then have to kneel down and open your mouth, as I shove it into your mouth and make you hold it there while I get dressed and

collect my things. There you will be, kneeling in a teddy, a cum-soaked thong on your mouth, waiting and watching me dress. You'll have cum dripping down your throat, and the faint scent of my pussy still hopefully there. Mostly you will be aware of the complete objectification you feel after our little visit.

After patting you on your head on the way out, I'll make a clean exit, closing the door behind me but not locking it. You better hustle over there quickly so you can lock it and change; it would be hard to explain to your secretary if she took the quick opportunity to come in and ask you an innocent question.

See you soon, my slut.

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 29, 2022Akasha

Sorority Loan

Good morning my corporate slut,

I love this time of year. The universities are full of fresh new faces, and as I went on campus a few days ago to post an ad for an intern, I couldn't help but stop by and visit a few of the sorority houses.

You know, they are always looking for ways to earn a little extra money.

I have a way of finding sororities that not only need money, but are also outrageous, and full of the hottest young co-eds on campus. This time it's no different, and I think the ladies are becoming more and more open-minded with age.

Hell, this time, "Vivian" was giving me ideas of her own. I just kind of gave her the idea that I'd be happy to contribute a thousand dollars to her sorority house in exchange for a little time with the girls there, and as soon as I let on what it was about, she suggested we have coffee.

I first explain it as a little psychological experiment, but as soon as I feel I have a kinky, open-minded young woman on my hands, I explain that really I just have a nasty corporate whore who needs to be dressed up and humiliated between fifteen, maybe twenty co-eds who will laugh hysterically at him and what happens to him.

You have no idea how sadistic cute, young co-eds are.

If they have been jilted recently by a college boyfriend, even better. I add a little more cash to it, make it fifteen hundred dollars, and she's ready to brainstorm party theme ideas and wanting to pass out flyers on campus, "Humiliate the pig: $5 per try!" – yes, she wants

to earn MORE money by allowing the sorority girls to each have a "shot" at you.

Of course, I had to show her pictures of you. Not just the pictures of you posing in panties and spreading your ass cheeks for the camera (she asked for a digital copy of that one, don't ask me why), but the pictures of you as a proud, handsome corporate stud, too. She paused and held that one between her fingertips, looking at you almost – sadly. There was that moment of guilt, but it went by quite quickly. Out came her notepad again, and she wanted to talk about dates.

Fifteen hundred dollars and I just have to deliver you, hogtied as we agreed, a hood over your head. She wants you in pink panties and bra to start. I asked if I should pack up a bag of your "sissy" clothes and she laughed and scoffed.

"No," she said, "I'll make the pledges bring outfits. Trust me, they will come up with some doozies."

Will it be photographed, I asked her.

Absolutely! They will want to make a website in honor of it! This kind of thing is very popular in the "sorority underground," Vivian says.

Will they hurt my corporate slave?

"Only if you want us to!" she laughed.

Yes, I said. By all means, rip out his ego, have your way with him, make him beg like a baby, and laugh at him. I told her to hold back nothing. I told her that you would love it all and beg for more.

I won't go into the details of the level of violation that I explained to her was totally acceptable. The pledges, though, will be lined up in strap-ons, while you are in stocks on all fours so you cannot turn

and see what is going on. They will be forced to take you one at a time, each doing a "show" and their best imitation of a drunken college fuck – from a role reversal POV.

They are going to be encouraged to think out of the box, and Vivian tells me it won't be long before they are fucking your mouth first with the strap on, calling you names, slapping your face with the rubber dildo, insulting you, maybe spitting on you. I told her you would take it all in stride.

She had ideas about a bit of a sorority "gang bang" where the girls were lining up to take turns using you, each adding to an odd, surreal kind of college roleplay where you would pay for the sins of all men.

I have no idea if she was just exaggerating or excited when she talked about plugging your ass and then putting you in "really humiliating girlie clothes" before walking you across campus in broad daylight on a leash. Oh, I bet that gets a "rise" out of you, doesn't it?

Needless to say, with a room full of college girls, that's a lot of angst to go around. But in their tight tops with their titties popping out, their super hard bodies, and sweet feminine looks, I am sure you will find a way to suffer through the endless humiliation and laughter that Vivian described to me in great detail.

Then, I became curious. She did ask me whether or not it would be ok for them to use you sexually – in other ways. I had to prod her to get her to explain what she meant. I think she may have a thing for you. Perhaps she is a bit of a femdom herself, deep down. I think she wants to sit on your face and make you worship her with your tongue.

I have a feeling that may be in private. I told her she could have you a full 24 hours. So, I must say, I will be interested to see what happens to you. After hours. She asked for more time than even

that – I'll have to take it into consideration. Can you imagine spending the entire week at the sorority house, cooking and cleaning in a maid outfit, then being used at night for various "activities"?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Sep 5, 2022Akasha

Insanity

Good morning my corporate slut,

Are you starting to finally realize what it really means for me to own your cock?

You used to have so much freedom. You could jerk off at will. You could cum whenever you wanted. Admit it, you even enjoyed it when I dressed you in too-tight feminine panties and send you into the men's room to jerk off in their crotch, even if it meant kneeling down to lick the oozing creamy cum out of the crotch.

Hell, at least you were cumming.

Night-time erections and morning wood were so common for you, I bet you wish it could be like the old days when waking up three or four times a night with an erection wasn't painful enough to make your eyes water.

And in the old days, with the chastity devices that were removable, we both know you'd just take it off and mutter that you did the best you could. Unfortunately, that made me feel not quite so fulfilled, and I wanted to know your cock – my property – was locked up, securely, by me.

You have no idea what it is like to walk around with the key to your sanity on a chain around my neck. A beautiful white gold necklace and a clunky but fashionable pendant hides the key to your sanity. Will you see that again any time soon?

Doubtful.

It makes me ache with pleasure seeing those longing, soulful eyes tearing into me when I merely enter the room because my presence

makes the bulge in the cage even more painful. I simply touch your face with my fingers or get close enough so that you can smell my perfume and I can hear the grimace in your breathing, and feel the tension in your body.

Oh, to have such an immediate effect on you!

It just makes me want to see how much you can take before your sanity begins to take a toll. How much will you beg? How far will you be willing to go? If my presence makes you weak in the knees and forces you to "take a moment" once an hour to compose yourself and put ice on your nuts, what will happen when I sit on your face, ride your tongue to orgasm, or smother you with my ass cheeks?

What will happen when I get you on all fours, pull down your red panties, shove my strap-on cock in your ass and fuck you before the full-length mirror, forcing you to look at yourself and tell me, out loud, what a whore you are?

What will happen when I finger fuck you first, to get you wet and nasty, and then make you go down on my shaft eagerly and lustfully until your eyes water and tears are streaming down your face?

Just reclining there with my legs open, watching you do all the work, my power over you – my power over MY COCK – will be the most obvious thing between us. Each hour that you are denied, your willingness to do things otherwise unthinkable will become stronger.

Any resistance you had will be stripped away. You know I have such an erotic fascination with the idea of breaking down your walls. What better way than to keep your cock locked up until you are pushed to the brink of sanity?

Will you beg me to suck another man's dick? Will you beg me to whore yourself out for $50 while I watch from across the room? Will you beg me to dress in full lingerie at my next cocktail party,

presenting yourself as the “party favor” just as soon as the ladies have had their fill of champagne?

The list of things you have said you will never do is long. Why do I feel that list will get shorter as your cock bulges desperately at the insides of the clear cage, the lock a secure reminder that you cannot have freedom, no matter how desperately you want to?

As you read these simple things, know one thing. I think about your helplessness and your despair, and I find myself so wet. Unlike you, however, I can just smile, steal away the moment, and enjoy the way my fingers feel against my wet pussy. I can take my time pleasuring myself to the brink of orgasm again and again until I’m ready to cum. Or I can just wait – wait until the time when I see you and can sit on your face, making you finish the task.

Every time I cum, it is like torture for you, because it reminds you of what you cannot have.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Sep 12, 2022Akasha

Holding Off

Good morning my corporate slut,

When I woke up this morning, the ache was impossible to ignore. It happens so quickly sometimes, without warning. I went to bed last night just fine. Practically "vanilla," dare I say.

Then I woke up, presumably from a wet dream or some nasty thoughts drifting through my mind, and all I can think about is the way your mouth looks when it is wrapped completely around my latex cock.

All I can think about is how I marvel, sometimes, when I am holding your head and using my hips to propel the full length of the shaft in and out of your lips. How I examine your face, the way your lips form a tight seal around the latex, how you are able to take the entire cock deeper and deeper with each persistent push.

I reflect as I am fucking your face with my fake appendage, on how good it must feel if my cock were real. The shivers in my body, the trembling, is almost a direct reflection of how sensitive my cock would be to the perfect pressure and slick, tight lips of your seal.

Then I get lost in the look on your face, the strain, the way your eyes water slightly and your eyelashes get wet. The way drool begins to form at the corners of your mouth and the groans turn to gurgling choking sounds, but I just keep pumping and thrusting.

The pressure of the base of the cock against my crotch is rhythmic and sensational. It, alone, brings me to the edge of orgasm every single time. I have to hold back, trying not to cum. I keep thrusting, tightening the grip on your head as I slide my thick cock in and out of your mouth, but I am really just holding myself off.

I was smirking, I'll admit, this morning, thinking of holding off that orgasm. I had to giggle while wrestling around alone in my sheets with my fingers in my pussy, because of the image in my head.

It's ironic that while I am fucking your face with my strap-on cock, even I have to "hold off" on cumming. Much like a man that doesn't want to blow his load too soon. How many times have men, over the years, made a woman keep gagging and choking on his cock because he was delaying the moment, delaying his pleasure, taking as long as he could, dragging it out. Even though, clearly, she's completely tired of choking on a cock.

And to add insult to injury, of course, after all that time, for him to pull out and cum on her face.

It's so fitting now that I find myself often on the edge of orgasm when your mouth has been stretched to its limits and your throat is as open as it could be, and you can barely take sucking but I make you keep going. I just tighten my grip on your hair until you wince in pain, and I say, "Eat my dick, whore. Keep slurping. Keep sucking. Suck it hard, you know you love my dick in your mouth…"

I could hold off on my orgasm for quite some time. I just slow down on the thrusts to relieve the pressure from my crotch and shut my eyes and think about baseball. Isn't that what men do?

I stop thinking about how good it feels against my pussy, about how degraded and humble you look when you are sucking my cock so eagerly. I try to not hear your ragged strained breathing that turns me on so much. I don't look into your eyes, which are pleading and desperate and so absolutely intoxicating.

Sometimes I even loosen my grip on your hair and let the strands fall free from between my fingertips because even the subtle feel of the tension from your head trying in vain to control movement is enough to push me over the edge.

Like a man who wants to delay orgasm as soon as possible, I may slow down but I never stop. I just keep letting my cock slide in and out of your mouth with ease, as I clear my mind, knowing that the longer I hold out, the more pleasure I can enjoy.

As the sounds become undeniably deafening, I can no longer ignore the sensations. The orgasm is approaching, and there's nothing I can do about it but ride it out. Oh, how horrible this must be for a man when he wants the pleasure to continue but it's just too late.

I'll admit, it's always mildly frustrating to me that I can't enjoy my mind-blowing climax by simultaneously shooting a load of warm, pulsing cum all over your face. It would be the ultimate exclamation point on the experience.

But I still take great pleasure in knowing that you must suffer through my groans of pleasure while you choke on my cock, while those last few thrusts come with a total disregard for your existence and discomfort. That my very orgasmic, involuntary thrusts serve to just choke you a little more one last time since I'm effectively out of my mind at the moment

And I suppose it's not so bad, that I can't quirt a load all over your face. After all, there's one more thing I can do that you – or any man – cannot. Simply, I can keep going. My cock, as you are very aware, is always hard and always ready to go.

Even in the beautiful, glowing moments of post-orgasm bliss, as you very well know from experience, I can just smile and run my fingers through your hair. And keep pumping. After all, it's not like you are going anywhere.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Sep 25, 2022Akasha

Pink Plugged Pussy

Good morning my corporate slut,

Shopping always makes me feel better.

Oh, don't get worried. I'm not thinking about blindfolding you and taking you to a party and making you suck dick for cash so I can go on a shopping spree with my girlfriends this weekend (although, the thought did cross my mind).

I am thinking about the kind of shopping that actually creams my panties during the process. The kind of shopping that makes me burn with desire as you crumble in humiliation, your poor ego crushed, your shield deflated, your cock shriveled.

Or is that rock hard?

It's both, of course. The kind of "treatment" that both mortifies and arouses you. It creates that distinct disgusts and turns you on at the same time. You cannot understand how you can be so humiliated and so turned on at the exact same moment. I do. I get it all. I get it because it is what I lust for. It's what I need.

It's a bonafide ache.

I want to see you feel those emotions at the same time. Standing there in a lingerie store, for example, as a grown and confident man. And then stripped down to a humiliated, groveling little bitch for a woman – a salesgirl- you find undeniably hot. Stunning. So beautiful, and yet she regards you as pathetic.

Maybe even a loser. Well, certainly odd. I mean, why else would you be standing there in the dressing room before her wearing tight pink satin panties and a matching satin bra?

Will she be able to hold back her laughter, or will she try to keep a straight face while measuring your bust?

Will I tell her that you are wearing a matching pink butt plug, and your hole twitches with excitement around it whenever her fingers touch your skin?

I have already called ahead. It's the most expensive boutique lingerie store in downtown Los Angeles. We even have an appointment. I told her you are a pathetic loser of a corporate bitch that lost a bet and I am bringing you down to get fitted into a black velvet corset, black thigh highs, black panties. I told her I want to spend no less than one thousand dollars.

I could hear the cash registers go off in her mind. Commission, after all. Oh, I looked her up online – she's a former model. Lingerie model. Perfect body, long legs. She was laughing when I explained that you were going from top corporate dog to lowly feminine bitch.

Now, what is REALLY going to be arousing is when she sees you strip out of your corporate suit and tie and you are already in pink. Pretty, pretty satin pink. Oh, the bulge. Your undeniable bulge. That little pink bow at the front of your panties will be exploding. How humiliating for you.

Will I tell her you are standing so awkwardly because there's a little flared pink plug shoved between your cheeks? A plug I made you insert by going into the bathroom, sucking it first, and then shoving it between your cheeks and into your tight asshole? Maybe we can keep that our little secret.

I expect that when we walk into the gorgeous lingerie store she will already have the private dressing room just stuffed full of corsets, thigh highs, and panties for you to try on. Of course, I am going to want her opinion. And for a thousand dollars of shopping, I should get it.

I am also going to have her pick out a low-cut, sexy bathing suit for you. A very feminine one. With some breast forms to fill it out. You know those are so very, very tight. How ever are we going to tuck and hide that sad, useless meat between your legs? I bet she has some ideas.

When she sees how masculine you are, and how your facial hair makes you look ridiculous, she is going to try to stifle a laugh. When she sees you standing there in your pink satin she is going to be – well, entertained. I am going to let her know she is more than welcome to bring all the ladies from the shop to come in and give their opinions as well. After all, we want this new lingerie to be perfect.

Meanwhile, I will be taking it all in as I ache. Ache and desire to just step into the dressing room next door and say I am trying something on, but really I am just pleasuring myself. Listening to your labored breathing as she measures you, and talks to you in a hushed tone. Maybe with me out of the room, she even tries to reassure you or put you at ease.

Or maybe she becomes absolutely cruel and degrading and hisses, "What kind of a man are you, anyway? How pathetic." Maybe she will find her inner sadist as I listen in, my fingers exploring my clit, my own panties just soaking from the experience of being in the store with you as you want to crawl away and disappear.

Speaking of crawling, that will be the final test. I will tell her that I always know if the lingerie is right for you by seeing you crawl in it. On all fours, slowly, catlike and deliberate, working your way across the hall in the dressing room. And you would be hoping, hoping so desperately that another woman, innocently shopping, does not come around the corner to see Mr. corporate guy crawling in a corset and thigh-high stockings.

I will keep making you go back and forth. Back and forth. Pointing out the small of your back to the beautiful sales girl, the way you know how to move your ass. Oh, eventually someone will stroll by.

It’s inevitable.

Be ready for shopping, and don’t forget your pink plug.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Oct 3, 2022Akasha

Duo

Good morning my corporate slut,

I have a saying. “There’s nothing that a little dual penetration won’t fix.”

Your attitude, for example. Slightly cocky. A little too confident. Even distant, perhaps a little aloof. When it’s clear that you need an attitude adjustment, sometimes bringing in a girlfriend to help is just what is needed.

I know from our history that filling you up with two huge cocks tends to bring you back down to earth. I don’t know if it’s the humiliation of having to endure all of that in front of another gorgeous woman that does it to you, or the feeling of having your mouth and ass full and pumped viciously at the same time, or having you see firsthand just how wet and turned on it makes me.

I don’t really care, to be honest. All I care about is fixing your smirk, and at the same time, riding myself to a wonderful, hot orgasm as my girlfriend has her way with you at the same time. And, knowing what that sweet, desperate look is going to be on your face when you see both of us there with our harnesses and thick 9-inch cocks.

There will be no warm-up this time. There will be no preparation. Hell, you will be lucky if there is even lube. It will all be done cruelly and effectively, like something out of my Space Age Love Song series. You will first have to strip totally naked while we stand there fully clothed, and we will inspect and humiliate you for as long as it takes to get my juices flowing.

Juices, indeed. I’ll know when I am ready because I feel the warm, familiar ache in my pussy. My panties will be moist. I will feel the desire to sit on your face and have you lick my pussy and worship

me to orgasm, but a quick switch of gears will put the focus on your violation and humiliation. For amusement, I may slide the panties down from under my skirt and make you crawl to me, begging for a sniff.

"Isn't he pathetic!" I will tell my girlfriend, Jody. "Isn't he so helpless and stupid, crawling over here thinking he will get a sniff, and in reality he gets nothing?"

I guess I am in a bit of a mean mood; you deserve it. You've been a bit of an ass lately.

And speaking of ass, you will get none of that either. As much as I know you would LOVE to worship Jody around her sheer black thong, you will not be worshipping her asshole at my command this time around. No, not even close. You'll be worshipping her dick, though, while I watch and give feedback and criticism, telling you when to go down deeper and complaining if you can't keep up the pace.

"Lube it up with your spit, whore," I will tell you, giving your bare ass a swat with the ruler from your desk for inspiration and to keep you moving. I may twirl those loose, wet panties around on my finger as I watch you bobbing back and forth on all fours, lapping up the degrading sounds of you gagging again and again on her big dick. Surely she will be impressed with how deep you can go, as she hasn't seen you perform in several months.

All that cocksucking practice will pay off, I am sure. I'll take my time, my whore, from the other end, as I move my fingers down and all around your ass cheeks, squeezing them, digging my sharp nails into your rump as you bounce forward again and again with each slurp of the big latex dick. So lovely, what a view.

Your ass – tight, firm, but round enough for my fingers to dig into, round enough to mark up so prettily with my nails. Each time you lunge forward to gag on her strap-on dildo, I'll teasingly spread your

cheeks a little more, and you will feel my strap-on cock resting menacingly against your thigh. So huge – you will know it's the big, thick monster dildo. You will be longing for lube, hoping for it, begging for it.

"You will only get lube," I will tell you, "If you can get all 9 inches of her dick in your mouth. Tell me, Jody, if he's doing it."

"Not even close!" she will laugh. You know I take special joy in setting you up to fail so you can be punished or tortured. "He still has a good three or four inches to go!"

Gagging, slurping, choking on that cock – hearing you and watching you may lead me to want to tease and tickle my pussy and clit a little bit. After all, just because you can't cum doesn't mean I cannot enjoy myself.

When I am finally ready to open up and penetrate your ass – with or without lubrication – my ultimate moment of pleasure will be when I see your thigh muscles tighten and your body twist. I will order you – command you – to not only take it but to back up onto it. I am going to be so turned on watching you literally impale yourself on my strap-on cock as you struggle to keep sucking on Jody's.

That's the most delicious part of it all. You will be doing it to yourself, backing up, struggling, trying desperately for balance, trying not to hurt yourself, but managing to get the full rhythm going as you pump furiously to get that cock all the way up your ass.

Of course, I'll be patient. I know you won't be able to back up onto my whole cock right away because it's going to be so tight and so painful. Your eyes will water (Jody may just make fun of you for "crying") and you will begin to sweat profusely from the humiliation and tension. So it could take ten or fifteen or even twenty minutes of slowing inching back on my cock, and I admit, I may not have the patience and may just spread your asscheeks with my hands and start pumping hard.

We'll just have to see, I suppose. With that in mind, I can't tell you how long we will be "visiting" today. Just that we'll come equipped.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Oct 10, 2022AkWeb

Blackmailed Bonus

Good morning my corporate slut,

Do you ever wonder if one day I will wake up, and owning your cock simply will not be enough? It won't be enough that you are my bitch behind those power suits, it won't be enough that after a long day in the office you often find yourself being smothered by my ass.

Maybe I'll just decide I want more of you. All of you. And that your corporate days are over. Maybe I have been taking all your money and hiding it away, for the one Monday that you will realize your life is changing forever.

You don't enjoy that high-profile corporate job that much, after all, do you? I think it just strokes your manly ego to walk in there like you are running the show, to oversee those big corporate meetings, to do those "golf outings" with the sales team and talk bullshit all afternoon and call that "work."

What if I take that all away from you, just like I took your cock? What if – one day – your life is going to be totally changed in an instant – and you will go from Corporate Slut to simply "whore" – my whore, all day, every day, dressed in pink lingerie, cleaning my house, running my errands and massaging my feet?

What a dramatic and painful transformation for you. I suppose I'd have to deal with you sulking and depressed for some time. I have some solutions though, the first one being the total removal of all use of your dick. Anything masculine, macho or male would be a thing of the past. A permanent, locked chastity device will remind you that your role, as my house bitch, is the top priority.

Since you will no longer have any corporate clothes, I think you'll soon learn that you're just a 'pathetic little girl' around the house,

and when my girlfriends come over for afternoon champagne they'll see you flitting around the house like a tarted up maid, and they'll perhaps have a chuckle. "What happened to him? Isn't that your corporate guy"? I can just hear Julie say.

"Yeah, he used to be." Used to be. Nights, sleeping in a metal cage, a big dildo gag like a pacifier to silence your whimpers. You'll dream of what it was like to rule the boardroom, to have all those young corporate execs looking up to you with awe. You'll remember the national sales meetings and the critical business trips overseas. All a distant, fading memory, as your life is consumed with sucking my strap-on, eating from a dog bowl, and ultimately practicing for the dick-servicing duty that will be your ultimate goal.

Just how am I going to make all of this possible?

It starts quite simply with a package sent to your CEO in Boston. It's actually a small box, it takes that much space to include all the videos on DVD, all the pictures of you (printed in fine, high-quality color) and audio recordings of our phone calls, where you agree, eagerly – in fact, beg – to compromise your company's financial system – if I just told you to do so. Remember when you absolutely begged me to let you destroy your IT infrastructure, and admitted to me that your company really meant nothing to you – since you were nothing but a horny little bitch?

Surely that attitude – well, along with the pictures of you in lingerie sucking dick – will seal the deal. It helps that your new CEO is a woman. That's why I waited until Sue was officially appointed. It just wouldn't be as fun sending all those nasty materials to a male CEO. I prefer that a woman see you for all that you are – a horny, self-centered cocksucker. She will fire you in a flash, and perhaps pick up the phone and call me.

See, in the box, I included an invitation for her to join our little games. I know you have remarked that she looks hot and you've

fantasized about having her fuck you in the ass with a strap-on (yes, I included that conversation in the box, also – I am sure she will find it amusing). For all you know, she's already in on it. For all you know, I have already been in touch with her. Maybe she's really a sadist deep down and is fully on board with the idea of degrading you.

One thing is for sure. When she is in town next week for the national sales meeting and your phone rings and she calls you downstairs for a "brief face-to-face," you are going to be sweating bullets. Of course, under your corporate suit, you will be in red crotchless panties, a pink butt plug, and thigh-high stockings. Will she already know that?

How much will you be able to keep your "cool"? Is this just a test, or is it the end of your career? When you are sweating and uncomfortable, is she going to fire you anyway, because for a powerful executive you can't even fumble your way through a few business questions without looking like you are going to throw up?

Are you going to use the sissy boy excuse, that you have "a touch of the flu"? Honey, bitches at your level don't get the "flu" when they are nervous, pathetic boys. She will read between the lines.

In fact, don't be surprised if she tells you to close the door and pull down your pants. Won't that be hysterical? Will you wonder what she is going to do? Will you wonder if I am in that office somewhere, listening, giggling, smirking at your desperate embarrassment?

The reality is that you will never know what is going to happen. But you know enough about me to know that I take your slavery very seriously, and every now and then, I need a dramatic and intense shift. I think your corporate world is boring. I think I need more of your ass, more of your tongue. I think I am sick and tired of your work taking priority – there's only so much shopping a woman can

do. It’s time for you to spend a little more energy on me – and at home. Amusing, pleasing, and arousing me.

If it means a package to your CEO…well, perhaps it is already on the way. You’ll know soon enough.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Oct 17, 2022AkWeb

Two Ways

Good morning my corporate slut,

I have to wonder, what does the "day after" feel like to you?

Is it like a hangover, but with your ass leaking and your holes throbbing, your mouth swollen, your ego still trembling, your heart aching and your mind reeling? How do you feel right about now, the thong riding up your tender ass, your jaw still sore from the cock that was just a little too large, your pride bent out of shape from being called "pig" too many times, your tongue raw from the unknown surfaces you were made to clean on hands and knees?

Yet, you love it all. And you come back for more. No, you crawl back for more.

Where on earth did I find such a remarkable creature?

*

The day after, for me, is the same but different. Sure, my head is a bit fuzzy. And a few of my…areas…are a bit sore from overuse. My panties are a little too moist. My bones are aching – and a few other areas continue to ache for you, too.

My body still contracts in all the right areas. But mostly, it is my mind that doesn't quite shut down. When I replay moments in my mind, I get so wet, I feel like I had a mini-orgasm. I feel like I need to change my panties. I feel like I started my period. I feel like I peed a little. Is that too gross for you? Of course not. In fact, I bet you trickled a little yourself, right into your pink flowered panties, how appropriate, and blushed like a girl.

I replay in my mind when your ass, no matter how well I have trained you, tightens up like you are a virgin all over again and I have to chastise, threaten, degrade and demean you to get you to grovel and beg for penetration as I humiliate you with my fingers to loosen you to an appropriate stage for the level of thrusting and penetration that I need for satisfaction. After all, I am ass-fucking you for my pleasure, not yours.

I am not going to waste my time delicately putting a tiny little rod of a dildo on a little harness in your too-small hole just a quarter of the way in because that's all the sissy can take; no, that's not going to do at all. I have no patience for that. If it requires a monumental amount of lubricant and degradation, I don't care, but I must get all eight inches until my balls ram into your cheeks and I feel the base of the cock, until I feel your ass cheeks shaking, until I slam so hard into the backs of your thighs that your entire body rocks with my thrusting.

Anything less is simply a waste of my time.

And so, if you aren't "up" for it, as you know, then your mouth takes it instead; and then on days like today, the day after, your jaw aches, your ass leaks (because sometimes, you know, I like it both ways), and you check your mouth for permanent damage. I wonder if you tire of my fingernails digging into your face as I push the head of my cock into your mouth, and wonder why, oh why, do I have to squeeze your cheeks in such a demeaning way when I am pushing the dick in your mouth, considering how hard it already is to accommodate the entire shaft.

And the staring. How I stare at you. Looking at you. Smirking at you. Evaluating you. How I make you so damned self conscious! Yes, of course, I am evaluating you. How WELL are you sucking that cock? Do you LOOK pathetic? Of course, you are pathetic! I want you to look pathetic! That's what gets me off, remember? To see the tears well up in your eyes when the shaft goes so far down, so fast, that

you gag on it, and I respond simply by slapping you on the side of the face and telling you to shut up because I'm concentrating…well, do you know what I am doing?

I am using you. I am using you to get off. Every look, every movement of my hips to push the cock in, every time I push the hair out of your eyes or stick a nail into your flesh to make you wince, it makes me a little wetter. A little hotter. If I push the cock in just a little harder to make you gag, it's because I am getting closer. Closer to orgasm. Closer to cumming in my panties just because there's a cock in your mouth. My cock. And it's too big, but you are taking it anyway. Taking it on your knees, holding still, obedient, hands at your sides, trying desperately not to move, not to upset me, not to breathe wrong, not to wince, not to close your eyes when they are supposed to be open or open your eyes when they are supposed to be closed.

Trying desperately to read my mind when trying to hold onto that last fleeting shred of pride.

As if.

You may as well just give up now; you know you can never win this battle. You wind up, the next day, thinking back, as you leak and ache and grimace, that you never had a chance. Whether it is your ass or your mouth or your pride that you hand over to me, you do so willingly and without reservation, because you long to see me wet.

And I can never get enough of it.

Affectionately.

Mistress Akasha

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Oct 23, 2022AkWeb

Blow Job Tutor

Good morning my corporate slut.

What is it about warehouses?

I know what you're thinking. When you hear or read about warehouses, you think of those several thousand square feet facilities you have lining the country. You think of line items, forklifts, and inventory control.

When I think of warehouses?

Oh, something totally different comes to mind.

Rented, dark warehouses can be something lovely and ominous. As you may recall. When I have something set up at a warehouse, and it includes you, usually it involves a blindfold, a big back of leather tricks, the trunk of a limousine, and enough latex to open a fetish emporium.

Maybe it's the "hidden location" factor that gets me so wet. Or the idea that someone could just stumble upon it. Maybe it's because I have some very hot, sexy memories in abandoned warehouses thanks to college life, secret raves, and other dark activities.

But my girlfriends – well, the Dominatrix clan, I like to call them – when we get our hands on a warehouse for a weekend, we think about bondage furniture, exotic parties, and who our nastiest friends are.

There's something especially sinister about having my way with you in an abandoned, hidden warehouse location in front of six or seven of my best girlfriends, where we know that no one can hear your muffled screams and we can blast the music as loud as we want.

Hell, if someone strolls by and wants to see what's going on, more power to them. The more the merrier, right?

**

If my emails don't "scare" you like they used to, maybe the new webcam feature will. Now, today, when you go on your cam to suck cock for me (just to show me that you remember how I "like it"), you won't know how many of my closest girlfriends are logging on to take a look.

It's a fun, flashy new interactive "e-vite" of sorts, the one I am using to advertise my little warehouse party. You see, when my girlfriends log in to their Facebook or Twitter, they will see the party invite along with a nice, narrated video of you giving your best blow job to a big, flesh-colored dildo.

You know, the dildo I sent you in the mail this afternoon. Go ahead, open it. It's the big brown box addressed to "Corporate Sissy aka.." – yeah, your name. Maybe they will think it's an April Fool's joke a few months late. Or maybe they will just think you are a kinky bastard.

Regardless, inside the box (do you like the perfumed scent?) you will find the big dildo along with a red lace thong you need to put on before the performance. Make sure you log into the special site I sent you and then begin your show.

Now, if I sense that you are not "trying your best," you can be assured that the e-vite will be extended to include couples and well-hung men. If you want to be sucking the dicks of ONLY my girlfriends sporting their fanciest leather and latex, you'd better start deep-throating with a vengeance, my whore.

The dildo I have sent you includes an electronic rating system of sorts. It sends out, on the E-vite, a formal evaluation of how well you are sucking dick, on a scale from 1 to 10. So if you are slacking on your sucking, all my friends will know. It's a fun little "blow job

tutor" dildo, I found it on a Web site catering to young virginal girls and bachelorette parties.

The "BJ meter" actually gets the measurement based on how deep you can take the cock, how tight you can make the seal with your lips, how you use your tongue, and how vigorously you slurp it. You only have ten minutes to make an impression, so make it worthwhile. Anything lower than 80% will mean the e-vite is extended to couples and men. Anything lower than 75% and it also goes to Craigslist and Tranny sites.

(Don't even get me started about how I want to use you on the city's hottest tranny site – oh, do I have some nasty ideas there…)

I am so looking forward to seeing your lips worshipping and sucking on that huge dildo – and my girlfriends will be seeing the video as soon as they open the invitations to my warehouse party. This big event – which is happening later this month – will include enough ass torture, CBT, and public humiliation to adjust your attitude going into the summer months. I've even hired a tattoo artist and "professional transformist" to come to add some new features to your finely toned body so that you feel more owned than ever.

Unfortunately, I won't be able to personally coach you on your upcoming "special dildo" performance on webcam, but don't worry. I added my name to the e-vite list, and I will be seeing the video as soon as the invitations are complete.

I'm assured a great turnout to my special slut warehouse party thanks to the rating system. Perhaps you will want to take out your favorite dildo, right now, and start practicing before showtime.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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akasha@akashaweb.com

Oct 31, 2022AkWeb

Pantied and Plugged Presentation

Good morning, my slave.

What a special day I have planned for you. The last week of work has made me so frenzied with a burning hunger for you that I planned for two nights straight. Two nights straight I worked at home, planning and plotting while you stayed late in the office and denied me the submissive attention that I need so badly.

But I don't mind, from time to time, letting you be away. It helps me build up my hunger to a boiling point, a point where I can think of nothing else but strapping you into my pussy collar and opening my thighs wide, watching with mirrors how your face is pressed mercilessly against my wet sex.

Lifting my hips just slightly to get my ass up off the ground, so you can firmly, squarely press your tongue all the way inside of me. Opening my thighs even wider, hearing a muffled gasp from you as I do all but cut off the last bit of air for you.

My own sort of smothering. Pussy-style. Listening to you try to lick, try to breathe at the same time. Feeling you try to get leverage but the collar, locking you to my thighs, gives you so little freedom that you can't do anything but lick and hope I will ease up and let you gasp for a breath.

There is something about the desperate, gasping breath against my thighs when I close them slightly so you can have a little room to breathe. My hands trailing playfully in your hair, the glistening of my juices on your chin and lips.

So sweet. And helpless.

You will be wearing the pussy collar for a long, long time tonight, my slave. Better practice with your tongue, practice holding your breath. Practice those big, begging corporate eyes. The same eyes you bat at Jacobson's secretary to get her to put your contract on the top of the pile.

But I don't think you will be getting any mercy from me. Right now I am just trying to decide if I want you in a full suit and tie, even in your dress shoes, as you squirm in my pussy collar, your wrists shackled behind your back.

Or if I want you in full lingerie. A silk bodysuit that hugs your flesh. Some thong panties riding up the crack of your fine ass. Thigh-high stockings that I can run my fingers over. Garters, even high heels. A full outfit, my slut. Oh, I have a little pink number in mind for you. Very feminine. Very quaint. It will contrast so nicely with the leather straps of the pussy collar.

Let me think about that for a while.

Meanwhile, I'll make plans for something that is happening a little sooner. My visit to your office today. Remember, we have an appointment at 2pm.

**

Usually, when I come to your office it is just to say hello, bring you lunch, or meet you in the office to sit on your face and receive a good session of ass licking.

This time, though, it will all be different. After all, it isn't every day that my company receives a bid from your company. We rarely, if ever, do business together. And as part of the deal, I get to hear your presentation about the financial stats of your company. Of course, I have heard it all before — but my assistants, Julie and Jennie, they have not.

You've met both of them — one's a blonde bombshell and the other is a brunette with a short bob. A very bitchy demeanor. She is the one that wears the "fuck me" pumps every day of the week. She also doesn't wear panties, but don't let her know I told you that.

The three of us will be lined up in your conference room listening to you talk about why we should spend all that money with you, and your boss and two assistants will be listening as well.

I wonder if they will have any idea that you've got a vibrating plug in your ass and a pair of soiled red panties on under that suit?

**

Oh, did I forget to tell you about the plug and panties?

I can just picture you there right now as you read this. Starting to break out in a cold sweat. Your crotch getting tighter as your trussed-up manhood starts straining against the bonds I tied it in this morning after sucking you off right to the edge, stopping, and waving bye-bye.

(You looked so, so, so disappointed that I wasn't about to finish).

Yes, my slave. Today, during your presentation, you are going to be plugged and in panties for me. So I can watch you do your thing, standing there so powerful and professional, and I can know you are squeezing those ass cheeks around that big vibrating plug, praying to god I don't have the remote control stashed in my leather briefcase.

You're wearing your close-fitting trousers today; I wonder if my two female assistants will be able to tell you are wearing panties underneath? I wonder..if I pass them a note during the presentation and they look at you, at me, at the note, then giggle, are they going to be talking about what slut-boy is wearing during his power presentation?

I could humiliate you beyond words, my dear slave. And I would not think twice about it; my friends know how kinky I am. They would get such a kick out of it. And you are such the handsome devil when you present, it would blow them away.

Best of all, I bet you'd start to bulge right there during the presentation as you stand in front of your visual aids. You'd better plan to have something big enough that you can stand behind it, slut boy, or else we all might be gaping at that big bulge in your trousers, including your boss and secretary.

I know that I will be so turned on by the end of the entire ordeal, I'll probably not be able to wait for you to get home to bring out the pussy collar and get the treatment I so deserve. I want you to slot a half hour for me in your office, private time, to discuss…ooh, tell them we are going to discuss buying some real estate off the coast.

We can close and lock your door, and the only real estate you'll be exploring is the real estate between my ass cheeks. I'll demand, first and foremost, that you strip down to panties and bra and kneel down, watch me slowly slide out of my tight-fitting gray suit. I'll strip down to my silk body suit and then bend right over in your face, and make you prove to me that you have been doing your tongue exercises.

You'll have to peel my panties aside with your tongue to lick my crack, all the way from top to bottom. Slowly, persistently, eagerly. Every bit of flesh will be savored and explored, and you'll then service my hole with deliberate, expert precision.

You'd better do a job even finer than you did on that Richardson project that has been stealing you from me recently.

Meanwhile, I'll have the controls to your butt plug in my palm, and you can bet I'll give your ass quite a wake-up call with the remote should you fail in your duty to fully and earnestly devour every inch of my ass.

I’ll want your tongue firmly placed up my crack for some time, slave, so if you have any talking to do, I suggest you do it as we make our way down the hall. I intend to walk briskly, ahead of you, and you’ll have to run to catch up, stagger to reach the door before me, open it for me and then see all your peers in the office observe the way you leap for me.

I have many, many needs today, my slave. Starting with the presentation, and ending with an evening in my pussy collar. You are mine for the rest of the week, so don’t even think about working late.

Your collar is ready for you at home. I’ll see you in the office this afternoon. Be plugged and ready for inspection should I require a little private visit in your office to make sure you are obeying.

Affectionately,

M. Akasha

PS: I told the girls about what you are wearing today.

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Nov 7, 2022AkWeb

Holiday Gang Bang

Hello my corporate slut,

The name of the game is DESIRE. Today I have been so heavily distracted by my own lust and needs, I really spent most of my time planning and preparing for your upcoming torment more than anything else. I hope you never tire of the fact that I spend a great deal of time and energy planning cruel, humiliating, and painful things to do to you. I do this, of course, because you are my property – and because I lust for you.

But enough of the pleasantries. By now, you should be on your knees. I expect that the mere appearance of my name in your email box has led to a painful erection, even more apparent because of the spikes I put into your chastity device. Oh, those nasty, painful spikes, I am sure they are digging ruthlessly into the tender flesh of your manhood. What does it matter – that cock is mine anyway, and what's most important is that your arousal is always directly related back to me.

I mean, that's why I had you shave all your pubic hair, shave your balls and your ass, and have you in such tight panties when you are not in chastity. It's so that the moment there is a stirring in your crotch, the sweet, feminine feel of the panties comes over you, and you are faced with the fact, once again, that you cannot even control your own cock any longer. How incredible it would be for me to have a little meter on my desk that told me every single time you got hard. Don't laugh, my whore, I know how often it is. It's 97% of the time, I imagine. That's why your chastity device is so important – because it assures me that you will not be taking liberties with my property.

My lust today is for simple, but effective humiliation. And I want to see just how much you can take. When you arrive home this

evening I'll have the gear assembled, and it may take you some time to change. I have elaborate lingerie for the start – some sexy lace stockings, pretty garters, high heels, and a matching bra and camisole. In addition, you are going to be put into my rubber straitjacket and fitted with both my favorite inflatable plug and inflatable gag – both cock shaped. Do you see where this is going?

There's a blindfold you will need to wear also, and your ankles will be locked in the most unforgiving spreader bar. In this helpless, half-sissy, half-rubber-bound-whore state, you will be locked to the floor by your leather collar, a short length of chain connecting to the hidden eye bolt in the corner of the room. From that point on you'll hold the position of ass in the air as my guests arrive.

Oh yes, the guests.

I should let you know that I have six girlfriends planning to come by this evening for a little holiday mixer. We're going to exchange gifts a little early tonight, and they'll have to walk right past you, ass up in the air, as they make their way to the main hall. Of course, this should illicit some giggles and a few comments, but you won't know who they are, or who is coming – because you will be positioned with your face toward the floor, blindfolded, ass up, and plugged.

The reason I am using inflatables in both your ass and mouth is so you can participate in a little game I have prepared. What's a party without games, after all? Once we finish exchanging pleasantries, the ladies will all join me in the room to each squeeze one of the bulbs. Of course, they can choose which one to inflate, and none of the ladies will know what the other selected. As you can imagine, all six pumps to one of the devices will leave either your ass splitting or your mouth so full you cannot breathe. Both would be absolutely, delightfully wicked. I think the whimpers would be loud enough to draw a lot of attention, and I'd have to explain to my lovely guests that you needed some relief. Actually, even half the pumps in each

device would be so painful for you – because, of course, I get two pumps of my own, and I will be very careful which ones I select.

This is only the start of the evening for you, though, my whore. Once we have inflated my rubber toy completely and the champagne has set in, my girlfriends will each get to open the cutely decorated colored boxes I have for them. They will all open their gifts at the same time. You, of course, will be a few feet away, crouched down, collar locked to the floor, ass in the air, probably fully expanded thanks to the plug shoved deep inside you.

But by the laughter and gasps, perhaps you will know what the ladies are pulling out of their gift boxes at the same time. Each of them will be receiving their very own strap-on harness, each with a different shape and sized dildo. One of them is huge – more than 9 inches. One of them is short and very fat, with thick ridges. Two of them ejaculate. One of them has a built-in vibrator. So many tastes and designs! And you know what will happen once they are all open, I am sure. My lady friends will start to get adventurous and the real fun will begin.

You see, my slut, I have a special gift in store for each of the ladies in my life. I am giving them the gift of passion. They are soon going to see what it is like to feel the heavy buckles of the harness, feel the leather against their hips, feel the cock bobbing in front of them. They are going to get the rush of adrenalin and feel the warmth in their pussy as they watch their cock disappear into your ass for the first time. They will have the memory of participating in a real, authentic gang bang, a fantasy many women have but never admit. Only this time, you are going to be the whore, and we are going to be the ones in charge.

I have no limits on the evening. I plan to let my girlfriends have their way with you. No matter what they want to do. I will tell them – the sky is the limit. I will show them how to fuck. I will show them the best positions. I will show them how we can take you, two at a time.

I will show them how I keep your cum stored in the freezer, for special nights like this, when I want to squirt it all over your face, or on my boots, and make you lick it all up.

I don’t know how long they will want to go. I don’t know how far they will want to take it. I just know that the person who is going to be the most turned on will be me. In fact, I am wet, even as I type this to you.

As for you? Well. I know you are going to have a long night. And something tells me, you are going to love every minute of it.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Dec 12, 2022AkWeb

Dark Alley

Good morning, my corporate slut,

You're going to meet me in a "dark alley" today. You're going to have to leave your office at 3pm today to meet me at a special location, and you'll have no idea what I have in store after that. Of course, I'll give you a few ideas, but before I do that, you have to perform for me at the office.

See, I want to make sure you are "ready." I'll need to make sure your body is prepared for me. That means your ass, your mouth, and of course your state of mind. As you sit there reading this email, fumbling through your schedule to see what you have to clear away for the afternoon, I bet you're feeling an uncomfortable stiffening in your white lace bikini panties, a dull ache in your balls reminding you how many days it has been. Don't try to deny that you get hard thinking of this – another random meeting, almost a kidnapping of sorts, where you have no control over the outcome.

Puts the whole day into perspective, doesn't it, my slut? Well, if you are going to please me this afternoon, you need to start preparing now. I've sent a package to your office and you'll receive it within one hour. Make sure you open it with your door closed and locked. When you open it, you must be on your knees in nothing but your white panties. My property must be hard.

I'm quite pleased with what I sent you today. Inside the box, you'll find matching white thigh-high stockings and a white bra. Oh, I know how much you hate wearing a bra in the office, and how you are so sure people can notice your discomfort. In this warm weather, I know you worry that wearing your suit jacket would look so odd, yet you fear someone might actually see the bra underneath. Don't worry, it's not TOO obvious. The white bra does have a pretty red flower, though, right between the breasts. Let's hope that red flower

isn’t visible through your light-colored business shirt…wouldn’t that be hard to explain?

Those white thigh-high stockings are going to look incredibly hot on your lean legs. My slut, all in white. You’ll look absolutely delicious, I can picture it so clearly in my mind! You have no idea how horny I am going to be by the time I get my claws into you…

Inside the box, you’ll find another little surprise. I’ve saved the best for last. I’ve sent you a special locking butt plug harness with a large plug for your ass. It’s going to take a lot of lube to get the large plug into your tight hole, so I’ve included additional lubricant.

The harness is made of fine leather. It will ride up between your ass crack, holding the plug tightly in place, wrap around your waist, and includes a cock harness. How devious. There are two small padlocks. I have the keys, of course. So once you lock it on, you’re stuck, until I release you. This makes me very wet – knowing that you’ll soon have the large, uncomfortable plug in your ass, stretching you, preparing you. You are probably wondering why I need your ass stretched so painfully….and so permanently.

Once you have locked on your harness, in thigh highs, white panties, and bra, you are to put your suit back on. I can imagine the look on your face when you slowly sit back down in your office chair. I can picture the grimace as you feel the plug push up deeper into you, filling you up.

You are also ordered to take out your 7-inch black dildo and practice your cocksucking for me. You’ll have to suck that beast for at least 20 minutes before you leave the office, with your focus being on deep-throating it. You’ll have to concentrate on getting the entire length of that shaft into your mouth, down your throat without gagging on it,. It will be coated with drool, slippery as it slides in and out between your teeth. I can just imagine how your lips are going

to look wrapped around that big dick. This is all just the start for you, this is just a little "warm-up," as they say.

Now you must be dying to know what I have in store for you at that dark alley. Soon, I'll be emailing you the precise location that you must go to. I'm only going to tell you a little bit about what you might expect.

First, know that you're going to be blindfolded immediately, or hooded, and directed to the back of a large van that you've never been in. You'll be stripped out of your corporate suit, and I expect to find you in your sexy white lingerie, your harness locked, and your ass plugged up tight. You'll be tied in a position on all fours, a collar around your neck attached to a lead to keep your head up. How convenient.

You may feel the familiar sensation of lipstick being applied to your lips. You may hear the locks come off of the butt plug harness and perhaps feel momentary relief; but just as soon as the huge plug pops out of your tight ass, it will be replaced with a large, vibrating dildo. You'll have no time to rest or recover. Your violation will begin at once.

I will not be alone. But you won't know how many people I have with me, or who they are. Sure, you may recognize a whisper, or smell a familiar perfume. But you'll not be able to count based on the various gloved hands that grip your balls, and fingers that are shoved in your mouth as you are ordered to "suck."

You'll feel a large, latex cock in your mouth more than once. Perhaps it will be coated with an odd substance, something with a familiar taste that you cannot pinpoint. Or maybe the taste will be passionately familiar – as if the dildo had just been deep in my pussy, and I was fucking myself while I watched you struggle in your bonds.

Your ass will be used and ravaged. Gloved hands will hold your hips perhaps, body bucking into you, pressing your face into the floor of the van ruthlessly. This is how you long to be used, isn't it?

Maybe, even, you'll feel something else in your mouth. A warm, stiff dick. So lifelike, you question it yourself – but you cannot speak to ask, to beg. Your mouth will be stuffed with it, and the fluid at the tip will be curious and humiliating. Your mind will be busy, though, because your ass will be full at the same time. You won't have time to wonder, my slut, just how many cocks are present, and how far it will all go.

You'll only know that you are my kidnapped slave for the time being.

See you in the dark alley, my slut.

Mistress Akasha

Dec 19, 2022AkWeb

Lingerie Revenge

Good morning my corporate cocksucker,

Something occurred to me over the weekend when you behaved like an impatient bitch while we were shopping. I guess it should not surprise me that times, you revert back to your own ego-driven, selfish male behavior. And you should know better than to do this when I am shopping for shoes, panties, or gifts for my girlfriends.

Walking around with a pout while clicking rudely at your cell phone then claiming "work" issues need your attention? Well, at the time I just smiled and played the role of the sweet girlfriend, but you should have known better.

You should have known that I was planning, already, a little project to re-adjust your attitude. Shopping – with me – should always be about me. If I am going to try on seventeen pairs of shoes, you will respond enthusiastically. If I am going to visit six lingerie stores until I find the perfect French cut panty, you are going to ask why can't we visit two more just in case.

You are going to carry my bags, offer to fetch me drinks (even if it's at the other side of the mall – you will run if you have to), you will carry my purchases to the counter and pay while I browse.

Now, you are probably reading this, and thinking, "Oh no. What have I done?"

And you should be thinking that. Because tomorrow (yes, tomorrow) when we go shopping, it will be a punishment trip. An attitude "re-adjustment" trip. From the moment we begin, until the end, painful and humiliating, you will be intensely aware that I can make shopping extremely uncomfortable and degrading for you.

It will begin with the bright pink butt plug and locking harness. I'll inspect it before we go, just to make sure it's fit in place and noticeably uncomfortable. I bet you'll already start to sweat, and we haven't even started the mile or so walk through the busy mall….I hope that butt plug starts to feel good after a while because the drive to the mall will just be the start.

I am going to make you drive the back way, so we hit the road that is under construction with all the potholes, and the railroad tracks, and the six speed bumps. Poor, stretched, tortured "hole." Your ass is going to be raw before we even pull into the mall parking lot.

First, we will stop at the perfume counter at Nordstrom, where I will sample the beautiful scents and ultimately select the most feminine one I can find and make you spray it on yourself. If the gorgeous blonde that works behind the counter asks, I will simply say, "You explain it, honey." You can figure out what you are going to tell her.

Did I mention the pink panties, pink bra, and black stockings you will be wearing under your clothes? I might make you keep your fly down so everyone at a distance will see a bright PINK popping through your crotch area. It will be like a beaming signal. When women walk by in packs, or teenage girls, giggling, I think you will know what is amusing them so much.

Next, the lingerie store. This time when we enter, it will be all about me, and you had better be patient. Whether or not I have "pre-arranged" this will be unknown to you. But I will approach the shift manager and present you to her, and clearly state that I need you dressed in full lingerie, but only after you are measured. When she laughs, I am going to explain that this is going to be what you wear permanently under your clothes.

"He has lost his right to wear anything masculine," I will tell her. I can assure you in advance what her response will be. She will laugh,

and say something like, “That’s a great idea! I should try that at home also!”

Then as she helps pick out the bra, panties, stockings, and nighties, we will talk about the benefits of having a man “trained” to be a girlie sissy at home, and how your behavior is usually quite positive as a result of having all your masculinity removed. She will be fascinated, I can assure you. And in time, her co-workers will assemble like a curious pack, listening and chatting about it also.

What will be most humiliating for you will be how they all look at you, up and down (and maybe pause at the pink patch of panty showing through your open fly) and you can tell they are thinking, “What kind of MAN is this? Wow, he really is a pussy.”

The fitting won’t be complete without a full measurement, including your chest. We’ll go into a fitting room and you’ll be stripped down and I can just hear, already, the massive giggles going on as they see what you are wearing. There may be some questions about the plug harness and I’ll find a way to explain that to the women.

Why would they go along with this? Well, quite simply, they are on commission, and by then they will know I plan to spend several hundred dollars easily. Several hundreds of your corporate dollars. They will be enthusiastic. I am sure as we sample the lingerie, other salesgirls will be bringing in more selections enthusiastically, offering more options. We will try them all.

We will keep going, literally, until we exhaust the sales staff. You will learn the lesson that your sighing, and sulking, and impatience when I shop is not to be tolerated; I can show you a long, painful, and degrading shopping trip. Trust me.

When we walk through the mall later, with you holding a large number of lingerie store bags, I will make you take them out at the restaurant where all your co-workers have lunch and take clients. I am certain someone will come up to us and ask what we are doing

and how come you aren't at work, and are you at a client lunch or taking a day off. They will see the bags of lingerie and I will just smile and say, "Shopping."

Then, much to your dismay, if a female co-worker is asking (especially one of the HOT ones), I will say, "Show her honey. Show her what we picked out."

Here is where it gets really, really hot. You see, when you lift the lingerie out of the bag and hold it up, the smiles on a woman's face will light up a room. I guarantee the lady co-worker, the hot, young secretary or stunning marketing exec, will reach out to touch it and get a closer look. Women with lingerie are like kids with puppies. They cannot resist a closer look.

And they are also very, very familiar with lingerie. And it won't take rocket science to deduce immediately that my size is a small/medium, and all the lingerie is extra large in size. They will know, my slut, that it is NOT for me. And then the light bulb will go off.

That's the moment when I will feel my panties getting so moist that I have to shift in my chair. Wearing a summer dress and sandals, distinctly hot and wet, I will enjoy sliding my panties off under the table once they go and making you take them.

"In your mouth," I will order. My pussy will ache as I watch you look around timidly before you ball up my red panties and stuff them into your mouth.

"For the walk back to the car," I will smile. I'll pay the check leisurely and then we'll finally make our way through the parking lot, with your ass pounding and your mouth full of saliva, my panties, and the taste of my wet, wet pussy.

I hope you are looking forward to shopping as much as I am, cocksucker.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Dec 26, 2022AkWeb

Overwhelming the Slut

Good morning my corporate slut,

Well, since it is sometimes difficult to "shock" you with my sadistic desires and the things I make you do, I suppose I will have to settle with a favorite second treat: to "overwhelm" you.

I enjoy it when you lose your composure. I enjoy it when you start to shift nervously, when you start to sweat, when you lose control of your bodily responses – like a stiff cock in your panties or an erection you find impossible to hide.

After months I training, I find it amusing that I have reprogrammed you so that your cock drips fluid like Pavlov's dog's mouth waters. I find it enjoyable that I know your asshole starts to twitch automatically, the fear and anticipating of being penetrated, pumped, expanded and violated when you see me locking the buckles of my strap on harness in place.

When you start to crumble and your composure fades, that's when my body starts responding. My nipples get hard. My panties get moist. I respond this way undeniably to authentic reactions of fear, dread, shame, dismay.

If I can't shock you, well, then, I will overwhelm you. Let me explain.

**

I already know how you deal with my strap on when my desire is to see how difficult it is for you to accommodate a rough riding of your face.

The familiar look of distress in your eyes is one of the things that makes me want to do it again and again. Wearing the heavy, sometimes bulky harness, feeling your gaze on me, the scent of leather so prevalent. The feel of the thick, sturdy latex in my gloved hand as I stroke tauntingly, sliding up and down the shaft suggestively, making you watch.

I know as I watch you watching me stroke, you are imagining how the cock is going to stretch your mouth open uncomfortably. You are already realizing how filled with shame you will be, despite having a full erection the moment my 'dick' touches your lips.

Even as I hold your cheeks tight between my fingers and degradingly make you create a kissy face so I can apply red lipstick, I know your body is going into a mode of fight or flight. You know what is coming, you have felt it before. It still fills you with dread, but your responses are calculated and somewhat predictable. Because you know how to prepare.

And while I love that first moment of realization in your eyes, when the head of the cock pushes past your lips and teeth, I see your body almost instantly relax into an eager, desperate cocksucker. Your instincts take over and you open up your throat like an experienced street whore, ready to take all eight, nine, ten inches of dildo with ease and excitement.

So what if I were to overwhelm you, not with one cock but with two. Or maybe three. One dildo in my hand. Another in my harness, a third mounted on the wall. Your command? Take all three at once. Within ten minutes. Or else.

It's like a self sufficient, self contained "gang bang." Your ass pumping up and back on the wall against the mounted cock; my strap on dildo and my hand held dildo both pushing into your mouth, making you show that you can take both at once.

And not just the head, but at least a quarter of the shaft. Every time your mouth loses one of the two cocks, I will degrade you verbally and slap your face with the other dick until you gobble it up desperately. “You pathetic dicksucker!” I will scorn you, “Take both these cocks, you know you want more – you wish I had three more lined up and waiting!”

Dripping, hot, precum-coated dicks. Blindfolded, that’s what you would dream of, desperate and aroused at the same time. Knowing it is only a matter of time before the cocks all line up, when the stars align for me, and the glory hole moment comes together. No pun intended.

When warm, hot fresh cum and piss rain down on you, as inevitably it will, you will remember these moments when I tell you that even though I cannot surprise you, I can always overwhelm you.

Two, three girlfriends with a strap on harness and a hand held cock. Six, eight different shaped and sized dicks for you to suck, one after the other, never missing a beat, your mouth so violated and stretched that the rest of the day the ladies in the office do a double take and seem like they are just about to say something, but they stop.

Can you imagine what they must be thinking?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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akasha@akashaweb.com

Jan 23, 2023AkWeb

Desperate Days of Denial

Good morning my corporate slut,

This morning I was thinking about you. I was pleasuring myself thinking about you, actually, and I bet you'd like all the graphic details about that. Wouldn't it be painful to read about, knowing your cock is just going to swell up in the tight confines of that cage and remind you once again that cumming is no longer a freedom you have?

I have to smirk when I think about that delicious dilemma you find yourself in. You want to know about how my pussy feels, how tight and wet I am when I pleasure myself thinking of you suffering, you want to know how my fingers taste, how the orgasms rock my body. But when you imagine these things, it just makes your balls ache so much. It makes your cock twitch and strain inside the plastic and the result must be maddening for you.

You'll get no sympathy from me. After all, you have told me all along that you want to belong to me – fully – and you are willing to endure it all. And it's simply that selfless suffering that makes me so wet. When I wake up in the morning after sleeping late, and I find myself just lounging between the sheets, I can't help but imagine the pain you endure hour after hour – all for me. Then I start getting wet, then I imagine the greater lengths you will go to suffer for me.

In no time, my fingers are at my pussy, slid down underneath the sheer pink panties, rubbing against my clit, teasing, so moist so quickly, as I picture you on your hands and knees right in front of me begging to be used in any way I desire. Knowing I have my full arsenal of toys at my disposal – the whips and floggers, the anal toys and vibrators, the clamps and clips and the devices that make you suffer.

It’s no wonder I get myself worked up into a bit of a frenzy, making the sheer pink panties nearly translucent with moisture, my nipples hard and my body aching for an intense orgasm. But I don’t stop there – I don’t end it. Instead, I let it linger, so I can use all that pent up sexual frustration on you.

You know what that means, don’t you?

About 45 minutes of time between my sheets this morning, thinking of you, playing with my pussy, getting my panties so wet. All in anticipation of a little “afternoon visit” that will happen today – a short one, I promise (I know you are so busy) but one that will leave your cock throbbing, your balls blue and your ass stretched. A few hours from now you will find yourself sitting there, Mr. Powerful BusinessMan, with your panties leaking lubricant from your ass, your balls feeling like they weigh 50 pounds and your nipples so tender and sore that you are careful not to move as you sit in your chair, because just the brushing of them against your shirt makes them feel like they are on fire.

What could you have done to deserve such treatment? Oh, it’s simple, I would say. Just being you.

I may actually even pleasure myself on the drive over – you never know. I just know that I want the pretty sheer pink panties to be freshly wet when I arrive, because the first thing you are going to have to endure is the torture of me sitting on your face, making you lick my panties, but not me.

What a way to spend a Monday afternoon for a corporate slut: on your back, on the floor of your office, with me sitting on your face.

My skirt hiked up, boots still on, I’m going to straddle you and put just enough pressure on your nose and mouth that you feel desperate and uncomfortable, because those sounds you try to make are so hot. I am going to press down and encourage you, laughing, to get that tongue as close to my clit as possible, but

through the panties. I'm sure the scent of my pussy will make you ache and tremble, and I'll just respond by pressing down harder, until your moans of pleasure turn into sweet, vulnerable whimpers of desperation.

Once you are so worked up from the intoxicating scent of my arousal I am going to force you to remain completely still as I lift up, inches above your face, and use my fingers under my panties to finish myself off. Cumming right there, just above you, where you are forced to remain still and just watch, unable to participate. Your tongue longing to be inside me, your cock screaming for attention. If I can find a way – through the raging waves of orgasm – to take a peek at your helpless, pleading eyes, it might be worth it. But I think I will be too busy enjoying the orgasm of my life.

After I climax, I am going to rest for a moment, and then I'll let you lick my fingers clean. Just laying beside you, almost peaceful for such a sadistic beast, I'll watch pleasantly as you lick each of my wet fingers completely clean, watching how your face registers such desperation and longing. That look – I think you know that one I'm talking about – where despite the raging pain in your balls, you can only think about how bad you want to please me with your tongue, to be drowning in my pussy. If I like the way you lick, I just might have you keep licking for some time.

(You forget how excited I get to have you licking and sucking on my fingers. You may get bored with the task once the taste of my pussy is pretty much gone, but you better keep up your enthusiasm, or I will remove all your pussy worship responsibilities for one month, and you don't want that, do you?)

Watching your eyes as you stare up helplessly at the ceiling of your high rise office, I may just slip those panties off, down around my ankles, past the heels of my boots, before bringing them up close to your face. Just holding them there, dangling them off one finger, to

watch you as you stare and wonder what this might mean. You never quite know what I am going to do, do you?

To be honest, I haven't decided. I may just tease you with them, letting them dangle above your lips. I may open them up for you and tell you to stick out your tongue and watch you eat up every last drop of my juices. I may make them into a tiny, menacing ball and shove them into your mouth, just to hear you whimper.

I may just make you kiss them once, then stuff them into your trousers as a little reminder of our visit. But we both know, the moment I leave, you'll have them out and be worshiping them. Just make sure you lock your door when I leave.

See you soon.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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akasha@akashaweb.com

Jan 30, 2023AkWeb

Milk it for Me

Good morning my corporate slut,

A simple blindfold could lead to so, so much trouble for you.

I may visit you innocently one day soon – almost too sweet, affectionate. Just a nice little afternoon lunch break maybe, stopping by your office to visit – chat with you, grab a quick bite to eat. But before I leave – I may just ask you for one thing. One simple request.

It's never that easy, is it?

I'll describe to you what I am thinking. As you read this, take off your belt. Pull down your trousers, but stay behind your desk. Your door must remain unlocked, just in case someone wants to drop by (you will have to smooth talk your way through that, hoping they don't come around to the other side of your desk).

Take my property in your hands and enjoy the fact that you are not caged right now, that you have just a little bit of freedom from the metal chastity cage. Stroke slowly as you picture what I am about to tell you, but do not cum. You must eat every drop of precum that develops on your fingertips, in your palm. Stroke slowly, try not to moan, and definitely do not cum. I know it's been a long time, but you have self control, don't you?

So – this visit. It just starts with a simple blindfold. I will make you put it on yourself, and then place your hands behind the chair. That's when you will feel the handcuffs around your wrists. Blindfolded, helpless, you'll have no idea what I have in store for you this time – will it be devastatingly cruel, or will it be fun and spontaneous?

You may hear me lock your door – you hope. You may hear me slide the panties down from under my skirt, so I can tell you, "Look how much my PUSSY loves you today, whore," as I press the wet panties against your nose and mouth, ruthlessly. So you see, really, just want kind of a mood I am in.

I will take you from the chair – roughly, by a fistful of hair, and force you to your knees on the floor of your office. Still blindfolded, you'll be unable to see what I have in my bag, what I am pulling out to 'use' on you. Lots of zippers, and metal and rubber being moved around, and the familiar sound of my heavy, excited breathing. Will you wish for a sniff of those panties again to keep you motivated? Should I just shove them into your mouth and duct tape it shut?

What I have in store for you is absolutely delicious. It's a clear plastic tube attached to a long lead and a funnel at the end, and it accompanies a metal probe that is attached to a battery pack. Now, I got it from Japan, and I couldn't read the instructions, but I watched the video – the instructional video – and besides the fact that it got me soaking wet, I found it almost comedic. Poor Japanese fellow, hogtied, the rod rammed up his ass while his Mistress rode his face – and the tube, pumping at his cock, then the desperate whimper from him as the cum filled up the tube pleasurelessly. It was clear he was NOT cumming, but the biggest load of cum – ever – was filling up the tube. And then the funnel – well, you don't need to be told what happens next!

Leave it to the Japanese to come up with something so cruel and devious. A few hundred dollars and months later, the little package arrived..and, well, while I have not tested it, soon, we will both know if it's real.

Perhaps to shut you up and keep you quiet I'll go ahead and tape the moist panties right over your nose and mouth, muffling you, but making sure that every time you inhale you are reminded of how excited and turned on I am. This may take your mind off of the cold,

slickly lubricated rod as it slides up your ass, or the lubricated milking tube as it is fitted snugly over my property. I bet you'll begin to expand immediately in the confines of the clear device, even before any probing begins! That's what 35 straight days of chastity will do to you…

I haven't quite worked out the position, but I imagine I'll have you on your side with your head turned, and I will sit on your face to keep you still and keep your muffled whimpers hidden. The rod will be up your ass – tightly – and I'll have a nice view of my property in the clear shaft tube as I start to work the controls. For good measure, I may just put your webcam on and take a little video myself, so I can add to the instructional series of clips that the funny Japanese company has on their site. And your face will be hidden anyway – under my ass – so there's no worry about privacy…

In the video I watched, it only took 90 seconds once the Mistress worked the controls before the victim's cock was pumping out a load of creamy white cum. And by his face and his body language, I could tell, it was not very pleasurable. Now, at least, I will be able to hear from you whether or not the machine painfully extracts the cum from you like a true milking device, or merely forces a rushed, involuntary orgasm.

Regardless, I'll be enjoying my position on your face, maybe reaching down to pull the taped panties from your face so I can order your tongue to work lovingly on my asshole, so I can see your ability to concentrate while the metal rod begins to hum and vibrate against your insides.

When you do cum – whether it takes two minutes or two hours – I'll feel a rush of excitement flow over me as your load fills up the tube. The funnel attachment is so cruel and mechanical, I am not sure if I will force you to endure the immediate, relentless forced consumption of the entire load…or if I will just go straight for

another round with the machine, and fill up an entire second tube. For later, perhaps.

Speaking of loads, I wonder, as you read this, just how much precum has been consumed? And how bad – how desperate – you want to cum, now? A little freedom from chastity does go a long way. So I will make a little deal with you. I didn't order that device, really. Not yet. I will give you the address of the site, and you must order it now. You must pay for it and have it shipped to me, before you are allowed to cum. So as you enter your credit card information, as the little "demonstration" video plays in the background, you will realize what you are signing yourself up for. Stroke the ENTIRE time you are filling out the form.

And as you hit the button that says, ironically, "SUBMIT" – you will submit to me, fully, by cumming into your panties that are pulled down just a little. Then you will capture every last drop of cum in the crotch, and lick it clean. When you are done, I want a picture of your clean, wet panties before you put them back on and get back to your "corporate world."

I expect this to be completed within one hour. Time is ticking, my slut….

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Feb 23, 2023AkWeb

Face Down

Hello my corporate slut,

I hope you won't take offense.

Today, I just don't feel like seeing your face.

It's not that I don't adore your stubble, your strong jawbone, your piercing eyes and perfectly managed hair. It's not that I don't want to see your smile, or watch your eyes as they shift from curious to terrified.

Maybe it's part of the whole objectification thing. Ever since I got up this morning, I can't stop thinking of having you face down. Completely. The entire time.

Roughly used. Face pressed down into the carpet of your plush office. My hand in a fist at the back of your head, pushing your face down with every thrust of my hips.

A very anonymous, rushed, tremendously objectifying "visit" is what I have on my mind right now. One where you start just where I want you to remain the entire time – face down, on the ground, with your hands above your head. Holding very, very still.

You may wish to react when you feel me straddle you from behind, hear the ruffle of leather and lace as I pull up my skirt first, then ease down my panties. The feel of your belt being removed unceremoniously as I might get a snicker when you have to lift your ass ever so slightly to give me access to the front.

You'll just be pushed right back down though. As soon as I pull down your pants, then slide down the lace red thong I put you in

this morning, just around your thighs. I don't need a lot of room to do what I am going to do.

Granted, I haven't event decided. My cock, or just a violation of my fingers? You might sit there telling yourself it couldn't be so bad. But hearing the snap of the latex gloves behind you as you keep your face pressed into the carpet, unable to look, to see anything, you might reconsider just how humiliating it could be.

The familiar squirt of the lubrication bottle. The feel of my latex palms spreading your ass cheeks. Oh, it won't be the actual penetration that will degrade you. It will be how I whisper in your ear right behind your head but you can't see me. Just hear the dirty, degrading things I say to you as I start penetrating you with my fingers.

First one. Then two. Maybe three. In and out, whispering you to "shut the fuck up, whore," and "take it like a slut," and maybe make you beg – face down, against the dirty carpet. Knowing your face is getting interesting little imprints across the forehead as I just keep pumping. And sliding. And twisting. Seeing what kinds of interesting sounds I can get from you.

If you're lucky, I may give you a slight diversion or two. Maybe I will straddle one of your thighs and pump my crotch against your warm skin, letting you feel how wet your degradation is making me. Maybe I'll use a vibrating egg for a bit, then slide it into one of my stockings, reach down and tell you to open wide. A perfectly shaped, slick, dripping wet ball, perhaps still vibrating between your teeth, could prove to be a nice little distraction.

How long will it last? I really couldn't tell you. But I do know one thing for sure; you will never get to look at me. This time, you'll take the entire thing face down. That's exactly how I want you.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Feb 27, 2023AkWeb

Dreaming of Denial

Good morning my corporate slut,

It's amazing what a little bit of tease and denial can do to you.

You already know that it's not just about the locked chastity for me. Sure, I get a certain rush of adrenaline when I hear the click of the lock as it seals your fate, imprisoning your manhood for what could be all of eternity.

I enjoy the sharp breath you take, the slight tremble of your flesh. The soft moan as your breath escapes your lips and I know that words couldn't really begin to sum it up.

Total imprisonment.

It's not that I get off merely on the fact that your cock is encased – not accessible – caged and denied your touch. I find that merely entertaining on the side, so to speak. What excites me most when we enter the long, now longer days of chastity is the power I have over you and the pure agony that teasing and denial put you in.

It's the most erotic form of torture because it's slow, deliberate, painful and humiliating. As a sadist, I must ask you – what's not to love?

I know that I can simply call you on the phone. And when you pick up, the calm and assertive successful businessman, I can turn you into a groveling, whimpering mess with just a few carefully selected words.

Or maybe not even words at all. Who would be calling you, after all, mid-afternoon and just start pleasuring herself on the phone, whispering one word to you, "Beg."

It’s a simple word really. But sometimes that’s all I need to reach orgasm, especially if I’d been fantasizing before dialing the numbers with my slick and wet little fingertips, waiting for your voice, waiting to hear that fantastic transformation as you go from distracted corporate superstar to groveling, desperate, locked up whore.

The meaningful “click” once I finish with you – moaning loudly in ecstasy to remind you of just how fantastic orgasms could feel – then I’m already off to my next project.

An hour of face sitting. Right when you get home from work. And why not? Only the third or forth day in chastity, the scent of my ass would leave you reeling, unable to compose yourself. Making you “work your way up” to pleasuring more desirable parts of my body, as newly locked up slaves always start at the bottom of the totem pole.

Not that there’s anything wrong with my bottom; freshly bathed and soaked in a warm, foaming bath to prepare for your arrival home, my lingerie and party clothes already picked out. And it’s only as you lick for what seems like hours – planted painfully under my ass cheeks – that I reveal my plans for the evening without you.

Dancing – drinks – dinner, maybe. A gentleman suitor or maybe three of my craziest girlfriends – a night on the town in a fantastic outfit, a night full of debauchery and sex all while you remain caged. Just trying to decide if you should be put into an actual cage for the evening, or locked into a dramatic and painful locking butt plug harness and forced to clean the loft until I return, maybe to share details of the evening – or maybe not.

Your exhausted tongue – barely having time to recover from the sixty minutes of delicate ass worship – only to be recalled for, perhaps, “Pussy duty” if there are any post-coitus messes for you to attend to. Such humiliation.

And as the days proceed and your desperation intensifies, my erotic rush just remains more consistent. The ultimate? An unexpected visit to your office, strap-on in my purse. Forcing you to worship my shaft as if it were the only way to earn release. So much pent up frustration – I am sure you'd suck like your life depended on it!

And it would, wouldn't it? Because as you hear me moaning and riding closer to climax – from merely penetrating your mouth with my cock – your focus would again shift to your real purpose.

My pleasure.

Only when my cock is rammed so far down your throat that your eyes water do you realize that your chastity serves a greater purpose. And that however many days or nights or weekends it is extended, your attention and diligence is the reward for us both. Only when you are denied so relentlessly do you fully appreciate ever curve of my slick latex cock, or tune in to ever subtle groan of pleasure that escapes my lips.

Focus.

If locked chastity, teasing and denial are what it takes for you to keep your priorities straight – and to turn you into the hungry insatiable cock-whore that I so adore – then perhaps we're both in this for the long haul.

How many days now?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 6, 2023AkWeb

Open Wide

Good morning my slut,

Do you ever have one of those mornings that you wish you could go back in time? Today, as soon as I woke up, I realized that I wanted to pay a surprise visit to you just like in the old days. Remember what it was like when you knew I was coming, but had no idea what I would have in store for you?

To prepare for my visit, you have to prepare your tight hole for me. Your "sissy pussy" is going to endure quite a work out for me this afternoon when I visit, so it's time for you to prepare yourself. You'll also be performing a little "nipple warm up" on your titties, because I have something special there planned as well.

Let's start with your ass, my slut. I want you to begin by first inserting your small, bright pink butt plug. I want you to take it out and lube it up nicely, then pull down your panties and white ruffle panties and slowly slide the plug into you. You can do this by sitting down on the plug, on your chair, so that you slowly impale yourself. This is a sight I could never tire of.

I'd love to see that bright, pink plug disappearing into your butt cheeks. So, I want you to take a nice picture set for me – before, during and after. That way, I'll be assured that the plug is exactly where it belongs.

Once you have filled up your ass I want you to go take a trip to the company kitchen and get a cup full of ice cubes. Begin sucking on the cubes as soon as you make your way back to your office. You'll want those plugs nice and smooth so that they're ready for insertion later.

Back at your desk, you'll have to sit there, plugged, as you assemble your nipple torment toys. I want you to get out your medium sized binder clips and the paper-clip/stapler weights I had you create special for your torments. Your nipples are going to go through a tenderizing process to prepare you for the real torment. Today I play to bring the alligator clips, ben gay and ice, and weights that will attach to your cock and balls during the ass fucking I plan to give you. On all fours, you'll be stretched and violated in the most provocative way; with every thrust of my hips, you'll stretch your nipples to painful lengths, unable to do anything about it.

I want you to attached one binder clip on each nipple first. While the pain sears through you flesh, you have to reach down and rub my property right through your trousers. Feel that ruffle panty press against your freshly shaved meat. Feel my property just bulging in the panties, oozing out bits of precum as you can't hold back the excitement, even through the pain.

Twist the binder clips as you read this. Twist them firmly to one side about half way around, then twist the other way. Hold each one for 15 seconds. Count out loud. This is just all in preparation, my slave boy. The real nipple tests come later.

Now, I want you to add three sets of weights to each nipple so that they begin to stretch slowly toward the ground. This biting, agonizing pain will be something you'll have to deal with – but I've got a nice distraction planned for you. This isn't just about preparing your asshole and nipples for me.

You have to go into your locked drawer next to your desk and take out my ball vice. You remember this gem, don't you?

I want you to insert your balls and crank it to level "three" that we've agreed on – the level that smashes your balls just to the point of feeling like your entire sac is under my boot. Your balls are also

going to be “tenderized” before I even arrive at the office for our little visit.

Now, let me get to the ice cubes. I’m sure you’ve been sucking on them to prepare them so you can insert them into your ass for me. You know how much I love to hear about how you’ve shoved two or three cubes up your hole and let the ice melt out, having to even put a sanitary napkin in your panties to prevent embarrassing leakage into your trousers. Do whatever it takes, slaveboy. But know that you have to go through ten ice cubes total before I arrive in a few short hours. Once you have “leaked out” all ten cubes, you must lube up your LARGE sized pink dildo and put that one in your ass.

This “ass training” will prepare you for my visit this afternoon. I’m going to be in my black trenchcoat, just like the old days, and underneath I’ll be wearing black lingerie and my favorite black strap on cock. I’m going to wear the eight inch cock with the huge balls for you to suck.

The first thing you’ll have to do after kissing my high heeled feet and removing my shoes is suck my balls. You’ll be on your hands and knees with your head under, between my legs, wide mouthed so you can take both of my huge balls into your mouth. It will take you some time to lick and suck each of them, and as you do it, your tender nipples will be screaming in pain and your balls will feel like they are going to be stretched right off of you.

This is the nice, nasty, “tenderized” state I want my slut in. You’ll be so completely aroused in your ruffle panties that they puff out like a tent when I make you drop your trousers. I’ll first make you suck my large, thick black cock until I’m completely satisfied with your performance.

This time, you’ll suck cock while in front of the long, full length mirror. You’ll suck cock while I critique your performance, making you open your eyes and watch yourself as the big dick slides in and

out, in between your lips. What a sight you'll be in your ruffle panties, on all fours, sucking my thick cock. I'll be holding your head, pumping, thrusting, pushing.

I know that sucking my cock will just turn you on more. You'll be torn between the pain and humiliation you're feeling and the desire to please me. This is the kind of conflict that drives my lust; this is what I am after, as you know.

So I'll make you endure it – all of it. The humiliation of watching yourself suck my cock, and the degradation of actually bending over, lifting your ass and spreading your cheeks for me. You'll remove the large plug and your ass will be ready to take it – take the entire length of my huge cock.

Perhaps your spit and saliva will be enough; perhaps I'll also add some lubrication. . Be assured, regardless, that you'll feel completely full when I finally get the opportunity to do what I've been waiting for all day. To fuck your ass – my way – while you remain on all fours and take it for me.

See you soon, my slut.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 13, 2023AkWeb

Feminized Bitch

Hello my corporate slut,

I decided today that you are going to be treated like nothing more than my cheap, nasty lesbian whore. You may have been wondering why I put you in crotchless panties, black thigh high fishnets and garters and a black bra under your suit. I thought it would suit you today, and help put you in the right frame of mind for our encounter later today.

Go ahead. Slide your hand down your pants and feel the panties against your crotch. Those are the sexiest, nastiest pair of panties I have put you in. I know you feel the moisture, feel your pussy getting wet, feel your cunt aching. Lick your fingers. Taste your pussy juice. Shut your door and enjoy your warm pussy for a little while, my slut, because later you are going to be treated like the nasty bitch that you are.

Imagining you there fingering your clit is a turn on for me. Even though you aren't wearing lipstick and your tits aren't filling out your bra just yet, I still imagine you to be all the hussy that you are – your lips parted, your chest heaving a bit as you read these words, the taste of pussy lingering on your fingertips. Go ahead. Take another taste. You know you want to reach down and feel the warm panties under your trousers.

Your shoes feel uncomfortable, don't they? You long to be in the sexy, strappy pumps I picked out for you. Reach to your chest, unbutton a few buttons and reach inside, feeling the outlines of the bra. I love the way it hugs your chest. Feel your hard nipples poking through the lace. You see how hard you are, how much you want it? Squirming in your panties now, aren't you? You feel the garters on your legs, feel how sexy those high high stockings are – you are ready to be treated this way, you love it, don't you?

Our little visit today is going to be a special one. I am bringing a girlfriend – you can call her "Eva." When we arrive, you are going to be stripped out of your corporate clothes already, kneeling in your lingerie only, wearing a black blindfold. You'll notice my presence right away, I am sure. But then you will sense that Eva is there. A tall, auburn haired beauty who has a fantasy about taking a lesbian whore for the first time. That's you, my slave.

You'll feel both of our hands on your skin, rubbing, sliding our nails across your flesh, feeling the seams of the stockings, caressing your thighs and spreading your legs. You'll feel my fingers sliding into your bra and pinching, twisting your nipples to make you squirm as I order you to open your legs wide and be ready to accept what we have planned for you.

Blindfolded, helpless, you'll find your body spread across your desk face down as familiar hands pull down your crotchless panties and start exploring your pussy. I know you will moan, and squirm, but I plan to have Eva silence you by grabbing your head and burying it in her crotch – but not letting you lick. Just smell. And exist there. As I spread your ass cheeks and then explore your pussy with my fingers, teasing your clittie, massaging you, bringing you close to the edge but never allowing you to cum.

See, my whore, this is all a process to get you so hard, so slutty, so horny, that you will willingly take what I insert into you, you will suck anything I press against your lips, and you will allow us to take your feminization to the next level. Shaving the little body hair you have left, applying creams and jells to your sensitive skin, sliding the breast forms into your bra and cinching you into a tight leather corset that creates a beautiful, girlish figure.

And the shoes, of course. Beautiful shiny black shoes with locking straps, 5 inch heels, locked into place to complete your outfit. You'll have to open your mouth slightly and let us apply the lipstick gently.

All before I shove my thick, latex cock into your mouth and order, simply, “Suck it, my whore.”

I’m very aroused by the imagine of you in sexy, silky black lingerie bent over your desk, your ankles in a spreader bar, your holes exposed. We may fully feminize you, as Eva is bringing her wigs and make up and thinks she can turn you into a believable enough hooker that we can exit the building with you in our clutches and bring you to the dark corners of a night club, leading you by a leash and making you maneuver painfully in your locking high heels. That’s a distinct possibility.

That is, if you can still walk. Because the ass fucking I long to give you is a deep and severe one. I want to reach around and play with your titties as I slide the length of my cock in and out of your pussy. I want to hear you moaning and crying out what little you can from behind Eva’s crotch. I want to use long, deep thrusts that make your entire desk shake and creak, fingering your clittie all the while, bringing you closer and closer to orgasm but never allowing you to cum.

What is the reason for this treatment? Well, for one, because it turns me on. I want you to spend an entire afternoon, and into the evening, as my feminine little whore. I want you to smell like a sweet, sexy slut. I want you to open your legs and beg me to fuck you, and then cry out like a whore when I pound my cock into your pussy. I want you to massage and play with your own tits while Eva and I watch, and then do a slow, sexy striptease in your high heels to the music we bring along. If we like what we see, we may take turns sitting on your face, or allow you to bring us each to climax.

But our night on the town, my slut, that’s the real goal. She insists she can dress you accordingly and have you look so real and nasty that both men and women will want a piece of you. I am sure you know how much that excites me. Perhaps I can make a little money off of the adventure?

For now, you must prepare yourself by going into the ladies room (yes, ladies room), sitting down to piss, and then playing with your pussy until you are on the edge. But do not cum. You are to coat both of your nipples with pussy juice and look at yourself in the mirror, knowing what you have on underneath. You said the downstairs bathrooms are usually vacant, so go down there, and hope the maids aren't doing their rounds….

It would be a shame to have you caught in your hot lingerie before the fun begins….

See you soon,

Mistress Akasha

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Mar 20, 2023AkWeb

24/7 Webcam Bitch

Good morning my corporate slut,
When I tell you that I'm bringing you a "present," does that terrify you? Does it make your cock shrink in the super tight pink panties you are wearing? Does it make your mind wander to scary, dark places?
It's time – this week – for you to keep your office webcam on 24/7. I want it on the moment you arrive at your desk until you leave for the day so that I can monitor you. You will be surprised at how much erotic "rush" I get from seeing you so busy working, looking all professional, leaning back in your nice leather chair and taking those oh-so important phone calls.

Sure, I watch you, and I pleasure myself thinking about how those lips are going to look wrapped around my strap on. I think about the sounds you will make when you are kneeling and your head is level with my crotch as I thrust my hips hard into your face, gagging you with the entire shaft of my latex dick. Over – and over – and over again. When you smile as you take calls, I imagine you are smiling at the 'job well done' you completed when you found yourself with cum all over your face after I fucked your ass with your legs high over your head.

You can see how a little "visual stimulation" may go a long way with the webcam on while you are at the office all day. I could also use the remote control vibrating plug from my office – turning it on, increasing the intensity as you work. It's sort of my own way to nonchalantly "buzz" you when I want you to know that I am thinking about you. I could watch you silently, secretly for hours before flipping the switch on my computer and seeing the strain in your face as the plug starts to buzz deep in your ass. You had almost forgotten that it was there, I bet…
Soon there will be other remote control devices. I will have my own

little “whore control panel” at my disposal, so I can leisurely sit at my desk in the morning in my fluffy bathrobe with a cup of coffee and browse across the buttons and options. And – oh, I see a pretty young secretary in your office and you are smiling and she’s flirting with you! What a perfect time to use the electrical shock remote on your balls – on HIGH – and see if your deep, sexy voice turns into a pathetic little squeak, leading her to have a confused look on her face. The increased pulsing of the electrical shocks – again and again – will practically lead you to want to double over in pain on the floor and roll around in pain. What a sight that would be!

I can’t help but giggle. I could have fun for hours with such options – just watching as your eyes turn to the camera, that silent, pathetic, pleading look. The look that just begs me to have a little mercy on you, that you have such a busy, busy day. But there will be no mercy when I have so many electronic options – from the inflatable, vibrating plugs in your ass to a shocking cock ring and ball stretcher, and clamps that tighten on your nipples with the mere turning of an electronic knob at my fingertips.

And the entire time, I can see your reactions on the cam. At any moment, a little text box can pop up onto your screen, right over the important spreadsheet you were reviewing, and say simply, “SUCK DICK, NOW.” And you will have to obey. On your knees, the large flesh colored dildo from your drawer, hoping no one times into your office and sees you kneeling there deep throating a large, realistic dildo at your desk.
“PANTIES DOWN!” I could order, and you’d have to stand up and unzip your trousers and pull down your panties to reveal my property, all freshly shaved and ready for abuse. One, two, maybe five or ten clothespins to your ballsac – for my amusement, live – and then we will really get things started. You will have long forgotten that spreadsheet, I can assure you. I am sure that of an eight hour work day, you will spend at least three of those hours entertaining me, amusing me and arousing me.

And oh – as for today, the little "present" I am bringing you. Until we can have that 24/7 cam set up and operational, I will have to settle for the good old fashioned kind of arousal. The kind where I walk into your office and come see you live, and order you to kneel down when I enter your workspace. I will close the door and while you kiss my shoes lovingly (oh, if your secretary could see this!) I will go into my bag and pull out your little treat. A small jar – clear – of creamy white cum.

All the cum from last month, saved. I will pour it into your coffee, so really, your coffee is now mostly gooey, slimy cum. That is the same cup of coffee that you will take into your board meeting and drink. You will drink the entire thing, and I will remain in your office to check your cup when you finish the meeting to make sure you have consumed every drop of it.

Of course, I'll keep myself busy in your office in the meantime, "Fixing your laptop," you can tell them. Really, I will be installing the first of several electronic "toys" – but I am not telling you which one. But inside your top drawer you will find something to use as soon as you return from your meeting, with your stomach full of cum.

Drink up, my whore!

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

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Apr 14, 2018Akasha

A Day of Tasks for My Corporate Slut

Good morning, my slut.
I hope you're having a nice day so far. How does that pink thong feel? Is it riding up the crack of your ass? Is the bra getting too uncomfortable already? Is your ass sore from the strap on surprise I gave you this morning? I've got a big day planned for you. If you thought I was insatiable this morning, you haven't seen anything yet.
The reason I made you completely undress right when you were on your way out is simple. I didn't want you to feel at all like a man today. Today I wanted you to feel like my sissy slut. My whore. I loved stripping you down and then making you step into that bright pink thong. You were shaking already. Your cock was huge, bulging. Already dripping precum. Just a few days out of the cock cage, and you can't go five minutes without a hard-on! You are going to have a long day…
And the bra – you look absolutely ridiculous in the bra. Making you spin around and show off is the best part. I know how much it humiliates you, yet I am lounging there on the bed in my silk cami, running my fingers up and down my thighs, smiling at you. Making you bend over so I can see the pink thong ride up your ass. Make you spread your ass cheeks for me and shake them for show, all while I start slowly teasing my pussy, sliding just one finger only barely inside me. This is all just a little preparation for the long day I have planned for you.
I can assure you, you will not get much work done today. And to make things easy for you, I have arranged your orders and tasks into a very precise list, including the times that the activities must happen and what exactly you must do. I'll be calling in to check on you, and you never know when I might demand photographic proof. So clear your calendar, sissy slut, and get that tight pussy hole ready.
You are my office whore all day long.

**

You probably are wondering why I made you drink so much coffee this morning and told you not to piss. You see, the first thing you need to know about today is that you are not allowed to go to the bathroom until your bathroom break, or if I call and let you. (I bet you are already scanning the list below, hoping to see the potty break…desperate to see it, haha!). You are going to know a whole new level of control as I fill your bladder and make you double over in pain, so aching to take a piss. You are going to soon be afraid you might even have an embarrassing accident! What would people think?

Let's get to your schedule:

9:30am – you must drink one half 16oz bottle of water.

9:45am – you must unzip your trousers in your office and pull your dick out. You have to rub it in the thong for 10 minutes without cumming. You also have to lick your fingers clean.

9:50am – insert your medium sized pink butt plug. You have to slide down onto it, on your chair, and slowly let it fill your tight asshole. Mmmm, I can picture the grimace on your face.

10:00am – you must drink the other half of the 16oz bottle of water.

10:10am – you will receive an email audio file from me. Open and listen to it. The good news is part of it is me masturbating. The bad news is the other part is of running water.

10:20am – you must pull your cock out again in your office and jerk off for 10 minutes without cumming.

10:45am – you have to remove your medium butt plug and replace it with the chrome large sized plug. Now, you are going to feel VERY full….and so is your bladder!

11:00am – you must make your way to the bathroom, plug in your ass, bladder full. Soon you will be relieving yourself….I bet you are walking very carefully!

11:05am-you must go into a stall and drop your trousers and jerk off for 5 minutes.

11:10am – you have ten minutes to piss. If you are too hard to piss, you are going to lose your chance. So figure out a way to get soft. I suggest bringing ice cubes.

11:20am – after pissing, return to your office and tell your secretary that you are going to work through lunch and cannot be disturbed in your office. NO phone calls (except from me).
11:45am – lunch begins for my corporate slut. This is my favorite part. You have one hour to perform for me. I want a series of photos on your digital camera documenting your sissification and whorish behavior for me. You have to strip out of your corporate clothes and add thigh high stockings to your outfit. You can remove the chrome butt plug and replace it with the inflatable, vibrating plug. Oooh, this is going to be quite a show.
You have to get out your suction cup dildo and fasten it to your filing cabinet so it is level with you when you are on all fours. You then need to apply bright red lipstick and prepare the camera to shoot a video.
First, you must suck the cock – deep throat it — while turning up the vibrating plug to half full size and full vibrate. I know this drives you insane! You have to keep sucking, lunging forward on all fours, just like I enjoy seeing you when you suck my strap on dildo. You have to do this for 15 minutes.
Next, I want you to remove the plug from your ass (your thong must just be pulled to the side – oh, so slutty) and turn around. You know what happens next, don't you? I want you to slowly impale yourself on the suction cup dildo that is sticking out from your filing cabinet. It will be wet from your sucking and covered with lipstick.
The video of you slamming your ass back against the filing cabinet is what I look forward to most. I want to see you moaning, see you sweating. I want to see your balls, full of cum, swaying back and forth. You have to do this for 15 minutes.
For the remainder of the time, you must take your precum soaked panties off and put them in your mouth – until 1:00pm. You can go online and check your email, but that's all. Your ass will be dripping lube. Your jaw will be aching.
1:15pm – you must jerk off again for 15 minutes, but do not cum. You have to do it at your desk again. You must be ready to explode at this point!
2:00pm – it's time for some nipple play. I want you to use binder

clips on your nipples – one on each (keep your bra on, just pull it down – don't you feel like a nasty sissy that way?) for 15 minutes. Then, 15 minutes off, then 15 minutes back on again. Try not to scream…
3:00pm – you must jerk off again, but this time somewhere else in your office building other than the bathroom or your office. You have to find a place, and tell me where you went. How creative can you be? You will jerk off for 15 minutes, smear the precum over your lips and return to your desk, hoping no one notices the shine.
3:30pm – you must go to the bathroom and fuck yourself in the ass for 15 minutes with your anal probe. No, you cannot cum. I know this one brings you to the edge – you will just have to practice self control….
4:00pm – you must put your parachute ball harness on and add weights. Use each of your weights one at a time, and then finally hang your stapler from it as well. Your balls should be stretching out toward the floor! I want a picture of this. I am so wet just imagining it.
4:30pm – time for more stroking! This time you must use slow, deliberate strokes and also play with your balls, the way I love to play with them in my gloved hands…
4:45pm-a courier should have dropped off a small brown box for you. It's from me. Open it immediately. You'll find a pair of my wet panties – the ones I am masturbating in right now as I type this…
4:50pm – worship my wet, scented panties by first sniffing them to inhale my scent. Then lick the crotch out completely – I want them licked clean. I know you will love this task and probably take a long time to really enjoy it.
5:15pm – take my panties and pull down your pants, then start rubbing them up and down your shaft. They are the satin ones. They are going to feel so good, so smooth against your stiff cock, I know you won't be able to hold back. Go ahead, enjoy it as long as you can, slut! I bet it won't be long at all. CUM into my panties-fill them up with your cum. Jerking off with my panties should ensure that you get them completely soaked with cum.
5:30pm – time to leave your office. Put the cum filled panties in your

mouth and keep them there the entire drive home. It will be a nice reminder on the way of who you are – and what you mean to me. When you arrive at the door, I expect you to kneel down in front of me and open your mouth so I can take out the panties and make sure you did as told. There better not be any cum left in them. You have to make sure you swallow it all down, licking them clean.
**
Well, my slut, it sounds like you have a busy day ahead of you. I think you should get started. I will be checking up on you. Right now, I must go finish masturbating in these satin panties. They should be good and soaked when you get them.
Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

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Apr 14, 2018Akasha

A Very Good Day

Good morning my corporate slut,

When my hunger consumes me, I simply don't know what is in store for you.
If I just rely on extinct, I must simply let it play out. I just know one thing: I must have
you pure, undivided, unequivocal, undeniable surrender.
And sometimes, sadly, it might get ugly.
**
Sometimes, simply, the restraints are a necessary evil. It's not that I think you are going
to try to escape. Hell, I know you are probably dying to get to me, would crawl a mile to
kiss the tip of my cock, would beg to be in my presence.
It's not that I fear you are going anywhere.
The restraints are a necessary evil because I ache to see you struggle, even though you
are desperate to remain my prey – as long as it is necessary. I know you will struggle
because your helpless ego insists on it, even as you desperately try to hang on pathetically
to that last shred of pride.
The struggling makes me hot. The jingling of the chains of the handcuffs when my cock
slides into your ass for the first time; the muffled whimper of the too-tight gag when my
fingers probe you to see if you are ready; the straining of your ankles against the leather
straps when I inflate the diabolical tube that leads to the rubber bulb in between your ass
cheeks….
The struggling reminds me of you pure presence. Your sacrifice.

Your helplessness. Go
ahead and struggle, we both know you are not getting away. Even as I tighten the last
strap of a latex straightjacket, for example, for a simple act of just sitting on your face –
well, it's for a sense of permanence, of presence.
Because when I press my asscheeks down on your face, and I gaze upon the nice, "tight"
view of the shining latex across your chest – helpless – well, the combination of the view
and your desperate tongue is enough to put me in a very, very pleasurable state of mind.
"My asslicker," I may ponder out loud. "If only your hands could feel how very, very wet
I am right now…"
Your helplessness – defined in any given moment – is an absolute gift to me. Because at
that moment you are nothing more than an object for me. A living, breathing dildo.
Really. Do I have to make it any more clear than that?
**
Surely, I don't have to explain it in more detail, do I? A double sided dildo, for example,
rammed down your throat as you are on your back in a latex straitjacket, straddled by my
naked thighs. Do you get the picture now?
A dildo to me – just a big, bouncing toy – and not even your dick!
No, it just remains there – prone, popping straight up for torture, humiliation. Useless. As
I fuck your face. Mount your face. Let me pussy juices drown you, pool around your
nose. The ultimate in humiliation, to have me grind on you, hands in your hands,
humping and thrusting, and all you can do is remember what it was like when you were
once allowed to worship my pussy this way.

Now, all you get is a cock rammed deeper down your throat with every thrust of my hips.
Because that cock gag is a mean one. Oh, the rubber dick is just a little too big, and I
pump too hard when I ride horseback! It's not like you are able to protest. You are just an
object, after all, remember?
I know that you love it all, even though you hate it at the same time. So degraded that you
cannot move. So humiliated that you are choking on a cock in your mouth as I ride
myself to orgasm on your face, slamming your head against the floor even. You have
been reduced to another sex prop. Nothing more.
The bondage, though, is necessary. The gag, is appropriate. I want your mouth to be full
of a dick – a thick, rubbery piece of cock, just like the kind you are so used to
worshipping. As I am penetrating myself against your face, I am actually thinking about
it, thinking about the cock being pushed deeper and deeper down your throat and gagging
you in the process. Making you feel the pain and humiliation of my pleasure. Don't think
I have forgotten you completely.
How could you? I might just smile down in your general direction, call you, "Dick
mouth!" and "You worthless cock mouth, gag on it while I fuck your FACE, you are
nothing but a DILDO to me now!" Well, you get the idea.
When I finally do cum, maybe you will get the bonus of having me squirt warm fluid all
over your face. Piss? Probably. I get pretty excited Squirting, piss, whatever it is, it's
from me, a result of my cumming, so enjoy it for what it is. All over your face, pooling in

your nostrils, full of the scent of my pussy.
It’s what I call the start to a very, very good day!
Mistress Akasha

Apr 14, 2018Akasha

A Devotion Test For My Corporate Slut

Good morning, my corporate slut.

How does it feel to be locked up and in chastity this morning? What a turn on it was to lock the CB-3000 in place today. I have the key on a chain around my neck, and it is dangling precariously between my breasts. You will be longing for that key for a very long time, slut. I plan to keep you locked up 24/7, and you are going to have to endure daily teasing, denial and humiliation as part of your devotional.

That's right. I have decided that it is time for you to prove all over again your devotion to me. Consider this a part of our anniversary. Each year at this time, you will endure 4 weeks or more of severe devotional training. This includes being in complete chastity and having at least one of your limits firmly tested or expanded. You know how I feel about stretching things…

Your teasing today will include putting on the outfit that I am having delivered to your office, and then going on webcam for me at lunchtime. I will have two girlfriends over, but I am not going to tell you which two. You are going to have to "perform" in the lingerie for us, and amuse us. You are going to have to turn me on, you are going to have to make me wet.

In fact, the way you are going to know if you succeeded is by a fun little idea I had. When your show is finished, I am going to take off my panties and send them to you via courier in a tightly sealed plastic bag. Your hands will be shaking as you remove them from the bag and inhale deeply, licking the crotch, trying to see just how wet you made me. Then you will know if you are going to be rewarded tonight or punished.

Try not to think too much about how humiliated you will be knowing that two my friends are watching the entire thing.

I am not going to tell you much about the outfit except that it is coming in a nice sized box because it does include women's boots

with a very, very high heel. It includes lingerie and a cute little outfit to go over it. You are going to have to do a striptease as part of your devotional, and at the end you have to present your ass to prove that you are plugged. You are also going to have to put your suction-cup base dildo against your file cabinet and get down on all fours, sucking it off like a professional whore. You will be wearing lipstick, and you're going to have to show my friends just how deep you can take it. We might even call you so you can have us on speaker phone cheering you on!

As a grand finale, you are going to have to pull down the bra you are wearing and attach clamps to your nipples and weights on each one. Then you have to get on all fours so your nipples are stretched painfully toward the floor. You are going to have to back up onto the protruding dildo and fuck it that way, pushing your ass back and forth. You will be hoping you don't knock the file cabinet over! I suggest you fill it up with some heavy books, because I am going to want to see some serious ass fucking, and I'm sure my girlfriends will find it amusing.

I am going to record the entire thing to review it with you when you get home, to critique your performance. Keep in mind you are going to have to do a little dancing, a little ass shaking, and all those things you find completely humiliating in front of me, let alone my friends. Expect your show to last one hour.

If you are impressive, I might let you see us on cam, but only from the neck down. You won't know who is who of my friends, and you'd only get to see us playing with our panties, rubbing our pussies. You might get to see me use my vibrator up close and personal, or I might turn around and press my ass cheeks to the camera so you can lean forward and lick the screen so desperately…

After your performance, you will have to change back into your corporate clothes but insert the larger, inflatable plug. Then, for me, you will sit there in your suit and slowly inflate the plug so I can watch the look in your eyes. Watch the sweat develop on your forehead. Know that you are wondering how much I am going to stretch your asshole this time, if I am going to inflate, deflate, inflate, deflate…over and over again until you are begging for mercy.

And there will be no cumming, of course. At least, on your end. I am sure I will enjoy your performance, and you will be able to judge when you receive my lace pink panties this afternoon….
Once you receive them, you have to tape them against your nose and mouth, wrap the tape all the way around your head and take a picture. You have to work that way for 30 minutes, inhaling my scent. For the rest of the workday, your face will smell like my pussy…
I am looking forward to the next month, my slave. Soon I will tell you just how far your limits will be pushed.
Mistress Akasha
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Apr 15, 2018Akasha

Ache

Good morning my corporate slut,

I bet you feel absolutely insane with need today. So many days of chastity, the chastity device so tight around my property, the panties riding up your ass causing such intense distraction.
Do you lose track of days, like a man stranded in the desert without water? Crawling on hands and knees, begging for mercy…
How many days? Does it matter? All that matters right now is that I can enjoy my glorious, self-indulgent orgasms – one after the other – and you are resigned to feel your balls swelling up, filling with loads and loads of cum, knowing that relief is nowhere in sight.
I imagine that the load that's building is undeniably huge. Imagine the uses for this big load of creamy white cum! You know I have been coming up with ways to make the wait worthwhile, and I intend to make full use of that huge load that's building.
Surely the most humiliating way would be the ultimate cum facial. I say ultimate because you'd be on your back with your legs over your head while I fuck you with my strap-on, smirking down at you and making you exclaim, before allowing you to release, "I love to suck cock, I am such a cocksucker!"
Again. And again. And again.
I would make you scream it, and I would record it, and I would call you up in your office and make you play it over your intercom at full blast when the ladies are right outside your door!
Or maybe I'd just bring it with me on a recorder and play it back in earshot of the highly sexy, very intoxicating Ms. Parker down the hall from you. What do you think she'd think of your exclamation that you love to suck cock and you are a huge cocksucker? Maybe I should add more lines to that – that you are a panty wearing cuntboy, that you are an ass sucker, a piss drinker? Oh, I could come up with quite a list, and maybe save all the recordings.
But, let's get back to the ache in your balls.

You feel that? You should be playing with your nipples right now, getting them hard. Making them so, so perky. When you walk through the office now, the ladies will probably notice how hard and perky they are. Little do they know that in your trousers, a pathetic cock is straining to get hard in the confines of a plastic prison, but to no avail! You have been rendered 100% useless. At least, as a male. My useless cocksucker, that's what you are today.

And the ache – well, I ache too. And that's why I am writing this email to you right now. My femdom hunger – my need, my desire – has reached a point that it is a dull ache in my belly and in my pussy, something that makes me long to push you over some edge, some new boundary. I can't be satisfied right now with normal; I can't even be satisfied with "highly degrading."

I can't even be satisfied with the cum facial, the humiliating recordings.

I need more. I knew one day this would happen; I would wake up, and while I could have anything from you, it just wouldn't be enough. The time has come that the ache is taking over, and because of that, you have to do something unthinkable for me.

Oh, don't worry. It won't be illegal. Or immoral. Or risk your job. But it will be highly humiliating, totally public, and require the consumption of large amounts of cum. Not your cum, either.

There's a party in town we may attend, or I might just throw one of my own – but in a city, far, far away. With you in a hood that covers your identity, and also reduces you to nothing but a cocksucker. On a leash, your wrists bound behind your back, led from one 'stall' to the next, where you will service. Service in a manner I decide, until my ache is gone.

This isn't a proposition or a question – it's a mere statement of fact. You will be taking off a week from work next month and cite "personal time."

And the time, I can assure you, will be highly personal. By then, my ache will be deafening. You will never be the same.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Apr 15, 2018Akasha

Afternoon Delight

Good morning my corporate slut,

Across the world, women are visiting their "men" at the office and having hot sexual encounters. They sneak around, go into their corporate man's office, close the door and engage in sex – against the rules. But how could they resist? Just think of all the powerful executives in similar positions right now that are having many orgasms, cumming inside their girlfriends or on her tits, enjoying the taste of her pussy.
And then there's you.
My poor, denied, helpless whore. Your dick – if you can call it that (it's been so long since it has had any freedom) locked up tight, helpless, useless. Your tongue has not tasted my pussy in weeks. You forgot what an orgasm feels like.
In fact, you are probably wondering when you will see my naked body again. I so enjoy keeping you locked up in your cock cage but totally naked at all times at home. I have to come to the office just to see what you look like in clothes!
At home, keeping you naked, keeping you locked up, I think it's proven to you, more than ever, that you are my owned property. You don't get to fuck me, you don't get to lick my pussy, and you don't even get to wear clothes for the indefinite future when you are at home. Naked, vulnerable. It's not use even trying to hide your body and its drawbacks. I am fully aware of your flaccid penis and what it looks like, even though it's rarely out of the cage. Keeping you soft all the time is a bit of a challenge since you are so horny, but part of the fun is coming up with new ways to put you in so much pain that you cannot get hard….
But I digress. Right now, across the world, hundreds of men are fucking their girlfriend's tight pussies as the office. Do you remember what it feels like to have your cock inside a tight, warm pussy? Probably not. But you do know what it feels like to be violated and

fucked, on all fours, with your pussy filled right up with my huge, latex cock!

I'm visiting you later today for our own little afternoon tryst. Like I said, I forgot what you look like with your clothes on, since I have been keeping you locked up and naked at home for so long. I'm going to come give you a little evaluation, and enjoy a few orgasms of my own at your expense.

I'm wearing a sharp business suit today since I have a few meetings of my own, and my legs are going to be a source of major distraction for you. Or perhaps my cleavage. Knowing you, though, you will be gazing longingly at my sexy black pumps.

Immediately upon my arrival, you are to strip out of your clothes. I will watch with my arms folded across my chest. Me, again, fully clothed, and you, totally naked except for the CB-6000 that is locked onto my property. Standing there, trying to hide yourself, but you can do nothing.

First, I will order you onto the floor on all fours to inspect you. Even though we share the most intimate lives and intensely personal relationship, I know you will still feel so, so violated when I spread your ass cheeks and inspect your pussy. I plan to take my time. You'll hear the snapping on of my latex gloves, the squirting of some lubricant, and I am going to humiliate you verbally as I prod, poke, and finger-fuck your tight hole until you start whimpering. Some tough executive you are!

I will end by inserting a thick, foreign object into your pussy. Then I will lock a harness over it, so you cannot remove it or inspect it. You have no idea what it is. This is devious and insanely erotic to me. I get wet just thinking about it. You won't know if it's a remote control, expanding or vibrating plug – or a drug-filled (hormones, perhaps!) bulb, or a condom filled with cum and molded in plastic, designed to melt inside your cunt. You will constantly be thinking about the bulge inside your body and how uncomfortable it feels. Is it growing? Is it leaking something? Will it stain your fine trousers? Have you started your "period"? Perhaps some intense, desperate begging over email or the phone may get you some hints. But I doubt it!!

Your inspection is far from over, though. I did mention that there would be some orgasms on the menu – for me. First I'll blindfold you with a simple but effective leather eye shield. Then I will remove some articles of clothing. While you cannot see me naked, because you are not allowed, you will be keenly aware of the scent of my skin and warmth of it as it touches you. I may allow you to briefly rest your cheek against my thigh or belly, but not for long. I have work to do.

You'll be forced down onto the floor of your office, on your back, as I plan to "take you" with a sort of hustle and business-like attitude. I feel like being commanding, cruel and demeaning. It's just my "flavor" today.

Speaking of "flavor," you will be hard at work with your tongue during this blindfolded test, but you won't be licking my pussy, I am afraid. I will be sitting on your face, pressing down hard with my ass cheeks, ordering you first to catch your breath, and second, to begin the task of memorizing every inch of my ass crack and asshole.

My pussy, meanwhile, will be entertained with my bullet vibe I pull from my purse. You'll get to enjoy the moans of pleasure, the bucking of my hips, and maybe even you'll remember the taste of my pussy as you lick and lap at my asshole, using your tongue to push, prod and entertain me. If I am not entirely aroused by your performance, I plan to press down on your face until your desperate whimpers for air get me off. As you know, this can take some time….

My little "afternoon delight" is a special order, indeed. How long I will stay – I'm not quite sure. I'm sure that I will enjoy it, I will enjoy it much more than all those men having a little mid-day sex in their corporate boardrooms.

Your tongue will not be the same all day. At least that will distract you from the pulsing in your ass.

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

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Apr 15, 2018Akasha

Afternooning With Akasha

Good morning my corporate slut,

Just in time for the busy holiday shopping season, I've decided to reintroduce you to extreme public humiliation at the hands of my friends over at the lingerie store. The store manager Peggy emailed me to ask where you have been – it turns out they have a crop of new seasonal workers, and they want to spice up their day by participating in your ongoing degradation!

You probably find it alarming that a professional woman would contact me and request that a corporate powerhouse like you be shipped over to her for a little personal grooming. What is probably even more surprising to you is that I've spent the last hour browsing their online site to pick out the red, pink and black lace lingerie you will be buying – a little for me, a lot for you.

And the whole time, my panties have been getting a bit moist. I was laughing out loud one moment, on the brink of orgasm the next, thinking about what you will be feeling when you enter that store in your fine corporate suit, only to feel the eyes of the women shoppers on you, the whispering begin, and the unmistakable excited giggles from the sales staff.

Whatever they have ready for you, you must purchase. And don't be surprised if Peggy asks for a little peek under your suit to see what I've sent you in there wearing; the red lace today, wasn't it?

This is nothing, really. Nothing to prepare you for my own afternoon delight. The visit today where I will verify your purchase, then make you endure acts of surrender and humiliation designed to relieve the pressure, anxiety and frustration I am feeling over my own holiday pressures!

The challenge today is pretty simple. When Peggy emails me to confirm that you stopped by and picked up the package, I will open the correspondence with the intent to grade and evaluation your "visit" with her. Depending on how wet the email makes me, I'll

decide which toys to bring to your office when I visit later.
Will it be my strap on harness, or my flogger?
Will it be the O-ring gag and a thermos of your saved cum, or will it be my vampire gloves and the ball gag to keep your moans quiet?
Will it be a hand milking device, or the double sided gag/head harness, so I can ride myself to orgasms while slamming your head against the floor?
Let's see. The more aroused you make me – the more sensual your visit will be. The more flat and uninteresting your shopping visit was, the more I will bring an arsenal designed to deflate your ego and degrade your pride, until I leave you a whimpering, groveling mess. Not much for the rest of your productivity, don't you agree?
In order to ensure that you make the shopping trip delicious for me, let me give you some advice. First, I highly recommend that you propel your own humiliation into high gear but asking Peggy if you need to "try on" what is in the box. You know she will smile broadly, and you'll be gazing at her cleavage and probably eying some of the sweet, college-aged help buzzing around, and she'll assemble a little group of girls – is that a 'gaggle'? – to take a peek.
You need to say some lines to her in the course of your visit, and they need to leave an impression enough with her that she includes them in her email to me. For example, how about lines like:
"Do you think these panties make my ass look fat?"
"I need to look really pathetic for my Mistress, does this outfit do that?"
"I am sorry about my very small penis."
"I have not been allowed to cum in 47 days."
"You're right, I look like a woman; you should see me suck cock…"
"What color lipstick would I need to go with this?"
You get the idea.
Wow. I am getting wet just imagining you – standing there – holding your breath, trying to just vanish, as the girls flutter around you, some of them whispering. A crowded lingerie store on the busiest shopping day of the year – and a high powered executive, standing in all pink lingerie as his chest is measured, ("Sadly hon, I think you are still an a-cup") and thong panty is wedged up his crack,

recommendations are made on his grooming, ("When was the last time you got a wax down there, girl?") and all of it just leading up to the main event.

Afternooning with Akasha.

Although the final result regarding what toys I will bring in my bag are undecided, I'll confess that I ache to see you spread your own ass cheeks, prop your behind in the air and beg – muffled into the floor – to be taken. Just walking around you, sizing you up, stroking my strap on, perhaps shoving it in your face to tease you – it all holds such appeal right now!

I've narrowed it down between a few acts – acts that are designed to give me the pleasure and distraction I need right now. You'll be in your new lingerie, I'll be in my very, very wet panties. I'll strip out of them pretty quickly, sliding them out from under my skirt, down past my legs in fine stockings, under the spiked high heels before telling you to open wide.

It won't simply be a balled-up panty gag. No, I plan to pry your mouth open, looking at you almost sympathetically, as I stuff them into your mouth with little regard for your comfort. Deeper, deeper, until your eyes water and the muffled whimper just earns you a light slap across the face and the command, "Don't be such a little sissy bitch, suck it up and take it." A piece of silver duct tape of your mouth, and then fastened over your face will be the other end of the dildo harness, so I can ride myself close to orgasm before strapping on my harness and finishing the job.

The reason for the close face-fucking is pretty simple. In addition to having you taste and gag on the undeniably moist panties in your mouth, I want your face to be absolutely coated with my juices. You'll be forced to endure the scent all day long, well after my visit is over, to remind you that you've been marked once again as my bitch and my territory.

How long I use your ass – and what other implements I bring in my 'bag of tricks' – well, that all depends on Peggy. I do hope you impress her. She's expecting you at 1pm today.

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

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Apr 15, 2018Akasha

Open Letter to my Corporate Slut: Seven Days

Good morning my slut,

I'm sitting here typing this wrapped up in my big white bathrobe — the one you bought me on your last business trip. My coffee is sitting right here on my desk. It's the cup you fixed for me when you were on your way out the door. It tastes good, by the way.

But that is not the reason for this letter. And I know when you read the subject line your heart started pounding faster. You can tell that something evil is about to happen to you.

You can tell that the domme in me is back — stronger than ever. And that you are going to have to suffer because of it.

But I do have some good news for you. Sort of. You don't have to worry about coming home tonight to a long, several hour beating. You don't have to worry about arriving home to find a note with shackles next to it, a pair of thong panties for you to wear and a Polaroid camera.

You don't have to worry about receiving a package from a courier containing a remote control butt plug and locking chastity harness. With no key.

No, I think my mood is a little different this time. You won't get the brunt of it all at once.

Not this time.

*****

As I sit here sipping my coffee and surfing the net, I realize that I have not taken complete control of your cock. Of MY cock I should say. I have not used you to your full potential, and I have been to easy on you.

This week, we put you to the test, my slave. You are going to learn what real obedience means, and I am not going to make you go through one night to prove your potential to me. This time, it will last an entire week.

Each night I will tease you to the brink several times. I will send you to work dressed in the silkiest, tightest panties under your trousers. I will send evil little presents to you. I will arrange slumber parties with my girlfriends so you can hear us giggling downstairs and you know I am showing them the Polaroids of you in the teddy with the high heels, showing me your ass.

It will be a week of pure hell for you, and pure bliss for me. I will show up one day at your office for a noon appointment, and take you a shopping mall parking lot and fuck you. And you will need to be prepared for this, because I already have my outfit picked out.

Let me just tell you that you will melt when you see it, before the blindfold goes on. It is all black latex, with holes where my nipples are, with a zipper at the crotch. I am borrowing AnneMarie's van that day, and you are going to be strapped down in the back while I grease the strapon right in front of you.

And just think. You have to return to work afterward. Will you be able to handle it?

Will I?

*****

That's another point of this letter, my slut. I have to tell you that I am ..well, I am changing. And I do not want this to worry you, but I

have felt it coming on, and I have been waiting for the right time to tell you.

And this week is a good chance to — transition — into what I need. You see, I don't think the casual dominance is going to work for me anymore. I love the little games we play, but I need more. I find myself thinking about it almost every morning when I wake up. I find myself totally satiated one hour, then wanting it again only an hour later.

And it worries me, because I don't know how much you can take. Can you take more — can you take it *every* night after work, instead of a few nights a week?

Can you handle the self-fucking in the bathroom when my voicemails come, the panties that show up in a brown paper bag, the orders to use your QuickCam at your office and send me pictures of your cock and balls tied up really tight..only to hear me open them when we sit on the phone together, and listen to me masturbate as I describe how seeing them makes me feel?

You know this has been coming. I am going to need more control over your.

You have to prove that you can handle it.

Seven days.

*****

In order to make sure the seven days are not compromised, I have purchased a steel chastity device. It took 6 weeks for them to make it, slut. And it cost — well — more than you will want to know.

By the way, you paid for it.

The device cannot be compromised. It is a thin enough steel that it won't interfere with your clothes, but you will not be able to go to the gym during the day. And you won't be going on any business trips, because the airport alarm will go off. I guess this is a good way to keep you in town?

I will have to truss up your cock and balls with some thin leather straps before getting it into the device — it is pretty tight and small. You can still piss, but you have to do that sitting down from now on.

Your masculinity — every last bit of it — will be mine.

There is also a tens type unit that comes with it. Without even removing it, by adding a cord to it, I can give you an electrical shock — right into your balls or the head of your cock — in increasing intensity. This is for after work training. During quiet time, when I am relaxing and you are massaging my feet or being a footrest for me. Just to keep you alert and attentive.

But the main purpose of this cock sheath is to make sure you do not cum. And make sure that even getting hard is extremely painful.

*****

There are two locks that come with it. One is a combination lock and one requires a key. On some of the days I will use the combination lock so that I can call you up and require you to "perform" for me in order to earn the combination and masturbate. Only to the brink, though, as all cumming is now for me and me only.

When you get home from work I will release you — sometimes — from the locking device, only to have some time to tease you, to use your cock, to test out some of my new cock and ball tortures. Mostly intense bondage and some tests with weights.

But you will never cum. I promise that.

*****

On the sixth night, when you are really on the verge of insanity, I am going to make our apartment into a dungeon. That night you are going to be given the ultimate test.

You are going to have to serve me, and Sarah, and you are going to do it for 8 hours, enduring the most humiliating and degrading things, fucked in the ass, sat on, made to lick and suck every inch… every *nasty little area*..of both of us. All on videotape for my critiquing purposes.

I intend to fuck you in the ass — oh, wait.

Before I go into this part, it is time for a little participation on your part. I have been way too easy on you in this email. You are already on your knees as you always are, but now you are to get your ball stretcher out and put it on. And I want a photo with your QuickCam — emailed to me right away — to show me that it is adequately tight.

Next I want you to apply a liberal amount of Tiger Balm on the tip of your cock so that when you read the next part of this email you feel it — feel it really burning. And are aware of just how serious I am.

And now, proceed when you have finished those tasks.

*****

Let me tell you about how we are going to fuck you in the ass, slave.

I say "we" because it is going to require both of us. And that is another part of the side-purpose of this note — which we will discuss after the seven days are over — but so you can think about it, let me make this clear.

I want to have Sarah move in with us permanently as our — as *my* — live in slavegirl. We will talk about this later.

But let me tell you now about what is in store for you. And I trust your balls are nice and tight and the tiger balm is burning your poor cock insanely at this moment (have I mentioned in this email yet how wet I am, how I long to see you suffer, submit, degrade yourself and endure for me — my ever loving, sweet little slut slave?)

*****

You can imagine how horny you are going to be by this time in your 7-day challenge. Coming home to both Sarah and I will be very difficult, you will be so turned on that you will barely be able to drive I imagine.

And when you kiss me "hello", you will taste her on my lips. Will that just about put you over the edge? Probably not, with that chastity device on you.

You will have a hard time not thinking of how I probably tied down my little Sarah slave and had my way with her, alternating the torture of her nipples with the lapping at her pussy, until she was left a squirming, squealing, sexy little mess. And you will have missed what I did to her with the strap-on, too. But, oh well, maybe we will tell you about it once you are locked down securely. Maybe I will tell you about it while I sit on your face and review the high points with Sarah.

After the kiss, I will force you down to the floor and make you greet both Sarah and I properly — lips to our shoes — a gentle kiss. Sarah might be barefoot by then, you know I rarely allow her to wear shoes unless they are 5 inch torture heels.

You will assume the position in the center of the room where I will have cleared the furniture, and Sarah will be placed in a chair in

front of you. First you will have to watch me tie her to it, completely naked, and you will see once again how toned her body is, how her flesh is that smooth, white texture, how her nipples stand erect at the slightest hint of touch or temperature.

You will see again what a beautiful creature she is — the creature that you can never be — a woman. And my slave. And equally important to me.

I cannot say whether or not I will have to stop to make love to her in the chair. Sometimes I can't help it. But if I do, you will just have to wait and watch.

And considering how long it has been since you came, and how the device feels locked onto your cock — you might consider it real torture.

*****

Once I am done securing Sarah I will position you between her legs. Your face, that is. Locked right in place — and her thighs will be tied apart so she cannot get away.

Then I will order you to make her cum.

And I will order her not to cum.

So tell me. Who is the better slave?

*****

I guess I forgot to mention the strapon. You see, while this is happening, I will be fucking you in the ass. Fucking you hard — to distract you — while you perform the duty of licking, sucking, and lapping at Sarah's pussy.

I will be ordering her — and you know how obedient she is, "You will NOT cum!" as I ram my 8 inch cock up your tight little ass. Can you imagine the intensity of that fucking? As you are being violated you will realize that you have to make her cum or face something completely horrible, the worst punishment ever.

With every thrust of my hips, you will be pushed into her crotch, your tongue pushed deeper, and she will feel like it is me fucking her. I can control the tempo of your tongue by the way I fuck your ass, my slut. The harder I slam my cock into your ass, the deeper your tongue will go.

And she will squirm, and moan, and you will see her body writhe in the bonds (yes, I will make you watch, even if I have to grab your hair and yank it back and order you to keep your eyes open).

Oh, did I mention also that if I cum before Sarah, you also lose?

*****

You see, when I am ramming that cock into your ass and watching you go down on my slave girl I am also going to be masturbating– not that I need to. And if I cum before she does, the game is over, and you will be punished.

You know how hot it makes me, and how little time it takes me to cum when I am fucking you that way. I will be holding you by the hips and making you back up onto me as I ram your ass, and just the sight of Sarah squirming there will get me even hotter.

This is going to be a difficult task for you. The most difficult ever.

*****

I cannot even try to predict how this evening will finish. You can just wonder. But I will tell you that if you are allowed to cum — if by

some chance I am pleased with you and what you have done — I will allow you that opportunity.

But you will do it in the most degrading fashion, right in front of Sarah as I stroke her hair and help her come down, as I possibly caress her body and you envy our intimacy.

I think the most fitting end to our seven day adventure will be to make you cum into a champagne glass on your knees while we watch you. You will then have to drink it as Sarah and I drink champagne.

A sort of celebration, you see, of the change in our arrangement. Of her joining us permanently, and of you handing yourself over completely — the new steel chastity device locked onto you always, with me holding the key.

The next step of our relationship, my slut. Seven days turning into the rest of our lives.

I can’t stop thinking of it. So much so that I am ending this note, packing up my toybag, and will be at your office by 2pm. Tell your secretary you have an offsite meeting. Be dressed in panties and bra under your work clothes when I arrive.

Keep the ball stretcher on, too. And why not..for fun..add a plug…

You will see me soon.

Adoringly,

Mistress Akasha

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Apr 17, 2018Akasha

All Over Again

Good morning my corporate slut,

Ah, Winter.
My second favorite time of the year. It's so fun dressing you in the tightest, sexiest red lingerie under your suit when I send you on your way in the morning. The lingerie stores are filled with sales that highlight sexy Santa's elves attire and more. Outside of wedding attire, this is probably my favorite selection of slutty underthings for you!
But more than that, I enjoy the opportunity to buy gifts for you. Because we both know that there's no such thing as a gift when it comes to this relationship. What other couple do you see where the majority of 'gifts' I give you are implements, tools, and degradation devices I intend to use ON you for MY pleasure?
Oh, a new strap-on dildo!
Oh, a brand new degrading inflatable cock gag!
Oh, a vibrating butt plug!
Oh, an ejaculating dildo with a mysterious sealed container…
No wonder this is the happiest time of the year. As I was "wrapping up" what will be one of my favorite toys in 2011, I thought about how much I crave – no, need – the feeling of stealing your slutty virginity again and again, even though you're clearly no virgin.
It doesn't matter that I have fucked your ass a hundred or more times. When I get a brand new dildo harness, I get to enjoy the sensations of taking your virginity again and again. Because it's brand new when I put it on – the feel of the leather harness of my hips, the way the base of the dildo rides against my crotch and turns me on – the way the cock feels when I wrap my hand around it.
And it's new when you see it. A brand new, glistening, menacing dildo that has never been inside your "pussy" and you've never been forced to deep throat. I know that it will feel different when it violates you. I know that you will notice the subtle curves in the

design and you will wonder what torturous perks the new device offers…
Remember the first time I used an ejaculating dildo on my harness, shooting a creamy white load of cum all over your face and then down your throat, you were still gagging in shock and choking in humiliation when I felt the first wave of orgasm come over me. Why? Because you just as easily could have been a slut virgin being taken for the very first time!
When I use a strap-on for the first time, it's like your ass has never been taken. The look in your eyes always creates a burning sensation of lust in my belly, because you look so innocent, and unsure, and violated. I see you looking at my cock, looking at the thick, glistening dildo, and I know you are measuring in your mind what it is going to feel like, what I am going to do to you.
Do you wonder if I am going to make you crawl on your hands and knees and beg, out loud, to suck my dick?
Do you wonder if I am going to stroke it in front of you, inches in front of your face, while gyrating my hips and making you feel totally objectified?
Do you wonder if it has a special compartment with a creamy fluid, just waiting to be propelled down your throat as the dildo slides in and out of your closely wrapped lips?
Do you wonder if the cock is going to feel absolutely huge in your tight, tight ass, because I am not so liberal with the lubricant, because I want you to feel just as tight and virginal as you were the first time….?
Oh, all of these "questions" – when I see your face processing them, it turns me on more than anything. I could just stand there in front of you for an hour, letting your mind take it all in, allowing your mind to be your worst enemy.
Maybe the most menacing, ominous dildo will make an appearance this holiday season. Maybe this cock will be simply too huge, and you will want to cry deep down because you know that I will humiliate you when you can barely get your mouth around the head of it. Maybe you will dread the sound of your own voice when I make you beg out loud for more lubricant – for mercy – for anything

– even to suck it – because it feels too tight for your “little pussy” to handle. Maybe I will make you scream out like a girl and talk about how you are a tight virgin slut who needs to be loosened up, maybe I will make you rename yourself “hole” for the time being.
If your ass can’t take it, your mouth better be able to, after all.
Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

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Apr 18, 2018Akasha

Aneros Milking

Aneros Milking

Hello my corporate slut,
Sometimes I do wish I could have unlimited amounts of money and time to create the perfect dungeon, medical facility or science fiction dreamland. You see, I consider milking to be the ultimate torture and humiliation tool – but something that would be even more effective if it was in an environment where you were fully strapped down and helpless.
As you read these descriptions of what I want to do to you, you should prepare for your next milking by getting out the Aneros, lubing it up and having it ready. Today you are going to be doing some "self milking," and when I arrive this afternoon to check on you, I expect to see evidence of your hard work in the form of a full vial, ready to be either consumed or used for my pleasure. Perhaps I will fill up my ejaculating dildo, strap it into my harness, and enjoy fucking your ass for awhile before I pull out, squirting the fresh load all over your face?
You can read about what I truly wish I could do to you as you imagine how good it felt when you were allowed to even touch my property. Now you have been locked up for weeks, forgetting the pleasure of masturbation, forgetting what it felt like to have your cock stroked. It's been so long since you experienced that kind of pleasure, I'm sure you are forgetting just how good it felt.
Meanwhile, I am enjoying the warmth in my panties, the moisture between my thighs. I get so wet when I think about the diabolical milking machines I want to invent, when I fantasize about strapping you into devices that are cruel and relentless. Knowing that you cannot move, cannot get away, cannot even scream for mercy – that just turns me one even more.
One day I will perhaps have the ultimate milking room in place. You will find a large medical table with stirrups so I can have your legs

spread wide, your ass cheeks propped up and exposed. Your ankles may even be strapped over your head so I can conveniently probe and expand your hole, knowing that your cock is pointed right down into your face. Imagine how exposed and vulnerable you would feel in this position, completely naked, while I had a few friends over to witness the milking process. The sweet scent of perfume would fill the room, you'd hear our high heels clicking on the hard floor, you'd gaze helplessly at our beautiful bodies, feeling so naked and embarrassed as your ass was open as exposed for all to see.

Oh, what a wonderful position to shave or wax your balls or asscrack, also! You'd be strapped down so tightly that you could not move, could not even wiggle way. You'd just have to accept it all, wouldn't you? And suffer through our giggles and whispering, perhaps a videotaping of the entire process "for educational purposes" and any other added humiliation we could think of.

I want to have your mouth gagged with a device that connects a tube directly to the milking device, so I have the option to pump your own cum right down your throat. The look in your eyes as I screw the tube into place would be priceless. You would wonder why such treatment was even necessary. Imagine how helpless you would feel knowing that you could not resist the milking, that your cum would eventually be squirting into the tube and down your throat.

No matter how hard you tried to resist, the rod in your ass would deliver the pressure and vibration to start the milking process, and your body would betray you. Some control over the medical table would allow me to leisurely recline it, so that I could straddle your face if I desired, placing my ass cheeks right over your nose and mouth. If I decided not to use the gag-tube and force feed you your own cum, I could instead smother you with my pussy or ass while you endured the milking, getting a nice view of the clear vial as it filled up with your cum.

Any resistance, of course, would just turn me on more. Sitting on your face would allow me to feel your muffled breathing and desperate whimpers, feel you straining to turn away to be able to breathe, all the while knowing that your body would be twitching

momentarily as the cum started to flow.
Does milking humiliate you? Does it make you feel like you have control over your body? Does having an orgasm, without any pleasure at all, make you feel like a complete slave? I know that I enjoy it for all these reasons and more. I enjoy it because it's diabolical and cruel, and forces you to endure heavy bondage, the inability to move and the lack of control of your own bodily functions.
As you milk yourself this afternoon for me, I want you to focus entirely on your role as my slave. Your cum does belong to me, after all. Your cock is mine, my toy to use for my pleasure, so much so that you have forgotten what it feels like to stroke it. Cumming while in chastity is simply a necessary chore – a chore designed to provide me with loads and loads of cum so that I can use it against you, use it for my pleasure.
Let's see how much cum you can deliver to me this afternoon when I arrive. I expect to see that vial full. I may simply smile, sit down, and order you to drink it. Or, I may make you save it for later – or pour it into your coffee.
It's my choice, after all. You know what your role is.
Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

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Apr 18, 2018AkWeb

Attention to Detail

Good morning my corporate slut,

Last week I taught you a little bit about "climbing the corporate ladder," and this week I plan to teach you about "attention to detail." Now, I know that at your office and in your job you are extremely tenacious and a proud perfectionist, some would call even a bit "anal" (ha! Only if they knew..). I know you are extremely detail oriented and pay very close attention to every little thing…
But lately, I must say, your "attention to detail" in slavery is – well, lacking. Maybe you are just getting a little lazy, or perhaps you have been spoiled. But I have a few ideas how we are going to deal with this, and your ass and mouth (and tongue) will never be the same.
To get you in the appropriate mindset, first, you are going to take a break at lunch and get your sexiest pink lingerie on under your business suit. You have to put on the tight pink lace corset, the thigh highs and cute crotchless panties underneath your grey suit. What a nice match – grey and pink!
On top of that, you have to sneak out at lunch and go get your toenails painted bright pink and your fingernails manicured. I thought about having you get bright pink on your fingernails also, but realize that would be impossible to hide. So, instead, I have selected a very, very light pink color for you and it's waiting at "Lexi's Salon," where your appointment is at12:30. The ladies there are waiting for you. You should have heard the laughter when I told them, "Mr. Corporate Guy," is coming in for an appointment.
I did tell them about the pink lingerie you were wearing, too. So don't be surprised if they ask to see it! The owner was on the phone with me and she thought it was so funny, she had to tell the girls working there. They are ready for you – you better hope the salon isn't packed with all the hot college girls getting ready for the summer, because they will be checking you out, especially with your trouser legs rolled up as that bright pink toenail polish is applied….

Walking uncomfortable back into your office, you will be keenly aware of the lingerie and the feel of it against your masculine flesh. Masculinity will start to slip away. Instead, you will feel the sexy, soft feel of the stockings and garters, and you'll feel your "clit" start to get hard in the panties. You'll feel the lace over your nipples and find yourself unable to stop imagining how silly and feminine you look in all pink – and how your toenails were screaming bright pink when you left the salon.

Your fingernails – when you look close – you will see a faint bit of sparkles on that top coat. I think you better keep your hands out of view of your co-workers, just to be sure…you never know what they may be able to surmise.

These little accents are just to get you in the right frame of mind for your first "attention to detail" lesson. When I arrive at 2pm this afternoon, you'll have to be prepared to give me one hour of time. When I come into your office, you have to shut and lock the door and strip out of your corporate clothes and down to your lingerie – all sexy, slutty pink – and then kneel down and crawl to me on all fours to kiss my feet as I unload my leather bag.

It's simple, really. A thick, unforgiving black leather blindfold (you will be able to see nothing) and then my leather strap on harness. You will hear me buckle it on tight, and you must just kneel there waiting patiently.

You'll feel me apply lipstick. Bright, hot, sexy pink lipstick to your lips. You'll have to pucker up and just kneel there in darkness, and I am sure the waxy feel of the lipstick will be a new distraction. Better keep focus, my little whore, because the test is coming next.

My first dick – the long, thick, black one, will go into your mouth without mercy. I plan to grab you by the hair and start fucking your mouth without warning. Long, deep thrusts that smear your pretty lipstick and make you feel totally violated.

I'm not going to tell you how long I plan to fuck your mouth. Probably not long enough. But the break you get will be a short one – just as long as it takes for me to strap on a different sized dildo, and start all over again. Perhaps a longer cock, perhaps a thicker one. Maybe it will be the big, realistic cock with the fat balls on it.

Maybe you'll feel those balls against your chin as I thrust deeper and deeper, gagging you with it, before stopping, once more. Again, only briefly.

It's just a little break before I assault your mouth with another dildo. Perhaps this one will be an ejaculating cock, full of cum from last week's saved loads. Maybe it will be an inflatable cock that I pump up as I fuck your lips again and a gag, until you are gagging on it because it is just too large for you to take.

What kinds of sounds will you be making by then, I wonder? What will be the state of that pretty pink lipstick? Will your neck be tired from this relentless violation as I fuck your face, holding your head tightly in my hands so that you can't turn away, forcing you to bob up and down so I don't waste my precious energy moving my hips any longer?

How many cocks will it be before I am finished? Three, five, seven? I am not going to tell you. But what I will tell you is this. You better keep track of them, keep track of the shape of the dick and how it feels in your mouth, keep track of the veins and ridges around the head of the cocks. Because when it is all over, you are going to have to look at each of them and tell me which one was which.

In order.

You are going to have to tell me which cock I used first, second, and through the end of the violation – and you need to get them exactly right. Or else the blindfold goes on, and we repeat the process on your ass. Until you get it right.

And trust me, it will be much harder to tell which cock is which when I am ramming them up your ass, holding you by the hips, shoving your face into the carpet of your office as you struggle not to cry out. You won't be able to use your tongue, after all, to try to lick and feel and measure the cock…you will be in the dark, so to speak.

And it could take many, many rounds before you figure it out through process of elimination, and your ass will be sore for hours.

So perhaps it's best you really do pay attention to the details, my slut, when you feel those first few thrusts in your mouth.

And I hope you can keep track, despite the distractions…

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Apr 19, 2018Akasha

Bait and Switch

Good morning my corporate slut,

It's about time I made you shake from the core.
The kind of shaking that turns me on the most – when you feel it in your bones and I see it in your eyes. The look of vulnerability and shame that comes from being undeniably turned on by what you find morally incompressible.

You know that shame and conflict you get when you are so rock hard from doing something completely degrading and against your nature? When you are both blushing, like a schoolboy, while at the same time your cock is twitching, balls aching, bits of precum oozing? How can you deny that you are turned on, despite what you are thinking, logically, about the acts you're doing?
I think you have gotten spoiled, my darling. You know, I just don't see that same terror in your eyes when I lube up the largest strap on cock right in front of you, or when I pleasure myself with the large dildo that I will be shoving into your ass. I don't see enough trembling when I walk you through the lingerie store and introduce you to the store manager, asking if she'd assist me in dressing "my girl" in the latest bra style and matching panties.

There's no nearly enough dread in your eyes when I take the cup full of cum that I've saved and make you crawl on your hands and knees to me and beg to drink it, beg to slurp it up. Or, I make you put your legs over your head as I insert the long anal rod into your ass and milk the cum right out of you, having it squirt all over your face as I give you a sadistic chuckle.
Maybe you have gotten just a little too used to me. Too used to Akasha and her cruel games.
Because I need that fear and dread to be real, I need the shame and vulnerability to be absolutely authentic. And you know I always get what I want.

So I decided this weekend that there was an obvious solution. I could see that expression that makes my pussy so wet. There's a simple solution.
Alyson.

**
Yes, one word, one name, and I am sure it's getting a reaction out of you already. I'm sure there's a tightness in your pink panties, perhaps your ass is clenching tightly around that pink plug I made you wore today for this "special occasion."

Alyson. The new girl. Down the hall. The one I checked out last week when I stopped by. The gorgeous blonde with the legs to die for, the one that dresses so sexily in the spiked high heels, wearing the best perfume, with the gorgeous red nails. So feminine, with such a tight body. I know you have fantasized about her. I know you have thought about her while jerking off on the bathroom on your knees for me, licking the cum from your palm at my command.

I know you have thought about worshipping Alyson's asshole, about her sitting on your face with her tailored skirt pulled up, thigh high stockings around your face, pumping against you, her ass smothering you as she encouraged you to lick deeper, to get that worthless tongue all the way up into her asshole.
Don't even try to deny it!

I know you have thought about being her "ass slave" because a pussy that fine is much too good for you. See, this Mistress knows how your mind works. I know that when you see such a fine, beautiful woman you immediately feel lower than a worm, barely deserving to lick and suck the dirt off her spiked heels, barely worth of running your tongue up and down her ass crack. Barely worthy of presenting your face as an ass cushion, as you have imagined, watching her perched at her desk, her back straight, being underneath her as she worked.

Underneath her warm butt cheeks, unable to do anything, just hoping for the chance to breathe as she ordered you, her "ass slave" to just keep licking. The thought of ever, in a million years, even getting close to her pussy would be unbelievable! It just would not be possible with Alyson. No, she's way too fine for that – and you, you are simply a slave, a whore, a toy for her amusement.

Surely all this talk of Alyson has made you very, very hard. So strip down out of your business clothes, my whore, and sit there at your desk in your lingerie. The pretty pink teddy I dressed you in, with the matching pink plug in your ass. Go ahead and find your lipstick and put it on, and then get your flesh colored dildo out and start sucking on it. Suck on it, worship it, and get a nice, steady rhythm going until it is totally slick.
Once you have gotten a nice deep-throat rhythm going, it should be just about time. Time for what, you are probably thinking?

Well, it will start with a phone call. Me calling Alyson. I will explain a few things to her, quietly, on the phone. And then I will direct her to go to your office, quietly, closing the door behind her. And she will see you there, in your pink lingerie, sucking cock. She will see you for what you are.
How will she react?

This will be interesting. You see, I have a feeling Alyson likes 'men' like you. Don't tell me how I know this. I have a good sixth sense for that kind of thing. I think when she sees you, she will start laughing. Surely she's wondered what the Mr. Corporate Guy is like 'deep down' and I know she has checked you out before. I know she's asked around, trying to find out your 'status.'
So I think she will find it entertaining, to say the least. And maybe you will end up under her ass after all.

Or maybe she will just be shocked and disgusted. Either way, I'll enjoy hearing all about it when I come visit you this afternoon. I have a feeling the three of us will be getting together after work

tonight.
Time to get that jaw ready, my slut.

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

Apr 20, 2018Akasha

Ball Busted

Good morning my slut,

As you read this email, you need to be on your knees and have your nipples clamped. I just want to make sure I have your full attention when I reveal to you what I have in store for you this week. I'm not going to tell you which day this is going to happen, you are just going to have to wait, and wonder. Kind of like what I do when it's time for you to be abducted and held as prisoner for a few days, you know? You have no idea when it is going to happen, and then suddenly you are snatched out of your busy corporate life and brought to a dark dungeon for a few days with only one task: pleasing me.

This little plan of mine, though, was almost as complicated as a kidnapping to put together. This time, it took quite a bit more preparation. But that's what is required when I want to fulfill a longtime fantasy of mine. That's what it takes when it's worth it – even if the fantasy is one that seems nearly impossible. This one did.

I can't tell you how many times I have sat and pleasured myself imagining what I have planned for you. How many violent orgasms I've had picturing it unfold in my mind. My pussy is aching right now as I think about what is in store for you. I imagine the sheer panic, humiliation and desperation you will feel, and it makes me wet. I imagine how much you will beg, and how it will be useless, ultimately….
How are your nipples feeling now? For the rest of this email, you must insert your large plug and have it deep inside your ass, stretching yourself for me. I bet you wish you could touch yourself, don't you? Sadly, that metal cage prevents you from doing so. Instead, you have to just feel yourself swelling inside the confines of the device, longing for the chance just to stroke. Trust me, there is a reason I have had you locked up.

It's so that when this little "date" of mine happens, you will be so hard, and desperate, that your own arousal will drag you to deeper surrender and submission. That's so incredibly hot to me, almost as hot as the knowledge that soon you will be on all fours sucking my strap on cock….

But, I get ahead of myself. Now, the plug should be deep inside you, my panty-wearing little cocksucker, and you should be fully aroused, what you can be, as you get just a glimpse of what I have in store for you….
It took me awhile to find a few women to help me with this. Because I needed women who were not only gorgeous, but were physically strong. I searched high and low, through martial arts classes, kickboxing classes, and gyms, finding the most gorgeous women who were also physically strong. Finding women that were strong was not the problem – it was finding women who were strong, but also outgoing, sensual, bi-curious and open to playing in a little game I have set up for you. But once I got the right group of ladies together, there was no turning back.

You see, I have this fantasy about overpowering you. With women. Overpowering you in a sense that they physically have very little trouble grabbing you, pinning you down, putting you in a headlock, and restraining you. So much so that your struggling, really, starts to look a bit pathetic. I mean, you're a tall, well built man, after all. Having three women overpower you, with ease, must be a mighty blow to your fragile male ego.
As I watch these built vixens take you down with ease and put you into shackles, shoving a ball gag into your mouth, I'll be able to just sit back and pleasure myself, hopefully not distracting you. I have instructed them to be both physically and verbally cruel to you, as much as they would like, even if it means kneeing you in the balls to make you surrender, or using their thighs to cut off your air. The point is that they are going to take you down, right before my eyes, and do it in a way that clearly lets you know that you have absolutely no control.

Then, as they strip off your clothing to apply the shackles, I imagine they will be in hysterics over what you have on underneath. I have not told them that you are also in lingerie, you see, so when they strip you of your clothing and find you in panties, thigh highs and a bra, they are going to go to down. I am sure they will look at me with a big, wide smile, laughing, and ask, "What the hell is this!?" I will just shrug and not say anything, allowing them to have all the time they want to humiliate you and call you names, making you curl up in a little ball before they restrain you over your desk.

I told them they could take turns on you, while I watch. One of them wants to see what it feels like to beat a man's ass with a ruler until he cries. Another one wants to use a strap on for the first time. The third said she has always thought about golden showers, and she might be up for trying that. I told them all that you were a devoted, submissive little whore and once overpowered would be willing to do anything – anything at all – especially because you'd know it was getting me hot. You will be so aware of me standing there, or sitting close by, enjoying every moment of your plight.

I don't know what excites me most about this. Something about the image of a few beautiful, well built women treating you like a rag doll gets me hot. I imagine the look of desperation in your eyes as they pin you down, almost with ease, mocking you, kneeing your crotch until your eyes water, making you beg like a little girl, finally forcing you into tight shackles once you have been reduced to lingerie only. I have no desire for them to hurt you, of course, and they are capable of what they are doing.

And I know, to be honest, you can't stand a chance with them. But for my pleasure and benefit, I do hope you put up a bit of a fight. It would make me so much more wet, you know.

And as for the plug in your ass, and the clamps, you can remove them. But now you must go into the bathroom, sit down and piss like a girl, and remember who owns your ass. When you return to

your office, I want you to make a 5 minute video for me of you sucking dildo and fucking your ass – at the same time. I need something to view for my little afternoon break today….

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

Apr 20, 2018Akasha

Ball Buster

Hello my corporate slut,

I admit, I can't help but chuckle when I hear you and your corporate "slut" male friends talking about whom (male or female) in your office is the biggest "ball buster." It makes me laugh even more, deep down, when I hear these guys refer to you – of all people – as a "ball buster." If they only knew!

If they only knew that in this relationship, seriously, I am the one who does the ball busting. Literally. And that while I don't wear the "pants" in this relationship, you don' either at home – you wear the panties, and the stockings, and the bra sometimes, and even the corset-tight teddy with the sparkles or the high heels that make you walk with your ass sticking out, just begging for attention.
Ball buster. That's hilarious. I swore to myself a few weeks ago that when I heard that term again, I would have to take some action. And it was at lunch the other day, you probably don't remember, because the lunch was a blur for you thanks to the vibrating butt plug rammed so deep up your ass.

We were at lunch with your colleague Jenkins, and his tight little girlfriend Sue Ellen with the Texas accent. Sweet girl, but what an airhead. You had this grimace on your face during most of the lunch, because I would go into my purse as if looking for my lipstick and compact, and take a moment to ratchet up the intensity on the egg vibrator nestled deep inside of you.

Then he said it. Jenkins said that your new corporate sales manager out of Atlanta was such a huge ball buster, that two people requested transfer to Orlando. Now how come I remember these details from that lunch, and you probably can only remember how the thong felt riding up your ass, or how the bra strap felt like it was

revealing through the crème colored dress shirt you were in. Did you know you were sweating the whole time?

Anyway, the moment I heard the term, I knew that this week I would be paying you a special 'Akasha's ball busting" visit. In fact, I had bought the ball buster a week ago just in waiting for this special day. It's a nut cracker, a clear plastic nut smasher designed to crunch your balls a little at a time, but instead of manually cranking it, I can just turn a knob in my palm. So convenient, so devious.
But the real reason this is so delightfully effective for me is that I can mount into my strap on harness, get you on all fours, and actually direct the deep, thorough sucking of my cock as I leisurely play with the controls, listening to the hum as the plates close in on your testicles and you start to grimace with your mouth wrapped around my shaft.

I will command that you suck my cock like your life – like your balls – depended on it. "Go ahead, you nasty cocksucker," I will whisper to you. "Use your tongue, feel my dick in your mouth. Worship it. Suck the cum right out of my cock – -do it if you know what's good for your balls, my little cunt!"
Not sucking hard enough? Crank.
Sucking too deep? Crank crank.
Gagging too loud on my cock? Three cranks. I will order you – I will command you – to suck my cock like your balls depended on it. And trust me, whore, they do!

But really, this is nothing. Because I can also make you turn around, once my cock is dripping with your spit, and I can mount you from behind as I leisurely play with the controls. Which sensation will be most distracting and painful to you? Will it be the pounding of my too-big cock in your very, very tight and sensitive asshole – or will it be the cranking and closing of those plates over your crushed balls?

It might be dangerous, I don't know. It might be dangerous because I'm not going to be staring right at your balls as they are pressed

tight together, flattened like pancakes, turning blue. I won't see them, and I will have no idea – I may be in the heat of the moment, riding an intense orgasm, and maybe I will accidentally keep turning the crank. I guess I should leave you ungagged, so you can beg me – plead with me – that your balls are about to – well, bust.

That doesn't mean I won't stop the long, deep, fluid penetration as my strap on slides with ease in and out of your tight 'pussy.' I know that the pain, ironically, will just get you hotter and more excited, and your ass will loosen up as a result. I know you are the kind of deep, nasty, degraded little whore that when you remove yourself from the pain, your eyes shut tight and little sparkles going off in your head, you'll realize that this pain is what makes you real and whole.

It will be as if I have this insane, intense grip on your balls. You will envision my fist in a leather glove, squeezing, squeezing so tight, as I smile and coo and then sit on your face, and my pussy juices will cascade over your face. Warm, scented moisture – my crotch grinding on your face, my voice ordering you to use your tongue now on my ass, my crack. You will forget the pain at that time and instead lose yourself in the surrender.
Because it is so clear to you that it's not just that I am a 'ball buster,' it's that I truly own your balls. Just like the rest of you.
Trust me. You will never use that term, or hear that term, without thinking of me. And my thick, black cock.

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

Apr 20, 2018Akasha

Bargaining Chip

Good morning my corporate slut,

There's a special package on the way to your office today. I know you get a knot in your stomach when you read those words from me. You know it means there's something evil in your future – something quite cruel and diabolical.

Somehow, you know you must make me ache with lust. There's that little femdom "itch" I have – that craving – that hunger. And the only way I am going to satisfy it is by putting you through a humiliating test of some sort.
Your day soon falls into a spiral….a spiral of worry, of pondering, of guessing.

Guessing what is in that package? What did I send you this time, and what am I going to make you do?

Oh, the possibilities.

You know, I masturbate sometimes just thinking of the things I could do to you. I get turned on knowing you are sitting there so uncomfortable, your little sissy clit getting hard, your panties getting tight, the thong riding up the crack of your ass and making you so uneasy. We both know you are a pathetic, nasty little cunt who will do anything to make me wet – and that means that whatever is inside that package, you will use eagerly.If it's a thermos full of cum, you'll get down on your knees and guzzle it, then thank me and beg for more.

If it's a huge, lifelike black dildo, you'll worship and suck it for hours while I watch on cam, or in person, sucking the life right out of it, deep throating it like your life depended on it.

If it's a cooler full of cum-filled ice cubes, you'll fill your water glass all day long with it, only after putting three of them up your ass, leaking into your panties, simply because you know it will make me laugh at your predicament.

If it's a box of maxi pads and tampons, you'll ram a tampon up your ass or wear a big, huge maxi pad and walk around your office, right across the hall of the marketing department where all the hot 20somethings work, and make sure they see you are wearing a big pad in your pants. They may even ask about it!

If it's a vibrating butt plug you'll eagerly pull down your trousers and panties and shove it up into your pussy hole for me – because you love the way it feels, and you want more…always.If it's a pair of my moist panties, you will worship them and adore them, kneeling to lick the crotch, to suck on them, to wash them clean with your mouth. I know you'll spend even more time on this task, because you enjoy it so much. I could include a cute little bullet vibe for you to strap to your pussy and endure the relentless vibrations that make you so hard, unable to cum, while my panties are over your face and you are sucking in my pussy scent.

If I include all pain toys – from a nutcracker to a Gates of Hell or nipple clamps, you will wear them all immediately, until you are tearing in pain, ready to call me and beg for mercy while I pleasure myself to your helpless whimpers. You know it takes quite a lot of desperate pleading to cum – but it's so worth the wait….

So really, there are many things I could send you. You know that. I have more ideas. I am not going to tell you what's in the package, but I'm going to tell you that it's going to make you beg to suck my dick, beg to let me violate your ass, anything to get out of what I have planned for you…

Ultimately, I want you in a position where you beg for more degrading, more painful and humiliating tasks just to get out of what

I have in store for you. This kind of 'bargaining power' is an incredible rush for me. Next thing you know, you're begging to suck the cock of a co-worker, or dance like a sissy in front of my hottest girlfriends in a French maid outfit, or asking to lick your saved loads of cum off the ass crack of my slavegirl. And you have to beg, and plead, and promise me just how well you'll lick that cum off her asshole, up her ass crack, or even in between her toes – just for a little mercy.

Then, to show you just what a helpless little slave you are, I may simply do the things anyway, after making you endure everything you promised. I think it's good for your ego. It reminds you what you really are, and what's most important.

No matter how powerful you are at work, no matter how many departments you run and people you hire and fire, we both know you are just a weak little sissy to me. You will always crawl to me on your hands and knees and beg for what you need. If anyone at work knew that you wore pink panties and a pink bra on Tuesdays, and sucked cock in your office on Thursdays, they'd laugh and not believe it.

But you and I know it. And the pictures don't lie. So let's make sure they don't end up in the wrong hands, right? You can start by opening the box I send you and following the instructions. You are going to be a changed man. Literally.

Affectionately.
Mistress Akasha

READ MORE CORPORATE SLUT STORIES HERE

Apr 20, 2018Akasha

Beach Trip Bitch

Good morning my corporate slut.

Oh, how I love to spend the day at the mall. Especially when I "kidnap" you and remove you from your office, making you nervously explain to your peers that you have an important client lunch or meeting that you need to attend. Little do they know that my little pantied-corporate-bitch is running off to the mall to play with the girls, and will be enduring humiliation at every turn.

Most women like to go to the mall when they are in the mood to spend money or buy clothes. I get in the mood to go to the mall when I feel like seeing you embarrassed or humiliated, or I want to try a new little game to test your devotion. Or, when I want to get together with my "gal pals" and see who can come up with new and interesting ways to test your limits.

My girlfriend Taylor is in town this week, and she called me up and wanted to go shopping at once. She enjoys seeing you carry our bags, enjoy seeing you struggle and squirm when we go into the lingerie store and really finds it amusing when you blush as I verbally humiliate you within earshot of the pretty sales girls.

I think it's most entertaining for Taylor when I mock your penis size, with you standing there, while pretty women are putting away bras and panties just a few steps away. You know they are listening, and glancing over, and seeing you stand there wishing you could disappear. I tell Taylor, "He's so small, sometimes I don't even know when he's inside me." Then I start referring to you as "tiny" in front of her.

"Come here, tiny. Hold these panties for me. At least you're good for something." I can feel you turning red, wanting to just crawl away.

But the fun is just beginning. I can hold up a tiny, small-sized pink thong, "Taylor, look at this. This is all the coverage tiny needs!"

We'd both giggle and I may even call the sales lady over and ask her if they have any "extra small thongs," while glancing at you. Does that kind of humiliation make you want to endure more for me? Does it turn you on while making you feel so small and helpless? I know you look longingly at Taylor's fine ass and wonder if she would ever do as she says – you know she jokes about joining in and blowing your mind. Whenever she is in town I always wonder if this would be the time….

Taylor said she wanted to do something new and special today when we go shopping. I had a great idea, since she wants to hit the beach in the afternoon. I'm going to pick you up around 10am this morning and then we're heading straight to the mall to get new sandals, sundresses and bikinis.

We're going to pick out a pink string bikini for you and then hit the tanning salon. I'm buying you a 30 minute package and you are going to spend the first batch of minutes tanning in your string bikini! This will ensure that you have a nice, sissy tan line that will be visible when we take you to the beach today. We're going to be dying to have you pull your t-shirt off and reveal what tan lines the string bikini left. You'll have little manboobs showing and your chest will look hilarious!

Taylor tells me she knows just how long to leave you 'cooking' to leave just a barely visible tan line for our trip today. Now, if you are misbehaving, we will double the time, to ensure that everyone on the beach, all the hot college girls in their tight bodies, will stop and do a double take as they stroll past our umbrella in the sand. You don't want them stopping and pointing and whispering, do you? What's worse, you don't want us to show the ladies in the lingerie store just what "tiny" looks like under his corporate golf shirt, do you? I know I'd be laughing hysterically, and Taylor would love every

moment of it.
At the beach, though, you will earn some guilty pleasures. For example, you will be able to liberally rub suntan lotion all over my body, and perhaps Taylor's as well. Of course you will have to listen to her mocking tone as she instructs "tiny" how to get the job done right. As for you, you will be given a little bit of Ben Gay and sent to the restrooms to apply it all over your balls and lubricate your pink plug with it, and only after you insert it into your ass will you be allowed to return.

Taylor told me she also plans to visit the ladies room on her own, filling up her tea bottle with her piss and then returning to play a little game with you which will ultimately end with you guzzling every drop of her urine. That's her idea, and her style, as you know, but I have to admit I get a little turned on when I imagine the pained look on your face when you ultimately "lose" whatever contest she sets up. You know she will make sure it's something you fail.

And you'll be sitting there on the beach, with your slightly humiliating tan, feeling like every lovely lady on the beach is staring at you.
I don't doubt that they will be, either.

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha

Apr 21, 2018Akasha

Bound for More

Good morning my corporate slut,

On days like this, I am ready to just simply make you quit your job so I can keep you in bondage all day long. Is that impractical? Maybe. But there are certainly times where I am so aroused – so insatiable – that any amount of fat corporate salary just doesn't matter to me. Who cares about the money?

(Well, I guess there's also your ego, which must be fed by your high powered job, having all those people rely on you and report to you, the status on your business card, and those stock options…)

I feel how wet my panties are, and it just doesn't matter. I feel how my pussy aches, and I long to have you degraded (now, on my terms, without remorse and without hesitation) and it doesn't matter. I long to have you chained under my desk, kissing and worshipping my toes as I type emails to my friends and make plans for the day.

Mostly though, I long to keep you imprisoned in my 'dungeon.' It goes back to those childhood fantasies I had. I want a male prisoner – my own slave. I want you naked but in shackles around your wrists and ankles, maybe bells on your nipples, so I can hear you out and about the house at all times.

Naked, so there is no chance of you going anywhere or trying to 'escape.' Your leash would be available to me at all times. I haven't decided yet if it's a leash attached to a leather collar around your neck, or a leash attached to your cock and balls. One that really, really hurt when I gave it a deliberate "yank."

A prisoner for me, so I could act on my lusts and desires, on any whim. There are times, mid-day, where it just hits me. I want to

rummage through my toy closet, put on my leather harness, and have you crawling to me with a snap of my fingers.

I want to see – and hear – your mouth wrapped around my cock, sucking, worshipping. Gagging when I pump my hips. Your hair between my fingers, your eyes straining, watering as I clench tighter and tighter. Not letting you breathe, not letting you out of my grip.

I suppose this is all very unrealistic. As much as my pussy aches for it, as wet as it makes me when I fantasize, we both know it's not very practical to have you at home, in bondage, all day long.

(There are times, I confess, where the fantasy of bondage is more severe. I imagine you in a rubber straitjacket, inflatables in both your ass and mouth, wearing a helmet that deprives you of sight and hearing. You are immobilized, like a piece of furniture, one I can pass by casually while I am on the phone, stroke my fingers over the latex, pausing over appropriate and convenient bulges, and tweak, pinch, press. I could leisurely take a bulb into my palm at any time and squeeze, just to hear the muffled grunt. Ahh, my mind wanders..)

So, I must instead find some compromise. As much as I hate compromises. You know I always want my way. But you must go off to "work." And I must remain supportive. Even though, I admit, I get a special charge out of dominating my high powered executive and turning you into a total whore on any given night.

But now, I want you in my bonds, all day. Even though you are at work. I will have it – I decided. I will have you be my prisoner at work. In bondage, in restraints.

While it's impractical to have you walking around your office in manacles, I have a few ideas that will satisfy my lusts. At least for the time being.

It starts with you naked at the start of the day, presenting yourself to me for evaluation before I "get you dressed for work." Let me warn you not, you need to add another 60 minutes of prep time for work tomorrow, because it will take me some time to get you ready for work.

Standing in front of me totally naked, you will probably be nervous, afraid of what I have in store for you. Good. I like to start my day "wet." And wet I will be.

You'll watch me as I lubricate the butt plug that you'll be wearing all day. It's long and thin, tapered. Not too menacing, but quite effective. I'll lube it up with my latex gloves on and then order you to present yourself for it. And I know you are obedient, and well trained, and will obey – despite the total humiliation of it all.

There's a locking leather harness that goes over this plug, and it will ensure that you can wear the plug all day without worrying about it popping out as you walk out to the secretary's desk and ask for some photocopies. See, I am already taking your comfort into consideration.

I have an anklet with a little bell you will wear. I guess you will have to walk carefully, you don't want to be jingling down the hall; too bad it's not the holiday season, maybe you could come up with a funny excuse…

I have another bell, for your nipple. Your left nipple. It's a clamp with a little bell attached, but I guess it won't be ringing much under the latex bra I have for you to wear also. The bell is more for show, and for your mindset, and, of course, to turn me on. I think the bra, pressed into the clamp and bell, will make you keenly aware of your left nipple all day long.

Next comes the corset. It's a tight one, probably a little too small for you, and a bulk of our 'prep time' in the morning will be me lacing it up as tight as I possibly can. This will ensure that you can barely

breathe without being away of it. And oh, what it will do for your figure!

The stockings are thigh highs. And there are garters. Panties will be pulled up over the butt plug harness as well. All of this is in black.

Did I mention your suit that you wear over it? Your suit for the day is a crème color, I hope the black does not show through. Now, alternatively, I have a skin tight bodysuit of a thin nylon material I could put over you – I want to test it out, and see how that looks. I know one thing for sure, you will be hot. Sweating. Roasting all day long.

When I send you off to work, you are going to essentially be 'in bondage' – for me, all day. This isn't nearly what I would like it to be, but hell, it's a start.

Maybe I'll just get you fired by sending these pictures of you with a dildo in your mouth around your office, and let the rest sort itself out….who needs your corporate job anyway?

Mistress Akasha

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Jul 10, 2018Akasha

Boy on Film

Good morning my corporate slut,

Oh, what a good dose of denial does for you!

It's only been a few weeks and you are already reduced to a sniveling, groveling, mess of a pathetic man, ready to lick, suck and worship anything I put in front of you. Begging to suck my cock, eager to wrap your lips around anything that remotely resembles a penis, desperate for any kind of stimulation that you will hump the bed in your chastity device or helpless endure an ass-banging to the edge of an explosion- anything for stimulation!

And so we have reached this wonderful place – when you have stopped moping and realized there is no "light at the end of the tunnel" and realized the only one cumming in the near future is me. You've given up sulking, bargaining, begging, pleading, haggling. It's over. Your cock is shriveled and useless (as if it had a purpose anyway), and your balls meanwhile get heavy and grow thick like bowling balls between your legs.

Your mouth craves cock. Your ass needs violation.

Every day you wake up and feel a little more wanton than before. It's as if the taste of my pussy, my ass, never leaves your lips. You are fully, completely under my spell now.

This is when things really "get started."

**

I'll be sure to make "cleaning time" especially humiliating and painful for you tonight, mocking you as you remove the plastic chastity device, inspecting your man meat as it springs to attention (but gets

none). Oh, I may make you wash it right in front of me, as I soap up my own breasts in the very own shower and have you watch me cleanse my body.

I will instruct you HOW to clean your "useless dick," careful not to touch in any pleasurable way, watching how it just throbs. I'll slap your balls – hard – if you dare even stroke. And ice will be on hand if we need some motivation to get soft enough to lock you right back up afterward.

How miserable for you. How totally, completely miserable. To be let out of that dick prison, in the company of a beautiful, naked woman. Torture, I would say. What if I were to make you clean my body in the shower then, even, as your poor, helpless cock ached, as your balls hung heavy? Misery for you!

Nothing compared to the torture after you lock the device back on and I order you to lay down so I can sit on your face and have you finish the cleaning duties. Time for me to pick up a magazine, call my girlfriends and enjoy myself as you lick, worship and adore my ass crack, asshole – using your tongue until it is raw and exhausted. Smothering you for my amusement, just to get me hotter. All of this foreplay for nothing, though, because part of your "denial" means you don't even get to make me cum.

Sorry, whore. Not this time. Once my ass is good and clean, I will just hang up the phone and finish myself off with one of my toys, and I may or may not let you watch, just because I find it slightly entertaining – sometimes – to watch your package pressing inside of the clear prison when it's freshly clean, already starting to soil and squirt inside. What a waste of precum. But nice evidence that you are already so, so horny!

Before bed the final humiliation for you will be making you beg to be stuffed full. Beg for dick in your mouth and up your ass. I will make you beg this time in the most degrading ways possible, by putting

lipstick on you first, then taking out my video camera and making you say it right into the camera for all the world to see. What will happen with this video/

Who knows, but I will make you start by giving your full name and place of business, your address and phone number and details of your job, just for amusement! Then you will start to describe your favorite types of cock, and I will interrogate you.

“Why do you think you need such LARGE cocks in your mouth?”

“Why is your cock so small compared to the cocks you love to suck?”

“What makes you so good at sucking cock?”

“What would men say about your ability to give head?”

“Tell me what you love about eating cum loads.”

For the final shot, you will be looking hungrily at my strap on and I move toward you. I will make you beg for it, and the torture will be extraordinary! It will be so humiliating, because it will seem like forever before I let you have a taste, so much so, that you will find yourself on the verge of tears.

Can you believe that? And how will this look on camera? On film? You – the head of a fortune 500 company, having just given out all this information – practically in tears, choking up, desperate, begging to have a cock in his mouth just like he’d begging for his life? No one knows that you have been driven to the brink of insanity from long, long term chastity. They think you just love cock THAT much!

And – well – perhaps you do. Maybe the chastity is just an excuse. Did you ever stop to think about that, hmm?

When the cock finally slides into your mouth, the moan that escapes your lips will be indescribable. In fact, if you were not in locked chastity, perhaps you would ejaculate right there. By the moans, the pleasure in your eyes, one would think you came on the spot. It shall make a glorious “close up” and maybe the cover of the video when the entire feature is complete. I am sure the world will adore it! Especially your co-workers.

Let’s hope you don’t make me send them a copy.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha
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Jul 10, 2018Akasha

Brainwashed Slut

Good morning my corporate slut,

So, I've never been a big fan of hypnosis. Or brainwashing. Which is surprising, isn't it, considering how addicted I am to coming up with new ways to turn your life upside down, put you in potentially devastatingly humiliating situations, and totally re-wire your cock.

It just took a little time for me to come around, I guess. Because now, it's all I can think about. I can't get the idea out of my head: The idea of making it so you have so little control over your cock – your orgasms – your very masculinity – that you are ruled by the subconscious, degrading thoughts I have put into your mind!

Imagine after one hypnotherapy session with my gorgeous girlfriend Larissa – imagine what would happen to you, for example, if you were to somehow keep introducing yourself to EVERYONE with your "whore" name. A name you would not even know until it slipped out of your lips.

Larissa assures me this kind of programming is very easy to do. In fact, she laughed out loud when I told her, and said sure, this could be done even with a phone call. Oh, you can imagine how wet that made me.

But here's the best part. It's not like you'd be walking around in some trance like a zombie. You would be fully conscious, aware, and HEAR yourself even after the humiliating name slipped out of your mouth! And then, you'd have to correct yourself. Every single time.

I will be sure to bring my most gorgeous, unsuspecting corporate women by your office for a brief meeting. Graphic designers, interior designers. Oh, you wanted me to have my lovely friend Jane come by and measure your office window for blinds, remember?

Imagine how you are going to feel when right in front of me, her, and her sweet little 18-year old assistant "annie" when you say, "Hello, nice to meet you, I'm cocksucker chris," or something equally degrading. Maybe, simply, "Bimbo."

I will have to stop myself from laughing out loud – and getting aroused.

But seriously, this is just the tip of the iceberg. I've signed up for quite an intense program where the combination of physical, mental and emotional "workouts" will leave you so re-wired that you will not even be able to get hard unless your tongue is in my ass crack, for example.

My goal is to make it so that you cannot get hard unless you are either sucking cock, licking my ass, or guzzling a saved load of cum. That way, you will have to perform the ritual before you can even start to get CLOSE to any kind of feeling good.

And then, even better, you will never be able to achieve orgasm unless you are concurrently being assfucked and mouthfucked with two dildos. I will makes sure this programming lasts 30 days. For example, the entire month of June.

Imagine how difficult it is going to be for you to realize that you no longer get erect. Even if you wake up in the middle of the night with morning wood, as soon as you gain consciousness, your cock will shrivel! Larissa assures me this is very possible with the right training.

And, trust me, the "training" itself is what aroused me most. I plan to get into my full medical gear to attend and monitor this "hypnosis" process, where I must simulate the acts that I am programming into you – that is, actually shoving the dildos in your mouth, hand-fucking your ass with my large black dildo (she assures me, using the strap on won't achieve the same results. Damn.), and making you affix your tongue, promptly, to my ass crack.

All under the "deep suggestion" mode, or whatever they call if. Of course, I asked it we could turn this into a bit of a medical fantasy of mine, but she's not quite sold on the idea. When I heard we'd be in a semi-medical environment, of course my mind wandered to snapping the latex gloves, lubing up my fingers, and pulling down your panties right in front of her.

What is it about humiliating you in front of other ladies that gets me so incredibly wet? Knowing you are bent over, holding the edges of the table, silky pink panties pulled down around your thighs. I can just picture her there, smirking at you, and you are so bright red with humiliation.

I would milk it, of course. Milk it just like I milk your useless cock after weeks of chastity! I'd milk it by spreading your ass cheeks and commenting on how puckered up and tight your asshole looked, making you relax your muscles so I could fit a few fingers in. You know, I'd want to loosen you up before the asshole training and reprogramming in store for the hypnosis session.

I can't help but imagine where that will leave us a few weeks from now. And how you will wonder what other suggestions I planted deep, deep into your subconscious. For example, the intense and undeniable urge to fall to your knees, no matter where you are (public or private) when a woman with red gloves comes into your view…

Imagine the fun I could have with that around the holidays, sending an innocent pair of red leather gloves to the boss' wife, for example….

I'll be in touch soon with the details of your "session…"

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jul 16, 2018Akasha

Brown-Noser

Good morning my corporate slut,

I had to laugh this morning when I heard someone at my client's office talking about office politics. She was whispering (near the water cooler, ironically) and I heard her call one of the corporate executives a "brown-noser." I think the exact sentence was, "Of course he's going to get lead on that project, he's such a brown-noser."

My clients at this small firm are nothing compared to your big business shop, of course. And little do they know their consultant has her own "brown noser" at home, and it's ironic that while all those corporate stiffs below you are kissing up to you, in reality, you're the biggest brown noser of all.

I have to laugh at the term; I contemplated making it your new SLUT name, "brown-noser," but I think I like the term "ass-licker" better, or "ass-worshipper." You may not have to brown-nose at work, but you have to at home, don't you?

In fact, I have decided that the rest of this month you are going to be taught a few lessons in corporate slut humility, but becoming the king of brown-nosing, or ass-licking. You'll learn to hold your breath, to concentrate, to focus, because nightly you will suffer (?) through the ritual of demonstrating your skills and talents – with your tongue – while I go about my business sitting on your face.

The humiliation will come from the fact that I ignore you, and treat you like nothing more than an amusing place to sit. We'll start by me watching a few of my Tivo'd programs on my television, while you suffer and try to capture just a simple breath. Your tongue better be working it's way smoothly and delicately up and down my ass crack, and you better play special attention to my asshole.

I'll ignore you as part of your objectification. I'm going to watch TV and call my girlfriends on the phone and tell them that I am sitting on your face and that you are a corporate brown-noser now, and hope to graduate to king ass-licker by the end of the month. I'll pull back the receiver so you can hear them laugh at you.

There are a few pieces of equipment I may order as part of your treatment, special seats for smothering. The warmth of my ass cheeks is going to be something you get used to as I press my body down on you each night, teaching you again to endure – for as long as you can – the pressure of my poise.

Lick. Lick. Lick. That's all you will be doing. Worshipping every fine inch of my ass. I have to laugh, because I just told my girlfriend Leslie about this idea and she immediately asked if I was going to make the term "brown noser" literal by making you get shit on your face. Now, she just has NO idea, does she? There will be no actual BROWN on your NOSE. But I bet you are such a DIRTY whore that this idea turns you on, deep down. Did your dick get hard in your panties as you thought briefly about the degradation of getting your nose brown by worshipping my asshole?

You should be ashamed; you really are a filthy whore sometimes.

In reality, you should be longing to earn the right to worship my pussy. Now, that's a promotion. Being able to kneel down between my legs as I recline and relax, my thighs open, for you to lean forward and lick first at my wet panties, then slowly, perfectly, easing your tongue close to my pussy. My hands gripping your head, forcing you, demanding you worship me thoroughly.

Having me CUM on your face; this should be your goal. Straddling you, riding your face, pumping on your nose and fucking you as I play with my nipples and let my hands roam over my naked body, having you hear me orgasm and feel me squirt – that's what you

should be wanting. But instead, you long to be an asslicker, a brown-noser, don't you?

You are still probably thinking about how nasty and degraded you will feel after a night of serious brown-nosing. Well, my whore, you need to work your way up the ladder. Maybe I will let you be a brown-noser for my girlfriends in our first annual "Summer Slut Party" kick off – where we all lounge at the pool with great music and margaritas while you prance around in a pink bikini serving our drinks and rubbing in the suntan oil.

Interesting, I must say. I wonder, deep down, which of these scenarios turn you on most. Being my pussywhore (the ultimate pleasure, even in objectification), the asslicker and brown-noser, or the poolside bitch. I think some combination of all three is ideal for you.

But you have to earn it. You won't be doing anything at my June summer kick off pool party, the "Summer Slut Party" kick off, until you have earned your way beyond the asslicker title and proven that you can do more than prance around and be degraded in front of my girlfriends. I expect you to be ready to give fantastic foot massages (even while in a bikini and wearing a tight butt plug), apply suntan oil quickly and efficiently, manage the music selection and serve drinks. When we have no use for you, you will be sent to the corner of the patio to kneel and wait, and if you are good, we will let you face us instead of facing the wall. Wouldn't it be painful to hear us laugh and frolic in our sexy bathing suits and bikinis as you remain alone as the ostracized pool bitch?

If you know what's good for you, you'll start "brown nosing" the party planner – Me. Otherwise, you might not be having such a great time by the pool. Hope your tongue is ready, asslicker.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Jul 16, 2018Akasha

Bumping it up a Notch

Good morning my corporate slut,

I never thought it would come to this.

I'm writing to you to tell you, quite simply, you just don't "do it" for me anymore – especially lately. And after careful consideration, I've decided to take matters into my own hands, and address the situation.

You see, I think you've become a little to 'used to' submitting to me. Even the most degrading and humiliating acts, you know they are coming, and you prepare yourself accordingly, and I can tell that you are enjoying it way too much.

You enjoy submitting to me too much. And I need you to suffer, in order for me to get off.

Last time I fucked you in the ass, it took too long. The pumping. The grinding. The long strokes followed by relentless pounding. Your ass high up in the air to reach my thrusts at my command, the different positions. You took it all and as the pumping became harder and faster, you didn't groan in humiliation, you lapped it up eagerly and desperately.

But I need to cum.

I cum when fucking you makes you feel like a humiliated pig; no offense. You know this is true. You knew that when you took my collar. And your submission has become so self indulgent, that even pumping my slick, thick cock into your ass isn't getting me close enough to orgasm. I have to result to massaging and pinching my own nipples, reaching down and playing with my clit, all of which

you seem to watch with big, excited eyes as if I am performing a special porno for you.

Newsflash, corporate slut. I am NOT your personalized porno, and when I use my strap-on, when I fuck your ass, it is for my pleasure, not yours.

So I thought about it and came up with a few solutions to ensure that you'd be whipped back into the shape that I require in order to get pleasure from fucking your tight ass.

One is to get a much larger dildo. I have tried a few, but the weight of the dick is almost laughable. I would need a reinforced, bulky, heavy harness to hold it around my hips in the position that I like most, and that will be distracting. You see, I long for those days from years ago, when you were almost virginal, when you would gasp the first time the head of my cock pushed through your cheeks, when you would cry out when my thrusts got deeper.

It's not the fucking that gets me off; it's your desperate, pathetic whimpers of humiliation and pain, and the sheer knowledge that you are truly, honestly being used for my pleasure. Even now, when I push your face down into the carpet and call you a cunt, when I take precum and shove my fingers into your mouth and order you to suck, when I make you wear a pink thong and pull it down around your thighs and call you a sissy, it seems that you enjoy it all way too much.

So if the larger dildo won't bring you back to humility, I thought about putting you in chastity for a period of 6 months, with a spiked cage, so that every time you grow hard you'd be whimpering desperately in pain – but knowing there was no release in sight.

If nothing else works, I might take more drastic measures. Like turning your next ass-fucking into a huge humiliation fest, one that leaves me dripping just at the thought of it. I imagined taking that

cute new office boy that works in your building, and having you dressed in lingerie and hogtied in your office. Under the desk.

I'd steal him away and bring him into your office, where on your desk he'd first eat me out, my knees pulled up toward my body and skirt hiked up, giving him all the glorious access he'd need. Then I'd have him fuck me on the desk, and you'd hear the slamming against the fine wood grain and my moans of ecstasy as he came inside of me.

After sending him off, I'd pull you out from under the desk and sit on your face, making sure his load spilled out and all over your face as I pulled my harness from my toybag and prepared the dildo for your tight hole.

You'd then have to endure the most degrading penetration of your life – being fucked on all fours with his cum on your face, knowing that I had to work myself up to the brink of orgasm from another man's talented dick while you remained in lingerie under the desk, a mere bystander.

You see, while he was fucking me, I'd be thinking of you. My prized pussy boy, under the desk, shaking, humiliated. The look of shame in your eyes later would be enough to get me so hot that my cock entering your ass, the tight familiar feeling and the way your body quivered, would be enough to get me on the edge.

Then, finally, I could have an orgasm the way I want to – leisurely, passionately, all for me. Instead of feeling like I was pumping you for your own gratification, and perhaps you were stifling your responses simply because you like to see me have to use my hands, fingers and lips on my own body to bring myself to orgasm while I fuck you. Now, you wouldn't be so selfish, would you?

Of course, you could avoid this ultimate humiliation very easily. Next time I fuck you in the ass, figure out how to not bore me.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Jul 17, 2018Akasha

Candi For Lunch

Candi for Lunch

Hello my corporate slut,

I know that deep down sometimes you wish I would show up for a "normal" lunch now and them, like the other couples in your office, and we'd enjoy a nice meal and you wouldn't end up walking funny the rest of the day, or struggling with the feel of a pink thong riding up the crack of your ass.

It's funny, but I forget sometimes that you are a big boy and need to eat. So when I do come by to enjoy myself at your expense around lunchtime, I need to remind myself that you actually do need to get a bite to eat – well, something other than a big load of cum, for example.

So today I plan to drop by and I am actually bringing a bite to eat, and a few other things.

And I am not coming alone.

I'm bringing this amazing, big breasted Barbie doll submissive girl named Candi, and she's going to be helping me enjoy my little break. And she's going to make sure you get something to eat, too.

**

Getting Candi through your office without raising eyebrows will be a bit of a challenge. She's got the body and look of a stripper and I have never seen her in anything but 6 inch platform sparkly pumps. And gorgeous long, blonde hair. This is just her look, I suppose.

She's an amazing prospect for a slutty slave girl, and I have deep, dark fantasies about bimbo-fying you and tying the two of you back

to back in the basement for hours as I take turns torturing your tits and "clitties" to see who lasts longer, but that's a story for another time.

For lunch today, my prospective slavegirl Candi is going to be putting on a little show, and you are going to be doing a lot of eating. Any kind of eating I demand.

My little fantasy involves forcing you to lick food off of every imaginable crack and crevice of her find body, starting with her feet. Licking and sucking whipped cream out of the cracks between her toes, while she is wearing platform heels, sitting on the edge of your desk with her legs crossed.

You will be on your knees in a pink teddy with your hair in two distinct little pony tails. Don't ask me why, this is just the image I have in my head, and the one I want to create.

On your knees, your hands behind your back, you will be licking and sucking every bit of cream off her gorgeous painted toenails that peeking out from the stripper shoes, and then using your tongue to clean in between the undersides of her toes and her shoes. For good measure, I may have you also lick the bottoms of her shoes until they are clean, to help "clean your palate."

Next, you will repositioned in order to consume the main course from the top of her ass. I haven't decided yet if I will spread her ass cheeks and strategically place the morsels of chicken and beef all the way up and down her ass crack, forcing you to bury and nuzzle your nose so deep between her butt cheeks that you forget where you are.

I do know, however, that I am going to enjoy first row seating in your office chair as you worship her large, round butt cheeks and juicy ass crack with a ravenous hunger. You see, I will be "grading" you on thoroughness and attention to detail, and ever flicker of your tongue counts.

Once I feel you have suitably munched down on her asshole and crack, I am going to allow you the fine pleasure, possibly, of being smothered in her obscenely large breasts. Whether or not food is even involved, I have no idea, nor do I care. This delicious suffocation treatment will be designed to leave you whimpering and squirming, as you find out what it is like to be totally helpless with her large breasts overwhelming you.

For good measure, I may hide some morsels of fruit in her cleavage so you have a meager distraction while your air runs out.

The theme of the entire lunch hour, as you can tell, will be methods that I may use her amazing body to torture you. I have already considered facesitting and using her feet to torture you – through masturbating you to the edge with them to walking on your face to kicking you in the nuts.

Really, though, it's simply about what gets me hot and wet at the moment. It's been some time since a young, hot lady like Candi got me so excited, and the prospects are high.

Ultimately you may find yourself being smothered by my pussy as I sit on your face, taunting you with the "menu" and telling you how the next hour will be spent in your office. During this time I'll be making Candi take off her clothes, except for bra and panties and high heels, and you'll feel like a tiny little gnat as I respond to the magnificent curves of her fantastic body.

Do I even need to go into detail about how the two of us may spend some giggle-time mocking your small penis or making your sit naked in our presence? Just a few of the ideas on my mind today.

Make sure you keep your lunch hour free, my slut. And I hope you are very, very hungry. I know I am.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jul 27, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Caught in the Act

Caught in the Act

Hello my slut,

I'm at my desk right now, wearing black thigh high stockings and a black bra, nothing else. In the shower I came up with this devious idea, and I couldn't wait to send your instructions. You're probably quite aroused as you picture me here, sitting in my leather chair, dressed so hot. You're probably hard in your red thong right now. I'm sure it will be a very wet thong by the time you finish reading this email, and you'll want so desperately to cum.

As an added torment, you must stroke your cock – my property – through your pants as you read this email. You also have to reach into your drawer and pull out a pair of binder clips for your nipples. That means you also need to shut you door. You'll be unbuttoning your shirt and placing a medium binder clip on each nipple, just to keep you alert. I thought about making you tie a string between them and add some weight, as well, and turn this into a full blown nipple torment session, but I decided to save that for later, when I have you in a lace bra and body suit. Yes, I have that planned already.

(And, to let you know what will also be happening soon in your office, I will be controlling the cock shaped vibrating dildo that will be in your ass. Yes, I will be the one actually controlling it, even though we are in separate places. You will be tied up and unable to move as this happens, completely helpless to my whims. I'll also have you on webcam so I can see the reactions on your face, see you squirming on all fours, see you sweating. You must be wondering how this is possible? Well, take a look at HighJoy, and you'll see what I'm talking about. I already ordered this toy for you,

slut, and it will be here soon. Is your ass ready for an entirely new level of violation?)

Today you are staying late in the office. That's not such a change for you, you've been working late every night. Do you remember on Thursday when I was there waiting for you, when we were going to a club? You said you would be finished by 10:30pm, and I was so bored that I took a stroll around the office. No one was there. The offices were all dark, the cubicles were empty. It was so quiet.

Then, I saw someone. I heard a vacuum. That's how late you were there, my slut, the cleaning crew had already arrived. How pathetic. When I was leaning against a cubicle trying to decide what kind of punishment you would endure, I caught a glimpse of the cleaning woman that does your floor. Have you seen her? She's quite cute – hard to tell her age, petite, ethnic. Nice perky little breasts. She smiled sweetly at me. I smiled back.

That's when I got the idea of what you'd have to endure. This is something I've toyed with in my mind before, but never had the opportunity.

You see, when I was younger, I used to get extremely turned on watching superheroes on TV trying to get out of very tight bondage in a short period of time. You know, the predictable plot when the hero is bound and helpless while a bomb is ticking. The desperate struggling, the biting at the knots, the beads of sweat. Oooh, that used to really get me wet, long before I even knew why. I was just a teenager then, but I've always considered that image to be so erotic.

You, my slut, are going to be that superhero. Or, should I say, super slut. Because you're going to be bound and helpless and trying to get free, and I will get to watch your struggling via web cam from home, lounging with a glass of wine. I will probably be using my toys, I will be bringing myself close to the edge over and over again as I savor your struggle.

There won't be any ropes or handcuffs though, my slave. I wanted you tied up in a special way, dressed up just for me. You're going to be wearing pantyhose, a bra, a cami and pink lipstick. The bra will be stuffed, and the panties will be too tight so your cock will pop out and glisten at the tip.

I plan to bind you with my used pantyhose and stockings, and perhaps add a wet panty gag with some duct tape over your lips. I can already picture how you are going to look in that leather office chair, black stockings around each wrist and each ankle, perhaps your cock and balls tied up with pantyhose under the panties. Maybe I will use pantyhose to hold the panty gag in place, tying the legs of them around your head. The lipstick will be smeared. Oh, what a vision you'll be.

I'll add clamps under the bra perhaps, weighted enough so that I know every time you shift they will scream out in pain. This will make your struggle even more desperate, you see, and just make my show more enjoyable.

By now you're wondering what the race against time will be. Well, my slut, I know what time the maid arrives on your floor. And I know she starts at the office at the end of the hall, and I know how long it takes her to vacuum inside each one. And, I can't help but wonder – how would she react if she walked into your office and saw you there, squirming like that, in full lingerie? How humiliated would you be? Caught by a sweet pretty lady, seeing the look on her face? Maybe she would laugh, or think you had actually been kidnapped! And I would see your reaction on the cam – see your eyes widen, your cheeks turn so bright red. I'd see the humiliation in your face as your cock continued to throb in the panties.

I certainly hope you are in fine shape for this, my slut. Because there's no doubt you would have been able to get free from this lingerie bondage a few years ago when you were flexible and quite used to my games. But now, you've gotten a bit lazy, you've been

slightly out of shape. This is going to be even more challenging for you. You know how tight and unforgiving the knots are, you know how a desperate struggle seems to only make matters worse.

With the painful distraction of the ache and throb in your nipples and the fear of being caught, you'll be looking very delicious for me. Like a terrified, squirming sissy.

You're probably wondering how long you have. Well, I will arrive to truss you up around 9:30pm, and first give you a good dose of teasing, face sitting, and perhaps give your ass a bit of a workout with my new dildo. I'll be careful and patient when I bind you, because the process will be such a turn on for me. Wrapping the hose around your wrists, and then your ankles, watching you as you prematurely try to test the bonds, realizing how truly intimidating it is.

I'll leave so that you have about 25 minutes before the unsuspecting maid makes it to your office. Of course, it may be sooner, if any of the office doors on the way to yours are locked; perhaps I'll mischievously lock a few on my way out. You'll hear the vacuum getting closer and closer as you struggle. Meanwhile, my webcam will be capturing this all for me as I am on my way home in the car. I'll be able to watch the full video when I get home, wondering, myself, if you escaped before you were caught.

Either way, I know I will enjoy the show. You better start stretching, my slut. You aren't as young as you used to be….

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Jul 31, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Naked Weekend Slut

Naked Weekend Slut

Good morning my corporate slut,

In light of your recent success in the boardroom, I thought it was time to bring you down a notch. You know, as much as I adore your cocky self confidence and fortune five hundred smile, there are times when I need nothing more than to see you as my truly degraded little whore.

And so it begins. A long, fulfilling day in the office, where you are in total control, only to be followed by a three day weekend where you are nothing but a slave on a leash. A naked errand boy. A cocksucking pussyboy. A whore for abuse – for any torture that I may see fit.

A weekend at my beautiful summer shack, when the weather is gorgeous. And I have invited six girlfriends, six lovely ladies that you will serve. These are a mix of new and familiar faces – but trust me, you won't be seeing very much, unless you earn it.

They will be seeing plenty though. My girlfriends will all be fully clothed all weekend, while you will surrender every shred of clothing until you are left totally naked and humiliated, walking around with a dog collar on, and nothing else.

Even answering the door. Every single time there is a knock, you have to go to the door and answer it completely naked, wondering what woman's smile will meet you on the other side. Will she laugh at you? Will she gasp and stare? Will she just smirk like I do, and shake her head, and wave you and your small penis off to go search for more exciting things – like movies, sunbathing, and women's magazines?

A long weekend naked will be good for you. Your clothing will be locked up. I may put little bells on your nipples so that we always hear you coming up the hall and can turn and stare at your naked body. I wonder what state your cock will be in all weekend. Well, my cock, that is.

I do wonder if you will be hard, dripping. Or if you will be embarrassed because the ladies will be in such cute sexy summer clothes, sandals, pretty jewelry and sweet sundresses or bikinis. I told my girlfriends that they will always be clothed, no matter what, and they found this to be pretty funny.

I told them it's all part of the way I degrade you and mold your mind and train your body.

Even when I decide it's time to fuck you with my strap on – in front of my friends – I will do it while in my sleek black lingerie, or even with my clothes on and my cock peeking out from under my leather skirt and between my thigh high stockings.

It's a nice visual for me, I admit. I like the idea of pulling up my skirt to reveal my always-hard, always-erect cock ready for your ass. I can imagine the look on your face, after a long day of humiliation, when I order you to get down on all fours and crawl to me.

Ever naked, always humble, you will have to crawl on hands and knees and approach my cock, as I hold it at the base of the shaft, guiding it toward your mouth and calling you to come closer in a soft, mocking coo.

Watching you wrap your lips carefully around my cock will make me wet, I'm sure. Knowing my girlfriends are all watching the show, fully clothed while you are naked with your ass showing, will be even better.

I know you will be degraded, trying to figure out if more of the women are looking at your lips wrapped around my huge latex cock,

or are watching your naked ass and small cock as you try to hide your total nakedness. Or, maybe, you will be so hard that your cock will be hard to miss, and you may get some giggles from the ladies who find it so interesting that having a big shaft in your mouth makes you hard and horny.

"Why does he like to suck cock so much?" one of my girlfriends might ask out loud. How naked are you going to feel when you look up as best you can, big cock sliding in and out of your mouth, gagging you. How naked are you going to feel when you are there and can only imagine how fine our bodies look under the clothes we are wearing.

I can tell you that you are going to get used to it. That feeling of nakedness. Total nakedness and total vulnerability. There will be no clothing available at all to you until the last day.

And on the last day, maybe my girlfriends and I will get together some of them most humiliating outfits for you to choose from, and your options will be something extremely embarrassing (that we will video and photograph) – or remaining naked.

When choosing between a pink latex dress and white stockings and being naked, I think I might know your choice. But a few of my girlfriends have other outfits in mind, I have heard – like something to do with a cheerleader (slut) and something to do with what would be seen on a stripper pole.

You know it's a long weekend, my whore, when you actually choose nakedness and humiliation over an outfit after being around clothed beautiful ladies for two days. Who knows, I may decide that I prefer you naked completely – for good. And after that, perhaps I will never let you wear clothing in the house again. Ever.

See you soon. All of you.

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha
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Aug 1, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Chastity and Denial

Chastity and Denial

Good morning my corporate slut,

As you enter into a long, long stretch of locked chastity, I find myself wondering just how uncomfortable I can make you.

Can I take your mind off of the aching, heavy balls between your legs – and instead, have you thinking painfully about everything else I am putting you through – so much distraction that it makes it painful to even get through the day?

Making you take my soaking wet panties to the office for hourly worship is a task which is a pleasant distraction, even though I am strict about it. When my property is locked up tight in a plastic cage that feels heavier each day, making it difficult for you to walk without being self conscious, I like to think I am keeping you motivated by those scented panties that are stashed in your drawer.

You know, I do masturbate in them quite lovingly. The pair you have right now. I recall, vividly, how I was on my bed on my back, legs spread wide, eyes closed, imagining you stretched out over a table as I fucked your ass ruthlessly. It wasn't hard to get my juices flowing, so to speak, with those images of your ass spread wide and my cock pounding you hard, the muffled gasps coming from you.

Those sounds, in my mind, were a cross between whimpers and desperate grunts, getting louder with each thrust. When I imagined this, my panties started to become moist at once, my pussy started to ache. I slowly, teasingly pressed the crotch of my panties against my skin and rubbed rhythmically, until my hips were moving in motion. It didn't take long.

My orgasm was jagged and rough, and I felt a distinctive squirt at the end. The images were that good. The panties were quite messy. But with a giggle I stashed them lovingly into your briefcase sealed tightly in a plastic bag, knowing that when you found them, it meant hourly worship.

Pulling them from the plastic every time, pressing them against your nose and mouth, inhaling deeply as your balls ached. You'd feel the cage filling up between your legs, nothing you could do about it. Pinching the skin maybe. Poor thing. It's only the start – the start of long, long days of locked chastity.

Your days, as I mentioned, are going to become more uncomfortable.

It's not just the weight of full, swollen balls or the straining of my property bulging in the cage. It's the stockings I plan to make you wear, the super fitting corset that will give you a brand new figure. It's the lace black bra that will pinch your shoulder blades and make you so self conscious. It's the thermos of saved cum that will find its way into your briefcase a few times a week to serve as coffee creamer.

It's the red thong that rides up your ass and makes it hard for you to walk straight or stop thinking about what a whore you have become. It's the locking leather harness and vibrating butt plug that is set to my cell phone, so I can generate my own special ring tone to distract you throughout the day with a humming that will buzz audibly from your trousers. Oh, I hope that doesn't go off in the middle of a boardroom meeting.

On the days that I make you dress in the most slutty fashion, I plan to make you live up to your outfit and "look." Adding some lipstick, making you hide away in your office with the door locked, you'll be forced to perform on cam live for me and my girlfriends when they drop by my pad for our weekly lunch.

On your knees, a large black dildo pumping in and out of your lips, you'll respond eagerly and wantonly to our commands. Longer, thicker, harder, deeper – you will just suck and worship that cock as if you were earning cash for every load of cum you guzzled. I'll have my girlfriends in stitches laughing at your predicament as I make you stand up before the camera and pull down your trousers, revealing the red thong covering up the locked plastic chastity device.

For good measure, I'll have you cap off the performance by taking off your shirt, revealing your bra and then peeling down the cups to tease and twist your nipples, maybe ending on a high note with a little dildo-titty-fucking – or, the best you can muster.

I think I'll be the one enjoying your performance most of all, but that's because I know the days and days of build up behind it, and how you have not experienced any kind of orgasm – or even touching my property – for what seems like an eternity.

Locking you into semi-permanent chastity is just the start, as you know. The constant teasing, the wet panties in your briefcase, the forced cocksucking on cam – all of these remind you that you are nothing but a whore for me, despite your high powered position at work.

And when you return home after a long day at the office, your body laced up tight in the corset, the high highs still looking so hot underneath your trousers, you'll already be perfectly ready to serve me in the manner that is most appropriate.

Locked up in unforgiving chastity, presenting your tongue to me, being forced to beg for the privilege of even licking and worshipping my asscrack while I make plans for the evening which include men who will be able to service me sexually. I don't know about you, but to me, this seems so deliciously appropriate.

After all, we both know your role in our relationship.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 1, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Chastity Blue Balls

Chastity Blue Balls

Good morning my corporate slut,

I enjoy owning your cock.

It's a very simple fact, but one that should be said. When I know your cock is locked tightly in your CB-6000, with my lock on it, I know that there is absolutely no way that you can cum. And I know that the more I tease you, the more desperate you will become, and in a matter of a few days your voice will tremble with desperation at my slightest purr.

What woman would not want this kind of power?

It's not so much that, even. It's that by teasing you, I can break down your walls even faster. You want to cum so badly, your balls are so full of cum, you spend hours trying to figure out how you can talk me into just a little relief. And all I need to do is smile, make you worship my pussy, and tell you it's still going to be at least another week.

As your tongue works its magic around my clit, as you feel me cum all over your face and smother you with my pussy, you are painfully aware of the throbbing in your groin. Your crotch is a constant source of pain, aggravation. Just seeing your poor, tormented dick shoved tightly into that cage is hot to me.

Seeing that lock. The lock that I put in place, the lock you cannot remove. I sometimes finger the key as it rests on my necklace, reflecting as I am right now, that this key is all you can think about. I can dangle it from one finger in front of you and say, "Crawl. Beg. Negotiate. See what you've got."

Your eyes, your entire life and focus is on that one key. Just a little key, too. So tiny, I could probably lose it, if I were not careful. I have thought about hiding it and placing somewhere on my body, somewhere nasty perhaps, somewhere you may never find it. Or hiding it in the house and never letting you know where – and then losing it for awhile. I have thought about inviting fifteen girlfriends over and giving them each a party favor, and one of them has the key, but you do not know which one.

And oh, the humiliation, for you, of having to serve the party as you walk – or crawl – around the room totally ass-naked except for a clear cage on your cock and balls. The ladies, all dressed in stunning outfits, in sexy high heels, all laughing at you as you try to make your way through the evening with a bulging, strained cock in a clear plastic cage. Hoping to kiss the right ass, so to speak, so you can earn that key.

Imagine the humiliating challenges I could develop for you to try to impress the fully clothed ladies as they each comment on, inspect and mock the locked chastity device that is making you feel so small and helpless.

I don't really need fifteen girlfriends to make you suffer, though. A pair of nipple clamps on a tight silver chain, my cleanly lubed black strap on cock, the pussy collar. A few toys and an afternoon with you, putting you through your paces, with each task contributing to the throbbing in your balls.

Is a little milking in order, perhaps? I just know that ever time my body rocks with orgasm, tears well up in your eyes because you cannot believe how trapped your dick is. My property. You will beg to be milked, and that's the beauty of it.

While there have been times that the milking has been challenging, by day 15 I am sure that plenty of fluid will squirt out and into the little jar as I probe you with the anal milking prod. Your legs spread

and strapped down, your ass elevated, the chastity device digging into your flesh. Finally, maybe some relief as your cock shrivels in the confines of the cage, so humiliated by the ramming of your ass and the pumping of the fluid as you experience the pleasureless "orgasm."

The relief in your balls will only last an hour probably. So much cum will be stored up inside of you that milking might become a daily process for you, just to keep you cleaned out. Every little drop of that cum you will slurp up and drink during your locked chastity. You'll not only drink it, you will beg for it. I will make sure the process is long and humiliating, but in hopes of earning escape from the cage, you'll eagerly beg and lap at it, taking as long as I like, making it a nice, long, humiliating task for my amusement.

When the cum is gone, you will beg for more. Maybe you will beg because you know that watching you beg for something so digsusting turns me on. Maybe you'll beg because the pain your balls is unbearable. I don't really care; the begging makes me wet.

When I get that wet, I have no choice but to straddle your face, lower myself onto you and order your tongue to work. At least one of us should be enjoying a mind blowing orgasm, after all. Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

If you enjoy chastity, consider enrolling in my upcoming chastity training….

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Aug 2, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Chastity Challenge

Chastity Challenge

Hello my slave,

How does your cock cage feel today? Is your pathetic dick swelling up in its confines as you read this, reminding you once again who owns the keys? The pleasure in chastity, for me, is in know that you are constantly aware of my power over your.

Your useless dick belongs to me now, slave. My pussy aches when I read those words and know that you are sitting there, helpless in your office, wishing so badly you could taste me, lick me, feel me next to you. You forgot what it is like to be inside a woman, didn't you? Imagine if I forbid you to ever have sex again, to ever even USE that cock again…..

Are you ready to beg me for mercy? You know that's what I really want. After all, what is the fun in chastity if I don't have you longing, begging, pleading for release? Even subtle things like walking around in front of you in a short skirt, no panties, flashing you now and then, show you a little glimpse of wet pussy. Or making you remain NAKED at all times while I wear clothes, and I have girlfriends come over to visit. You'd be bareass naked, your cock hanging out, caged, for all to see. Does that kind of vulnerability make you shake all over? Does the idea of being my permanently nude slave make you even more turned on?

It's such a turn on when I tease you even now. You can stroke your dick but not have release unless I say so. I can send you long, nasty emails and make you get on all fours and fuck your ass with your fingers, I can make you wear frilly panties, I can make you perform degrading tasks like licking my asshole or begging to be my toilet. I can make you suck a huge latex dick, feeling totally embarrassed

and objectified. All the while, no matter how much you deny it, that useless meat between your legs gets stiff. You are ruled by your own desire, aren't you?

Admit this, slave: You would crawl on your hands and knees to suck a man's cock that was in my pussy just to have a small taste me. I could degrade you in person in front of my girlfriends, turn you into a party favor, whore you out for use. You will do anything to please me; pleasing me is all you want. I could turn you into a pleasure cocksucker if I wanted to, I could charge money for your sexual services. Even that unthinkable thought makes you hard in your cage as you read this email. Meanwhile, my slave doesn't get any pleasure unless I say so. If anything, I give you more pain and humiliation as you get more turned on. I do that because I know that the more turned on you are, the more you will subject yourself to UNTHINKABLE acts because I demand them. That's the irony.

You are my complete whore. Do you want proof of that? Just look down between your legs right now. Pull down your pants. What do you see? You see that throbbing piece of meat in that tight cage? See the precum dripping at the tip of your cock? Imagine I were there right now, straddling you by sitting on your lap and facing you, pressing my hard nipples into your chest. I would whisper to you, "Tell me what a cocksucker you are. Beg to suck my dick." And you would obey in a heartbeat, wouldn't you?

You will soon do things for me that you would NEVER imagine yourself doing – including wrapping your lips around my big, thick, dripping black latex ejaculating dildo. You will suck the juice right out of it as if your very life depended on it. You have no idea where I got that creamy white cum, but you will devour every bit of it and beg for more.

Even now, just as I tell you that I would love to shove my strap on dick up your tight asshole — that turns you on no matter what. It turns you on that I want to use your mouth as a fuckhole, I want to

take my nine inch cock and fuck your face. I want to use my ejaculating dildo and actually squirt a warm load of your own cum all over your face. I even think about doing that live on a web cam or in front of my friends so other women can see the power that a huge strap on cock has when strapped around the hips of a lovely woman. They'd see it when they saw your own load of cum oozing on your face, or watch you lick it off my boots or suck it out of a condom.

Have I distracted you from your work today, my slave?

This is just a little note to get you motivated to go out and complete a simple but humiliating task. You must cancel your lunch plans and take a trip to the mall. First, you are going to buy a brand new pair of sheer nude pantyhose at Macy's. I want you to buy a size that will fit you, and confirm with the pretty salesgirl how you read the measurements on the back of the package. Once you pay, you are to ask where the men's bathroom is located.

Do you think she will have an idea that you are going to go put these pantyhose on? I think she will know quite clearly that you are. She will watch you go off to the men's bathroom with your new nylons, knowing you are going to pull down your pants and put them on.

Next, you have to find a way to put them on without getting any runs in them. They are going to feel so tight and confining riding up your legs. They are going to press against your crotch even more, reminding you of your caged dilemma. You are not allowed to put your dress socks back on, either. You have to just put on your shoes and leave the department store and go straight to the lingerie store that is next door.

When you arrive there, you have to ask for Leslie. She is the gorgeous red head. She has a special package waiting for you. Let's just say it will be quite tight, and quite frilly. You will have a struggle putting it on, my slave. If the store is not very crowded, Leslie is

going to allow you to use the dressing room there. There she will take a digital photo and send it to me as proof that you completed your task. My slut in red. You are going to look delightfully nasty. Just seeing the photo of you on my computer will make me ache for what is coming this evening.

You do remember our date, don't you? The date that will have you on all fours, at my mercy, your mouth full of all eight inches.

Your cock is mine. I own you. When you see me this evening, you will greet me appropriately – on your knees, your lips to my ass.

See you soon, my slave.

Mistress Akasha

Aug 2, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Chastity Despair

Chastity Despair

Good morning my corporate slut,

You must feel so absolutely powerless when you look down at your locked up dick. There may be brief moments when you forget about who really owns your cock and balls, but the device is a constant reminder that you are owned property. Your dick is mine. Your balls are mine.

It's as if you walk around that office of yours with my gloved hand clenched tightly around your crotch, tugging and twisting, gripping so tightly just to hear you whimper and see you wince. Or worse, freshly manicured nails biting into tender, shaved flesh around your sensitive crotch.

Perhaps a pair of wet panties will make it even more uncomfortable for you? Freshly masturbated in, sweet pink lace, sealed tightly in a plastic bag and delivered to your office for a nice afternoon ritual. Each day, forcing you to your knees, naked except for the device, where you must remove the panties and worship them for thirty minutes in front of a camera that is viewed by me and anyone else I deem necessary.

Maybe two cameras trained on you; one on your face, and the other zoomed in tightly on your bulging, straining cock in the clear plastic device. Close enough so I can see your balls so tightly stretched, your cock nearly ready to explode in the tight, tight confines of that plastic dungeon. Little drops of white fluid oozing from the tip, the metal lock firmly in place. Yes, I could have a split screen on my computer so I could watch your panty-worship ritual as your cock strains with each task, and I could see first hand how my torture was affecting you.

Ah, maybe I will make it even more difficult for you, streaming a little video of my own as you perform you worshipping task. Imagine your growing discomfort as you are forced to watch a little webcam show of my own, my camera focused on my self-pleasuring as I watch your suffering. Could it be any worse? Could the teasing and denial be any more painful than to watch me enjoy such glorious orgasms, my fingers in my pussy, my vibrator against my clit, my naked body writhing in my chair as I watch you lick the crotch of my soaked panties?

How many times would I cum, watching you suffer such cruel denial?

I could make the show last some time, you know. Thirty minutes may just be the start. Thirty minutes of you on your knees, holding those delicate panties in your hands, starting by kissing the fabric gently, then pressing the moist, scented material to your face. So sweet, so gentle, as compared to my harsh torments of the past, when I would somewhat ruthlessly shove the panties into youth mouth and duct tape it shut.

Not that I might not decide to make you do that as well.

How will you be able to focus when your cock hurts so much in the plastic cage? How will you be able to concentrate when your screen is filled with images of me pleasuring myself, live, as I watch you worship my panties? You know that the more you suffer, the wetter I get, and the cycle continues. As long as I desire.

I could add a little pain and humiliation just to increase my pleasure. I may make you wear something lacy and humiliating and alternate between worshipping my panties and performing an embarrassing little sideshow.

I could make you apply tiny, piercing clothespins to your nipples and inner thighs, then make you beg to remove them.

But really, we both know that getting you on all fours and make you simulate degrading sexual acts is what will push you to the brink of desperation. On all fours, mounting a thick black dildo with your wide open mouth, slurping and sucking until you gag on it, my moist, scented panties a constant reminder of why you must suffer for me. Watching you lick and suck the entire length of the cock will make me want more – will that cock ultimately end up in your ass?

Thoroughly lubricated with your own spit, the cock will still feel huge in your tight "pussy." It's all part of the game for me, you know. Seeing just how much you will take, just how much you will beg for, when you are motivated by my open thighs and sight of my wet pussy. I know that when your cock is stiff and straining in the chastity device, your willpower is nearly gone.

This chastity game of teasing and denial is still only the beginning, though. I imagined there may come a time where orgasms are a faint memory for you. You may find yourself locked in a permanent device in the future, one that allows you no freedom or release at all. When I straddle your face, make you use your tongue to please me, objectify you in front of my girlfriends, the pain in your groin will become so common that you nearly get used to it. The milkings may give you some relief, but who are we kidding?

It will become so bad that you will be willing and eager to do anything for one simple orgasm. And then I will take advantage of you. And I will make you beg for things that are unthinkable.

I believe these panties I am wearing now are just wet enough to be sent….

See you soon.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 2, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Chastity Terror

Chastity Terror

Good morning, my corporate slut.

Now we begin another week of torment, humiliation and suffering – all to make me wet. My girlfriends are getting increasingly curious about this "corporate slut" I mention at our lunches and "girls' night out" evenings. I get questions like, "So what did you make him do this week?" and "So he really does those humiliating things?" – and the want to see pictures, and hear your voice pleading on my voice mail. You are going to be calling my cell phone more this week, because each of my pretty friends has a little request, and they want to hear you responding to them.

The biggest thing they cannot believe is that I keep your dick completely locked up. I showed them pictures of the chastity device and explain how the locks work. They ask if this really is the best way to control a man. Well, what do you think!? Of course it is. I mean, look at the humiliating things I make YOU do to earn just a few moments out of your cage, just a few strokes, anything.

That's the real beauty of the CB-3000 I have you locked in. The day I sent you that cage and the locks, I knew you were in trouble. From that day forward, my goal has been to make every moment a living humiliation for you. Every moment you are reminded that you can't play with your dick, you can't masturbate, you can't cum. All you can look forward to are your weekly milkings, should I allow them, and even those are not pleasurable. Your balls continue to fill and get heavier and heavier, you cock strains painfully in the cage, and all I do is sit back and smile.

I love the pictures you send me of your cock straining in the cage and your balls big and purple. I imagine having you tied down as I

pull up my skirt and hover over your so you can see my wet panties. As I lift my leg and point the 5 inch spiked heel dangerously down at your crotch, lowering it slowly, smiling as you squirm helplessly, my heel getting close to your balls which appear ready to pop. Just a little pressure on your full sac is all it would take. Even that pain and humiliation though would make you squirm and writhe in pleasure, imagining what it would be like to finally shoot your load!

Not a chance!

You are going to stay in painful, locked chastity for as long as I am enjoying it. And your brief moments of supervised masturbation are on camera or in person, so I can watch you look at me desperately, taking only two strokes before you confess you are on the edge and cannot go on any longer. Imagine that! Just wrapping your warm hand around your cock and stroking one time would put you right on the edge. Fluid would be swirling at the top of your cock. I would just smirk at you and take my gloved finger, scoop up the precum and hold it out, ordering you simply, "Suck."

You know what to do.

You would learn forward and eagerly lap at my finger, tasting your own cum juices. It would make your mind wander to the days when you would drink load after load. But at least then you were cumming! Now you can only remember what it was like to explode in orgasm, often with your legs over your head, your cock pulsing as the creamy white fluid shot out in spurts and coated your face. What an experience that was. I still remember standing there watching you, my vibrator between my legs, taunting you, laughing at you, telling you to shoot it into your open mouth, all while manipulating the remote control vibrating plug in your ass that seemed to push the cum harder and harder from your cock.

Nowadays, you are lucky to even touch your cock! Even when you sit down to piss, you are reminded that you gave it up one day and

at the time thought it was a good idea. After all, you were ready to show how devoted you were. Now even my friends are laughing at you, shocked that you would be so foolish to allow that device to be snapped around your dick. Now, your only home for release is to earn it, and you know the challenges I have lined up are too humiliating for even you to face. But trust me, one day, when you are horny enough, you will start to want it. First, you will consider the task and wonder how bad it could be. Then you will eventually be begging for it, begging to see once again how it is to cum. How many days will that be? 75? 115 days? Maybe 200 days? Only time will tell.

But now, weekly, I use different parts of your body. Every hole is for my pleasure, anyway. I have thought about the enema set up I can bring into your office, filling you up and plugging your hole, and then laughing as your cock responds by swelling up in the cage, even as you face the ultimate humiliation of having to hold it while your petite, busty secretary pops into your office for a "quick question." You'll have to find a reason to keep your door locked, I think.

I think about blindfolding you and making you sit in a small, tight box with a hole cut out, and then bringing the men through one at a time to stick their dick in the hole and have you service them fully. If you can't have your own cum on your face, you might as well have someone else's, right? Even as you open your mouth to catch the squirting cum of strange men, you'll find yourself remembering what it was like to cum yourself…so long ego.

And as I milk you, with you helplessly locked down on the milking table with your cheeks spread out and your hips bucking uselessly, I'll just smile and collect the cream for later humiliation. Chastity isn't all that you thought it would be, is it?

But it is for me. I am enjoying it more than anything. I walk around with a huge smile on my face as I shop and talk to my girlfriends, as I have my lover go down on me and worship my pussy. As I coat his

face with my creamy juices I think of my locked up, helpless pussy boy who gets no pleasure at all. I cum again and again, wishing you were forced to watch every lovely, writhing orgasm I have. It would only add to your torture and humiliation.

Look down at your locked up cock once more. You realize, now, that you no longer own it. It's all mine. You can't turn back now. But you would never want to, anyway. This is your place. My chastity whore!

Affectionately,
Mistress Akasha
Keyholder

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Aug 2, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Chastity Train

Chastity Train

Good morning my corporate slut,

On days when you are in chastity, I bet you can't stop thinking about your locked up dick. I have to feel sorry for the poor sluts that get put into chastity and then ignored (not in the good way) by their Mistress. After all, what use is chastity if the bitch is not reminded, constantly, that he can't cum?

Your teasing and denial are going to be so constant, so painful that you will beg me to leave you alone. When I call you on the phone and stop you in the middle of the work afternoon, make you kneel at your desk and suck that huge 8 inch dildo while I pleasure myself to your slurping and choking, you are going to wish I would just – vanish for a little while.

Some peace and quiet? I don't think so. A nice, undersized pink thong riding up your ass crack, delivered courtesy of yours truly, will bring your productive work day to a screeching halt, once again.

Making you strip down, stand next to your desk and slide those panties up your thighs, on cam for me, is going to be just another afternoon in the office – really, when I see your cock, so tightly packaged in that device, I am going to get wet thinking once more about how deep my control is.

Many femdoms lock up a guy and forget about him. Completely. Me? I wake up, and I smile, thinking that your DICK is totally controlled by me. How can this thought not buzz through the mind of any lady who has her whore in chastity!

I am your keyholder. This means that not an hour goes by that I don't smile inside knowing that I hold the release for you and it's in my power completely. I know that you can't even move without feeling that device pulling down on you.

Every time you woefully go into the men's room and squat down on the toilet like a girl, you look down and see your imprisoned dick, you remember what it was like to wank freely. Those days are over!!

A nicely wrapped package arriving at your desk is always going to be met with dread an anticipation. Will I ever just leave you alone? No, never. This time, inside the package, you may find my moist panties, sealed tightly in a plastic bag. Fresh, from this morning.

So wet – the crotch – you wonder what I did with them! Well, you can imagine, I am sure. But it will be even more obvious thanks to the video file I send you. My poor chastity whore, you tremble even when you open the attachments I send, don't you?

A harmless video file? I think not. Close up, with sound, my fingers and my vibe starring alongside my pussy and those panties. The moans, the movements. Wet fingers exploring. All while talking dirty to you, calling you my filthy whore, chastising you for getting hard in your cage (ha!) while you watch. "Slut boy wishes he could cum!?"

How much pain does it cause you when you swell up inside? That's what I wonder. It's a shame I can't see your face when you watch the video and follow the detailed instructions. The orders will be to take the panties and smell them, lick them, worship them, adore them. Then when you are on the brink, ready to crack, the cruelest command of all. Put them over your face, duct tape them in place with the crotch over your nose, then get down on all fours and fuck yourself with the dildo suction-cupped to your filing cabinet.

This may require a little video production of your own. I may enjoy seeing you ram that cock into your ass by backing up again and

again against the dildo that protrudes from your filing cabinet. So horny, I bet you are leaking inside the locked chastity device.

And this is just one more day! Constant reminders that your dick is mine – this is what will fill my otherwise boring day with some delight and excitement. When things start to drain me, I stop and think about your cock, my property, locked up tight. I may call you and whisper to you, tell you how bad I feel for you (ha!) and make you beg on the phone, beg for release, tell me how good it used to feel to just touch it, how pathetic you feel when you sit down to piss.

Your body, your holes, they will all belong to me – this is just part of your chastity training. Without so much of your brain power being focused on your cock and when you can cum, you can now focus on my pussy, my pleasure and my amusement.

So go ahead. It's just another day in the office. Put on those black pantyhose I just sent you, feel how tight they are on your thighs. Walk around a few times, then visit the men's room. Kneel in the stall, take out your dildo (funny imagining you walk around the office hiding it in your suit!) and have a good, long suck.

When will you have relief? Not for a very, very long time.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 3, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Chastity Torture for My Corporate Slut

Chastity Torture for My Corporate Slut

Good morning, my slut.

Today I have a few tasks for you that will take some time this afternoon, so you'd better clear your calendar. I know you are so hard from being in chastity now for 6 days. Believe me, that is nothing. You will be lucky if I let you cum any time this month. I locked on that CB-3000 for a reason – you are going to be reminded once again that your cock is my property, and I am the one that decides whether or not you get to cum and how you cum. No more jerking off in the bathroom at work and not telling me. I know you are a horny bitch and can't keep your hands off yourself, but you'll learn in time.

Now, I bet you are just bulging in that cage around your dick now, and you feel the sharp pinpoints pressing into your tender cockflesh. Your poor, helpless slut. You have a lock on it now, and I have the key. I have the key right here with me. Imagine if I told you I decided to go out of town with a girlfriend – on a whim – for two weeks. Me, and the key. You would have no chance at all for release, none! Not even to take off the CB-3000 and stroke for a little while. Nothing. You know I can do this – I can just disappear with the key and leave you completely desperate and horny….

I bet that bra you are wearing is uncomfortable. You looked so funny this morning when I made you put it on. A pink bra, pink panties and white thigh high stockings. Your caged dick created an awkward bump in the front of the pink lace panties. The bra straps are probably making you feel itchy and uncomfortable. I know you are wearing your coat jacket all day in the office to make sure no one can see. I bet your secretary is wondering why you are being so formal. If she only knew the real reason!

Before I tell you about our shopping plans today, let me remind you what the next two weeks are going to be like. Let me remind you what kind of teasing, denial and humiliation I have in store for you. Because just making you wear a chastity device isn't enough. Just locking a little padlock around a cage on your cock isn't enough. No, I want to make sure you are teased relentless, denied, and left suffering, your cock essentially useless to you.

I am going to make you go down on me every night and every morning, two orgasms each time. You will be locked in my pussy collar, your face pressed against my warmth. You'll be forced to lick me until I decide you can stop, and I might delay my orgasms for quite some time because I know smelling me and tasting me makes you incredibly horny. I will be teasing your caged cock with my feet, rubbing them under your balls and over your locked up dick. To really torture you I might remove the cage for a bit and really slide my feet up and down your stiff cock, collecting the precum on my toes and then shoving them in your mouth. I can get you so close to cumming with just my feet, only to stop and then shove ice cubes up your ass to get rid of your erection so I can lock the cage back on and return the key to its secret hiding place.

There will be some nights that I spend an hour or two sitting on your face, or fucking your ass with my strap on, doing all the things that I know make you desperate for release. Then I will tease you by cumming myself – right in front of you. Masturbating inches from your face, sliding my fingers in and out of my pussy and making you lick them clean. All of this pleasure, and none of it for you.

Today is just one of many days where you will be used for my pleasure, humiliated for me. All the while, you will be getting more and more horny, and more willing to do anything for release. By the end, I will test that myself. I am going to see just how far you are willing to go. It's going to be incredibly nasty. I can't wait.

Today, you are going to meet me at the mall at 1pm. You are going to meet me at Victoria's Secret. I just got back from there and talked to a lovely, curvaceous blonde named Emily. After making quite a large purchase for myself, we got to chatting and one thing led to another. She recognized me from the weekend, when I had you in tow and embarrassed you by holding up the black thong to your hips in the store. She asked me today, out of the blue, "So did the thong fit him?"

I knew right then she was going to be fun. So I won't tell you about the rest of our conversation, but let me assure you she is as devious as she is sexy. You will be meeting us both at 1pm at the Victoria's Secret.

Before you go there, though, you have to go to the makeup counter at Macy's and buy Elizabeth Arden Clear Lip Gloss. You might have to ask for help. You then will have to visit the perfume counter and spray Elizabeth Arden "Red Door" for women on you. You are going to smell quite feminine and pretty, I can assure you. Carrying your cute cosmetic shopping bag with your lip gloss, you will be on your way.

You have to stop at the men's room and put on the lip gloss. Don't worry, it will just make your lips a little shiny. I don't think TOO many people will notice. Well, I know Emily will, because I told her all about it. Actually, that was her idea.

Finally, you will be ready to go to Victoria's Secret to meet me and Emily. She will already have picked out a few ensembles for you – I gave her an idea of what I was looking for, and she said she had some things in mind. I told her I wanted them to be very feminine, complete with stockings and corsets or teddies. Matching thongs or bikini panties also. You are going to have to try them on, and she assures me she will find a way to get you into the dressing room, or, if the store is too crowded, she will bring you back to her office (she is the manager) and you can try them on there. She said some of

the “girls” will be on their lunch break, but she’d clued them in and they’d be happy to watch and give their critiques as well. In fact, word spread in the store and the girls are competing to take their lunch breaks at that time, because none of them want to miss out on the fashion show. “Is a guy really going to try that on!?” one of the college girls asked Emily. She said it’s the highlight of the day for the store. And I’m sure she’s also thrilled with the cash register returns, another reason she is being incredibly accommodating.

So I will be able to sit back and watch all of this with amusement, making you fumble through speaking with her and having her look at you, watch you in your outfits, watch you spin around. Oh, no, I am not going to try to make this easy on you. Not at all. I am going to watch you suffer the complete humiliation of being in front of all the girls there. Two, maybe three of them, eating their lunch and watching you try the various outfits on.

I have no idea what these salesgirls are going to think when they watch you try on stockings, bras, camisoles, chemises. Maybe they will ask you questions about it. Whatever they do, I am sure you will be on your best behavior.

I wonder what Emily is going to say when she sees the contraption locked around your cock. I am sure she will gasp, and probably start laughing. She will see the actual lock and I’m sure get the picture, but I know she will want to know all about it.

After you finish your fashion show and I select the purchases, we are going to return to our house for a little while before you go back to the office. At home, I plan to make you try on one of the outfits again so I can have my little playtime, treating you like a sissy whore and using you appropriately. I plan to pull down your new panties and pull up my skirt to reveal my black latex cock, ready to penetrate you. I’ll bend you over the couch and spread your legs apart, grabbing your hair at the back of your head and pushing my cock into you mercilessly.

It will be a fast, hard fuck. Then, you'll have to compose yourself and return to the office to complete your work day. All locked up, your cock painfully throbbing inside the confines of the cage.

I will see you soon.

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 3, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Cocksucking for my Corporate Slut

Cocksucking for my Corporate Slut

Good morning, my corporate slut.

I enjoyed watching you work out last night. I suppose that's one of the things about you that really turns me on. It's that no one in the gym would ever guess that when you get home, you'll be slipping into a skin tight pair of red satin panties that barely cover your dick. That at the snap of my fingers, you will drop to your knees and wrap your lips around my latex cock, bobbing tauntingly at my hips on my strap on harness. No one would think that in a million years.

It's a huge turn on that you are all man, without a doubt, but you will abandon your masculinity for me, you will become a 'sissy' for me, you will even prance around in a bra and panties for me. That you will flaunt your fine ass in a black thong that rides up your crack, that you will put lipstick on and kiss up my thighs until you get to the base of my latex cock and start nuzzling my balls. Would your co-workers believe this? Not in a million years!

(It's a good thing I have pictures in case I ever have to prove it, ha ha!)

There are no doubts in my mind that you are 100% straight. Even when I am watching my black cock pumping your asshole. I have no doubt you are all man when I am pounding my dick into your ass and slapping your butt cheeks and calling you my "cunt" and telling you how tight your pussy is. I have no doubt you are all man even when you are deep throating my cock better than any female porn star I have seen. You have brought sucking cock to a new level; you can suck cock better than most women, and I love it.

I love it that you are addicted to drinking cum. Remember when you hated the taste of it? Those days are over! You guzzle cum like you need it to survive. I can still see you in my mind from the other night, kneeling down in a sexy corset and thigh high stockings, slurping up your goopy white cum from my boots. You did not leave a drop. Yes, you are a cum drinker. But I know you're straight.

I guess that's why it makes me so hot thinking of you sucking a real dick. Sucking a huge flesh cock right in front of me. Seeing you on your knees, all slutty and sissified, blindfolded.

Blindfolded after being DUPED into sucking real cock. After you were bound and could not see and were sucking my strap on like you always do, sucking down all nine inches of it, not knowing I had a man in the room and you were about to get a big surprise. Switching from my latex dick to the real thing – live, right in front of me. Ooooh, I love to touch my pussy, to use my vibrator, imagining you sucking a real, warm, salty dick right in front of me. You would just keep on sucking because that is what you have been trained to do. You will gag on that huge, real cock because you want to keep pleasing me – and you'd hear my vibrator and hear me on the edge and imagine the taste of my pussy. You would just keep going.

You'd do it because I know you aren't into sucking real cock. You are into sucking real cock for me. That's the difference.

You will suck a real cock if I tell you to. You will suck all the cock I set up for you, if I take you to a party and you think it's just like last time, just the girls and their big latex dicks. You will do whatever it takes to please me.

If it means guzzling down a load of real cum other than your own, you'll open your throat and take it all, or I will make the guy shoot his load on your face. You will do whatever it takes to please me. If I want to see you suck dick, you will.

Sometimes, my slut, I need to remind you that you will do as I say. Sometimes, my bitch, I get new ideas, and new fantasies. I like to push your limits. I do think about having you tied down and having another man fuck me, just so you can clean out my pussy. I do think about you sucking a real dick-how can I not, after seeing you so hornily go after my cock like you needed it to survive.

The fact that you will go against every fiber in your body to get me off is what makes you such a remarkable slut. That's why I have chosen you to be my slave.

Just remember that, my cocksucker.

And be thirsty tonight.

Mistress Akasha

Aug 4, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Clean Up Whore

Clean Up Whore

Good morning my corporate slut,

You know I love to surprise you when I come visit you in the office. Today I have some special plans for our visit, so I want you to be dressed and appropriately horny. By dressed, of course, I mean stripped; stripped out of your corporate clothes and into the lingerie that is underneath, the lingerie you so delicately put on this morning for me. I love it when you wear the black thigh high stockings, black panties and black bra; I think this brings out the true whore in your personality, and I can even see it in the way you walk.

It makes me wonder if sometimes the ladies around your office know when you are a little bitch underneath your corporate suit. Can they see it in the way you walk, the way your hips move? Can they tell you are wearing a thong when you bend over to get into a filing cabinet, when you take an imaginary golf swing in the corporate boardroom? I bet every time one of those flirtatious, sweet, sexy young ladies in the office flirts with you, you wonder if I have emailed them and told them what you were wearing underneath that expensive suit. Do you wonder if I have sent them photographs of you getting ready in the morning? How humiliating would it be for them to see you as you are – raw, in those sexy thigh high stockings and garters, bent over with your ass spread wide, lips wrapped around my latex cock, begging for more violation?

Ahh, my mind is wandering. You know how I can get some time. When I visit you today, you will know just how insatiable I am. It may seem, at first, like a mostly romantic, almost sweet visit. I plan to come into your office and close the door, then make you watch as I slowly strip out of my sharp business suit, slipping off my heels, rolling down my stockings. You will have to watch, patiently, as I

slide the bra straps off my shoulders and remove my bra, standing before you in only red satin panties.

That will be your cue to get down on your knees in front of your desk. I am going to walk around, sit on top of your desk facing you, and push you back just a bit with my feet on your shoulders. I'll be able to lean back, propping myself up on my elbows on your desk, legs open wide, and order you to do what you are so good at. You'll perhaps have a little timed test, if I am in the mood, challenging you to bring me to orgasm within a certain time frame using only your tongue.

Maybe I will make you work right through the crotch of my red panties, making your tongue work hard. Maybe I will have you pull my panties off using your teeth only. I haven't quite decided yet. But as you go down on me, like the good little pussy whore you are, you will notice quite quickly what is different about it.

You see, my little corporate slut, you are going to realize very quickly that you were not my first little "office visit" today. In fact, you'll realize immediately as you slip your tongue into my pussy and taste the creamy cum that you are merely doing the clean up work for one of your associates. Imagine that! Yes, my slut, you will be forced to clean it all up – every drop of cum from my pussy. And if you recoil or grimace or give me any hesitation, you can bet I will grip my fist painfully in your hair, wrenching your head, and pushing you against my pussy with a forceful, "Clean it up, bitch."

Yes, you are my clean up bitch today. I will be fucked quite properly, quite intensely by a very, very attractive and well hung man in your office. I won't tell you who, of course, because I don't want to create any unnecessary tension. But I can assure you, he's got a huge cock, and I've made sure he waited days and days to cum, so the load will be very large. And you will eat every drop of it out of my pussy like a good little clean up bitch, your cock growing in your

tight panties, your balls aching for release. Perhaps I will make you describe to me what the cum tastes like…

Even better, though, I might make you perform a more humiliating act. If I am hot enough from your tongue worship, if I have decided not to cum, I might pick up your phone and invite "Ted" into your office. You'll be blindfolded first (and I will so enjoy watching you blindfold yourself!) and stripped into your lingerie, forced to kneel in the corner, and wait for his arrival.

Ted, of course, will say nothing, but you will hear him enter and hear the jingling of his belt, unzipping of his trousers. And you, my poor little office bitch, will just kneel there like a useless pussy, in your lingerie, your cock growing helplessly in your panties. You will remain there as Ted prepares to fuck me once more, right on your desk. If I am especially horny and cruel, I may make you open wide and take Ted's big dick in your mouth. I can sit back in your big leather office chair and recline, enjoying the show, watching Ted pump his hips forcefully as his thick dick slides in and out of your trained mouth. I won't want him to cum just yet, though, because I want that cock inside me; I will want him to fuck me deep, one more time, this time, just a few feet away from you while you wait for your clean up duty….

Is this terribly cruel and degrading? Probably. But you must know there's a reason I've been having you practice sucking on my strap on dildo so diligently for all these years. Deep down, I long to see you suck dick for me, to suck the cock of a man who is about to fuck me. And then, have to clean my pussy afterward. I consider it both the ultimate act of devotion, and the nastiest act a whore can perform.

You may find yourself terrified and humiliated at the thought. But don't lie to yourself. Your panties are tight right now, your balls are aching at the thought of it, and your mouth waters as you imagine the taste of my pussy juices combined with his fresh, creamy cum….

Lunch could not come fast enough. Admit it…

See you soon,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 4, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Cocksucking Monday

Cocksucking Monday

Good morning my slut,

You'll be pleased to know that I am going to release you from chastity for a brief time today. Your cock – my property – has been encased in that CB-3000 now for 24 days. My poor slut, your balls are completely full and you are aching with desire and need. I was considering taking you for a formal milking at one of the most talented professional femdoms in town, but instead I decided to give you a little treat.

Of course, the treat is actually for me. Once again I am going to be fulfilling one of my favorite fantasies, and you are the object of it. You are going to once again be forced to please me by surrendering completely, enduring acts of humiliation just to get me off. I look forward to seeing the hesitation in your eyes, hearing the trembling in your voice and see you so degraded that perhaps even your neglected cock shrivels up and deems you unable to cum.

Can you imagine!? That would be the ultimate humiliation – you being unable to even get hard in anticipation of the release you are finally granted.

So, I have sent a package by courier to you. The most important thing is in that package – the key to the lock that holds your chastity device in place. Right now I bet you are bulging in the cage, oozing precum, already thinking about how good it is going to feel to finally be able to cum. Not so fast, my slut.

The key is not the only thing arriving in the package. You'll also find a container from the freezer that holds something very familiar to

you. Yes, your own cum. I've packed it in ice but you'll want to remove it as soon as it arrives, then wait patiently for it to thaw out.

You'll be waiting for a good three or four swallow-fulls of cum (do you like the way I measure it?), knowing what it is going to be used for. All these days of being horny, trapped, caged, teased and denied – they have all led up to this point, the day that you are going to perform like a whore for me and show me how you will do anything to be allowed release.

While you're waiting for the cum to thaw, you have to set up your web cam and get it ready. Your performance is going to be shown live to me – and any of my female friends I share the address with – later this afternoon. I hope you aren't feeling camera shy.

There are a few things you will have to do on camera leading up to when I will allow you release. First, you are going to have to dress in full lingerie, including high heels and a bra. I want fine silk stockings on you, garters, and a lace bra. You'll also have to put on lipstick, because your performance is going to start with some eager cocksucking.

On camera, you are going to have to get down on your knees with your large, flesh colored dildo and slowly pour the defrosted cum all over the cock. I want to see you actually pour the milky white fluid, which I'm sure will be full of sticky globs, over the length of the shaft. When you start sucking, you'll get a mouthful of cum.

This is going to turn me on more than anything. Up close, on cam, it will look like you are sucking a real dick. Seeing your red lips wrapped around the cock, lapping up the cum, I'll be enjoying every minute of it.

As you suck, just keep in mind that I own your cock. Keep in mind that I will have the right to revoke your ability to cum. I can change my mind at any time. You have to perform well for me, my slut. I want to see you gobble down the cum, licking it off the balls of the

dick and any drops that fell to the floor or on your hands. You have to lick your fingers clean one at a time.

Your cocksucking performance will last at least 20 minutes. That's how long it takes for you to really get going, to get that cock pumping in and out, all the way down your throat. You'll be moaning and slurping and groaning, and I'll enjoy every minute of the show.

If I am satisfied, I'll allow you to get the key and unlock the CB-3000 and remove it. Your cock will be bulging and throbbing, the tip coated and glistening. The cocksucking inevitably will turn you on even more, because I know you like to have dick in your mouth.

You'll have to confess on camera to me how much you love to suck cock. Practice saying these words now, out loud. You'll have to say, "I love to suck cock. I'm a huge cocksucker. I like the feeling of a stiff dick in my mouth." This will be your pledge to me before I allow you to cum.

I hope you're feeling flexible today, because I am going to make you point the camera down toward the floor and order you there. You'll have to remain in your slutty lingerie as you get down on your back against the wall. You know what's coming next, don't you?

First, you have to insert a vibrating plug in your ass. You'll need to lube it up well on camera, then insert it and turn it on. This will just get you started, I'm sure. Your dick will stiffen and start bobbing. Then, you'll be ready.

I'm going to make you put your legs up over your head and brace them against the wall as your rub the bulge in your panties. You'll have to keep the vibrating plug in your ass as you jerk off, keeping the panties on and letting the precum soak them.

It won't take long, I'm guessing, before you're absolutely on the edge, crying out desperately for release. That's when you'll have to tell me again – tell me what a cocksucker you are, tell me how you

would suck dick for me whenever I want it. You're going to have to convince me of this before I allow you to cum.

When I do allow you to cum, you will have to cum all over your face. I want you to squirt your load directly down and toward your open mouth. There is going to be so much cum shooting from you after all these days, I'm sure your face will be covered and your mouth will be full. What a sight that will be.

Now, I haven't decided how long I'm going to make you remain with cum all over your face. I may make you let it dry in your hair, on your lips. You'll have to show me on the camera just how much cum you produced, and then I'll make a decision.

The best part of all, though, will be when I make you put the CB-3000 back on and once again lock it. Soon, the key will be in my possession again. This time, I will probably make you wait longer.

The only difference is that you WILL endure regular milkings. I've already started setting up the process. You're going to feel more owned than ever, my slave.

I will "see" you soon. I can't wait for the show,

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

Aug 5, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Coffee Cum for my Corporate Slut

Coffee Cum for my Corporate Slut

Good morning, my corporate slut,

It has been 23 days since you last came. Does it seem that long to you? I could tell by the wet spot in your panties this morning that you are readily turned on at the drop of a hat. You just took one look at my ass as I put on my panties and that was it. Immediately, I saw the bulge increasing and had to laugh to myself. You are ruled by that thing!

My whore, I have good news. I am going to let you cum today! You are going to get to do it, and I have put my digital camera in your briefcase. You see, I want a video of the process. I want to see you jerking off, see you shooting your load.

I want to see you first strip out of your corporate outerwear and model your lingerie for me. I want you to twirl and show me your black thong panty, your black thigh high stockings and garters. I want to see your ass, you will have to bend over, and spread your ass cheeks for me to show me that you are still plugged. For good measure, you have to reach around and push it in even deeper; you know how I love to hear you moan.

You have to stuff your bra to give you some nice shape, and then put on the silk black chemise I sent in your briefcase. Time to model again! I bet you will look spectacular in your sweet lingerie. I can just picture it. Oh, I should show up and see this modeling in person! I would bring my leather bag of "tricks" and enjoy a little afternoon torment – oh how I love to bend you over and fuck your ass when you are wearing a sexy chemise or baby doll. I wouldn't even undress you, just pull it up and yank down your thong and shove my latex dick into your tight pussy hole. I love that feeling of

tension and resistance as the head of my cock pushes through for the first time, and I love to move my hands all over the soft, feminine material. I'd reach around and play with your titties as I fucked you like a girl, slapping your ass and making you beg for me to fuck you harder.

What a sissy I have turned you into! I might even put some lipstick on you and make you suck the heels of my boots like the tramp you are. I would sit in your nice leather office chair and recline back, picking up your phone to call my friends to make plans for the weekend. Meanwhile, you'd be on your hands and knees in the black chemise and stockings, sucking the stiletto heel like a slut. I could leisurely slide my heel in and out of your mouth and watch with subtle amusement – you know how hot I find it when you suck on my shoe and boot heels. Let's hope they aren't too dirty….

My slut, your cock must be bulging in your panties right now, pulling the thong up your ass crack. You must have a big bulge in your trousers. I picture you there squirming with the plug in your ass, aching to cum after 23 long days. You are going to get to cum now, slut, but get the camera ready.

First you have to do your fashion show, then you have to cum in a special way for me. You have to make sure your door is locked and you have a fresh cup of coffee waiting. I want you to be in your lingerie only, and pull up your chemise – -make sure you get a hot photo of your chemise pulled up, the tops of your stockings visible and your cock popping out of the thong, dripping pre-cum.

I want you to slowly stroke your cock right there over your desk, working yourself up until the pre-cum is coating your skin. I want to see it glistening. You have to lick up the pre-cum, lick it off your fingers. Finally, when you shoot your load, you have to shoot it into the coffee cup. Right into your coffee.

How about a little cream, slut?

You have to cum into the office (I want this on film) and stir it up, then I want to see you take the first drink. Mmmm!! How does that taste, slut!? I am wet with anticipation, I can't wait to see this video, see the look of humiliation and dread on your face.

You then have to save the rest for later. At least 15 minutes. You have to get back into your work clothes and go about your work, knowing that the cum-filled coffee is waiting for you. You have to drink it all and take a picture of the empty glass when you are finished, and send it to me.

My slut, you don't know how turned on I am thinking about the disgust you are going to feel about drinking your cum-filled coffee. You are such a whore for me, though, I know you will do anything to cum-and this is your task for the day.

Enjoy it, because when you get home tonight I am going to lock you in the CB-3000 and keep you in teased, tormented chastity for at least 45 days. You will not be allowed to cum until you've suffered greatly, and I have a few parties planned in the meantime. That means you are going to be shared…whored and used, but not allowed to cum.

I can't wait to receive your pictures and videos. See if you can make me cum from them, slut.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 5, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Commodity

Commodity

Good morning my corporate slut,

I heard a sweet word come across your lips the other day, and it stuck with me. The word, I think, was "commodities." Of course, I don't remember anything else you said after that or what you were even talking about. By then, I was already in my pleasant little masturbatory fantasy land, pondering something entirely different.

I wanted a whole new level of objectification.

In essence, I decided right then and there that I would be turning you, my treasured corporate slut, into a "commodity." You already know how turned on I get about using you in ways that turn your body into an object, make you into a simple batch of "holes" for the use of my friends and partygoers.

But it had to be something different, something more extreme.

Not just putting your fine body in the sexiest, most uncomfortable pink lace. The thigh high stockings that make your legs look so tight. The lace bra that digs uncomfortably into your shoulder blades but makes me squirm with delight. The thong that rides up your ass crack so you are hesitant to even get up from your desk to get coffee.

It's not just the discomfort and how ridiculously and deliciously uneasy you are when dressed up so sexy for me underneath your corporate shell.

It's the idea that you will be reduced to a commodity – for me – a piece of currency to be bought, sold and traded for merchandise or

cash. It's the idea of reducing you to a piece of sexual meat, and knowing that I will attract high value because I have trained you to be such an efficient cocksucker, such an unwavering cum-bucket, and so willing to take any kind of sexual humiliation in order to put a smile on my face.

Knowing that you will drop everything in a moment's notice, drop to your knees, and become my slave again is what makes me so hot and wet. Because this is such a contrast to your powerful, confident corporate demeanor, I find myself sometimes unable to stop thinking about it.

It's time, I think, to see what you'd do as a true commodity. There's a fetish party coming up in two weeks, and I have it all planned out.

I know when you read this, you are either nervous and excited, or your cock is dripping in your pink panties. When you return from work this evening, I am going to do a very close inspection. I expect those panties to be soaking wet, and you will kneel down and lick them out in front of me in order to earn the right to hear the full details of the party. But for now, I will share a few of my plans.

**

In order to turn you into a mere commodity, the appropriate dress must be selected. I decided you are going to wear nothing but your locking cock cage and a tight red panty. You will be wearing a collar and leash of course, and the hood will be spectacular.

The hood is special to me because I picked it out with this event in mind. There aren't even eyeholes; it's got a built-in blindfold. You will be seeing NOTHING the whole evening. You will be locked in darkness from the moment we get out of the car, and the only holes are two small nose holes and an optional opening for the mouth.

Since you are a commodity, I expect to get a lot of traded value for the use of your mouth – so I wanted that open. Blindfolded, on a

leash, you are going to be led around the party and overhear me offer your mouth and ass in exchange for goods and cash. I won't tell you how this party theme came together, but I can assure you that you will hear me negotiating with women and couples about the value of your dick sucking, and at times I will be lifting a "show dildo" to your lips and ordering a quick demo at the request of the other guests.

You are to obey everything immediately and passionately, because if I am ever turned down by a potential customer, it will mean the inflatable plug in your ass is expanded a little more. Until, of course, you cannot take it any longer. Will I miss those tear stained cheeks underneath the confines of the relentless leather hood? Shame.

The highlight of the evening will be when I watch you endure the close of the transaction. On all fours, your ass and mouth open for use, dual dildos from gloriously full figured women in strapons, riding you until their own orgasms. Your capability to take a large, thick dildo for hours will fetch me a nice reward. The entire evening, you will not see a thing – your evening will be measured by the feel of a big cock in your mouth or slapping your cheek to get your attention, or the laughter of the women as they see you assume your position on all fours or on your back with your knees pulled up to your chest.

When we get home at the end of the evening and I remove the hood, I expect to see swollen lips from a long night of sucking cock, and perhaps a few dried tears. The outside of the hood may be stained with cum from various facial shots, but I am sure, as a last act of devotion, you will clean it up with your tongue.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 6, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Composure

Composure

Good morning my corporate slut,

I enjoy spying on your in your little protective bubble of the "corporate world."

Being a consultant makes it very convenient. I can attend these very serious meetings and sit across the room from you, watch you, think incredibly inappropriate things and no one would know.

It's all official business. I can even call the meeting, you know. With one quick phone call and a stated "potential community problem" I could have the top executives of your company all lined up in the conference room, and have my team present a long list of "what ifs," just so I can stare across the conference room table and imagine you on all fours sucking my cock.

What is it about taking you from these conservative, professional scenarios and turning you into a total whore for me? Why are the fantasies so much hotter when I observe you in your – how shall I say – "natural environment"?

When I see you sitting there in your suit, looking so professional and so strong, so manly and commanding, I have trouble sometimes imagining that you are the same little whore who wears tight pink panties for me, looks awesome in thigh high stockings, and will beg to lick my toes.

I find it hard to imagine that even as recent as two hours prior, you were on all fours with your ass in the air, spreading your own butt cheeks and begging me to invade your tight cherry "pussy" with my largest black dildo.

When you take control in the meeting, when you back off the detractors, when you resume order after a few of your younger colleagues get off track, I remind myself that this is the same man who whimpers and pleads for the opportunity to lick, suck and worship my cock. I remind myself that you look incredible when you are crawling to me on all fours, looking longingly at my strap on cock, ultimately begging for the opportunity to suck it for hours.

How can this be the same man?

When I think about this, from across the room, I feel my panties getting wet. I feel the ache in my pussy, I feel my face getting flushed. My cheeks get hot. I find myself not thinking about the matters at hand, but thinking about your tongue between my legs, your cheeks against my thighs. The soft whimpers I can get from you when I pull your hair as you worship my pussy.

I think horribly inappropriate thoughts for a professional meeting, I will admit.

The best moments, though, are when I catch you in the most intense state of serious concentration, when I know that your mind is completely focused. When I can tell that you have somehow managed to get your mind off the fact that I am sitting across from you, possibly pleasuring myself under the board room conference table thanks to careful placement of my coat.

I see your deep concentration and it makes me want to violate you. I want to break that concentration. I want to prove to you and to myself that I can make you tremble, make you sweat and even make you cry; the look of concentration is almost like a challenge to me.

Who would have thought such a simple thing could put me in such a frenzy? When I see you looking so serious and unshakable, my thoughts immediately go to developing a very intense and degrading scenario for you.

I imagine how soon I will have you strapped down, immobile. The restraints will be thorough and diabolical. Like something out of one of my SALS stories; something extreme. Rubber shackles holding you down spread-eagled, or a tight leather straitjacket combined with heavy chain across your chest to keep you on your back.

Legs spread wide – uncomfortably wide. Naked from the waist down, so you feel especially vulnerable (unable to lift your head and even see what I have in store for your cock and balls, or what I may do to your ass).

The point of this exercise – of making you so helpless – is so that I may take my desired, comfortable position of sitting on your face. Smothering you. Not allowing you an ounce of freedom, nor the ability to breathe. Unless I am persuaded to allow you – via your eager licking, your desperate whimpers or your subtle but detectable body movements that do so much to turn me on.

The struggling is what will save you. Ironic, isn't it? As you sit there in the corporate meetings across from me, doing your best to remain so calm and collected, I spin the ideas in my mind that will ultimately leave you desperately helpless and struggling under the pressure of my ass. Smothering you, destroying your calm demeanor, simply because the thrashing about that comes with needing to breathe is what makes me so incredibly wet.

How much composure will you have? How long will it last? You know I delight in peeling away your comfort and pride, a little strip at a time. When you finally give up and your little struggling turns into desperate wriggling, you'll be pushing me right over the edge. Even though it is my ass, not my pussy that is smothering you, I'll just need to reach down between my legs to bring myself to orgasm, cumming all over your face as you remain there, helpless.

When you look at me from across a crowded board room, and I smile at you, you know now what I am thinking.

Don’t be surprised if there’s a little ‘emergency meeting’ called today, my corporate slut.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 6, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Kinky Kidnapping

Kinky Kidnapping

Good morning my corporate slut,

Every now and then I have to do something that is truly diabolical.

Sometimes it's mostly about the planning. You have no idea how many orgasms I have simply during the preparation stages of the plot I have in store for you. Perhaps I am buying some new toys, maybe I am getting together with girlfriends over drinks to discuss how we are going to pull it off. Maybe when you are sound asleep, I am next to you with my fingers between my legs, eyes closed, imagining how it is all going to play out. Sometimes these little diabolical plans of mine never see the light of day.

Other times, though, they do. Like this time. This little plan of mine – I call it my Christmas present to myself – has been in planning for months now. It's been the reason for a dozen lovely orgasms just this week as I felt the last pieces of gear in my fingertips and made the final arrangements on the plot. You probably noticed I've been smiling a lot more lately and I've been somewhat secretive about what is going on this coming weekend. All of that is not a coincidence.

It's not a coincidence that I've kept you in tight chastity for three weeks now. It's not a coincidence that I've milked you increasingly during the time period, and now we are up to twice a day, as painful as that is for you. I know that you strain when the cage comes off and the device is pushed deep into your ass, and you grimace so beautifully when the creamy white cum drips from your nearly useless cock. It all seems so routine now. Or does it? I suppose you probably could never get used to having your cum milked from your body, devoid of absolutely any pleasure.

Regardless, there is a reason for this, and a reason for all the planning I've enjoyed so much. You see, my slut, it's been far too long since I have abducted you. Since I have put all the effort behind a true, painful, realistic kidnapping that leaves you feeling so completely helpless and afraid that I have to silence your pleading and whimpers by sitting on your face and making you surrender to the most important thing you know; my pussy, and my pleasure.

There's something about reducing you to a complete victim, a toy, a helpless man, through surprise and restraint. Whether I have to drug you, use friends, or even use people I hire to overpower you and put you into shackles, spreader bars and ultimately a tightly laced hood over your head. You will never know how it is going to come to be. In fact, you won't even know when it is going to happen. I'm only going to tell you that it will be happening in the next thirty days. And, that when it does happen, you are going to simply disappear for 48 hours. Disappear from work, from your friends and your family. Disappear to a dark, lonely place where you will be stripped down to nothingness, retrained to my specifications, face the ultimate dark corners of humiliation and come out of it with a new level of devotion to me.

You can see why my pussy aches when I think about these plans. It's not even the 48 hours and what I have in store for you, it's the image of you writhing, struggling to get free, kicking your legs, crying out for help, as the restraints are applied and you find yourself totally helpless. You know I will be watching. You won't be able to see me. But I will be close by. I will be there, in a short latex skirt, a gloved hand sliding up my thigh to my pussy. I may finger myself just enough to bring moisture to your lips and let you have a taste, to remind you once again that there's a reason for your suffering.

Or, perhaps, I may choose to abduct you in a very special way, where my assistants pull you down and pin you from behind as I place my moist panties tightly over your nose and mouth, applying

the duct tape so quickly and deftly that you cannot even manage a muffled whimper before you're silenced. The scent of my pussy will overwhelm you. Every time you inhale, you'll be assaulted with the knowledge of how aroused I was; those panties, taped over your face, just came from between my legs, after all. My own little special drugged panties, so to speak, designed to make you succumb, stop struggling, and allow the last of the shackles to be locked into place. From there, though, you are really doomed.

It's a dark, dreary little place I have picked out for your seclusion. I wanted it to be far away, I wanted it to be scary and intimidating. The floors, the walls, the ceilings are equipped with eye hooks so that I can fasten the shackles, the sunken bath tub has metal bars that I can bind you do for your bathing. The dining area is equipped with a cage that you will find yourself in at meal time, earning every little scrap of food. When we sleep, you will realize your place again at the foot of the bed, restrained in the clothing I select for you, my vibrating plug deep in your ass, reminding you again that your holes are for my use.

Perhaps the best part of all will be that you have no idea when it will end. You have no idea what friends I have invited to participate. You have no idea which limits of yours I will so deliciously push, leaving you frightened and vulnerable, each time, lowering my pussy on your face as a reminder that there is a reward. I look forward to your pleading between my thighs, your muffled whimpers as I squeeze my legs tight enough together that I nearly choke you. I look forward to the look in your eyes when you realize you must accommodate my new, largest dildo, both in my harness and in my hand, both in your mouth and in your ass.

Rest assured, this time will be mine. Mine to use you, for my pleasure and my pleasure alone. I can give you no advice other than that you need to be prepared. And if you are going to struggle, make sure you do it in a way that makes me wet. After all, those

panties are going to find their way into your mouth, I can assure you. You might as well make them very, very wet.

Affectionately.

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 7, 2018Slave Girl Simone

High Cost of Inflation: The Blow Up Doll

High Cost of Inflation: The Blow Up Doll

Good morning my corporate slut,

It's all about calculated risks, isn't it?

You knew it was a risk seeing me. You knew it was a risk becoming my slave and my property – because when I am in this mood, you know that I will get what I need and lust for at all costs. Even if you are busy in your conservative, corporate office.

I had this idea of totally encasing you in skin tight latex. Maybe, even, turning you into a latex bimbo-type doll – with just holes to use. Totally sexualized, leaving you immobilized and objectified, turned into a sluttily dressed inflatable doll to share and pass around at parties!

The painted lips shaped in a permanent "O" – perfect for accommodating all shapes and sizes of dildos and cocks. The opening at your sweet, tight "pussy" – allowing the ladies to inspect and impale you at their whim, while you remained totally immobilized and helpless behind the neoprene shell.

You know I saw this latex "doll" catsuit/outfit at a high end fetish site out of Germany and I went ahead and ordered it. They have asked me for some rather invasive measurements for not only your body, but your "holes" – and so today, we will be having a bit of a fitting party!

You are to be measured and prodded, and thoroughly inspected, and it's about time we did this anyway. I remember the first time I made you succumb to a degrading "inspection ritual" in your office. It was when your building was still downtown, and the walls were so thin,

we could hear the ringing phones and chatter of the secretaries even as I had you on all fours, naked, as I prodded and examined your mouth.

Remember how degraded you were when I rated each part of your body, including the full inspection of your cock, before it would become my permanent property? The ruler, and the shriveled, tight balls, the fear, and the cold in the air. You were so humiliated, your skin was hot, everywhere but your crotch!

On all fours, when I made you spread your own ass cheeks so I could insert a measure-type rod into your ass. So tight, the lube was freezing cold, and the yelp caused a hush in the office on the other side of the walls. I bet they thought that was me and we were squealing in sex – little did they know, you were on all fours getting impaled with a rod, your ass spread, and weights hanging from your balls.

Stretching out your mouth. I was wearing latex gloves, I remember, and I was testing to see just how large a cock – both flaccid and thick – you could accommodate. Shoving, stuffing, until you gagged and choked on it, and I just looked at you with a joking sympathetic smile – meanwhile, my panties were soaking!

I joked that we needed to do these inspections monthly. I should have kept that up. It has been way too long – and now, since I am purchasing the Slutty Blow Up Doll outfit for you, the all-latex, inflatable encasement – I will be coming in to measure you and prod your "holes" in a very thorough, and very degrading manner!

And to make sure I have not missed anything, the entire process will be on cam, streamed to Lexi, the sexy owner of the shop overseas, who will be making sure I get every last bit of information required. I told her you'd be very embarrassed but also probably aroused, and she got a chuckle out of that and said she may invite a few of the office girls at her manufacturing plant over to take a look at you.

Who knows, you may end up modeling the "Blow Up Doll" outfit for her site eventually!

Because the whole point of the full body suit is to transform you into an inanimate "sex doll," it is important that all your available "holes" are measured perfectly. She asked me how far you were willing to go in this area, and I told her that ALL of your holes were going to be made available to my paying customers, my girlfriends, and perhaps even strangers at sex clubs. This excited her.

I will be bringing the measuring tape, but also a set of inflatables for your ass before I do the final measurement. I want to first make sure you are able to accommodate the largest, thickest cocks in both your ass and mouth – and for that reason, I think the best thing to do will be to insert, inflate, and let you remain that way before inflating more and more. I plan to see how much I can stretch your holes so I know just how much they will be able to take.

Plan to feel very stuffed in both ends as the dildo grows and grows – and I expect a number that will impress me, Lexi, and her entire staff!!

I'll also be measuring your thighs, hips, and even down around your ankles; you see, this latex cocoon will be so form-fitting that it will be like a second skin. Once you are encased in it, a compressor sucks the air out. Your waist will be in a thin but resilient cincher corset underneath, and your chest will be fitted with realistic but incredibly large boobs. The result? A figure to die for – this lovely, shapely slut you will be turned into will make you look both lifeless and irresistible at the same time!

Unable to move, you will be propped in the corner of my city flat as my friends arrived, and I wonder if I can even pass you off as a real sex doll! When I add the thick wig of blonde, big hair and put the high heels and gloves on, you will look strangely lifelike yet latex all

at the same time. Your mouth, in a distinct and permanent “O” shape will signal your readiness to serve!

Of course, I could say the same about your hard cock, but Lexi assures me it will be tucked under, with a pressurized self inflating pad pressed so tightly against your crotch that any trace of male bulge will be gone. For added security, she tells me we can add dozens of sharp pins on the inside, so any stiffness will be met with excruciating pain.

You won’t be able to talk to signal distress, though. What a shame. If the pain in your crotch becomes inconceivable, perhaps a silent little tear will come rolling down your latex face.

Careful though, we wouldn’t want you to ruin your make up.

I will see you soon to take your measurements, my soon-to-be-Blow-Up-Doll!

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha
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Aug 7, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Covering the Spread

Covering the Spread

Good morning my corporate slut,

You know I am not much for gambling unless it is your ass that is on the line. Or your freedom. Or perhaps days and days – and months – of potential chastity. That makes it much more compelling to me than mere money, after all.

And I don't care about most sports, either. Especially football. And don't even get me started on numbers. Again, things I could give a damn about.

But give me some terminology like "covering the spread" and a sinister game I can play where you sweat it out watching your favorite past time – well, then I am all game, as they say.

**

Of course I have fun around Super Bowl Time when I humiliate you in the worst way by making you wear panties and thigh high stockings and serve cocktails to my girlfriends on arguably the "manliest" sports day of the year, sometimes not even letting you watch the game, or simply making you suck cock for every penalty flag, field goal or touch down.

Or shoving my cock in your ass for every quarterback "sack."

But the idea, now, that I can add my own little "spread" torture every time your team doesn't "cover the spread" – so they say – makes the sport entirely more fascinating to me.

**

Any excuse, right?

As if I need an excuse to order you down on your hands and knees and force you to watch me as I methodically strap on my leather harness, making you look into my eyes, then gaze at my cock as I lubricate it slowly and deliberately.

I enjoy watching you get unevitablty hard. Then I humiliate you for it. I like laughing at you for getting an erection at the sight of a "hard dick," even if it's mine. I find it so amusing that sometimes you don't get hard right away, but as soon as I start stroking and the lube makes the familiar "squish squish" sound, you swell right up! Like Pavlov's dog!

What a pussy you are! You love cock in your ass, so much, that the mere sight of my prepping my member gets you going. So I don't need a "sports bet" or a "spread bet" to make you take it up the ass, I know that.

But what makes it hot to me is knowing you are sitting there, watching the game, sweating it out. I might make you wear and inflatable butt plug as "prep" for the post game torment, making you pump it up based on how the quarter and half time scores are!

I might make you endure a half time enema, complete with humiliation ritual, selecting the size of the enema and type based on the score. After all, I want your ass clean and ready for your "post game debrief" should your team not cover the spread.

And by not covering the spread, you know that means you will be required to present yourself on all fours, ass up and ready, clean and prepared.

The plug will have done the job of loosening you up, perhaps! This means I can use my extra large, extra thick cock, designed special for these unique occasions.

When you don't cover the spread, you have to present yourself by spreading your own ass cheeks before me and admitting what a useless whore you are, how you can't even complete the masculine tasks presented to you, and as such, you are turning in your man card for good!

My well-lubed cock head will still be very tight, the way I like it. And I bet you will be humiliated, ashamed, embarrassed, face pressed into the floor, just how I like it. "Spread them wide," I will command, keeping the theme going. I will make you keep your cheeks spread and hold them open, using your forehead on the floor for balance, because my cock is so huge you will have to hold your cheeks apart!

This is my "super spreader cock"! It will be a special cock, a special strap on harness used for these post-football game adventures. Do you see where I am going with this little game I have designed based on "covering the spread"?

I get so much joy having your ass take my biggest dildos, especially when I am the one pounding away at it. Especially when I am using a cock that is so large that it makes you grunt with every thrust. That it makes you whimper right into the floor. That you cry out when I am pumping into you, and I will see your fingers digging into the tender flesh of your butt cheeks. I will almost feel sorry for you!

Well, almost. What I will be feeling is total arousal. Dripping wet. So hot as you take the big, monster dick for me – taking the "spread" like a man. Sucking it up, so to speak. Knowing you lost the bet, so you pay the price – with your hole. I will make you beg out loud for me to fuck you harder. I will make you talk dirty, tell me out loud that you are nothing more than a dirty "cunt hole" that needs to be FUCKED hard. Hearing your voice scream these words, trembling, might even bring me to the edge. That combined with the pressure against my crotch as my thrusts get deeper – well, you may be on the other end of a wild orgasm, if you are lucky. At least you will feel that your humiliation served the greater good.

With football on Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights, I think this game will keep us very busy. And if I enjoy it even more, well, there's always college football too! I will require you to provide me your "bets" in an email the day of the game, and then I will monitor the progress and you will present yourself for your post-game treatment.

Perhaps if your team does cover the spread, you can spend the evening instead with your lips wrapped around my cock, this time doing a thorough job washing it up with your tongue and mouth, gagging on it until your eyes water. Slightly less humiliating, but just as fun for me.

And at least you won't be walking funny the next day and trying to explain to your peers at work why losing a bet was so painful…

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 8, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Cost

Cost

Good morning my corporate slut,

What is it about a new piece of “gear”?

Some women get crazy when they buy a new purse or a new pair of shoes. Don’t get me wrong, I enjoy these things as much as the next classy lady. But it’s an entirely different level of glee when I obtain a brain new leather harness with a large, ominous dildo protruding from it. So what is it about this awesome, awe-inspiring piece of gear?

I don’t want to get you too distracted at work this morning, but let’s just say I got very aquinted with the thorough design of the large, lifelike dildo attachment on the strap on harness this morning. It started just by trying on the harness in the full length mirror, admiring how the leather straps accentuate my hips, how the silver buckles shine so nicely since they are new.

I found myself stroking the shaft of the dildo, admiring the detail in the ridges. Lifelike, to be sure. It’s thick, menacing. It felt fantasing in my hand, and soon I had added some lubricant, and the familiar slick sounds just start to get to me. I imagined that sound as my cock slid in and out of your tight, tight asshole, and within minutes my panties were moist and my pussy was aching. All from this little “show” in front of the mirror.

This shaft – this huge cock – when it gets slick, it literally looks alive. Stroking it, in the mirror, it looked so real, I couldn’t help but imagine your mouth wrapped around it! Staring down at you on the floor, on your knees, it would be so easy to imagine you were sucking a real man’s dick. Just by watching the flesh colored cock

pumping in and out of your mouth, the way the spit would mix with the glistening lube, how you'd gag on the taste as if you were sucking a cock covered by a lubricated condom. How perfect!

So you don't have to be a rocket scientist to know what happened next. Somehow within moments I was on the bed with my legs spread, my hand pumping furiously at the cock, as if stroking faster would get me closer to my own orgasm. I almost forgot, I don't own that anatomy! But something about the slicking pumping sound and my imagined visuals of you going down on it, along with the gagging from your own mouth, it got me closer and closer to cumming.

Sadly, I could not finish myself off. I thought about getting up and getting the bullet vibrator from the bedside drawer, but instead, I unbuckled the harness, popped the dildo out, and within a few seconds started fucking myself with it. Oh my god – I have never felt such intense pleasure!

First, the cock itself is huge. So thick, and absolutely lifelike but only better – undeniably effective. Sliding it in and out of my tight, tight pussy, I imagined you watching, pathetically, longingly, as if I had just fucked your mouth to the edge, then made you kneel and watch me finish myself off with the cock inside me. Where you wished so desperately your tongue would be. Not a chance!

Fucking myself hard, hips rolling, gasping in pleasure, I imagined making you "perform" a little show to aid in my self pleasure, telling you that the reward would be this pussy-soaked dildo either in your MOUTH or in your ASS, depending on my mood. The show you would perform, as I pleasured myself, would include the total self degradation of ass violation with a series of plugs, all lined up in a case, each larger than the previous. You would systematically insert each of them, and I'd watch as you grimaced and whimpered, until you could not take it, your ass being stretched to its limits. Each plug would have a pump inside that would fill your ass up with cum fluid, so much cum saved up that you'd feel full of loads of cum by

the end, only to be permanently plugged with the final device – including a harness that locked, with the key safely on a chain around my neck.

You could hope – I suppose – that I would have some mercy on you and unplug you in order to give you the reward of a nice, long ass fucking. But I'll be honest, I just see myself taking that pussy-coated dildo and fucking your mouth with it, hard. This time, though, for good measure, I'd hold your head with both hands and keep you very, very still as I controlled the depth and rhythm of the thrusts. You'd feel like you were just a cocksucking machine, an object for my pleasure, a mouth to use. Just a hole. For that day, too, I may just call you "my hole" – repeating it with every thrust.

I know that I am going to enjoy this, no matter what direction I do take it. I spent quite a lot of money on this new strap on harness, and I will get my money's worth – you know I am very practical that way.

It's well worth it, at any cost.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 8, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Cracked

Cracked

Good morning my corporate slut,

There's no surprise that I am easily aroused when I know you are absolutely helpless. Unable to cum. Locked in steel chastity. Denied for what must seem like months.

When I know that my mere presence puts you in a painful, strained state of tortured denial, my first instict is to make your life miserable. But for a purpose, of course. You know your suffering serves a greater purpose – to keep me aroused and entertained.

When I think about visiting you today, I get wet almost instantly. I get wet because I know that when I walk through your office doors, your face will show me just exactly what is going on in your trousers. You may sit there looking calm and collected to your co-workers, but I can tell by the subtle strain in your eyes that there is a distinct, painful swelling in the cage
What is it about that? I picture it, and it gets me so hot. I picture your pathetic, useless cock straining against the metal bars of the painful chastity device, reacting simply to me standing there, and I get a sense of amusement. And arousal.

I imagine the flesh – so tender, strained, chaffed . The tip of your useless member is swollen and discolored. Your balls are so full that you can feel them when you walk, and they have a dull ache in them. This excites me, because I know that each day will bring more of the same.

Soon, when I stand in front of you, the denial and pain will be so inescapable that you crack. When you crack, it will be all pure

pleasure for me. That moment that you drop to your knees and beg me to end it. Beg me to end your misery.

What is it exactly that you will be begging for?

Maybe you will be begging to be milked. Those devices I told you about, The dark sex shops in downtown, with the experimental gear I helped design. Strapped down tight, with me sitting on your face, forcing you to worship my ass without pause while the probes are lubed and slid up your hole. Such degradation as the female assistants poke and prod you, comment on your shaved genitals, squeeze your heavy balls to comment on how effective the chastity has been. What part of this is planned for your humiliation, and what part is totally real? You will have no idea. All you will know is that when the probe starts humming in your ass, your body will shake with involuntary, pleasurelsess orgasms that result in ounce after ounce of your loads filling up the waiting container for later use. Meanwhile, your tongue better not miss a beat as it thoroughly adores my ass crack – the closest you will have gotten to my pussy in weeks.

Maybe you will be begging for something else entirely. Like having my largest, thickest strap on cock violating your mouth and ass, stretching you in ways you find unthinkable and so thoroughly degrading. In front of my girlfriends. Until you gag on the cock, choke on your own spit, and plead for mercy, Only to use your own spit for lube, making you roll over onto your back, pull your legs up in full view, begging like a porn star to be pounded hard. Again, while watched, scrutinized, but some of the most attractive and successful women in Hollywood. Some of whom laugh at you, others just shake their head and whisper.

Finally, maybe you will beg for mercy by offering me the most unthinkable surrender. I will know you are broken when you offer to suck a real cock, when you say, “That’s how desperate I am, I wil do anything!” It is the true test of “anything” when you find yourself

blindfolded and sucking my realistic warm flesh-toned dildo, never knowing if the next cock in your mouth is going to be salt flavored, warm and moist.

Once you have cracked, all of these things will come easy for you. Perhaps too easy.

We will see, won't we?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 9, 2018Slave Girl Simone

CraigsList Whore

CraigsList Whore

Good morning my corporate slut,

I wanted to be sure that we'd have a very, very interesting weekend, so I started planning by spending a little time on Craigslist. Boy, has that site grown. You would not believe the kinds of things you can find and advertise for on there.

I don't want to disturb your otherwise productive workday, my whore, but I need to advise you of my plans. I know you're feeling pretty confident and like the total corporate rock star right now, surrounded by men that want to be you, and women that want to fuck you.

It's obvious you get off on the way the younger, hot marketing "ladies" check you out. You know your gym-toned body is difficult to resist, you know that these women are enamored with your power and how much control they have in the office.

Let's just hope none of those ladies are browsing the Craigslist ads and may come across my little weekend advert. Oh, don't worry. I took the liberty of posting the ad in another city, and we will be taking a weekend trip for this adventure. Just a short, 90-minute flight (I guess that narrows the cities down, but you still will not know.) In my carryon, which you will have to carry of course, are a fine assortment of dildos, strapons, anal toys, beads, and lingerie and sexy shoes – in your size, quite obviously.

Going through airport security, I will certainly be creaming my panties. Watching you go before me as they search your bag (I'll add in a tube of liquid to make sure they pull you aside in x-ray. The liquid? A big bottle of gay-themed oil-based anal lube, of course.)

I'm going to put you through the x-ray line with the most attractive woman I can find. I will enjoy watching her "wand" you and search your bag. What a humiliating way to start your weekend as "my whore." At least, that's how I advertised you.

The first time you get to see all the toys I am bringing will be when the sexy, chuckling airport security woman lays them out on the table for all to see. I am sure the traveling college girls will giggle, the corporate women will scoff. Big, thick dildos and colorful butt plugs, vibrating eggs, sexy lingerie (in your size), and a bunch of perverted magazines thrown in for good measure.

How long will this security check last? Long enough for me to get my panties absolutely soaking wet, I hope. Because once we board the plane, I am removing them, and you will be gagged with them the rest of the short flight. I'll bring you into the lavatory, shove them into your mouth and make you shut it tight before returning to your seat. You'll have to hide under a blanket the rest of the flight, and to make things even more interesting I'll be testing the controls of the remote control vibrating egg that is shoved up your ass.

Who needs "in-flight entertainment"?

What is waiting for us at our next destination is what excites me most, though. I worded the ad on Craigslist carefully, and within 2 hours I had more than 85 responses. I won't share the full ad with you, but it went something like this,

"Ladies: Use my corporate bitch – humiliate him, use him, degrade him – Once in a lifetime party!
My well-built, handsome fortune-500-fucktoy is oiled up, lubed up and ready for total humiliation. Making him available – for free – for 5 hours on June 1. Hotel (xxxx) on (xxxx) and (xxxx) streets. Call my voice mail to confirm your attendance. I have my own toys or bring your collection. No dildos too large, no strap on too thick. Oral/anal/golden showers/spit – all ok. Video taped copies for your

viewing pleasure – also, he'll pay cash out of his own wallet, on my command, if you make him cry like a girl!"

I found out after I posted it that there's this whole 'revenge fetish' apparently. Lots of women want to pretend you are their ex. And then there's a local sorority that wants to bring recruits over and have a contest with you as the main event. As luck would have it, there's also a fetish party in town, and they asked if I wanted to leash you up and bring you over after the 5-hour fuck fest, and then put you up on display on the main stage.

I told them sure – but only if I could fuck your mouth in front of a live audience! I know that by then your ass will be sore, and I intend to have you plugged up at the conclusion of the hotel session.

What is the point of all of this, you may be asking? Well, I don't really know. I just know that I woke up with an ache inside me a few days ago. I longed, desperately, to see total degradation. I wanted to see you looking at me with such raw, intense fear and humiliation. I realized that in order to do this, I had to put you in an uncontrolled environment.

I know that makes you shudder. Mr. control freak, at your big desk with the huge window overlooking the city. The idea that you will have no control over what happens to your ass, your mouth and my property between your legs. It must terrify you. Know that when you respond to this email with your honest thoughts on what I have in store for you, it will light a fire in me that will be intense, erotic and totally distracting. I get wet just thinking of your upcoming humiliation!

Go ahead, prove to me right now that you are still the exhibitionist whore that I adore so much. Shut your door, pull down your trousers and take a picture of the big bulge in your tight red panties. I am sure there's a big wet spot in the front. Send the picture within 1 hour of reading this email.

Then I’ll decide just who I want to share it with!

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha
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Aug 9, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Crave

Crave

Good morning my corporate slut,

It's time for one of my little office visits, and I am not giving you much time to prepare. So without hesitation, you need to take a break from all this "work" that seems so important, and think about what you are wearing underneath that fine, conservative business suit.

The locked chastity device is the first reminder, and I am sure when you saw the name "Akasha" in your email box, you started to feel a familiar tightness around your crotch region. This is your body reminding you that you do not own your dick any longer. It does belong to me, and any hope you have for being able to take it out of the chastity prison falls on me.

Really, what it comes down to is this: Are you able to make me wet?

You only have one hour to prepare for my visit, so I suggest you begin by finding a way to excuse yourself from meetings and go off somewhere private and insert the largest pink butt plug you have. There is a reason that I want the large one – because I intend to fuck you hard. And the pink one – well, because we both know how much of a man you are.

Sometimes I just feel like slinging my strap on harness over my shoulder and giving you a little "visit," and taking a little bit of frustration out on you. This visit will be very methodical and very intense, and whether or not you even get the momentary, fleeting pleasure of a little stroke is entirely up to me and based on your performance.

When I arrive, you'll greet me by licking my boots, the knee high black patent leather boots, from the heel and toe all the way up to where my skin begins to show. So close to my skirt, you will get a glimpse of my panties – also pink, but soft and silky, and so very, very wet.

Watching your tongue work hard, diligently on every last inch of my fine boots will be the little pre-show required to get my 'juices flowing' as they say. Watching you lick, suck, listening to the soft moans, watching the bend in your back as you carefully, thoroughly worship my boots, I'll be getting off in my own special way. You can be sure of that.

When I am wet enough, just from watching your tongue, I'll step out of my panties and then hold them up and allow you to worship them. With your mouth. I'll let you lick and kiss the crotch of my moist panties, perhaps getting you even more worked up, before I take them and press them firmly against your nose and duct tape them into place. I'll wrap enough tape around your head to ensure that they are not going anywhere, and that you are smothered with my pussy scent.

For added amusement, before I ram your ass with my strap on cock, I may order you onto the floor on your back, so I can sit on your face and make you worship my ass with your tongue. There are a couple of reasons that this image turns me on so much. First, because I know your tongue will be so tired from the boot licking that you will be forcing yourself to muster the energy. You know how much this kind of desperation gets me hot.

Second, because you will be inhaling every last scent of my pussy with my wet panties taped to your face, yet licking and worshipping my asshole at the same time. What an interesting mix of sensations and scents and tastes for you, my whore. It might be an EXCELLENT way to properly 'ass train' you – to make you into the most thorough, devoted little asslicker! Of course, by making you inhale

my sweet, sexy pussy scent as you exhaust yourself licking and lapping at my asshole, also desperate during those moments I snicker and just press down hard, cutting off your air.

But this won't be for long, sadly. I have business to get to myself – and I will want to have ample time to violate your tight, hot "pussy." I am talking about the pussy that resides between your ass cheeks, of course!!

I know that even though you are wearing the big, thick pink butt plug for awhile before I arrive, your tight ass muscles will return to shape as soon as the plug is removed, making you tighter than ever. Of course, inhaling my pussy scent for the entire 'session' will loosen you up in all ways, making you wanton and nasty and ready to accept a cock of any size.

Oh, how I wish today could be one of those "dual domination" afternoon, but sadly, my kinkiest girlfriend is out of town! So I will have so settle for just a little violation of my own, seeing just how tight your hole is when I order you face down, ass up and cheeks spread.

To add to the humiliation I may make you hold the position, spread your own ass cheeks and whimper for it. Since my wet panties will be taped in place over your nose, but not used as a gag, I may make you actually BEG for my cock in your ass. And I cannot wait for those sweet, muffled sounds, the desperate whimper as my thick dick spreads you wide and enters your hole, making you feel totally full and completely humiliated.

Big, powerful, demanding thrusts. That's what I am going to give you this afternoon. Holding you by the hips, fucking your hole until you cry for mercy, then making you reach over with your hands and pull those panties down from your nose and making you lick, suck, worship, adore every inch of soft pink fabric. If you are lucky, I may even let you use the soft pink panties to wipe away your tears!

Yes, that's how hard and how long I intend to fuck you. Some days, I don't know why, I just know it is what I need. The powerful thrusts of my hips, your ass prone and up in the air, your whimpers muffled as you worship my soaking wet panties.

Does it get any better than this? Well, not for me.

For you – perhaps. Maybe, if it goes well, I will let my cock free from the chastity cage and let you tug on it for a whole 90 seconds. Then I will laugh, make you lock it up again, and go out to lunch with my girlfriends.

See you in an hour.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 10, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Crawling up the Corporate Ladder

Crawling up the Corporate Ladder

Good morning my corporate slut,

Just another boring day at the office is it? Or do you find yourself thriving on the adrenalin, the rush that comes from running a large company and having such control over the careers of many? If they only knew how quickly and thoroughly you crawl before me, at the mere snap of my fingers. If they only knew.

Surely it wasn't always this way for you. You had to start somewhere, didn't you? It amuses me to think of an alternate reality where I am the powerful corporate executive and you are the young, innocent and naïve entry level, ambitious college boy hoping for his big chance at the company.

We both know I would eat you alive! Imagining you as a charming little thing is so sweet. Before you became such a nasty whore. What if I were the corporate executive, running the company, and you were my shy little intern boy, probably even a virgin? I would absolutely have my way with you.

Really, it would bring sexual harassment to an entirely new level. But when you are the president and hand-picked the HR department, who can really get into trouble anyway? I guess that's what I would tell you when I pressed you up against the filing cabinet and you looked at me with big, scared eyes and asked what was going on.

In fear of losing your job (I'm afraid that's just the kind of pressure I'd use to manipulate you – it's fast, efficient and easy, after all, and you know I am impatient), you'd agree to my tasks, first they'd be uncomfortable and awkward, but seemingly harmless.

Like picking up the pile of papers I purposely knocked off my desk, so I could see you down on the ground, only to walk around you and show off my legs, daring you, taunting you wordlessly to peer up, knowing your eyes would be trailing up my naked thighs under my skirt, showing full view of my soft pink lace panties. You are a good boy; I know you'd keep your head down, shaking, not wanting to look up, even though I stood there and waited and waited.

Perhaps I'd step on your hand, "accidently," just to hear you squeal a little in pain. Poor thing!

I'd make you stay late at night, moving my office furniture around. I imagine quite a night. A total remodel, moving my heaving filing cabinets three times, then my desk, then the bookcases. Until finally, the entire office is redone and looks brand new, and you are sweating, you had to take off your tie and jacket, but I just smirk at you and make you feel so, so uneasy. You'd barely escape alive, after 11pm at night, only to return the next morning and come bring me my coffee (because you are so sweet), and find that the office was moved back into the original state!

(You would be baffled, of course, how I got it all back in order by 8am; but who did I have do that? And why did I make you do all that heavy labor for nothing? Well, of course, just to see you sweat!)

The games and tricks would get more and more suggestive and extreme, until I exercised enough control and manipulation that I could get anything from you. And by then you would realize it was the most important job of your career, and to lose it, would mean your future was bleak. The prospect of working in an electronics store or coffee shop the rest of your life would be terrifying, but that's how black and white it all seems to the young and naïve, doesn't it?

Perhaps that's why you'd give me your ass so easily, so willingly. One night, late, when everyone was gone, the seduction would almost be

too simple. As I unbuttoned your shirt perhaps you'd think it was just going to be office fucking, but deep down, you'd know I was nastier than that, and that I saw you as much, much too dirty to enjoy simple lovemaking.

No, it would become abundantly clear as you were turned around, bent over my desk and your trousers pulled down. Your sweet mind, I'm sure it would wonder, "How did it come to this?" — or, maybe it would be filled with fear as the inevitable started to unfold – confident, cruel fingers manipulating your cock, spreading your ass cheeks, calling you a dirty, dirty college boy.

I'd have to gag you with my panties – soft, lacey, perhaps too small to keep your mouth quiet enough for me, so stockings may come in aid as well. I'd order you to hold onto the edge of the desk and never move your hands, not an inch, but I know you'd fidget anyway.

Your tight, virginal asshole would take some time to crack, I'm sure. But I am patient, and my strap on would be lubed quite thoroughly. The whimpers, the noises you'd try to muffle, they'd all just make me hotter and wetter, and so the long, long time it took to work your asshole into submission would be welcome. I'd alternate between fingering my pussy and shoving my fingers into your mouth, ordering you to suck them off, and while giving your ass a break from the prodding I'd make you tell me what a cunt-boy you were. It would be a nice little break from having my panties and stockings shoved into your mouth, but they'd return there once the real fucking started.

Your ass would be tight and fine, I just know it. When I could finally work up a nice steady rhythm, I'd reach around and feel your cock, mocking you, ordering you to get hard. "You have to be able to follow instructions if you are going to make it in this field!"

Just when you thought it was soon to be over, I'd pull you off the desk and order you onto the floor. Forcing you into the awkward position of your legs prone over your head, giving me full access to your ass, I'd tell you that you were about to endure the most sincere act of devotion and prove your worthiness to actually work for me full time instead of an intern.

The look on your face would be so incredibly priceless. Your ego and pride literally trampled in such a conflicted way, because I think we both know, deep down, you'd be loving the entire process. You would not yet know what a whore you were destined to become.

So as I manipulate your sexuality and arousal and force you to cum on your own face, you would find yourself alternately loving and hating the experience. Such nasty, nasty degradation. Seeing you below me, your face covered with cum, would only serve to delight and amuse me.

And turn me on, of course.

To top it all off, I wouldn't let you clean it up. No, instead, I would make you clean my office. Put the desk back in order. Perhaps file some papers for me. All while the cum still covered your face, stuck in your hair.

And the whole time, I'd make you repeat to me, over and over again, what a filthy whore-boy you were. Just to make sure you didn't forget.

It's nice to think about the way things could have been, isn't it?

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 10, 2018Slave Girl Simone

The Corporate Slut Show

The Corporate Slut Show

Good morning my corporate whore,

I sure hope your pretty pussy is shaved and trimmed nice today, because you're going to be "on stage" in front of the largest group of women – ever. That probably has you already shaking in your pretty lingerie, doesn't it?

Your co-workers must be walking back and forth outside of your office, totally unaware that underneath your fine suit you are in a black teddy, and they must wonder why you have this look on your face. I can't see the look, but I know it. I can picture it.

It's that look of dread, fear, a little bit of humiliation. It's a look of uncertainty, anxiety. You have no idea what I have cooked up for you – you have no idea just how, or why, you are going to be seen by women today – seen in that cute black teddy, shaking your ass, bending over, puckering your lips. Will you be met with laughing and cat calls or girls screeching in disgust?

You never know how I plan these things. Will you be blindfolded and put into the back of the car and driven to a sorority house and stripped in front of a group of whispering, gasping girls who cannot believe a grown man would subject himself to this?

Will you be strolled through a fine ladies' salon and strapped to a chair while the entire group of high profile women are told their treatments are on YOU, so long as they stick around and watch your balls get waxed and your ass stretched during a little sissy makeover?

Or will it be even more diabolical – taken to a party and whored out as part of a sex toy Tupperware gathering of horny housewives, where you are forced to endure double duty as sissy maid and "entertainment"?

All of these ideas are quite interesting and exciting, and you know they turn me on. I get so wet when I see you "performing" in front of other women. I get a sense of pride and excitement at the same time – proud of you for doing it for me, and excited by your vulnerability and humiliation as the ladies laugh at you or whisper to each other things.

You, of course, never know what the ladies are saying – but I do. They come to me and they ask me very direct and humiliation questions about you and why you allow this kind of treatment. I simply tell them you are my slave and you will do anything I tell you to do. Almost always, they laugh, and make a comment like "A slave? I need to get one of those." You know deep down, all women enjoy the idea of having a man they can use as a sex toy, a maid, and someone they can humiliate and degrade for their amusement.

I don't think they get off on it the way I do, though. When I see you "perform" I almost always wish I were totally alone so I could enjoy it – in other words, pleasure myself. I want to be tucked away with my vibe, watching you suffer through the cocksucking, stripping, ass shaking, primping, and all the other girlie things I make you do as part of your little "sissy act." When I make you get on all fours in thigh high stockings, spread your ass cheeks, and beg in a girlie voice, "Fill me up! I am ready for your cock!" I'm half turned on, half amused.

Today is going to be fantastic, because I will be free to enjoy any of my vibes – the Hitachi, the rabbit, the bullet – as you perform for one hour like a whore. I will be watching you – along with some 250 women (yes, 250 confirmed!) on the computer as you perform on your cam direct from your office.

I promoted this show to sorority houses, women's "sex toy party" lists, managers of lingerie stories and their staff, strippers, and all kinds of groups of women that I know would be highly entertained by a grown man, a successful, well built corporate executive, stripping down to lingerie and then dancing around like a sissy and taking requests for everything from dildo sucking to fingering his own "pussy" live on cam.

You will be able to hear the girls' comments through your speakers as I go around and turn on the mics for different groups. Some of them will be via speakerphone so you will only hear tons of girls laughing and clapping (a certain high profile Southern California sorority house tells me they have 25 pledges lined up to watch your show). Other women who are watching alone may deliver explicit orders. A rating system will be up on the screen so everyone can vote who gives the most humiliating and entertaining tasks to you.

And then there you will be. In front of everyone. Knowing that more than two hundred women are watching you whore yourself for our amusement! Dancing, shaking your ass, stripping down to lingerie and stockings. All of this will begin, though, with you stripping slowly out of your corporate clothes to reveal what is underneath. With your high profile office in the background, the contrast is going to be incredibly erotic – wait until they see your tight body and sexy legs in your black corset teddy and thigh high stockings!

You will then apply lipstick and minimal makeup and get your toys out and present them to the audience – then the show will begin! You'll be sucking that huge cock on cam, spreading your ass cheeks and fingering your pussy hole up close and personal, turning on your mic and moaning and squealing like a girl! All the while, you will keep in mind that hundreds of hot women, including college aged girls, are watching you and laughing, clapping, and some (at least one, I know) will be masturbating at your performance.

Setting this up was unbelievably easy. You know I plan events all the time. I just needed to market it to the right people and set up a simple application and verification process and test the cam feed. You will be able to keep your head hidden or wear a mask and you can angle the camera to hide the items on your wall that might be too revealing, but other than that, your entire body is the group's to use!

Your "performance time" is at noon today. This allowed the maximum number of women to attend from all over the world. Make sure you go give yourself an enema (hahahh), clean up your pussy hairs and do some stretching – you are going to need it!

"See" you soon.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 11, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Cuckold Cumsucker

Cuckold Cumsucker

Good morning, my corporate slut.

As I think of your upcoming tasks today, I want to assure you that I am not punishing you. It might seem so, the way you are about to be treated, but really, that's not the case. I simply have a passion that consumes me, and part of that passion includes you surrendering to the ultimate acts of humiliation, objectification and lust. Of course, I am the one enjoying the lust, and you, my slut, are simply a toy.

It became clear to me last week that your cock is completely inadequate. Your penis, if you could even call it that, is absolutely useless to me. I've even considered eventually getting rid of it, or at least, having you wearing such tight panties daily that your former cock is never even visible. Maybe I will have a special device created that will eliminate it almost completely, keeping it taped and tucked between your legs for an eternity.

Because your useless dick means nothing to me, I've decided that what I need is a real man. You are indeed a wonderful corporate slut, with the ability to lick ass, worship pussy, and dress up in the prettiest, nastiest outfits for my amusement. But when it comes to pleasuring a woman with your cock, it's almost comical. I have no use for your dick. Plain and simple. It may as well shrivel up and disappear. I can assure you, it will never be close my pussy again.

But women have needs. I have strong, sexual needs. And I will continue to enjoy the pleasures of being fucked. To make this abundantly clear and make sure you are fully aware of your new role as my "bitch," I am going to enjoy being fucked on your desk, in

your office, while you sit sucking on a dildo in your pink thong, pathetic, useless, and humiliated.

I'm going to be fucked by a real man, with a huge cock and a fine body, as you are possibly hogtied, a dildo up your ass (vibrating – loudly), a cock gag in your mouth, in full lingerie, possibly wearing lipstick (smeared, nastily, all over your face). As I feel his thickness pounding my pussy, I will be able to look over at you and smile, telling you how good it feels to have a real cock inside of me, rather than your sorry excuse for a pencil dick. In fact, I might even give my man a visual, holding up a pencil on your desk, the shortest, stubbiest one I could find, and tell him that's about all you have.

(As added humiliation, I might have you take that short, stubby pencil around the office and use it in front of every woman that works there, and when you hear her snickering and looking at it, you will wonder, with good reason, if I told each and every one of them about the size of your manhood and why I compare it to the smallest pencil in your drawer.)

Yes, you will suffer through the humiliation later today as I bring my big, built man in a business suit and we enter your office as if to conduct a business meeting. You'll have to exchange pleasantries with him as I close and lock the door, then you are to immediately drop to your knees and open your mouth wide, ready to accept. You may be accepting the large cock gag, or I may make you accept his large, thick dick, as part of your training. You will then have to strip out of your clothes to reveal your pink lingerie set – pink panties and pink bra, as my man unzips his pants and I take out his large, throbbing cock.

You will be so humiliated when you see the size of this. "This is what a real cock looks like," I will tell you. And you'll see the excitement in my eyes, you will know how turned on I am as I hold it, fondle it, and watch it grow. You'll be so humiliated and envious, seeing how powerful it looks. I might even guide him over and slap you in the

face with it a few times, smirking at you, before making you assume the position on all fours to accept it in your mouth should I want you to prep him. It might be quite enjoyable to watch you go down on a real cock as I slip out of my skirt and stockings, recline on your desk with my legs open wide, reach down and prepare my wet pussy for a good fucking.

You, though, will have to remain there on the floor, helpless, as he fucks me. You'll be able to watch longingly as his strong hips move with each thrust, and I will enjoy looking at your sad, envious eyes as you see what real pleasure I get from a good fuck. Most of all, I will tell you how good it feels, exclaiming how thick and hard he is, and how good it is to have a cock that fills me up (as compared to your little stubby pencil).

Do not be sad, though, my slave. You see, this further clarifies your role as my "bitch." As my bitch, you get to take care of my most important needs. You get to take care of my daily happiness and amusement, and you get to service me only with your tongue. Some times, by licking my ass. Other days, by sucking my toes or licking my feet. On good days, you get to worship my pussy. You may not get to fuck me, but you get to worship my feet – and maybe you will be able to kiss my delicate feet as they dangle off the table during my good fuck; maybe, if you are a good little observant bitch, you can kiss them instead of being gagged with the big, thick cock gag.

If you behave yourself like a good, attentive slut during my real fucking, maybe I will let you crawl to me and suck the cum juice right out of my pussy. I will bring you closer as he draws near to climax, and depending on my mood, I may let him cum inside me or I may make him pull out and cum on your face as you watch. What a nice end to an afternoon fuck, either way. I can watch him shoot the entire load all over your sissy face, or I can let him cum inside me and then lock you into my pussy collar to make you clean it out as he puts his clothes back on.

Oh, don’t forget, though. You WILL have to clean his dick off, first. After all, it’s the closest you will get to a real cock.

Affectionately,

Mistress Akasha

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Aug 11, 2018Slave Girl Simone

Stories - Cuckold

A Good Man – Part One

Matthew had nothing but a close-up view of the shining steel heel of my stiletto. He was on the ground, chin to the floor, hoping for a token lick or maybe even the chance to start worshipping up my taut legs, now in fishnets. He was yearning, I know, to lick slowly up the back of my calves, following the seam, inching closer and closer up toward my thigh and eventually finding his head under my rubber skirt.

Nope, it wasn't going to happen. I left him there, not releasing him from that position, as I finished my hair and makeup. My favorite music was playing in the background, my girlfriends were soon to arrive, and Matthew had no idea what kind of a night I had planned for him.

All he knew was that I had spent 2 hours getting ready, was dressed in my tightest, sexiest fetish outfit and he was wearing nothing but a skin tight black latex pair of briefs. He probably knew that meant I was taking him to some sort of a fetish event, because he knew I liked to show off his body.

I was quite proud of Matthew, and all the other femdoms would stare at him. The male subs, often not nearly in the shape he was, would acknowledge him with a sense of envy and jealousy – not only for his own charisma, but for being on the end of my leash.

Matthew knew that if I had him dressed like a piece of slut property that meant I was going to take him somewhere on the edge, and the fact that I had a select group of friends meant he might be "shared" as the evening went on.

In addition, I had shaved his cock and balls freshly and had him in chastity for two weeks leading up to the evening of note. He was desperately hard in his CB-3000, especially after having to service

me orally twice a day at the snap of my fingers. Matthew was suffering, indeed, and the mere sight of his pleading blue eyes served to make me even more wet.

When I heard the car in the driveway I leaned down with a gloved hand and fastened the leash onto Matthew's collar, prompting him to stand up. He towered over me, easily, most of the time, but this time I was in 6 inch heels and we were closer in height. I loved to see him this way; all the masculinity, all the machoness, all the cockiness, all the self-assured easy-goingness was gone from him.

He was like a nervous teenager all over again.

I tugged on his leash, smiled, and said, "The ladies are waiting. I must tell you, a good man is hard to find."

**

I let those words resonate with him for the entire drive to the secret party. I knew he would analyze them, wondering if there was some hidden meaning. Or, maybe, it was just a simple compliment.

Matthew was in his assigned position in the backseat – sprawled across the floor over our feet to keep our legs warm. It was uncomfortable for him because of his size, and we'd take turns slipping off our shoes and tickling him with our toes. I was positioned so that my feet were under his crotch, and I had long before mastered the ability to get him rock hard by masturbating him with my toes and feet. I could curl my soft, dainty soles around his cock and stroke up and down better than most women could give a hand job. It drove him crazy.

Carrie was sitting next to me, giggling, amused at him. She idly at times put her toes in his mouth and made him suck. Often she did this while we were in deep conversation. The two friends of mine in the front seat were chatting away with us also, and it was like four

close girlfriends doing what they do best while Matthew was a side note, an object, just like a pet sprawled at the bottom of the car.

Except, he was being forced to suck toes and being masturbated by my feet. He knew his role, though, and that was to keep quiet.

The ladies and I talked as if he wasn't there. We talked about shopping, about shoes, about our latest office gossip, about our latest orgasms, about various sexual events. We didn't mind talking about our pussies in front of Matthew, our fantasies in front of Matthew, or even Matthew in front of Matthew. Quite often we talked all about Matthew.

Carrie would just shove her toes deeper into his mouth and say, "Don't you love it when we talk about it? It's almost as if you're relevant!"

Matthew could only moan a little, and keep on sucking.

**

Unlike most fetish parties, the private party we went to was full of more women than men, and the participants were of the most upscale, fashionable and gorgeous in-crowd. It was a very exclusive event, and I knew the hostess very well as she was a fan of my site and put some of my stories into a sort of "menu" for clients to choose from, so she could more accurately role-play their deepest fantasies.

Her name was Alexia, and she was also very smitten with my Matthew. She didn't hide it either. As soon as she saw him trailing behind us, his hands politely behind his back, she leaned in to greet me with a kiss on the cheek and said, "Akasha, WHEN are you going to bring this piece of meat to my dungeon so I can have some play time with him." I should say, she purred it.

Matthew blushed. Even though he seemed the type to never blush, he always did when complimented that way; it was another one of his endearing quality. As was his clearly visible large bulge in the front of his tight, tight black latex briefs.

We exchanged various greetings, and I was eager to get to the main event. We watched various fetish acts going on, mingled with some of the regulars. I had Matthew fetching drinks and at one point kneeling at my feet so I could tease him with finger food, but this was all idle play, and almost boring. I wanted to get to the reason I had planned that night.

Matthew did look nervous, I'll admit, when all eyes were on him and our hostess asked me if he was ready. "Of course," I said. "He's always ready. He is, after all, a good man."

The tug on his leash this time was a little harder, and he knew I meant business. I took him to a corner of the large main room and made him lay down on what looked like a slightly modified work out bench. Considering the way he was built, it looked as if he was simply about to start lifting weights.

But if you say the look on his face, you'd realize he knew it was going to be something far different. He was right.

**

Matthew had long had this fantasy, and I know he thought I would never get close to acting out on it. That's the beauty of it all, the fact that you can surprise someone, randomly, one day, with something they thought was only going to remain a fantasy. I didn't even tell him it was going to happen, because I didn't want him to spend every waking moment fantasizing about it. I wanted the reality to surpass it all.

And, it turned me on like nothing else. It was going to be the ultimate objectification and fed so nicely into my nastiest cum

drinking fantasies, my smothering fantasies, my cuckold fantasies, my group sex fantasies. Matthew was indeed a good man, and I wanted everyone in that room to know just how good he was.

Matthew was tied down on his back to the workout bench, his arms down and wrists in a spreader bar underneath. His feet were on the floor and ankles tied tightly to the legs of the workout bench. I am a big fan of leather straps, so I had my girlfriends add two of them across his chest, just to hold him still and make his chest feel slightly constricted. Of course, I wanted him to be nervous, vulnerable, slightly scared, and incredibly turned on.

Based on the huge erection in his briefs that revealed everything, he was indeed turned on.

After he was restrained, everyone went about their normal business; that is, making love. Or having sex. Or, simply, fucking. Everyone, of course, but Matthew. When I walked over to him and sat on his chest, crossing my legs casually, letting him peek up my skirt to reveal my wet pussy, he looked confused.

"What's going on?" he asked me softly, shifting a little, probably more turned on by the feeling of my warm ass cheeks on his chest.

I lifted a leg over and straddled him, sliding my wet pussy down his chest and over his belly, then slowly up again, smiling down at him. He looked desperately confused, completely helpless, and painfully turned on. I could feel the bulge in his tight briefs against my ass as I backed up.

"You're going to be of use tonight, in any way, at any time, in any manner, ANYONE sees fit. You're just our sex toy. You're a fuck-beast. You're a cock to use, a mouth to use, and an ass to use. You're in for a long night."

Matthew was breathing hard, as much as he could under the tight leather straps. I observed his expression for a moment as I reached

behind me and slid my fingers under the waistband of his briefs, peeling back the latex which was now wet, hot and sticky.

I teased his hard cock with the back of my ass crack for a moment, smiling at him, then lifted up and with ease slid down on top of him, feeling him at once fill me, tight, firm, hot. I knew he would not last long; he had not cum in weeks, and it was rare that I allowed him the pleasure of being inside me. It took a few soft moves of my hips, lifting my body off him just slightly at first, and a slow, rhythmic fucking that left him gasping, aching to move, desperate to be free to grab onto me.

He got nothing. He did, however, cum loads into me. He was cumming hard for what seemed like a very long time; I just kept pumping, shoving my fingers into his mouth with amusement to muffle his groans, licking his taste off of me, reaching down and rubbing my pussy. Matthew was completely in another place, he could not believe what was happening to him.

Without hesitation I dismounted and slid up his chest slowly, inching up as he gasped to catch his breath, and when he opened his eyes he only had a brief second to see me smile as I stood with a thigh on either side of his head, leaving him to stare up at my cum soaked pussy.

"Lick," I ordered. He was familiar with this, although it was a treat I had denied him for some time, so he was eager. I lowered myself down onto his face with a moan of satisfaction and pleasure, allowing him to do his job. He knew what I wanted; he knew I wanted him to first suck as much of the cum out as he could, then slowly clean up the inside of my pussy first, then all around my shaved crotch until there was not a drop left. He took his time; Matthew was talented with his tongue, and knew from experience that I expected perfection.

When he was finished, I lifted off of his face and again straddled his chest. I smiled, leaning down to slide my fingers over traces of cum around his lips, under his nose. I made him lick those bits off my fingers, also.

He was breathing hard, his cheeks flushed. I could feel his cock behind me, already hard again.

One of my girlfriends approached behind me. I saw Matthew look up at her. She was a gorgeous dark-haired woman, tall, exotic. She had the hand of a lover who was a man with a huge cock – probably more than 9 inches, rock hard, dripping with pre-cum. My girlfriend asked politely, "I want him to suck this cock for me, to get it ready."

I turned to Matthew and raised my eyebrows. "Already a line for your services. You have quite a reputation."

Matthew looked behind me at the man, and saw three other couples also standing close by.

I leaned down and whispered to him, my fingers intermingling with his hair. "You're going to drink cum out of any pussy presented to you. You are going to suck the cock of any man that a woman commands you to. You are going to be fucked in the ass, first by me, then by my three girlfriends. Including, at some point, two cocks in your ass at once. And that's just for starters."

Matthew swallowed. When I sat up straight again he looked at me. I think he was at a loss for words, but I knew he was incredibly turned on. His cock didn't lie.

As I lifted a leg up and over his chest to dismount him, I smiled. "A good man is hard to find."

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Apr 17, 2018Akasha

A Good Man – Part Two

My slave is made a party favor of sorts, forced into some ultimate acts of submission

As the evening went on, I realized a lot of things. First, while Matthew had talked a lot in the past about this gang-bang type fantasy, I realized early on that it was a much more overwhelming reality for him. In fact, there was a point that he was not sure it was what he wanted. It was a pivotal point for us.

Still strapped down on the bench, after I had made him clean out my pussy, he whispered my name and reached out to touch my stockings with two of his fingers. I leaned down to listen to his whispers.

"I…I don't know about this…" he said softly, his voice shaking just a bit.

I turned to look at him, at the conflict in his eyes. Groups of people were behind me, some eying the situation, obviously waiting for their change to get their hands on my boy. Others were off in various stages of sexual and sadomasochistic bliss. I also saw something else when I peered around; Matthew's cock was once again rock hard, standing straight up, pre-cum dripping down the shaft and creating a glistening pool on his briefs, which were pulled down slightly.

Matthew was nervous, but he was incredibly turned on. So was I. This was a bit of a shock to me; I had no idea that turning him into a fucktoy for a group of people would be so incredibly hot. But I couldn't deny it; I was soaking wet, and the heat between my thighs was impossible to ignore. After seeing his cock erect again, I could have gone another round right then and there.

All I wanted, though, was to see him used like a whore for everyone else's pleasure. I wanted to have them line up for a piece of my man; I wanted to see his mouth and ass used at the same time. I wanted him to feel objectified and exhausted, and for the evening to end without an ounce of him gone to waste. I want him to be stretched at every orifice, and prove that he could handle it, and could continue to be of service.

So I made the decision. I said, "Matthew, let me make something clear to you," as I moved again toward him, standing next to his helpless, bound frame on the workout bench. I again lifted a leg up, this time sitting on his face so that he was covered with my soaking wet pussy. "This should tell you what *I* think of this situation."

I think the message was clear, evidenced by his deep moan and eagerness to lick my pussy, now fully soaked with my own juices and some light traces of his own cum. Yes, I was incredibly turned on, and I knew that nothing motivated Matthew more than getting me wet. "You want to get me off, slut?" I asked him.

His response was a muffled whimper into my pussy, an attempt to inhale.

That set it all into motion in no time.

**

I can't pinpoint what the best point of the evening was. I spent a great deal of time in a leisure chair just next to the workout bench where my slave was kept bound and helpless. It was a large, comfortable chair where I could have a perfect view of the action while leaving my legs open leisurely, toying with my vibrator, giving occasional commands or comments, or even take pictures and videos. I did a lot of everything.

Watching my Matthew suck the first huge cock from a large, well built man was astounding. I was impressed (but, not shocked) at

Matthew's ability to take all 8 inches of the man's cock deep, and do such a fantastic job at sucking him off. Watching another man thrust his hips toward Matthew's face wasn't just another turn on. It put me on another planet. My Matthew was sucking dick right in front of me.

For the first show, I could not help but put in my request as I watched the man fuck Matthew's face, holding him by the hair ruthlessly to ram his cock all the way down.

"Cum all over his face," I insisted, toying with my vibrator at the very edge of my pussy. I knew I would have to be sparing with the vibrator or else I would cum too quickly, and not fully appreciate the long evening ahead.

The man moaned with pleasure and looked over his shoulder at me, "You want to see a big load of cum on his face?" he asked me breathlessly.

"I do," I responded. "Matthew looks hot with a face full of cum. Don't you, Matthew?"

There was a moan of approval from Matthew, who was so busy slurping and sucking, it was as if he was a fine oiled machine.

The man pulled his cock out with a grunt of pleasure, stroking himself off at the same time, and in second shot an entire load of cum all over Matthew's face. It was everywhere; in his eyes, in his hair, all over his chin and lips.

It drew a great round of applause from the crowd, who now were all watching the show, not just some of them.

No one stepped up immediately to clean up Matthew, who was breathing hard and licking his lips to get what bits of cum were on his face in reach. He was panting hard, his chest pushing up against

the leather straps. He looked incredible in his nearly naked bondage, I couldn't resist taking pictures of him with cum all over his face.

A couple behind me called my attention. The woman was a tall blonde with large breasts who looked like a model. The man was reserved in appearance, conservative looking. She was obviously in charge. "I want to use a strapon on him," she said, "while he sucks my lover's dick."

I beamed. "That sounds perfect. Let me just flip the bitch over."

**

Turning over Matthew was an erotic experience itself. First I let him use a hand mirror to scoop up whatever cum he could from his face onto his fingers and lick it all off, little by little. I wanted to make sure he was sufficiently "cleaned up" before his next performance.

The bench was equipped with a special pull-away hole in the middle at crotch level, so that even face down, Matthew's cock was exposed on the other side pointed toward the ground. Immediately I had more ideas for that, including weights on his balls or a variety of cock torture (which never really came to be; there was a line of up women who had their men on a leash ready to suck off my Matthew, the ladies eager to see a man suck cock just as I was).

We strapped Matthew down face down, his cock through the hole, and his ankles spread and down so his ass was in perfect position to be fucked. This left both his mouth and ass completely exposed and ready to be violated. He was such a sight!

The first couple was ready at once. I went around to greet Matthew first, to check on him, to see that he was still well aware of what was about to happen. And, to remind him of how turned on I was. This time, I turned around and pressed my fine ass against his face, making him search with his tongue for my pussy and also worship

my ass for a bit. I think it was very clear to him how much this was making me wet, and he agreed eagerly to continue.

The tall blonde was wearing a fine leather harness and sporting a 9-inch pink dildo. It looked stunning. Her lover was massaging his half-limp cock to erection, and both of them looked more than ready.

Watching Matthew take it both ways was a crowd stopped. You could hear a pin drop, because everyone was so entranced by the act they were witnessing. The woman's huge pink dildo look incredibly hot sliding in and out of Matthew's tight butt cheeks, and he did not seem that phased by it as he kept his mouth open to suck the second cock of the night. He slurped it all down, his entire body rocking with the motion of the woman's precise thrusts. She apparently was not new to using the strapon, and it was obvious to everyone watching.

She had great precision with her hips, and was giving him long, deep, rotating thrusts. I was worried he might cum, because he was sensitive enough that way that I had made him cum from ass fucking many times. Peering under the table, I could see he was indeed dripping precum like mad.

I walked over and reached down, scooping lots of the precum up on my fingers and licking it off in Matthew's line of vision. He wasn't so busy focusing on cocksucking to not give me a glance, watching me eat his taste off my fingers in approval. He could tell once more from the look in my eyes and my body language that I was very aroused by this, and approved of his performance.

Without warning, the man exploded in Matthew's mouth and he swallowed it all, gagging slightly on it but still managing to get very drop. This was all much to the delight of the blonde, who was ready to cum herself just by watching the entire act unfold in front of her as she pumped her big latex beast into his ass.

My girlfriends, meanwhile, were taking turns peeking down under the table to comment on Matthew's erection, each reaching under now and then to give him a few strokes of encouragement, or to announce to the people who did not have a good view just how hard the party slut was. He got a round of applause.

Her lover spent, the blonde removed her cock from Matthew's ass to give someone else a chance. There were two other women waiting, each strapping on their own member. Once had an 8 inch realistic flesh dildo, and the other had a 9 inch black cock. Two men also wanted their chance at Matthew's mouth, and they were negotiating who would go first.

I was the one that suggested they take him at the same time; I knew how much cock he could suck; after all, on more than one occasion I had shoved two huge dildos into Matthew's mouth. He could take it.

The guys were impressed by this, and agreed to dual-fuck my slut's mouth. I wanted a good view of this, so I made his ass off limits and instead I took time to finger him myself, knowing just how to do it to make him insane with lust. It also gave me a chance to spank him, another thing I loved to do while watching him perform.

He was sweating all over, and that was incredibly erotic to me. His entire body was covered with glistening moisture, and his hair was starting to drip a little. A pool of saliva was on the floor under his head because he had been slurping and sucking so eagerly. He had to keep shifting his body weight to get comfortable in the variety of restraints, but he did so eagerly, wanting only to continue for me. All he required was that I told him I was still enjoying it. He said, "Then, keep it coming…"

Indeed, we did. Soon he had two cocks in his mouth, which was logistically challenging and most of the time he could only take one at a time. One of the guys liked to slap him in the face though, and

that was pretty hot to watch as well. I was masturbating with one hand and fingering him with the other, pumping two fingers, then three, all the way into his ass. If I knew I had the time, I would have fisted him right there. But I was eager to see more cocks in his ass, and the partygoers behind me were eager for their turn.

One of the men came into Matthew's mouth and the other came all over his face at the same time. More applause. What a mess! I had to laugh a bit when I took a picture that time, and when I went to help clean up my helpless slut, I whispered to him, "Are you still ok?"

He looked up at me, straining his neck a little. "The position is a little tiring," he said, his voice scratchy. His lips were red and strained, his eyes watering a little – he looked like such a tramp! "But I want to keep going if this pleases you," he said.

I felt such a rush inside of me. I was enamored and drowning in lust all at the same time, thinking that he was so willing to keep going at it, to continue until every single guest at the party had a chance at him. All for me.

I smiled and slid my fingers through his hair. "Let me get you some water," I suggested. "And then we'll continue."

"As you wish," he responded quietly.

Turning to go fetch the water, I heard a woman a few paces away ask out loud, "Does anyone know where there's a bathroom!?"

I turned and looked at Matthew. He was staring at me inquisitively.

"I do," I said to her.

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

A Good Man – Part Three

Matthew had never been forced to drink piss from anyone but me, and I was unsure how he would handle it. It was as if he was in a trance at this point, though; he was so turned on, so objectified, I think he would have done anything at that point.

Releasing Matthew from his bonds that kept him on his back gave him an opportunity to stretch his taut muscles, and seeing him stand upright, much taller than many of those milling around, surveying the room, was a sight in itself.

Matthew did indeed look wrecked. Extremely exhausted, weary, but his eyes still held that sparkle of confidence and resolve. A girlfriend and I were fussing with the restraints on the innovative and adjustable bench-type device, and the impatient female partygoer was standing a few feet away bouncing eagerly like a schoolgirl with bladder problems.

She had a youngish look to her, probably helped by her Catholic School Girl outfit – with thigh-high fishnets. Her brown hair was in pigtails. She was holding both hands over her crotch saying, "Gotta pee, gotta pee!"

Soon we had Matthew fastened down once again. This time, on his back again, his arms outstretched over his head and his legs, though, this time were up in stirrup-type lifts. This added to his humiliation. I'd quickly fastened a cock and ball harness over his dick, which was glistening from pre-cum and rock hard. It was obvious he was enjoying his ultimate servitude to me.

The young woman happily and eagerly assumed her position above my slut, pulling down her panties and standing with a thigh on either

side of his head, looking down to aim as best she could with precision. Meanwhile, I stroked his cock through the harness to keep him even harder, telling him out loud in front of the entire group that he was indeed my cocksucking toilet whore, and that he'd continue to take whatever I wanted up his ass, in his mouth and elsewhere that evening.

Watching the young woman piss into his mouth was hot; but it hotter noticing how many men around me were jacking off at will. I wondered if they were turned on by the young woman. I realized they were more turned on by what I was doing to Matthew. They all wanted to be him. Little did their female partners know (and some of them, sadly, would never know) that they were not watching him in shock; they were watching him in envy.

They all wanted to be used in such a degrading way! Why? Because they saw how it was turning me on. They were enamored with my ease in masturbating right there, watching my slave endure it all. They watched me sit on his face once more and have him lick me to my satisfaction, wanting a mid-evening orgasm. They watched me make him lick my ass as I bent over casually, having him turn his head all the way. I was having a casual conversation with my girlfriend asking her where she got the stockings she was wearing as he ran his tongue up and down my ass crack eagerly. Meanwhile, the line up became great.

At this point, it became obvious that I could choose any man, any woman, any couple to have my Matthew. Those that had been hesitant at first were now so aroused, they wanted a piece of the action.

One woman approached me with what was the largest dildo I had ever seen. She said, "We have a bet whether or not your slave can take this up his ass." It was black, about fourteen inches long and eight mean inches in circumference. I saw Matthew lifted his head to see what we were talking about. He groaned, and his cock pulsed.

To me, that meant he did think he could take it; or at least he'd try it.

Having his legs up, knees bent, ankles strapped in stirrups was even more objectifying and hot. The position was such that his legs were pulled back and up far enough that his ass was pointed up and his hole was visible and accessible to all. Still tight and willing, it sat there as an invitation to all that wanted to violate him – by finger, by tongue, by dildo, or by cock.

This one was going to be a challenge. I took a huge tub of lubricant and began slathering it all over his belly to tease him, then up his cock and started stroking it there. Up and down his cock, smearing all over the leather cock and ball harness, making a huge mess, I told him about what was going to happen to him.

"I'm going to lube up your ass so you can take the biggest cock you ever have," I warned him. "You are going to be stretched so wide you'll feel like you are going to be split in half. You're going to be impaled with more than two inches of cock width. This is going to prove to everyone just what a fuckwhore you are."

I made Matthew look again at the cock. I had the woman take it and shove it into his face as I fully lubed his asshole, sliding two, three and four fingers into his ass, the slick mess squishing loudly. "Stick it in his mouth," I encouraged her.

He could barely take more than the head of this huge beast; it was enormous! There was a bit of a murmur from the spectators. I think some whispers from those who believed no man could handle a cock this size. Surely, the monster cock must have been a party decoration, not a functioning dildo!

The lovely blonde woman brought the huge cock to me, which was slightly red at the tip from Matthew's failed attempts to suck it down. It didn't matter; it was about to go into him anyway.

His tight hole resisted the cock at first. He was tense, his muscles tight, his legs all stiff and his butt cheeks squeezed together. "Loosen up, whore!" I ordered, slapping his ass to make him open his eyes and pay attention. He was gritting his teeth, clenching his fists and hissing breath what he could. Just the head barely disappeared into his asshole, spreading his two ass cheeks far. And that was just the tip!

The gigantic dildo was a challenge for Matthew. He let out his breath, sweating like man, writhed a little and groaned. I pushed more. The dildo slid in just a slight bit, and the crowd ooh'd. That appeared to distract him as he tightened up once more, pushing the dildo back out and eliminating the progress we had made. I frowned.

Impatient as I was, I pushed harder, pushed at the base of the huge cock, its balls like two giant bulbs in my line of vision. I pushed with the weight of my body a bit, pressing my breasts into the backside of the dildo. It went in a couple of inches, and Matthew let out a gasp in pain. But it was going in, it was spreading his ass cheeks apart so far, it was inhuman. But his ass could take it. I was dripping wet, simply aroused behind belief.

Someone started taking pictures. I couldn't take it anymore; I wanted to watch, wanted to take the best seat in the house. I turned to my best friend and said, "You take over," and let her step into my place.

There was an audible "mmph" as I took my seat – on Matthew's face – watching from there as my girlfriend continued to push the enormous black beast into his asshole. He was so stretched, it nearly ruined his concentration to lick me. But once he got started, he fell right into his routine, licking me eagerly.

The monster cock soon entered him more, and people were awed. I slid up and down and sideways on Matthew's face, completely

aroused and ready to cum. I had never seen such a display in my life. I couldn't believe Matthew's ass could accommodate a cock of that side. I must say, I was proud of him, even as I was focusing on my pleasure.

There was a limit as to just how far in the dildo would go, but it seemed humanly impossible that it went in as far as it did. I instructed my beautiful friend to keep pumping at a steady rhythm, faster and faster, imagining how much pressure he must feel inside, how he must feel like he was going to explode from it, how stretched his asshole was. He just kept moaning, kept licking my pussy, moving his hips slightly to accommodate the monster dildo.

For awhile, I had her leave it there hanging out of his ass. It fell slightly from such huge weight. He groaned.

It must have been in his ass for a good 20 minutes before I dismounted his face, went around and started to pull it out. I wanted to watch up close how his ass resumed its normal shape, imagining I may see a huge hole upon its release. His asshole, though, slid tight as the dildo was removed, his ass cheeks coming back together. He groaned loudly, and panted with exhaustion. More applause from the horny onlookers.

As the dildo was taken away by the woman who had brought the challenge, apparently the bet-looser as she looked dejected, I realized that the room was still full of dozens of horny guys jerking off. I wondered how my Matthew could satisfy all of them in time for us to go home and for me to get pleasure of my own!

Being the crowd pleaser I am, though, I came up with a compromise that satisfied the most important person of all. Me.

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I went to my toy back and shuffled through the dildos, plugs, vibrators and other toys, until I found the item I was looking for. A

leather O-ring gag and shallow funnel.

Matthew hated the gag, of course, but he didn't have a choice. What I had in mind was going to be the night topper, and there was nothing he could do to talk me out of it.

I told the dozen or so men of various ages and builds that they, too, would have a chance to use Matthew in good time. The idea was one I had toyed with in several dark fantasies, but never in a million years thought I would have the opportunity.

Matthew grimaced when I took him by the hair and put the O-ring gag into his mouth. He gave me a disgruntled look and shifted in his bonds. In his eyes I could tell he was wondering what else I could possibly put him through; I am sure his ass was still throbbing in its attempt to return to its normal shape, and he was vividly remembering the sting of the beastly cock pounding him from behind.

With the gag in place, I took the shallow funnel, which had a wide opening, and fastened it over the gag. It became all too apparent to Matthew, and to those around us, what was about to happen. He was about to be forced to drink cum – gobs of it – from whoever wanted to add his seed to the pot.

And the men were horny, ready to jerk off, with lots of women who were so intrigued by the process they were happy to help prime their partners for ejaculation. Matthew could do nothing but wait, the sounds and sights of mass self pleasure around him as men approached with stiff cocks in hand, ready to empty their load.

I wanted to make sure that the cum guzzling was consistent, though. I insisted that the men get right on the edge, because I wanted Matthew to have no break as the loads and loads of creamy white fluid was poured down his throat. I wanted it to be an endless stream with no breaks, and seemingly no end. To say my pussy was soaked is an understatement.

The men obliged, and in the first round, four cocks were ejaculating into the opening of the funnel at once. The cum started to back up, as Matthew could only swallow so much at a time. As soon as they backed off, three more men replaced them, all on the edge, pumping their throbbing dicks until they squirted almost in unison into the pool of cum that was already there. The funnel was actually filling up!

Matthew guzzled. That was all he could do. He swallowed and swallowed but more kept cumming. His eyes were shut tight as I am sure he was concentrating. I wondered if the loads tasted different, if the consistency of each load mixed with the other, if he could perceive just how much of the liquid he was swallowing down.

One man couldn't hold his load and came all over Matthew's face, but that was ok – it was in his eyes, his hair, and dripping down his nose. I doubt he knew, he was too busy swallowing three more loads of cum. I couldn't resist reaching into the funnel with my finger to stir up the fluid, mixing together more cum than I had ever seen in one place. To think he was going to keep swallowing until it was all gone.

More men came forward, and I even recognized some from before. Certainly, the display was a big enough turn on, they could not resist coming back for seconds. Matthew was gagging on it all, but I figured it was more from the O-ring than the actual cum. He was a cum drinker to the core, he just hated being gagged.

The last man approached. He was a large man with a football player's build, and he had the biggest cock I had ever seen. I wondered how I had missed him from before. He was stroking his eleven-inch dick and looking at Matthew. He said to me, "I want to stick my cock in his mouth."

"Sure," I said. I couldn't help but reach over and stroke the man's huge cock. I had never seen or felt anything like it, and I wanted to

know if it was real. My hand could barely close around it. It was amazing. Veins were popping out everywhere. Precum was forming in a nice white blob at the end of his dick.

My girlfriend removed the funnel and gag, and for good measure turned the funnel so Matthew could lick out the insides and all through the plastic. He cleaned out every drop. He turned his head to the huge cock in front of him, swallowed, looked at me, then opened his mouth wide. As wide as he could.

With his head turned painfully to the side, an awkward position at best, he choked a little when the huge cock was slid into his mouth. At first, he could not take it all. Then, he relaxed, and soon the man was pumping his hips fully, getting the length of his huge dick all the way into Matthew's mouth.

What a sight it was, seeing that huge dick in Matthew's mouth, watching my slut's spit glisten up and down the massive length of the huge shaft. The guy obviously was impressed; in no time he was moaning and saying, "Oh yeah baby, suck it baby, take it all man, suck my dick!"

Matthew did as told, and soon the man was pumping his hips into Matthew's face with a fury, and when he came, Matthew's entire body tensed as he sucked and sucked, managing to not lose a drop or fail to accommodate the entire length of the man's enormous shaft. He swallowed again and again, and when the man pulled his cock out with a groan of pleasure, he let his tongue slide along the bottom of the shaft.

I was speechless; just watching Matthew, whose face was still flushed, sweat dripping off of him. I could do little more than that. His eyes were weary and his lips were swollen. I did not even want to think what his ass felt like.

"You are such a whore for me," I told him.

When I turned, I saw that his cock was still rock hard. His erection was fierce.

Turning back to him, I said, “Good thing you left some for me. You have more in store when we get home.”

From behind me, a woman leaned over and whispered, “You aren’t leaving now, are you? A good man is hard to find, you know.”

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A Good Man – Part Four

Needless to say, when we got home, Matthew was exhausted. He'd consumed more cum than ever, and had been violated in every hole. I was so wet from the entire evening, my thighs were still visibly moist when I got undressed for bed.

I slipped into a bikini panty and cami, and snapped my fingers for Matthew to come to me.

There was a bit of a groan – a mixture of exhaustion and curiosity – coming from the next room. Matthew slowly made his way into the bedroom, his hair disheveled. I reached up and ran my hand through it. Areas were still greasy, slick with cum. "How's your ass feel?" I smiled at him, reaching around and sliding my fingers down his underwear. He had stripped down to just that.

Matthew jumped away, wincing a little. "I'm sore as hell, please, be careful."

"I'm not done with you," I hissed into his ear. I wasn't lying. I was already soaking through my new bikini panties, I was already recounting the evening in my head and I knew I wanted more. I needed more. I wanted to be the one fucking him in the ass all night long; I wanted to be sitting on his face and making him drink my piss; I wanted to be making him shoot his load right over my ass crack so I could force him to lick it out, and do a damn good job of it.

I dragged him playfully to the bed and pushed him down. His eyes were closed and he was moaning, groaning, and waving his hands in front of him. "Please, please, come on, I need sleep. I've been violated…"

Kissing him hard on the mouth, I stopped only to whisper, "You loved every minute of it!"

"Yes," he kissed back. "But I'm…I'm so spent…"

Indeed. As I was on top of him, I felt nothing from his crotch. Not even the slightest bulge in his briefs. Irritating, to say the least.

In the amount of time I had to think about it, about my next steps, Matthew simply fell asleep. I leaned over, tapping him on the cheek, but he was completely out.

Meanwhile, my panties were still soaked. I plopped back down on the bed with a sigh, stared at the ceiling, and slid my hand into my panties, circling my pussy for a moment. Opening my legs, I closed my eyes and thought for a moment, coming up with something to appease me for the evening. I knew Matthew would be of no help to me.

It seemed he had pleased everyone by the most important one. He'd forgot to leave some in the gas tank for me. But, that was to be expected. After all, he had more cocks in his ass and mouth in one night than most men have in a lifetime.

Perhaps I'm always just looking for a reason to get revenge.

Because the ideas that started to come to me were simply diabolical, and easily enough to make me climax right next to him, two fingers teasing my cunt deliciously.

Yes, I had plans.

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A few days later, Matthew had all but forgotten his gang bang night, and things had returned to normal around our place. I'd put aside the kinky games just a bit, and his ass had plenty of time to recover.

On Friday, I told him he had to make himself available to me for the entire evening and into the next day, and no plans were to be made. He agreed, knowing that something was obviously up.

When he got home that evening, I dragged him by the hair into the bedroom. He laughed at this, and thought I was being playful. He taunted me and went a long with it, howling a few makeshift, "OW!"s just to get me going. He had no idea.

I was wearing knee-high black patent leather boots, a short latex skirt and latex bra. And, of course, elbow high black gloves. He should have known that I meant business. Going into my drawers, I started to pull out lingerie. I began tossing it at him.

A black thong hit him in the face. Then the stockings. Then the teddy.

"What's this?" he asked, holding up the thong with his finger.

"That's what you're wearing tonight, sissy boy."

He groaned. "You know I hate dressing up…I look so ….I look so fucking silly, please, do we have to do this? God." Matthew played with the thong between two fingers and shot it across the room like a rubber band.

Without hesitation, I turned to him, took him by the chin, and glared into his eyes. "You will put that on, pussy boy, and you will present yourself for an ass fucking," I paused. "Immediately."

Matthew swallowed, and nodded. I could tell by the look in his eyes, he finally realized I meant business.

**

When I get like that, there is little he can do to appease me. He knows he just must endure and obey, and hope the mood passes.

Matthew looked ridiculous in the too-tiny thong, the thigh high black stockings, and the teddy. For a man his size, it was simply ridiculous. But that's why it turned me on so much.

I spun him around and pushed him against the full-length mirror. "Look at you, you pathetic girly slut. You look like a bitch whore. You look like a complete sissy! You aren't a man at all, are you?"

Matthew hated it when I talked to him like that. I reached around, slid my hand down the thong and grabbed his hard dick, which was only half way in the thong to begin with. "Look at this useless piece of meat," I hissed into his ear, stroking it with my gloved hand.

He moaned, his eyes closed.

I reached up with the other hand and pulled his hair hard, clenching my fist and making him wince. "Don't you fucking close your eyes. Look in the mirror, whore!"

Matthew opened his eyes and looked.

"Put your hands up against the glass," I ordered, stepping back to get my leather strap-on harness.

Matthew obeyed with a soft sigh, placing his palms against the full-length mirror and backing up a little, as if in a position to be frisked. He could see me through the mirror reflection as I buckled on my strap-on harness. He could see that I was staring at his ass, right at his ass. He knew what I was thinking.

"You want lube, bitch?" I asked, smiling a little. Mocking.

"Yes," he said solemnly. "Please…" he trailed off, then looked at my eyes in the mirror reflection. He lifted his eyebrows, sincere. "Please?"

Taking the bottle of lube, I dumped a little in my right hand and then went to work greasing up the long, black dildo. It was my 9 inch, realistic cock with balls and veins. The base of it pressed suggestively into my crotch, and I was already turned on. I knew that as soon as I started thrusting my dick into his ass, I'd be totally on edge from the pressure in my crotch, ready to cum.

Matthew knew this drill fairly well. He knew I wanted to fuck his ass with him bent all the way over, his palms against the glass, so he had to watch in the mirror. He knew that's why I was wearing the five-inch heels. He knew that's why I had the outfit on.

But it still felt like the first time to me. It always did. I pulled him by the hips to back him up, made him bend over, but ordered him to keep his palms flat against the glass and to keep watching, to never close his eyes, and to never look away. I wanted to humiliate him, to make him watch me fuck his ass and treat him like a whore.

"Look at you, in panties and stockings, wearing a teddy," I smirked, running my hands over his thighs as the tip of my lubricated dildo pressed against his ass cheeks. "You want it up the ass, don't you slut? You want a real dick up your ass, don't you?"

"Yes," he responded, starting to close his eyes in shame, but I slapped his ass.

"Keep them open!" I ordered.

First, I slid down his black panties, just around his thighs. Then I used both hands to open his ass cheeks and purred. "Look at that tight pussy. Just waiting for me. Just waiting for my big cock. Come on, back up for me. Back up onto it. Shove your ass this way, whore."

Moving his feet a little bit, Matthew managed to press his asshole right against the head of my cock. All I had to do was move my hips

forward a little and the pressure was all there, momentarily, until the head popped through.

Matthew moaned.

"You like that, don't you? You like the way it feels when my cock is up your ass!" I teased him. I didn't waste any time after that. No, I wasn't in the mood to screw around, I wanted to cum.

I started thrusting at once, and he yelped, in startled pain. My strength pushed him against the mirror a little and he had to brace himself to not be shoved forward as I started to really pump into him.

It felt amazing. I watched him in the mirror, his face wrenched in tension and pain, combined with arousal and lust. I watched his ass cheeks as my cock pumped in and out in a fluid motion, slick and glistening. My crotch felt warm, my pussy was soaking and my cunt ached. I wanted to cum so bad. I didn't even need to touch myself at all – I was on the edge in no time.

Matthew was sweating now, but I kept pumping harder and harder, reaching around and gripping his hard cock. I stroked it as I fucked him, and he moaned. He moaned louder and louder, and I warned him not to cum.

"You don't get to cum, slut," I told him. "Not yet. This is just the start…this is just…my warm up!" I breathed heavily, sweating myself. With that, I came – I came suddenly, and without warning. I came when the cock was all the way into his ass and the base of the dildo pressed against my crotch at just the right moment.

Holding him by the hips, keeping my cock all the way inside of him, I shuddered all over, cried out, and then told him what a nasty bitch he was.

Then, I told him to go get my other cock.

“The 7 inch,” I said breathlessly. “Get it, then crawl to me with it, between your teeth.”

Tired, and sore, Matthew stepped away from the mirror tenderly and made his way.

I looked at the clock. The timing was perfect.

**

After I made Matthew replace the cock in my dildo harness and refasten around my hips for me, I told him to crawl to the other side of the room near the bed and remain kneeling.

I went to touch up my makeup and hair, as I often did, just so he had to watch me saunter around the room in my strap-on. Just seeing me in it always made him hard and anxious, not knowing what was in store for him.

Finally, I went to Matthew with a handful of shackles. He was still in black lingerie, looking quite silly, and I knew he had hoped I would at least strip him down to nothing. His cock was sticking straight out of the thong and it barely was on any longer. I reached down and pulled it up, patted his cock and said, “Keep it in your thong, sissy.”

I restrained Matthew simply. I used wrist restraints to shackle his arms behind his back, added a spreader bar between his ankles and then locked the two together, keeping him kneeling upright with his legs spread nicely.

Then, I added a black leather blindfold, which he hated, and told him he wasn’t going to get to watch me pleasure myself this time. No, that he had to sit there and just listen. But first, I was going to fuck his mouth until I was good and hot.

Matthew groaned, and grimaced when I tauntingly reached over and started to put red lipstick on his lips. He hated that with a passion

but knew that I loved to see red lipstick marks on my flesh colored dildo when I fucked his mouth for pleasure.

I only waited a few moments before I took him by the hair and ordered him to open his mouth. I made him sit there for a few seconds before I forced him to beg for me. I loved hearing him beg to suck my cock, I loved making him lick his lips and stick out his tongue hungrily and ask for it. I loved making him into a wanton, nasty cocksucker.

When he had sufficiently amused me, I pushed my hips forward so my cock slid into his open, waiting mouth. It was greeted with a familiar, slightly startled "mmph" from Matthew, who always needed some time to warm up. He needed to suck for a few minutes at quarter length to get his jaw loosened up, and then I knew I could fuck him all the way – I could make him deep throat the entire length of the cock. He was indeed a well-trained cocksucker.

His cock was stiff, poking out of the thong again and glistening with precum. It was starting to drip a little, a nice ball of creamy precum sitting at the tip. I ignored that and held him by the head, using my hips to guide the length of the cock in and out of his lips. The lipstick was smeared. He looked like a cheap whore. I told him that, and he moaned.

Unable to see me, to see how turned on I was, all Matthew could do is keep sucking, slurping, and going down on my dick. I alternated between fucking his face and then making him actually bob his head up and down while I fingered my pussy underneath the harness.

Matthew was so busy sucking cock, and slurping it down and hearing himself moan, he had no idea the 6ft 2", built man had walked into the room to join us. His name was Colin, and I had called him earlier that day and offered him the best blow job of his life. And more.

I smiled over my shoulder at Colin as he quietly slid out of his trousers and pulled down his underwear. His eight-inch dick was already rock hard, his shaved crotch made it look even more amazing. I called Colin over with my finger, and then slowly pulled my latex cock out of Matthew's mouth.

Matthew wasn't expecting anything other than a quick break like I often gave him. He remained there panting, his mouth wide open, his lipstick smeared around the corners of his mouth and above his lips. He looked exhausted and incredibly turned on.

Of course, he was nowhere near as turned on as I was, as I reclined on the bed and opened my legs to watch the show. I rolled onto my side, just a few feet away from the two men, and teased my upper thighs with my fingertips.

Colin stepped over to Matthew and, without warning, simply shoved his warm, dripping dick into his mouth.

Matthew jumped, startled, and let out a yelp, then tried to pull back.

"Stop!" I ordered from the bed. "You just suck it, whore! You suck any cock I put in your mouth, remember?"

Gagging, he choked down the real cock with a muffled, "yes…" and gagged a little again as Colin really started pumping. Colin obviously was very experienced at fucking a man's mouth, and he wasted no time grabbing Matthew by the head and ramming his entire length between his lips. His moans were deep, guttural.

As I touched myself I watched Colin's fine ass cheeks quiver, tense, and move with the motion. He was a hot, hot man and the sight of him fucking my lover's mouth was incredible. I knew I could cum from this show, and that it would not take long at all.

"Ooh yeah, suck it," Colin moaned, thrusting faster and faster. I was fingering myself with more urgency also, letting out a moan of my

own, and I'm sure Matthew heard it.

Matthew's cock was still rock hard. He was still blindfolded, helpless, just remaining there like a whore of mine, meant only to be used as I saw fit. The idea nearly brought me over the edge, but I held back. I wanted more.

"Colin," I said breathlessly. "Don't cum. Don't cum yet…"

"I'm close," he panted. "God he's a good cocksucker! Oh yeah, fuck! He's a good cocksucker, he's got it…" Colin moaned loudly and threw his head back.

"No!" I ordered. "I want you to fuck me!"

Matthew's body tensed. I could see it, clearly, in every bone of his body. He gagged a little on the cock, and I could swear at that moment he was trying to suck harder, more eagerly, to make Colin either explode right there or decide his mouth was better than my pussy. Jealous, perhaps. Afraid.

Colin moaned, and pulled out of Matthew's mouth. Luckily, I didn't see a stream of cum flowing.

Matthew let out his breath, slurped in the saliva and said to me, "Are you serious..are you going to let him…let him fuck you?" he was incredibly out of breath.

"He already is," I said breathlessly. The bed was creaking loud with each thrust. I knew Matthew could hear it. I moaned uncontrollably. Colin's cock was hard, slick already, and he was fucking me passionately, deep. It was incredible.

All I need to do was look over at Matthew. Helpless, blindfolded, his lips red and puffy, his cock stiff and dripping. Watch him listening to me being fucked by another man, that man he just got hard from his cocksucking. The dick he just sucked was in my pussy.

Colin fucked me hard for several minutes, and Matthew had to listen to it all. Listen to his deep groans, him telling me how tight my pussy was and how good I felt. Listen to me tell him how hard his cock was and how deep he was going, how close I was to cumming.

Matthew was pumping his hips, as if trying to be there, or perhaps he was just so turned on he could cum from fucking air. His cock was throbbing.

When Colin came, he came quite loudly. There is no doubt that Matthew was well aware of how good it felt, and it was coupled with my familiar coos of orgasm as I writhed in pleasure also. Colin collapsed on me, panting.

Matthew was shaking. I looked over at him, the way he was panting, helpless. The thong was off again, as his cock had popped right out of it completely. "Mmmm," I said softly toward him. "Too bad you can't move. I would love a little clean up."

Matthew pursed his lips tightly, swallowing hard. "Please," he said. "Let me. I want to…I need to."

Colin rolled off of me with an exhausted groan and ran his hands through his wet hair. "Ohh. Fuck," he groaned, rubbing his eyes, exhausted.

I smiled, and rolled over to Colin. "Go unlock the shackles," I ordered him, "So my slut can come clean out my pussy."

Colin wordlessly rolled off the bed and got up, took a breath to revive himself and walked over to my kneeling Matthew. He reached over and unlocked the shackles and spreader bar, and without hesitation, Matthew crawled toward me.

"Come here," I ordered.

Matthew crawled toward the sound of my voice, still blindfolded. I reached over, grabbed him by the hair, and guided him between my thighs. When his face was at my pussy, I pressed hard and ordered, “Lick it up. Lick it all up.”

With a groan of pleasure, Matthew started lapping away at me. Then, he knew, it was a real. When he tasted Colin’s cum mixed with the wetness of my pussy, he knew what he had heard was real indeed. He just licked harder, deeper, and I stretched out on my back and purred softly, my body still sensitive to touch.

Colin was getting dressed a few feet away, his hair a mess, his cheeks still flushed. I just waved at him silently and with a nod he left the room.

I was in no hurry at that point, so I let Matthew keep licking.

There was no doubt, when he was finished, that I was clean.

Jun 4, 2018Akasha

A Good Man – Part Five

It doesn't take long for my thoughts to wander again. I found myself thinking about the next time I would violate Matthew, about the next time I would make him center stage at a party. The next time I would offer his mouth, his ass up to anyone who felt like getting off.

There's something so incredibly hot about turning my Matthew into nothing more than a sex toy. Making him into a complete object. I feel like the director, calling the shots, creating situations that seem so unthinkable now, but in the heat of the moment are absolutely mind-blowing. I get off on watching Matthew endure it all, a little at a time, watching how he musters the strength, the energy and hangs onto what shred of ego he can in order to go as far as I need him to. Even if it means going against everything his masculine male ego and pride tell him.

One night last week I took Matthew to the intimate, fetishy club in Hollywood that we frequent from time to time. I made him dress in nothing but a tight pair of latex briefs, combat boots and a leather collar. I was wearing a skin-tight latex dress that often rolled up a little at the bottom, nearly revealing my ass crack and thong. I was also in thigh high black patent leather boots with semi-reasonable heels this time, elbow length gloves and a black choker. My hair was pulled up away from my face in long curls, and I did my makeup to the extreme. This look always made Matthew want me more than anything.

It didn't hurt that I was also teasing him relentlessly. I had denied him release for nine days and counting but had him on the edge many times. Now, at the club, all I had to do was stand in front of him and press my latex ass against his crotch and I felt his stiff erection. He would moan and talk down into my ear, but I pretended not to hear him, not to listen at all because I was too busy watching a man across the room.

The club was crowded with the fetish divas and various male boy toys, and of course, the occasional tourist or wanker that was just there hoping to see women like me. Hoping to maybe score a change to just lick my boot, or get me to talk dirty to him. I always had to scan the place several times to identify the prey that I thought would suit me best – usually, a college-aged Betty Page type girl, the more exotic, the tighter body the better. Tongue piercings a plus.

That night, though, I was looking for something else. Matthew was standing behind me leaning against the bar, oblivious to anything but how nice his hand probably felt resting on my ass. I turned and leaned over and went into my purse, taking out a metal chain leash.

As soon as Matthew saw it, his eyes took on a different look. He knew, then, that this was going to be one of those nights. We weren't there to just enjoy the view and say hi to a few friends. We were there for another reason – and it was all about me. The leash meant he wasn't going to have a choice any longer. And the leash also told all the fetish ravens who were checking out my man that he was off limits unless I was the one calling the shots. Ironically, even though I got off on whoring Matthew out, nothing infuriated me more than women hitting on him or propositioning him; I am extremely possessive. I want to whore his mouth and ass out for my pleasure; it must come from my direction.

I fastened the clasp of the leash to the O-ring on the leather collar that was around Matthew's neck. I often thought collars looked silly on men that didn't wear them well. Matthew was the opposite. The collar on him only accented his firm body, his masculine look, making him appear almost like a captured gladiator or historical male prisoner.

Just attaching the leash to him made me wet. I could feel the moisture between my thighs. The latex was incredibly hot to begin with, but the added warmth just compounded it. My thong was

uncomfortable, and I was eager to get rid of it, but wary of flashing anyone on accident thanks to the latex dress that was barely there.

I lifted up a gloved finger, close to Matthew's face, and he looked at it. "Stay here," I ordered him. He reached around with both hands, deliberately putting his palms down on the edge of the bar as if to say he was virtually locked there. I smiled. As I turned to walk away from him, I knew he was staring at my ass. I knew Matthew so well; he was staring at my ass, his dick was stiff in his briefs and he was hoping tonight was the night he'd get some relief.

Poor Matthew. As I headed out toward the dance floor I knew his eyes were scanning the crowd, looking at the gorgeous redhead in the fishnets and mesh top. Looking at the Asian beauty in the schoolgirl outfit. Looking at the tall, statuesque blonde in the sheer bodysuit. Hoping I would pick this one. Or that one. Or the one over there.

I wonder what he was thinking when I stopped in front of the tall, wiry gentleman in the business suit. The tourist, he was probably thinking. Of all the fetish Barbie dolls available, what was I doing talking to a man in a suit who was probably from Toledo, Ohio and there on a business trip?

This man, I could see, was out of his element. I don't think he had ever seen a woman like me standing so close to him, my latex-clad breasts pressing into his button-up shirt, our eyes exactly level because I was in heels. "Uhm…" was all he could stammer, looking at me, afraid to look at me, wanting to look down at my cleavage, but not wanting to look, but not wanting to look like he was trying not to look.

I smiled at the businessman and put my palm on his chest, pushing him back against the wall with a little pressure. I knew this must be driving Matthew crazy, but he was busy stationed at the bar and unable to leave. I knew he was standing there, watching like a

hawk, ignoring any casual comments made by a passerby about the leash he was wearing, about why he was standing there like that.

Teasing Matthew from afar was just a mere warm-up for me, something to continue to make me hot, to get me into a mood where I would continue to push the envelope. It wasn't the conservative businessman I wanted anyway; I was after another prey that had apparently disappeared when I came looking. Hopefully, that person had not left.

I turned my back toward the nervous man and pressed my ass into his crotch, looked over my shoulder and asked him, clearly, if he had ever been fucked in the ass. It was a loud enough question to be heard over the music, so I knew he heard.

The man looked flustered. I swear he might have cum in his pants right there. The look on his face was priceless. In fact, I probably would have considered taking him into a back room for some amusement, giving him my own fetish makeover, because underneath the glasses and clothes he actually looked pretty cute.

But those thoughts were squashed when my original intended victim walked by. Tall, well over 6ft and built like a truck, he had huge biceps and a single tattoo on his arm, short hair and a nice prominent bulge in his black pants. The man had short, well kept blonde hair and a European look to him. I could just imagine an accent – German, possibly Dutch. And he looked kinky as hell; I could just tell that about him.

I left my businessman behind (I think I heard him calling after me, something about buying me a drink) and caught up to the muscle-bound treasure, touching him on the arm to get him to stop and turn toward me.

If Matthew had seen what came next, he'd certainly have been aching with jealousy and desire. The man and I had one of those moments – that just happen – when you look at each other and

things just start happening. Sort of dancing, but not really, and I was not shy about giving him a serious look that meant I wanted to fuck him. Shy is something completely foreign to me. When I want someone, I make it clear.

Within a few moments we were deep in a lustful kiss, and I could swear even his mouth tasted European. As that thought occurred to me I questioned what European tasted like anyway, and just as quickly lost the thought, completely distracted by the bulge pressing into me. He wasn't hiding anything. I wanted him.

And Matthew, poor Matthew, I'm sure he watched us both with aching balls and a combination of fear, lust and betrayal, but the kind of betrayal that was like an intoxicating too-sour yet addicting piece of candy.

Matthew knew that he was mine, and only mine, and that my flirtations with other men were merely steps toward bringing them to where I really wanted them. He knew what my ultimate goal was. But he still got that achy feeling when he realized I could have any man in that club, and we both knew it.

**

The club has a dark area upstairs where people find hidden corners and hideaways for the underage that need a place to pass out. I found myself up there with my new prey, Karl, who was, sadly, not European. He was from West Hollywood.

Matthew was led up there behind me, by his leash. Going up the stairs must have looked quite interesting, me in the arms of the stocky pseudo European Karl, with my regular side dish trailing behind on a long chain lead. He had his head down. There's something about being led on a leash in a public place that just puts Matthew into such a mind frame. I knew he was reeling.

Our own private corner was not very private at all, but at that point I didn't care. I was full of an incredible lust, I could swear my pussy was aching and my thighs were slick. The latex dress was no longer sleek and sexy, it was tight and confining. I wanted to be naked. I wanted a lot of things, but in all of this my thoughts of lust went in one direction.

Matthew. I wanted to use him right then. The aching in my pussy wasn't for my new found stud; it was for Matthew, and my mind racing through thoughts of what he would do for me. I wanted to use him. I wanted to turn him into a service-whore, a slut that was there to facilitate a random, public fuck. The lowest of the low, I thought to myself, is a slave that services total strangers for his Mistress in a public place, risking humiliation and disdain.

Oh, but what a cocksucker he was. And I knew once I saw his lips wrapped around Karl's huge dick I'd be right where I wanted to be. Public or not, it had to happen. "The bathroom," I hissed to Karl between kisses, as Matthew stood, quietly, just a few feet away, connected to us through the lead I was still holding.

Karl apparently knew what I was thinking, and we made our way into the bathroom and finally into the handicapped stall. It was a unisex bathroom, and I'm sure the regulars there had seen far worse than three people going into the largest stall alone.

Immediately my thoughts went to bondage, restraints, strap-ons and all the toys I wish I had there with me, but did not. It didn't matter. I wasn't stopping. I pushed Karl up against the wall and kept kissing him, and at the same time reached over and put my hand over Matthew's face, somewhat recklessly, and pushed down. This gesture, crude and deliberately cold, told him his place was on the floor.

Matthew had to kneel there on the hard floor and watch me unzip Karl's pants and slide my hand down. When I felt him, I was even

more turned on. He was so big, so thick, that I knew Matthew would be further humiliated and objectified. He was even bigger than Matthew. The bulge had not been a lie.

Karl was moaning into my mouth, feeling up my breasts over the latex, pushing his hips toward my hand as I held his cock. I lifted one leg up and put my boot up on the toilet seat, opening my thighs, making my latex skirt roll up. No one had known that I'd earlier gotten rid of my thong, something I had learned to do in public many times without someone even noticing, backed up against a wall, with one fluid movement, quickly into the nearby trashcan. I reckoned I should have saved it, as a souvenir, for Karl from West Hollywood.

When I had Karl's cock completely out of his pants, I broke the kiss and turned to kneeling Matthew, grabbed him by the collar, not even the leash, and yanked him over. "Suck it!" I ordered.

This didn't seem to shock Karl at all. In fact, I had expected some hesitation or even a question or two, but Karl said nothing. He leaned over so his huge dick was thrust in Matthew's face.

Matthew looked up at me, his expression one of desperation, humiliation and need. He didn't need to suck a dick; no, he needed to please me, to get me off. I knew there was nothing more disgusting to him at that very moment than taking this man's dick into his mouth; but at the same time, it was as if that was the only thing in the world that would satisfy him. Because it was what I wanted. And he could see, as my skirt was rolled up, that I was already fingering myself a little, watching, a hungry smile on my face, a bit of a knowing smirk. He knew I'd been waiting for this all night, and he didn't want to keep me waiting any longer.

Karl moaned when my Matthew leaned over and starting sucking his cock. Karl's eyes were closed, he was leaning with his palm up

against the opposite wall of the stall for balance, pumping his hips ever so slightly.

Matthew was gagging on the warm cock because of its size. He could barely get a couple inches in at first, that is, until I told him he had to. I grabbed him by the hair and told him not to disappoint me, that I wanted him to deep throat all of that cock, and that I knew he could do it.

While he was sucking I lifted my boot off the toilet seat and moved my leg over, pushing my heel against the bulge in Matthew's tight latex briefs. I started sliding it up and down, slowly, tracing an outline of his erect cock underneath the trappings of the material. This made his hips quiver and some deep moans come amid the gurgling and choking. Matthew was incredibly turned on, so turned on that I bet I could've made him cum in his latex briefs just from what I was doing.

Karl was groaning even louder, his eyes shut tight, hissing loudly, "Oh yeah, that's good. Keep sucking it. Keep sucking it down…" Hearing guys talk dirty has always been a turn on for me, and as I heard Karl's words and Matthew's obedient moans in response I found myself getting dizzier with lust and need.

Matthew was sucking the entire length of the man's dick now, and I watched every moment of it. I watched how he sucked so eagerly, knowing every ounce of his effort was going into giving me the show I wanted. I watched him knowing he was going to try to make the man cum if that was what I wanted. I knew he would not stop until I told him to.

"I'm getting close," Karl moaned, alerting me more than Matthew. It was decision time for me, suddenly faced with a difficult choice. Did I make Matthew stop so Karl could slide his wet, throbbing cock into my pussy – or did I make Karl cum into Matthew's mouth so he could swallow every drop?

Both were incredible to ponder, but at the last minute, I did something entirely different. Instead, I pulled Matthew's head back by a fistful of hair and held him there, letting the stream of cum shoot all over his face, startling him. It was something he had not expected, and I think the second stream shocked him even more as Karl just seemed to keep cumming and cumming, his groans the loudest yet.

Matthew's face was covered with the creamy white cum, and when he reached up with his hands instinctively I pushed them aside. "Not yet," I told him. "Look at me. I want to see my cum slut. Let's see how good you look with your face covered."

It embarrassed Matthew to look up. Both Karl and I were looking down at him, and Karl was stifling a chuckle as he caught his breath. "Shit," he said. "That felt good."

It did, I thought to myself. It felt amazing to me, and I had not even cum yet. It had all been just the warm up for me, my climax would come much later. I pressed the heel of my boot a little firmer into Matthew's bulge to make him wince. He kept his eyes up on me as ordered, straining a little, grimacing, and a small drop of cum dripped off his chin.

I thought about making him remain that way. With cum on his face. I thought about putting him there in the unisex bathroom and then going out and ushering in the most gorgeous fetish women one at time to get their instant reactions to my cum covered cocksucker. It was such a hot idea, I thought, but somehow knew the timing was not right. It was an idea to file for later.

Instead, all I wanted to do was lead my Matthew out of the club by the leash, have him drive me home while I masturbated and replayed the events of the night in my head. The sooner we got home, the sooner I could get my hands on my toys, and give Matthew the ass fucking he so deserved.

The next round of humiliation would simply have to wait.

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A Good Man – Part Six

Matthew gets little rest.

Even when I allow him a decent night of sleep, I often still make him sleep in restraints, or plugged, or in tight latex shorts that are hot and objectifying. Sometimes I like to move close to him in the middle of the night and start fondling him through the warm, slick latex until he moans sleepily and tries to roll over, realizing that the chain collar around his neck won't give him the room.

I knew Matthew needed to be well rested, though, for the night I had planned. It was a Saturday evening party. He'd seen the invitations around the house, but I never let him read them. He knew, based on the erotic black and white photograph on the front, that this was going to be a kinky party of sorts.

But Matthew mistakenly thought this was a party I had talked about for months. Something I had always wanted to do. I wanted to have a party and theme it "liberation" – a party for all my female friends who were not quite kinky, but were "in the know" when it came to my games of passion and kink with Matthew.

The "liberation" party would be for female friends, and their friends, and friends-of-their-friends, to come together and explore the liberation of their sexuality through roleplaying, fantasy sharing and living a night on the edge. There would be no taboo, there would be no judging, and the ladies would all experience a new side of their sexuality that promised to bring them to a heightened sense of awareness – of passion and excitement.

Yes, "Liberation" was going to be quite an event, one that promised to have the 30 somethings in new, shining strap on leather harnesses as they sipped champagne, promised to have them viewing quality erotica and sharing with one another what they

found exciting and real to them. Best of all, it promised to have them experiencing the erotic high that comes from using a man sexually – without limits, and without judgment – to indulge whatever dark desires they thought would never be actualized.

Matthew thought that Saturday night was going to be "Liberation," and that he and a few other men would be the guinea pigs of the group, the sexual "toys" for the ladies, the sluts for use. That, I know, he figured would be a cake walk. After all, he'd served much hornier, nastier women than these slightly-on-edge housewives.

Matthew had no idea that these women were already quite liberated. In fact, the ladies he would be entertaining were of the most liberated, sadistic dominas of the nation – all under one roof.

Ours.

This wasn't the "Liberation" party I had told him about. This was a party for the most experienced, the most extreme and the most talented dominas and their friends. But the party was for my pleasure, really.

**

I've always gotten off on showing others just how much my Matthew could take. This party was no different.

That desire, combined with my gnawing lust and need for his surrender, added to the intense electricity in the air and my own one track mind. I could not stop staring at Michael, wearing only a latex thong and black collar, as he moved some furniture in our spare party room. I watched the way his muscled-frame maneuvered the large chairs with ease, and I watched his tight ass as he bent over to unplug cords and tend to small potted plants that needed to be moved.

I restrained myself, so to speak, and saved my passion for later. Only a few hours would pass before the room was full of women – and a few men – who were all brought together for a party that would celebrate our mutual lust for power exchange.

Matthew ironically had no idea these were women who were already liberated. It wasn't until he found himself used as a sexual piece of furniture that I think the idea occurred to him that perhaps these women had a little experience.

It was my idea, the way he was restrained. It was an idea I had dreamt up many weeks before. My Matthew was strapped down on a low table on his back, naked except for his thong. His wrists were pulled under and shackled together, his legs were spread and his ankles were fastened to the legs of it.

His strong knees provided suitable places for a petite woman to sit comfortably and carry on a conversation, as did his thighs and his belly. But the seat of honor was indeed on his face, where a double sided dildo provided not only a clever table decoration but a method to keep my slut quiet and attentive.

Matthew was gagged with a large dildo, and another ample sized cock was fastened to the other side, pointing upward. It did not take long for Dandrea Dayne, the auburn haired British bombshell, to casually lift her skirt and lower herself down onto the dildo, mounting Matthew's face. Her skirt fell over him and other ladies laughed, two of them immediately stepping forward, both aiming to lift the skirt so they could still see the eyes of the unsuspecting victim.

Dandrea played by bouncing up and down playfully, and I watched as Matthew's head thumped on the table a bit, his muffled protests drowned out easily by the music and laughter. Dandrea's strong thighs were at the sides of his head as she looked down at him and pinched his nose, cutting off his air, giggling at him tauntingly.

Once again, I found myself incredibly turned on at the sight of him being used so sexually, so heartlessly, by a woman I barely knew. I could tell he was suffocating slightly, his body twitching, one of the petite ladies on his knee going flying a bit with a shriek, only to catch her balance and turn around and slap the inside of his thigh.

Matthew was turning red, and Dandrea started to rotate her hips in a steady motion, commenting about how well made the dildo was, how tight it was inside her. She ordered Matthew to lift his head and fuck her with it, to actually strain to lift as best he could when she pushed herself up off of him slightly. "Come on, boy, you can fuck better than that!" she laughed.

A few ladies gathered around to watch. My own eyes were fixed on the action, and I was lost in it. I felt the moisture between my legs at once. The lace panties I wore were already damp. My toes were curling in the spiked, open sandals I was wearing. My face was flushed.

A tap on my arm broke me out of my spell. I turned and saw a beautiful Asian woman standing beside me. She smiled. "Does it make you jealous, seeing all this?" she asked, looking over at Matthew as he was being virtually face-fucked.

"No," I replied simply. "I….I don't know why – I just get so turned on, I love it. I could watch for hours."

The woman smiled and nodded, then looked back at Matthew. Two more girls had toppled on him, one falling over into his chest and bumping the riding Dandrea. "He's a good man," she agreed. "You may have plenty to watch tonight, I think."

**

I did have plenty to watch, but once again, it felt like it wasn't enough. I was as turned on watching the acts unfold as I would be if I were the one in every case actually violating my Matthew.

The double sided dildo torment ended up being a tremendous hit with my female guests, so much so that it was hard to remove Matthew from the bondage to cage him for the next series of torments. The ladies all wanted to have their chance at him, each using their own special style of sadism, erotica and humiliation.

Matthew's face was soon drenched in sweat and the juices of various women, two of which had squirt cum on him and another who had actually started to pee on him before I told her that such potty games were off limits for the time being. Poor Matthew, his face smeared and red, was left suffering and humiliated for some time, remaining in that position, as my guests and I regrouped in the next room and I showed them the next exhibit.

Yes, I left Matthew strapped down on the table, still locked into the double sided gag, still painfully stretched out. A woman had also asked me for permission to insert an inflatable plug in his ass. I didn't see the harm in it; after all, his ass could probably use a little preparation for the rest of the evening.

The inflatable plug actually had the most precise, responsive flow control I had ever seen, using a lever instead of a bulb. The ladies took turns experimenting with the features, watching his body twist and convulse as the bulb in his ass expanded to his body's limits, his cheeks visibly stretched and his hips pumping in response.

The plug was left at half-level when we parted ways with the helpless slave, and all I told him was that I we were preparing the cock cage and suck station for him. He had no idea what this meant, of course. The diabolical words were designed to leave him helplessly to wonder what I had in store for him next.

Indeed, the next phase was something I was proud of, and my pussy literally ached with desire as I told my guests what Matthew would endure next for them. I'd combined a few pieces of bondage

furniture and other toys to devise this torment for him, one I knew I'd want a front row seat for.

He would be positioned in all fours over a horse-type device, in a kneeling position, with his cock in a cage and his balls exposed. His balls would be in a harness and stretched down to the floor, locked in place with a metal hook. This would allow ladies easy access to his sensitive sack, where they could apply clothes pins, shoot rubber bands from afar or coat his freshly shaved jewels with heating ointment or gels.

His cock, meanwhile, would be in a studded cage that allowed no room for an erection without punishing his flesh. He'd only been in this cock cage a few times, and even the slightest erection was excruciatingly painful. He'd be familiar with it as soon as it was locked in place, and I knew he'd be on edge.

At the other end of the horse, he'd be locked down by the neck and his chin would be held in place. His mouth would be held open with an O-ring gag which would remain in place until a cock was slid in. Matthew's head would be in a position so that he could not turn at all and could not see anything going on behind him, only face forward and endure what was presented.

This position was ideal for cock sucking, as I saw it, because he'd have no choice but to open his mouth and accommodate. I had a half-hood available for those that wanted him totally blacked out and unable to even see what was going on.

There were some complaints, surprisingly, from those women that wanted full use of his ass. No, I explained to them, this session was meant to entirely focus him on the task at hand – the sucking of dick – and that the cock and ball torture was going to be directly related to how well of a performance he was giving. That seemed to appease them slightly, as now they had a method to their torment, and could pair off and have a real logic to their teams. One would

make him suck cock, the other would apply the cock and ball torture to keep him motivated.

His ass, I assured them, would be the entire focus of his third stage – an opportunity for them to see how well he could endure the largest cock, the most severe ass fucking, all while remaining ungagged. A few ladies asked me about sound proofed walls, and laughter followed.

I smiled, and assured them that my Matthew could keep quiet. When he was forced to.

**

Watching Matthew endure for me was spectacular.

I took a fine seat just a few feet away from him, so I was able to watch him suck each cock as it was presented to him. Some ladies used a handheld dildo, others had fine strap ons in leather and latex harnesses. One woman had a cock that was curved, of all things, and watching him try to maneuver his lips around it was priceless.

What turned me on most of all was how well he could deep throat it. Despite the pain in his balls, the pressure of the cage as his cock stiffened instinctively, he managed to open his jaw wide and take the largest dick all the way down his throat. His eyes watered and his lips started to get puffy in a matter of minutes, but he kept on sucking.

I had a fine view of the best asses as they pumped in the direction of Matthew's face. I heard the women grunt and call him names, from asswipe to cocksucker to fucktoy. I heard him moan in response, heard him grunt as his body twitched when one woman ruthlessly started in on his ballsac with a leather riding crop.

When someone put the hood on him, I took the opportunity to stand up and fasten my own harness in place. I raised my finger to my lips

to alert my friends that I wanted no one to reveal that I had left my post of watching and moved in for action myself.

Instead, in stealth mode, I moved my body toward Matthew and waited until the tall, amazon woman had stepped aside, listening to the familiar "pop" as her large black dick exited his tight lips.

He let out his breath, gasped, and licked the sides of his mouth with a visible wince, even though I could only see part of his face. I took my large, flesh toned dildo and pushed the tip of it into his cheek. Matthew immediately turned his face to find the head of it, searching blindly, searching eagerly to find the cock so he could get it inside of his mouth.

This was fascinating to me. Fascinating because I knew he didn't like sucking cock. He didn't like large, dick shaped objects in his mouth. He didn't like the taste of latex or the feel of hard rubber in his mouth. Yet he was driven to please, driven to do the best possible job. And in this case, it meant getting that cock into his mouth as quickly as it could.

I let him flounder for it. I kept moving it out of the way, then rotating my hips around and slapping him in the face with it mockingly. Giggles were heard around the room, and at the same time a woman behind me gripped his balls in her gloved hands and squeezed hard. He let out a yelp and I shoved the head of my cock into his mouth and he choked on it, startled.

She had been wearing vampire gloves, nasty leather gloves with tack-like protrusions on the padding, something I'm sure felt numbingly painful against his tender balls. She smiled at me and squeezed again, making his body rock against the restraints.

Matthew kept on sucking. He sucked on my dick even though his balls were on fire. He sucked on my dick even though his hips were twitching instinctively, trying to pull his body away from the pain. He

sucked and his cock visibly stiffened in the metal cage, turning red at once.

I realized he recognized the feel of my cock. He knew he was sucking my dick, and despite the pain, it turned him on.

Matthew kept on sucking.

**

To be continued

Jun 4, 2018Akasha

A Good Man – Part Seven

Even though I had fucked Matthew many times, this was different.

It was different because so many beautiful women were watching and making comments, it was different because he was hooded and could not see, yet I knew that he knew it was me. He knew by the way I was thrusting. He was so familiar with my style that he could tell when it was my cock that was in his mouth.

His enthusiasm for sucking my dick just made me wetter. He was unaware, it seemed, that his balls were bulging and on fire and that his cock was pulsing in the metal cage, strained, chaffing. All he seemed to be aware of was the thickness of my large shaft in his mouth and making sure he got every inch of it all the way down his throat.

It was glistening with his spit and the balls were slamming his chin. I was breaking a sweat as well, and the giggles and whispers started to soften and disappear until the room was silent except for the slurping of Matthew's lips and his occasional moan.

Finally, Dandrea broke the silence by announcing, "This one's gonna blow, just from sucking you off, girlfriend."

She was indeed talking about his dick. It was impossible for him to cum in the device, but it was apparent to all that his load would be shot as soon as his cock was free. In fact, the amount of precum that was oozing out was remarkable. One lady reached over with a gloved hand to even scoop a little onto her fingertip and show it to me, raising her eyebrows as if to compliment me on my task.

I put my gloved hands in Matthew's hair and kept pumping, finally whispering, "you want something to eat, cocksucker?"

All he could do was moan in agreement. Moan and whimper. He knew it was me of course, knew by my scent and now by my voice. I looked over to my girlfriend and nodded, with a smile, toward the dessert table nearby. She grinned at me knowingly. It was so obvious to us – all of us women – what this was all about.

Matthew, meanwhile, had no idea. He just kept on sucking my dick as fingers reached under and freed his cock from the device, as gloved hands cupped his balls and then another reached around and handed me a plate of cheesecake. At least, I think it was cheesecake.

I wasn't ready for the dessert surprise – at least not yet. I shoved my cock all the way down Matthew's throat and held it in place as I leaned over to one of my girlfriends – AnnaBella – and told her to open up his ass with the milking rod.

Matthew heard this and I saw his body tense, heard a faint whimper from him. He had hoped he was going to actually cum, but he knew that it was not a possibility – he knew he was going to instead be milked like an animal. A rod would be shoved up his ass and pushed into his insides and against his most delicate prostate until the cum oozed from him without the feeling of release. Without orgasm. Without pleasure. Instead, he would endure a painful, humiliating milking in front of the entire room of ladies.

And he had no idea that he was going to ooze cum all over the desert that he would soon be consuming. Of course, I left that part out.

**

Milking Matthew was a sheer delight. I enjoyed it from my vantage point – my cock in his mouth, bent over his body, his head pressed against me as he gagged and choked on the latex in his mouth.

The choking came in response to the rod being slid into his tight, tight asshole. He was well lubed and loosened up, but the rod was cold and medicinal and he knew all too well what was coming next.

I coached AnnaBella on how to push the rod deeper and deeper, and the rest of the ladies peered under Matthew's belly to see his red, bulging cock being to deliver the semen. Cum first started to drip, ooze, then flow even in moderate spurts. It looks like an orgasm in slow motion.

There were giggles as the white, creamy fluid was dripping onto the cheesecake. My lady friend made sure she circled the plate round and round so an even dose of cum was coating the entire top of the tasty dessert. "Yummmmm – my!" one of the ladies comment, but she was quickly shushed by her friend who knew this was supposed to be a secret of course.

Matthew was oblivious anyway. He had no idea this was happening, he was groaning, writhing in discomfort as the rod pushed deeper and deeper inside him and the cum continued to drip.

"There, there," I said to him sympathetically. "You'll feel so much better without that load weighting down your balls."

I could tell his face was drenched in sweat under the hood as the scent of wet leather started to become so strong. That scent was one that turned me on more than anything, and the pressure of the strap-on against my crotch and the sight of the cum-covered desert were enough to bring me back to my main focus – when my pleasure was going to come.

Finally, I slid back to remove my large cock from Matthew's mouth. His response was to let out his breath and gasp, panting, exhausted. His lips were cherry red from the activity and his chin was covered with spit. He was a mess. I patted him on the head and asked him if he wanted some water.

I knew this was a trick question. Of course he would say yes, he was exhausted, spent. He was dying of thirst and would take anything at that time, and it didn't matter that he knew I could be devious. He'd ask for water anyway.

"First, you need to taste some dessert!" I told him, reaching out with a smile. The plate was handed to me. Part of me wanted Matthew to actually see the cum-covered mess he was about to eat. Anna had taken the liberty of smashing it up a little so the cum was mixed in quite well. It was still very visible in white, creamy blobs all over the top of the cheesecake.

Something about seeing a man eat cum-covered deserts fascinates women. They all jockeyed for position to see Matthew eat, and by the hush and the hustle, I know he realized this was something horribly nasty. He probably imagined it would even be worse than what he was about to taste. It didn't matter, I still planned to make it as humiliating as possible.

**

Cum-covered-cheesecake was first shoveled into Matthew's mouth a forkful at a time, until finally he tasted it and wrinkled his nose and coughed some up. Then, all bets were off.

It was slight pandemonium as my friends reached over to help. One of my girlfriends grabbed his head to hold it in place and then wound up straddling him to hold his head with her thighs above him. Another lady was plugging his nose with two fingers and calling him a "dirty piggie."

I just kept shoveling, and another girlfriend scooped up part of the cheesecake and pushed it into his nose and mouth, inciting a round of cheers and applause from the audience.

"Lick up the mess!" I ordered Matthew, pushing the plate into his face and making him lick all around it. He was gagging on it. I knew

he could taste more cum than anything else, because the load had been huge. The pieces of squished cheesecake started to cake onto his face and dry there. I used my fingers to scoop it off a little bit and then shoved more into his mouth.

“What do you taste, my slut?” I asked him.

“Cum,” he coughed, dejected.

“Say it louder so they can all hear you!” I hissed playfully, leaning down and getting closer to his face.

He coughed up some crumbs and lifted his head. “Cum,” he said. He paused, licked his lips, and added, “Cum and cheesecake.”

The ladies laughed at his clarification. I was expecting him to say something else, something funny perhaps. Like, ask who made the cheesecake, or comment on which tasted better.

But apparently, he was too exhausted. Or maybe he knew that the night wasn’t even close to over yet and that his “snack” was a mere intermission. And that his ass was on display next.

Jun 4, 2018Akasha

Cruel Delilah

Delilah selected the posh downtown Hollywood hotel for a reason. It had a great location, a great suite with a view, and the lobby held a certain flair that appealed to her. She envisioned bringing many men there at one time in her life – but this time, it was really much simpler. There was one thing she wanted to do, and her slaveboy (well, man, really) was going to assist her with it.

This man – Brad – was a simple man, really. He was pleasant, classy, charming. He had traditional corporate good looks, a fairly decent body, but a pathetically small cock. Delilah liked to tease him relentlessly about this, and it always made her wet when he squirmed, visibly uncomfortable, as she stared and poked and laughed at his small member.

But Brad adored her and would do anything for her. That's why they were such a good couple. Delilah was delicious, gorgeous and cruel – and Brad ate up every last bit of it, because he was a masochist and a pure whore at heart, and nothing thrilled him more than to see that delight in her eyes when she made him feel pathetic.

It was the second anniversary of their first date when she made Brad take her to the beautiful hotel. She wore an elegant sundress and sandals over her perfectly painted pretty toes, and he followed behind her a few paces with the luggage as she flirted with the bellmen and seemed to immediately have the young men drooling and watching her every move.

Brad could only watch and long for her attention. It was at times like this that he was reminded that she was the goddess and he was merely a tool for her – his devotion could only get him so far. At times like this it was like he did not exist. He was entirely forgettable. He just stood there next to the pile of luggage as two

college-aged bellmen hustled around her to answer her whispers, not even acknowledging the existence of Brad.

Of course, when they realized he was with Delilah and the bags were indeed, hers, the boys climbed over each other to get to them and load them onto the cart for the ride up to her room.

“Never mind that,” Delilah smiled behind her big sunglasses. “He’ll get my bags.”

This froze the tanned, gawking bellmen in their tracks for a moment, until Delilah added, “Oh, no. I still want you to come up. But he can carry the bags. You can open the door, dear.”

The bellmen looked at each other and pointed and chuckled, and one said, “Him or me?”

“Or both of us?”

“Him,” Delilah pointed. “You.” Her fingers touched the plastic name tag that read simple, “Jackson.”

“What a handsome name,” she smiled. Jackson blushed.

Brad pushed the cart that carried seven bags. Seven bags for an overnight stay. You could just never pack enough, Delilah would always tell him. Because she never knew what she would need.

Seven bags, and only one of them included any clothing.

Six bags, all leather, all toys, all devices. Brad held the cart as the elevator door closed, and he looked over to see Delilah smiling at Jackson, smiling at him as if he was prey. The sound in the elevator was simply the shuffling of his feet a little, the clearing of his throat, and Brad’s nervous, uncomfortable heartbeat.

**

Delilah did end up making Jackson unload the bags off the cart, telling the boy that he would need to earn his few dollars and that she wanted to watch him bend over. He blushed at the remark and kept looking awkwardly at Brad, probably wondering if the man was a driver, a lover, or a personal assistant. Brad was older than Delilah, who was older than she looked, but Brad had a forgettable quality because he'd become so good at being invisible when Delilah was prowling.

He was content to watch her, actually, because it thrilled him to see her in action, to see her start to get excited over the prospect of new prey. In no time she had the unassuming bellman in a bit of a trance, hoping to get laid, probably, but at the very least excited by the attention he was receiving from a beautiful lady.

Jackson took the handful of dollars eagerly, but really lingered in the room just to take in her figure and perhaps extend the fantasy a little. Delilah smiled at him and then told him she'd call down later to have him come up and move the furniture around. The comment made him laugh, but as he exited the room, his smile changed to a look of wonder as he realized she wasn't joking.

After the door closed, Delilah snapped her fingers and Brad moved beside her, kneeling, absolutely on command, automatically. His eyes were shut at once.

She pulled up her dress, took him by the back of the head, and shoved his face into her pussy, pressing it tightly against the front of her panties. They were moist beyond words. He inhaled her scent.

"Jackson was nice to look at. Don't you think?"

She was making a point to him. Brad got the message loud and clear. Her grip was firm, though, and it was obvious she was going to keep his face mashed against her panties, up against the lace, until little indentations appeared on his cheeks as if he'd slept wrong on the covers all night.

“I bet Jackson has a big dick” Delilah mused.

Brad could practically feel, smell, hear her getting wetter. Her fingers tightened in his hair. They tightened until he had to bite his lip to hold back a whimper.

Delilah appeared to be contemplating something, fantasizing out loud. “I bet young Jackson could fuck for hours, simply hours, and his big dick would feel so good in my pussy. Don’t you agree, tiny dick?”

The words hit him, went through him, made him shake a little. Brad was shaking and he didn’t know why. He didn’t want to get caught up in the wonder of why such humiliating statements excited him so much, because he wanted to enjoy the moment. He resigned himself to analyze later, as he always did, but never got around to.

Delilah’s grip tightened even more, and she parted her legs a little, inhaled, and said simply, “Tongue.”

This was Brad’s order to open his mouth and use his tongue, somehow, any way, to indulge her. It didn’t matter that her dress was up over his head, that her panties were still on. These were his problems. She was busy, he knew that, busy with her own thoughts – thoughts of Jackson’s cock. So he tried as best he could to get his tongue working under the elastic of the panties, or prodding over the top, doing anything to get close to her skin, to her clit, without disrupting her thoughts too much by banging her around with his head.

This was a delicate dance he’d learned many times. When she wanted tongue, he had to figure it out, and not bother her about it. He had to just obey, to find a way, and to hope he could do so in a manner that pleased her.

Her grip loosened a little on his head, a subtle indication that he was at least going in the right direction. “Yes,” she pondered out loud,

"Jackson would be a nice fuck. But I don't really have time for that. I have other plans for tonight. Plans….for you, Brad. You and your little cock…"

Brad's eyes were closed, tongue was busy. He could hear the words, barely, as he pursued his task, trying so hard to please her, to make her more wet, to color the fantasy she was having by adding pleasure. It didn't matter that she was thinking about Jackson's cock, not his. All that mattered was that she was happy, and all that he wanted to hear were her moans of pleasure. At any cost.

**

Brad was hogtied on the floor as Delilah stood in nothing but stilettos, bra and panties.

She was walking across the floor with a big wad of money in her hand, many bills she'd pulled from one of the large suitcases as she unloaded toys, lingerie, outfits and devices, some of which he had never seen before.

Delilah started stacking the dollars across the nightstand, stopping to dance suggestively now and then, as the CD player in the room was cranked up with some alternative music that he found loud and somewhat obnoxious – but incredibly erotic when her hips were moving to it.

Delilah was in her own world, not even watching him struggle anymore (oh, how she loved to watch him struggle, sometimes just sitting and playing with her pussy for hours as he writhed, wriggled and groaned uncomfortably). She was stacking up the bills in a manner that looked like something out of a gangster movie when the bad guys were counting up their dough after robbing a bank.

The bills were crisp and stacked up nicely. Brad could not tell if they were tens, twenties or even hundreds.

“This is Brad’s money,” Delilah grinned, looking back over at him and giving him a nod which indicated that she wanted to see some struggling. Brad struggled.

“This is all Brad’s cash, and it’s here for a reason. Do you want to know what it’s for, Bradley bitch?”

Brad was afraid to ask, but he wasn’t gagged, so he went ahead and spoke. “What’s it for, Delilah?”

She smiled. Delilah walked over and lifted her leg slowly and deliberately, bringing it down to press her heel on Brad’s naked, tiny cock. “Oh, careful, I might smash that tiny little dick,” she teased. “Can my heel cover the entire thing? I bet it can. Does that hurt?”

Brad winced. He was used to this game, sadly. So many times Delilah had smashed, stepped on, poked and nearly punctured his penis with her heel. She did that when she wanted him to pay close attention to what she was saying, but it always did more to distract him. And even though he was struggling, hogtied, unable to protect himself as she pressed her spiked heel into his cock and leveraged it against his thigh, he found himself getting excited.

It wasn’t the pain or humiliation that excited him; it was the look on her face, the pleasure and amusement. She was glowing, electrified, excited, enraptured and he could tell her imagination was running wild with scenarios, ideas and plans that required a hotel room and seven pieces of luggage. This was unpredictable, cruel, insatiable Delilah.

He whimpered.

“The money is for tonight,” she continued, finally, now looking down on him to poke, prod, and pump her heel on and off his member, almost amused, experimenting. “I took thousands of dollars out of your account tonight because YOU – “she stopped to press deliberately hard right into the base of his cock, until he gasped.

"YOU – are going to go out tonight, to Hollywood boulevard, and get me a hooker!"

Brad didn't really hear that part, as the pain was making him shut his eyes tight, grimace, and see stars. But he felt her breath on his cheek when she crouched down, removing her heel finally, taking his chin in her hand and saying more clearly, "Brad is going to go out tonight and find me a MALE prostitute! And you are going to bring him back to the room and be a little bitch for me while I enjoy a real cock."

Brad started to speak, and realized, half way through, that his words were a terrible mistake. "But…why don't…why don't you just call Jackson… he's will –"Brad stopped and gasped in pain as he felt the familiar, ruthless grip of her fist around his balls. She gripped, squeezed, twisted and pulled.

"I don't WANT Jackson. I want a WHORE. I want a streetwalker, with a BIG huge dick, and one that will do ANYTHING for money. Even more of a whore than you are!"

Brad got the message loud and clear, but he was still seeing stars when she rolled him over, spread his ass cheeks and started feverishly pumping her fingers in and out of his asshole – lubing it before shoving a large plug inside, then slapping his ass cheeks until they were red. Just playfully. Brad was breathing hard, his small cock fully erect to four inches, his ass pounding and his cheeks hot.

Delilah stood up and left him there on the floor as she mixed a cocktail, then stacked up the dollars into one large pile and went to the closet. "First, you will get me dressed. I want to be smoking hot for the male hooker, and while you get me ready, I'll tell you what I want you to bring back. I don't want to be disappointed, you see. I want your money to go to good use. And since you'll be sucking his dick for me, I want to make sure he's got a nice big cock. Even

though everyone has a bigger cock than you!" Delilah burst out laughing.

"Untie yourself and then put on your pink teddy," Delilah ordered. She bent over to release the one metal tie clasp that would allow him enough freedom to wriggle and writhe out of the hogtie. "Once you are dressed in your best cunt outfit, we'll get my look together. We're going to have such a nice evening!"

**

An hour later, Brad was playing wardrobe assistant while wearing nothing but a tight, uncomfortable, humiliating pink corset, thigh high stockings and lace panties. Delilah lounged in main part of the suite and smoked a cigarette casually, making a few phone calls to girlfriends and occasionally barking a seductive order.

Brad hustled, keenly aware of his uncomfortable erection in the panties and the too-tight feeling of the plug as he moved around the room. He heard her in the next room as he rummaged through the large closet, trying to find the boots she had described to him. He could hear her calling room service and ordering a bottle of champagne.

Next, he heard her instruct the room service staff to have Jackson bring it up, then he heard her provide explicit instructions about it, making sure they were aware of her account with the hotel, her connections with the hotel manager and her status. It did not take long for him to realize how much the wait staff was going to be hustling, which meant in no time Jackson would be knocking eagerly at the door with the room service cart.

Immediately Brad was distracted, horrified, mortified, at what he knew Delilah was up to. He sheepishly brought the boots into the next room and she shook her head. "Not those ones. You stupid bitch. Get me the leather boots. Then go answer the door. There will be a knock momentarily."

Brad wanted to sink into a hole and disappear. “Can I put on some clothes?”

“You’re wearing clothes.”

“Delilah…please…”

Delilah laughed and put out her cigarette. “Fine then. I will answer the door. You go run off and hide in the closet then, and don’t come out until I tell you that you can. Remember, this was your choice, Brad!”

He watched as she made her way to the door. Delilah was now dressed in only smoking hot black lingerie, high heels, her make up and hair done dramatically, her body smashing. When she opened the door in that to the waiting Jackson, he’d be ready to die on the spot, sure he’d died and gone to heaven, and Brad would be curled up in a ball hiding in the closet until she was done – which could be hours.

It was that, or answer the door in pink lingerie with a tiny erect penis popping out of a too-tiny thong, humiliated, as Delilah laughed and pushed him aside and probably made some cruel comment.

Ironically, it was impossible for Brad to determine which scenario turned him on more.

Dejected, he retreated into the closet and closed the door, mostly because he did not want to risk offending Jackson with the sight of his large, bulging body in the pink lingerie. Instead, he found himself surrounded and assaulted with the scents of Delilah; her leather wardrobe, the various pairs of panties, many still wet, tossed inside the confines of the closet. Dirty lingerie, black shiny rubber, and an assortment of toys joined him in the cramped space. He heard the popping of the champagne bottle, the deep laughter of a bellman obviously pinching himself because he was sure he must be dreaming.

Then he heard the familiar moans of sweet Delilah being fucked; she choose the place on the floor right next to the closet, her legs probably up over her head, and by the sounds of it, Jackson did have a huge, wonderful cock.

**

Brad counted four orgasms and three positions, and it was more than 90 minutes before Jackson was allowed to leave the room. Not until she tipped him though – with Brad's money.

"Holy shit," he heard the young bellman exclaim. "I can't take that."

"Take it," Delilah ordered. "It's not my money, it's my boyfriend's."

"I can't take two thousand dollars! That's not a tip, that's — "

"Take it." She ordered. "I insist. I get wet when I use my man's money that way."

Brad shut his eyes tight. He realized he had jumped the gun – they weren't over at all. They were just getting started. He heard the familiar sounds again, kissing, moaning, and then fucking. This time, Jackson lasted 30 more minutes.

**

Brad fell asleep in the closet but awoke with a start when Delilah opened the door. He came pouring out of the closet as he was leaning against the door, waking up when his cheek hit the ground.

She laughed out loud. Brad looked up to see her standing there, disheveled a bit but still beautiful, holding a glass of champagne. She opened her legs a little. "Cum's dripping down my thigh. Lick it up," she said. It was so matter-of-fact for Delilah.

Brad struggled, cramped from being in the small space, but managed to kneel upright and move his face to her leg and open his mouth, letting his tongue lap up the creamy clear-white fluid that was indeed trailing down her thigh.

"I saved some champagne for you," she smiled, reaching to the countertop and taking the glass that was placed there.

Brad looked up, licking his lips, tasting the young man's cum. He did expect her to have a glass of champagne, but realized all too quickly that of course that'd be too easy. Not Delilah.

No, she had a glass in her hand for him, and a smile that made her look like she'd just won the lottery – pleasantly fucked, glowing, gloating. And in her hand was a champagne flute for him.

Half full of cum.

**

Part of Brad thought maybe Delilah had "spent" enough money and got what she wanted out of Jackson and would dismiss the dreaded hooker idea, but he was mistaken. In no time, after watching him lick clean the glass of Jackson's cum, she was ordering him to help her freshen up and providing him a list of criteria for his male gigolo-expedition.

She was explicit about what she wanted. The male prostitute had to be young, built, have a huge cock (black would be ideal, if his dick was humongous, although "Any guy looks huge next to your little pecker"), and be clean in appearance, not a junkie, no drugs, and not look or act gay. Delilah told Brad that if he came back empty handed or came back with a guy who looked like crap, was a street whore or drug addict, she'd spend the evening kneeing Brad in the nuts until he cried like a little girl. He knew she meant business.

After much begging, Delilah did allow Brad to put some clothes on over his lingerie. She was going to tell him no, after all, the transaction was going to be made from the safe confines of his car and the gigolo would not see his cute pink teddy until he got in the car anyway. And who cares – Brad was a paying customer. But he pleaded with her, and she let him put on shorts and a t-shirt that barely covered him up.

Delilah gave him a time limit of one hour and as he left she was curling her long, beautiful brown hair, sitting at the vanity in nothing but a short cami and black thong panty. Her hot outfit was on the bed, ready for her, and her shoes were lined up perfectly so she could make a selection. The stacks of twenty dollar bills were still lining the dresser table.

Off Brad went, horny and leaking, to scour the streets of West Hollywood in search of a young, hot, hung stud with a big cock so his lovely Delilah could pay him to get his dick sucked.

He had never been more turned on and ashamed.

**

Brad "shopped" intensely with Delilah's instructions in mind, wanting so desperately to bring home a prize she'd be pleased with. He found himself looking at the prospects in a manner that seemed to excite and arouse him as he was thinking so much of her pleasure and satisfaction. It became surreal how much looking at these men made him hard and horny and how he found himself imagining the feel of their dicks in his mouth. But mostly he was imagining her wonderful, pleasing moans of ecstasy as she watched and participated. He felt the panties getting incredibly tight, making it uncomfortable to drive.

Nervously watching for police, Brad leaned out his window and awkwardly conducted quick interviews with the laughing, smoking male hookers, some of whom took a liking to Brad at once, probably

because of his Mercedes and look of wealth. But the ones that approached him seemed too gay, and he knew Delilah didn't want that. So he pressed on, getting more nervous and worried as time ticked by.

He imagined waiting Delilah, back in her room, legs open in the large chair at the vanity, playing with herself in the mirror. Delilah liked to masturbate in the mirror, sometimes she would make Brad watch her while she watched herself, her toes curling into the mirror as her legs were up on her own vanity at home, her pink vibe sliding in and out, deep and inside, her hips thrusting as she wailed in pleasure.

Brad stopped himself as he tensed and twitched uncomfortably, awkwardly in his car seat. He stopped at a corner and looked out, spying a younger looking, tall, dark haired man standing nearby. The man caught his glance and walked over, leaning down, smiling. "What's your name?" he asked in a deep voice. He looked European.

"Brad," was his response. He stared at the handsome gentleman – he knew his dark, European looks would please Delilah. "How old are you?"

"Old enough," the man smiled. "My name is Jeremy. Can I get in?"

Brad nodded, and Jeremy came around and got into the car. He was in jeans, a leather jacket, nice shoes. He didn't look like he was homeless. He was wearing a nice watch and some jewelry.

"You a cop?" Jeremy asked, still pleasant, smiling, very casual.

"No," Brad responded, watching the young man put on his seatbelt.

"Then let's go," he said, leaning back into the seat, admiring the inside of the automobile.

Brad was excited. He could smell a little bit of cologne. Jeremy looked clean, presentable, and he had a big, thick bulge in his jeans. Brad thought about asking how big he was, just to be sure he'd meet Delilah's satisfaction, but even the outline in his jeans told a story. Besides, he only had fifteen minutes to get back to the hotel, and he could not keep his Mistress waiting too long.

**

Brad could not find a way to explain anything to Jeremy, who occupied his time adjusting the car radio, singing a little, and then sending some text messages on his phone. Jeremy said something about five hundred dollars and condoms and Brad just nodded and said that was fine, focusing on his car speed and the urgent matter at hand.

Brad's heart was pounding, so nervous, thinking of what Delilah would think of the prize he was bringing back to the hotel. His mind wandered to what it was going to be like when he sucked the strange man's cock, and if Delilah would let him use a condom since the man was a whore. He wondered if she was going to fuck the hooker in front of him and make him watch, and how much she would humiliate him about his small penis and inadequate abilities in bed.

Nothing really mattered, though, except the smile she would have and her pleasure, her amusement in the evening. Brad knew that Delilah clearly was electrified by this fantasy and reality and was probably well on her way to her third self-inflicted orgasm by the time her brought Jeremy through the lobby and to the elevator.

"You in town on business?" Jeremy asked as Brad pushed the button for the 17th floor.

"Kind of," Brad responded. When the doors closed, Jeremy reached over and put his hand on Brad's crotch, making him jump and push his hand away. It was unexpected and uncomfortable.

“Easy, there,” Jeremy laughed. “Sorry. First time? You straight? Curious?”

The door dinged. Brad cleared his throat. He wondered at that moment if he really knew what he was getting himself into.

**

Brad was obviously ten times more nervous than Jeremy (who was not nervous at all, not that Brad could tell at least), but then again, Brad had a lot more on the line than the hooker did. If he disappointed Delilah, it would be a long night. It was going to be a long night anyway, with cruel Delilah, but disappointed Delilah was an entirely different dilemma.

By the look on her face, Delilah was not disappointed. Brad took her all in as if seeing her for the very first time – she was simply captivating, so beautiful, so sexy, wearing a tight black dress, showing off fine toned legs with sexy five inch heels. Of course, Jeremy was gay, or at least presented himself as gay, so he probably was not as impacted – more so, he was kind of puzzled.

“Well, aren’t you a handsome thing,” Delilah smiled and walked over, holding out her hand to make an introduction. “Delilah,” she beamed, looking the man up and down slowly, tilting her head slightly to take a longer gaze at the visible bulge in his jeans.

“Jeremy,” he smiled back, then looked at Brad, curious, put his hands in his pockets, and said “So what’s going on?”

“The shower,” Delilah instructed, and put her hands on Jeremy’s shoulders, spinning him toward the bathroom and giving him a shove. “You’re getting cleaned up, then Brad is going to suck your dick, then you are going to fuck me.”

“Cool,” was Jeremy’s simple response, as Brad felt twitching in his panties, a flushing warmth in his cheeks, a familiar tension building

in his frame. The plug was still nestled tightly way up into his ass cavity, and the shuddering in his bones made the plug even more uncomfortable and ever evident. He stood there, unsure of what to even do with himself, as he heard the water come on in the bathroom shower and some laughter erupting.

As if on cue, Delilah emerged, taking off her earrings and slipping off her shoes. It was clear she was going into the shower also. In a moment, her dress was off and she flung it at Brad and the fabric slapped over his face. When he pulled it down, her panties smacked him in the face. "Hang up my clothes, bitch," she ordered. "Then get undressed, down to your sissy lingerie, kneel down, and wait by the bed sucking on your large dildo like it's a pacifier. See you in twenty minutes."

And that was that. Brad stood there, holding her dress, her stockings, bending over to pick up the rest of her clothes and lingerie as he watched her naked, perfect ass dart into the bathroom. She left the door wide open so he could hear everything, of course, from the moans to the laughter, the splashing of the water, and her commentary on the size and thickness of Jeremy's perfect cock.

Brad, now in nothing but a too-tight pink ensemble of sissy lingerie, found himself kneeling bedside as instructed, sucking a large, thick flesh colored dildo obediently. Up and down he went, sucking, slurping, eyes closed, concentrating on it, realizing that soon he'd be deep throating the entire length of Jeremy's perfect dick as Delilah watched. Maybe she would circle around him and give instructions, reaching over to poke at Brad's miniature erect penis. Maybe she'd stand behind him and spank his ass with a paddle to force him to go deeper. Or, if she was in a certain mood, she'd just sit there a few feet away and masturbate with her thin vibe, cumming again and again as the well hung man came all over Brad's face or in his mouth.

As usual, Brad had no idea what his fate would be. He just remained kneeling there, reaching down occasionally to shift his small package in the too-tight panties, trying to assemble some level of comfort despite the growing fear and dread mixed with anxious excitement.

If nothing else, his jaw was clearly now stretched out and he was ready to accommodate Jeremy's dick after twenty five minutes of practicing. So when the man emerged from the shower, a towel wrapped around his waist and Delilah trailing behind him naked, he thought he'd be ready.

Truth be told, Brad was never ready. It was always like the first time again.

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When he announced that he was about to cum, Delilah encouraged him to cum inside of her. Brad was relieved, for a moment, because he had worried she'd make him cum on Brad's face, a little trick she loved. But the hooker did cum inside of her pussy, a place Brad had not been in months. He could only fondly reflect on the memory, before she confessed to him that sex was not enjoyable because she could not feel him inside of her due to his tiny size.

Giggling, spent, panting, Delilah rolled over on top of Jeremy, who was panting also, and slid the condom off his cock. A huge load of white cum filled the tip and the entire condom was slick and disgusting. Brad watched, mortified, as she carried it over to him. "Want to taste my pussy, Brad?"

How could he answer such a question? It was the ultimate trick question. The question was designed to be his undoing. But he could not lie to her. "Yes, Delilah, I want to taste your pussy."

"Open wide," she ordered, holding the condom with two fingers as if totally disgusted, looking at it with a wrinkled nose but a huge smile. "Open up and get a big taste!"

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"If you spit it out or throw up you are drinking a pissload!" she threatened. "You know how much I would love to see it washed down with a load of piss from him."

It took all of Brad's resolve to not throw up or spit it out. He kept his eyes closed and focused on the taste of her pussy, however faint it was. She made him sit there for quite some time until he sucked and chewed the condom. Then she threatened to make him swallow it and had him about to do it before she laughed and told him to spit it into the trash.

Jeremy was up and back in the shower, and Brad was not even aware of hearing him get up or go there. The clock read 4:35am. His cock was aching in the tight pink panties and his knees were sore. Delilah was flitting around the room on cloud nine, listening to music, dancing naked, then admiring Jeremy as he toweled off in the bathroom doorway.

For the final humiliation, Delilah came over and ordered Brad to pay the hooker. She picked up the large stack of bills, Brad's money, and shoved it into his hands. "Crawl over and pay the prostitute and thank him for letting you suck his dick and for fucking your girlfriend the way she deserves to be fucked – by a real man!"

Brad looked at the stack of bills. Hundreds, thousands of dollars. He crawled over to the hooker, who was standing there naked, his thick cock erect again already. Jeremy was smiling with his arms folded over his chest, amused.

Jeremy looked past the kneeling man and listened to his little speech, then nodded at Delilah, "I don't have to leave just yet, you know. You want to go again? You want to party?"

Delilah walked over and Brad felt her hand behind his head, her fingers twirling in his hair. "That's ok dear. I enjoyed it, but I need a little alone time with my whore now. Even tiny little dicks need attention now and then, after all."

Jeremy chuckled and took the wad of money, stuffing it into his pocket. "Your call," he smiled. "Thanks. See you around."

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To reward him, maybe. Maybe she would let him cum, or let him taste her, but maybe not. Still, the moment she sent the third man away was always the time he felt whole again, realizing the bond they shared. After all, Jeremy was the one pushing the button on the elevator, and Brad was the one curled up at her feet.

READ PART TWO

Apr 17, 2018Akasha

Cruel Delilah Part 2

Brad was obviously ten times more nervous than Jeremy (who was not nervous at all, not that Brad could tell at least), but then again, Brad had a lot more on the line than the hooker did. If he disappointed Delilah, it would be a long night. It was going to be a long night anyway, with cruel Delilah, but disappointed Delilah was an entirely different dilemma.

By the look on her face, Delilah was not disappointed. Brad took her all in as if seeing her for the very first time – she was simply captivating, so beautiful, so sexy, wearing a tight black dress, showing off fine toned legs with sexy five inch heels. Of course, Jeremy was gay, or at least presented himself as gay, so he probably was not as impacted – more so, he was kind of puzzled.

"Well, aren't you a handsome thing," Delilah smiled and walked over, holding out her hand to make an introduction. "Delilah," she beamed, looking the man up and down slowly, tilting her head slightly to take a longer gaze at the visible bulge in his jeans.

"Jeremy," he smiled back, then looked at Brad, curious, put his hands in his pockets, and said "So what's going on?"

"The shower," Delilah instructed, and put her hands on Jeremy's shoulders, spinning him toward the bathroom and giving him a shove. "You're getting cleaned up, then Brad is going to suck your dick, then you are going to fuck me."

"Cool," was Jeremy's simple response, as Brad felt twitching in his panties, a flushing warmth in his cheeks, a familiar tension building in his frame. The plug was still nestled tightly way up into his ass cavity, and the shuddering in his bones made the plug even more

uncomfortable and ever evident. He stood there, unsure of what to even do with himself, as he heard the water come on in the bathroom shower and some laughter erupting.

As if on cue, Delilah emerged, taking off her earrings and slipping off her shoes. It was clear she was going into the shower also. In a moment, her dress was off and she flung it at Brad and the fabric slapped over his face. When he pulled it down, her panties smacked him in the face. “Hang up my clothes, bitch,” she ordered. “Then get undressed, down to your sissy lingerie, kneel down, and wait by the bed sucking on your large dildo like it’s a pacifier. See you in twenty minutes.”

And that was that. Brad stood there, holding her dress, her stockings, bending over to pick up the rest of her clothes and lingerie as he watched her naked, perfect ass dart into the bathroom. She left the door wide open so he could hear everything, of course, from the moans to the laughter, the splashing of the water, and her commentary on the size and thickness of Jeremy’s perfect cock.

Brad, now in nothing but a too-tight pink ensemble of sissy lingerie, found himself kneeling bedside as instructed, sucking a large, thick flesh colored dildo obediently. Up and down he went, sucking, slurping, eyes closed, concentrating on it, realizing that soon he’d be deep throating the entire length of Jeremy’s perfect dick as Delilah watched. Maybe she would circle around him and give instructions, reaching over to poke at Brad’s miniature erect penis. Maybe she’d stand behind him and spank his ass with a paddle to force him to go deeper. Or, if she was in a certain mood, she’d just sit there a few feet away and masturbate with her thin vibe, cumming again and again as the well hung man came all over Brad’s face or in his mouth.

As usual, Brad had no idea what his fate would be. He just remained kneeling there, reaching down occasionally to shift his small package

in the too-tight panties, trying to assemble some level of comfort despite the growing fear and dread mixed with anxious excitement.

If nothing else, his jaw was clearly now stretched out and he was ready to accommodate Jeremy's dick after twenty five minutes of practicing. So when the man emerged from the shower, a towel wrapped around his waist and Delilah trailing behind him naked, he thought he'd be ready.

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READ PART ONE

Jun 4, 2018Akasha

Stories - Foot Worship

Cruel Shoes

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Sometimes Rebecca just wore the boots to attract attention. She loved the way some men stared but tried to hide it, no matter how obvious it was.

She sat at the bar slowly eating pretzels, one leg crossed over the other so her boot hung lazily to one side. These were the black, shiny ones. Black patent leather, nearly to the thigh, with laces all the way up the front. Lacing them up was laborious, but it was worth the effort. She loved the way they clung to her shins tightly, she loved the way they looked.

Obviously, the man at her side liked the way they looked, too. She noticed his eyes wandering once more to them, then back to his drink. He cleared his throat.

She ignored him and ran one gloved hand up the slick, black shiny material, fingering the laces, then down over the long five-inch heel. She rubbed her ankle for a bit then stretched.

He glanced over again and she turned to him, catching him.

He smiled nervously. “I like the boots.”

She laughed and slapped a hand on the material again. “Yes, they’re nice. But a bear to lace up. Do you have any idea how long it takes to lace these things?” she asked, thrusting her long leg out toward him, her spike heel precariously aimed at his crotch.

He shifted and looked at them. “I..I have no idea.”

She leaned over, sliding a pretzel into her mouth. “I call them ‘the cruel shoes'”.

The man again shifted a bit, running his hand through his hair, lifting his eyes to her. “I guess that means they take a long time to lace up?”

Chuckling, she paused. “That’s not why I call them that.”

*****

His name was Brad, and he was an easy catch. She grabbed her purse as he paid the tab and followed her out the door, and she knew he was watching her ass, how the boots made her walk that certain way. How one leg slid in front of the other and she moved with such grace on 5-inch stilts.

A taxi was waiting so she slid inside, crossing her legs and pointing the shiny tip of her spike at him as he slid in next to her.

“Let’s see how long they take *you* to lace,” she grinned at him.

Brad laughed and put his hands in his laps, looking at her boots as she took out a compact and started to re-apply lipstick.

“I’ll be straight with you, Brad,” she said without looking at him, puckering her lips.

“These boots make my feet sore. And as much as I love to wear them, and appreciate a man that loves to look at them, ” she paused as she shut the compact and looked at him, “I have no qualms making a man pay for the privilege of looking upon them.”

Brad swallowed and his eyes shifted, he appeared like he didn’t know where to look.

Rebecca turned and faced forward, pursing her lips. “And as I figure it, you were staring at my boots for…oh…say,” she paused and looked at her watch, “About 20 minutes.”

Brad nodded and looked into her eyes, her lips. “I did…I know. I couldn’t help it..I mean, ” he waved his hands at them, at the way they held tight to her strong legs, at how the arch curved as she lifted her spike toward him.

Rebecca interrupted him, “Ever had one of these spikes halfway down your throat, Brad?”

He hesitated, startled. “No…no I -”

“It’s like sucking cock, ” she commented casually, leaning into her purse again. “You never know how deep you can take it until you’re choking on it for real.”

Brad swallowed and looked down as she leaned to the driver.

“This is my place,” she handed him a wad of bills. “Let us off here.”

*****

“You’ve obviously never sucked cock before, Brad.”

He was kneeling there, strained, trying to hold desperately still as she rammed the long, thin heel into his mouth. It moved slick, it moved with ease, but Brad still pulled back instinctively as she forced it in.

She leaned forward to hold his head still and he cringed, tensed.

“You aren’t trying very hard,” she scolded.

He choked and pulled back, taking a breath. “I..Look, I can’t do this, I didn’t think coming up here meant –”

She grabbed him hard by the head and shoved his nose to the toe of her boot. “You thought you were going to get fucked? Is that what you thought, Brad?”

He tensed and resisted but she pushed harder and ordered with a scowl, "Lick it, Brad. Make it clean. I want you to see your reflection in it."

Her legs opened reflexively and his eyes caught her panties, her wetness. Perhaps it was the eagerness to please that made him overcome the momentary revulsion. His tongue slid forward and he licked, in long, adoring strokes.

She moaned and leaned back, opening her legs more, letting one hand drift toward her crotch. "Yes, that's it…"

His eyes shifted then closed, and he continued moving his tongue up the long, black material, around the hoops that held the laces, up over the side of her leg, higher, higher….

She stopped him with a hand to his forehead as he reached the base of her thigh and was close to her skin. "You like a challenge, Brad?"

His eyes moved to hers and he hesitated, "Yes…yes, usually…"

Rebecca stood and stretched, walking to her closet in her short skirt and boots. "You like shoes? I like shoes. I love shoes, Brad."

With careful little movements, Brad turned toward her as she slowly opened her closet door. What he saw was shoes…shoes everywhere, more shoes than he had ever seen in his life. Boots and boots and more boots – in black and white and beige, leather and latex and wool. Some with heels, some without. Some high, some low. And stiletto heels, some 7 inches, some less. He gasped and said, "Jesus Christ, that's a lot of shoes."

Rebecca pulled a pair of hot red pumps from the shelf with a sigh, pointing the red heel toward her lips as she puckered at them. "Sometimes I sit here and just try on shoes. Half of these I have never worn." She paused, placing a loving kiss on the spike.

“What a waste,” he commented, eying the row of sandals.

Her head snapped toward him and she shot him a cold glare. “A waste?” she stormed over and he tensed as she shoved the red heels in his face.

“You dare tell me what a waste is, as you spend your precious money on fucking BMWs and golf clubs?” she scowled, shoving the red spiked heels into his mouth.

He winced and shifted, trying to apologize but having a mouth full of the heel.

“These shoes,” she growled at him as her movements became a slow, mouth fucking motion, “Have given me more pleasure than you could *ever* get from any of your possessions.”

He nodded and looked at her with big, apologetic eyes. In reality, he feared the integrity of his mouth, as the heels were sharp and scraping ruthlessly at his tender tongue.

With a growl, she yanked the shoe free and turned away. “But enough of that, on to my challenge,” she sighed.

Brad looked down, nervous. He was aroused, there was no doubt, just watching her legs, those boots, and her ass did it to him. But the more he learned of her and her shoes, the more he was scared. She might be a great fuck, definitely, but was it work having to tongue all these shoes?

His concentration was rocked as Rebecca went into a frenzy in her closet, throwing all the boots and shoes into a big pile on the floor. He remained there kneeling in awe as he watched her pile them all together, hundreds of shoes, spikes sticking everywhere.

With a big grin of accomplishment, she stood her hands on her hips, over her kingdom of shoes. “It’s really pretty easy,” she explained,

leaning down and picking up a random shoe. She held it up. “I find a shoe, ” she instructed, waving it at him. “And you find it’s partner.”

Brad looked at the shoe than at the pile. It was a white sandal with straps and a heel. How bad could it be? The color narrowed it down quickly, and there were not many sandals. “I can do that.”

Rebecca dropped the sandal in the pile and walked to him, her hands behind her back. “Well, I want to make it a little more difficult for you, baby. I want to make it so that you have to WORK…”

He lifted his eyes to her slowly, not liking her grin. “What do you mean?”

>From behind her back she produced a leather blindfold. She waved at him and grinned.

He scoffed. “If I can’t see, how can I tell?!”

She leaned over and he resisted the urge to look down her top. God knows what looking there would cost him.

She grinned. “You can be innovative.”

“I can use my hands, right?”

She laughed, “Of course not!”

Brad shook his head at her in disbelief. “There are a hundred shoes over there! I can’t — I can’t lick them all to find the one that matches!”

She ooooh’d at him and it aroused him the way she seemed to be suddenly turned on, watching his lips. “But Brad, it makes me hot to watch you use your mouth, your tongue. On my pretty shoes. I’d imagine that tongue inside me, exploring me the way you are exploring my property.”

A slow grin crossed his face. He eyed her legs. “Then come on, let me use that tongue, ” he smiled, thinking of how she must taste.

She reached forward with the blindfold. “Sure, *after* you prove your ability.”

With a groan, he held still as she slid the cover over his eyes, and he muttered. He was getting impatient, his cock was throbbing, and he was pissed.

“Just so you know,” she said as she walked over to her shoe pile. “I’ll be masturbating while I watch.”

“Did you HAVE to tell me that??” he sighed.

She returned and pulled his hands behind his back, cuffing them.

He winced and grumbled, shifting in his bonds. Suddenly there was the distinct smell of leather under his nose. “Take it,” she ordered.

A shoe was shoved into his mouth and he heard her chuckle and sit down, heard the chair creak, then heard her skirt unzipping.

Brad sighed, aroused, aching. He dropped the shoe to the floor and leaned down to feel it with his cheek first, to figure out what kind it was. He felt for buckles first, for straps. He used his tongue to pick up the finer detail, and he heard her moan loudly as she watched.

The creaking of the chair, her hot breaths, her urging him on all served to distract him. She told him quite firmly, “If I cum before you succeed, you lose.”

With a mouthful of shoe, he gritted, “If I win?”

She moaned in response. “Then that tongue finds its way into my wet pussy, isn’t that what you want?”

Brad nodded eagerly, dropped the shoe, and crawled over to the waiting pile. He had a mental picture in his head of the shoe, a small leather boot that was about ankle high, with a 2 or 3-inch heel and a zipper on one side, buckle on the other.

The smell of leather overcame him as he slid his nose into the pile, quickly grabbing shoes with his teeth and tossing them to the side when he eliminated them from the running. He got rid of all pumps first, all big thigh high boots and sandals. He was starting to sweat, breathe hard, and ache all over.

Rebecca's moans became louder and demanding as she watched him, she told him how wet he was making, how hot his tongue was.

He moved furiously, sensing her close to orgasm. But the last several prospects he found all felt the same to him, and he had to take slow, careful effort in sliding his tongue over the detail, counting buckles, looking for zippers.

"That tongue, " she gasped, "Oh yes…Oh, Brad, I'm cumming,"

He gasped too, lifting his head, "No, wait!"

But it was too late. She gasped again, moaned, and he heard the chair shake wildly in her bucks of orgasm. She cried out, again and again, moaning his name.

He kneeled there, pouting, defeated. He shifted in the handcuffs and threw his head around but the blindfold would not come loose.

There was a long silence and he called her name.

Still, silence.

"Rebecca?" he turned his head, listening for the sound.

Finally, her breath was at his ear. "You lost, Brad."

“Yeah, I know,” he muttered. “Now take off the blindfold, I want to see which it was.”

Suddenly her hand was in his hair, hard. He gasped in pain as she pulled him to his feet.

“You lost, Brad. It’s my turn. You have to pay up.”

“Ahhh — ” he winced as she dragged him toward another room. He stumbled in pain and fought but she slapped him, hard, across the face.

This scared him, and he shut his mouth, following her, figuring another shoe torment was probably all he would have to endure before she either let him at her or let him go.

*****

It was what seemed like a basement and he found himself stripped naked and tied down, spread-eagled, his wrists in tight metal bands and his ankles in leather straps.

He was breathing hard, turned on by how her body rubbed against him when she locked him down that way. It didn’t hurt that she was talking dirty to him as she did.

Finally, she slipped the blindfold off his eyes and smiled at him. The room was semi-dark but he could see her there, back in the leather skirt and high black patent leather boots with the huge spiked heels.

She slid into a chair that was right above him and crossed her legs so her heel hung down close to his throbbing cock. She was smiling all too cruelly.

Brad struggled and looked at her. He looked pissed but his cock stood at attention as she peered at him, occasionally moving her toe over to tap at it.

“What’s the matter, cat got your tongue?” she smiled.

Brad bit his lip. “What now? Is this my punishment?”

She stretched, her breasts pressed forward in her tight corset, grinning at him. She waved the boots at him. “Did I ever tell you why these are called ‘the cruel shoes’?”

Brad tensed for a second, looking at them. “Yeah, the laces.”

Rebecca laughed. “No. That’s not it at all.” Slowly, carefully, she lowered her heel down toward his cock and balls, pressing into them.

He gasped in pain and shifted, snapping, “AH!”

“oooh,” she purred as her heel dug into his scrotum, “Does that *hurt*?”

“FUCK YES!” he cried out, his eyes shut tight in pain.

“I could press harder….” she grinned, looking at the tip of the spike as it dug into his delicate skin. She lifted the other boot and tapped at the tip of his cock, then locked it between the cool, slick material. She effectively had them in a vice.

Brad stared at her, pleadingly. He looked at his cock, then at her, then said softly, “Don’t, please…stop?”

Rebecca smiled cruelly and tightened her feet together and rubbed them against his cock, asking, “Didn’t you want your cock rubbed, Brad? You’ve been thinking about it all night!”

He writhed in pain but his cock remained hard. He pulled at the bonds and was unable to gain any sort of freedom.

“Admit it,” she leaned over, swiping a bit of the precum from his cock and lifting it to his lips. “You love this, you are ready to cum right

now."

He thrashed his head away when the precum met his lips, gasping in pain.

Finally, she let go, and he gasped in relief.

With a soft smile, she watched him pant, sweat, his eyes shut tightly in delirious pain and exhaustion. His cock throbbed with his ragged breath, the precum glistened. For a moment she took bits of it and sucked it off her fingers, then rubbed it on her spiked heel and firmly planted it into his torso.

Brad arched his back in pain and his eyes shot open. He found himself staring up between her legs, under her skirt, and at her shaved and glistening pussy. "Oh…god…" he winced.

"You mean, 'goddess'" she grinned, pressing the heel deep into his flesh painfully.

He again arched his back in pain, gasping, "Goddess, yes Goddess!". When she stepped on him with the other heel he opened his eyes again, watching her as she fingered herself, gazing down at him with an evil smile of adoration.

Distracted by her fingers, lost in the pain, his cock throbbing, Brad felt close to delirium. When she stepped off of him the blood rushed back into the welts painfully, making him shift even more.

Rebecca stood and moved out of the vision for a moment, returning with a leather briefcase. She set it down next to him and he looked at it, then at her, still breathless.

"What…what're you doing?" he asked shakily.

She sat down in front of him and moved a lever, lowering chains above his helpless frame. He looked at them, then at her. He was

terrified but he kept a straight face. Deep down he hoped, he prayed, that finally maybe she would fuck him for this.

The chains were hanging above his legs as she unlocked his ankles and lifted them, one at a time, locking them into the hanging shackles so they were raised high in the hair. This made him uneasy, his ass exposed, both legs now straight in the air above him. He had never felt more vulnerable.

Rebecca was humming as she leaned down to the black briefcase and opened it. He turned his head and saw devices, a half dozen of them, strapped into a case. They looked like attachments for a massage device, but some of them were sharp, some were ragged. He was clueless.

She crossed one leg over the other and he watched her move gracefully, pleasantly, taking the spiked heel of one of her boots and turning it. Slowly, carefully, she unscrewed it. It came loose and he watched with disbelief as she set the five-inch heel into the case and searched for a replacement.

Never before had he seen such a thing. The heels on her boots were removable. And what sat in the case were various devices of torture. All with the purpose of being screwed into place, into the sole of her boot.

Rebecca looked more stunning than ever with her long dark hair hanging in her face, her breasts hugging the corset as she slid her gloved finger over the devices that sat waiting in the case.

Brad breathed hard as he watched, watched her pass over the vice, the ice pick, the attachment that looked to be electrical. She stopped and tapped on the slick black latex dildo. “Yes,” she smiled, “This will be perfect.

He eyed it then looked at her. “No, wait…”

She pulled it out and showed it to him. It was 8 inches long at least, thick in circumference, all black patent leather. She screwed it slowly into her boot heel as she watched him.

Brad struggled, he fought, he swore at her. She just laughed. Finally, when the dildo was screwed tight in place, she sat back in her chair and shoved it into his mouth, forcing his head back.

His protests were muffled as she sat back, arms crossed over her chest, commenting at what a great cocksucker he was. When he tried to turn away she just followed him with her foot, ramming it deeper.

He finally ceased his struggling and looked at her, eyes desperate, as she lifted a small jar of lubricant.

"And now," She smiled softly at her effectively gagged victim, "The part of the night you have been waiting for. Your fucking."

Brad winced and twisted but she held the dildo-heel secure in his mouth as she carefully took the lubricant onto her fingertips and leaned over to smear it slowly over his asshole.

His writhing became more desperate but she just snickered, fingering his ass slowly, deeply, ignoring his muffled protests.

When she withdrew the dildo-heel from his mouth he gasped loudly and begged, pleaded. But she didn't listen.

Rebecca sat back in her chair, holding the seat of it for leverage, and watched with desire as she slides the dildo heel slowly, carefully into his lubricated ass. He shifted but she moved persistently, slowly, opening him wider and wider.

"I'm sorry you lost the challenge earlier," she said as she forced the dildo deeper, watching his cock bob, the precum drip down the base,

noticing his expression turn from pain to lust. “But there is something you should know about women and shoes.”

He didn’t respond, his body moving with fucking motion as she slid the dildo in and out of his opening with more ease.

“We tend to lose one of a pair quite a bit,” she smiled, watching his expression turn to desperation, his arousal on edge. “I haven’t seen the other boot to the one you had for years now.”

His eyes shot open and she laughed, a subtle twist of her ankle resulting in a vibration that ran hard through his body, making him writhe and nearly cum.

She leaned over and took his cock into her hand, one soft stroke resulting in him bucking with orgasm. “There was *no* other shoe, Brad.”

He gasped as his cum shot up his chest, in his face, on his neck.

Rebecca smiled and sat back, folding her arms and licking his cum from her fingers as she watched him. “One of these days, maybe I will find that other shoe.”

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May 4, 2018Akasha

Michael and My Boots

The night I met Michael I was wearing a short leather skirt and thigh high black patent leather boots. It was a fetish party, and I didn't want to go in the first place, but CC begged me and she was new at this kind of thing so I agreed.

It is rare that I wear leather instead of PVC, but somehow I felt wearing my club clothes to an S&M party was sacrilege, so I pulled out the short mini and boots, put on a corset-like top that made my boobs look huge, and off we went.

Now, Michael, you must know, is this really handsome corporate type, and I had seen him once before at a club of all places. He looked out of place at the club, but he fit right in at the fetish party, wearing nothing but an extra tight black leather thong and leather shackles around his wrists (which were fastened to nothing).

Michael and I exchanged obligatory flirtatious glances, and I found that CC was off with a cute little British thing, so I went over, towering in my 5-inch heels, and sat on the couch next to corporate Michael. I wondered if he had ever heard of my website. I decided not to bring it up.

Michael had a nice look to him – and a good body. When he smiled I noticed he had great teeth, and that's important to me. So I put out my hand, wearing elbow high leather gloves, and gave his palm a squeeze that meant business.

"I'm Akasha," I said. "And I'd like to see your tongue on my boots."

Mind you, I don't usually come onto men like that. But something came over me that night. And there was something about the look of him and the way he seemed so out of place yet IN place.

I just wanted to see that tongue of his all over my black patent leather, I wanted to see him on his hands and knees. I wanted to see if other partygoers turned to look.

Michael blinked at me, lowered his head a little, as if not sure he heard correctly and then leaned over to take my leg in his hand, probably to lift it to his lap.

"I don't THINK so," I said to him, smirking. I pointed a single gloved finger to the floor. Indeed, it was clear, he could not just put my leg in his lap and lick (and get a good view up my crotch, I am sure); no, he would do it as a slave should. On the floor. Hands and knees. Exposed.

I guess I was in a mood after all.

**

Bootlicking, to be honest, was never a big deal for me. But sometimes it just hits me – it's a combination of my mouth-fetish (I love to make men lick, suck, kiss…and I love to watch them do it to objects) and my humiliation drive. When both hit at once, the result is the sudden overwhelming desire to see a man licking my shoes.

In fact, my ex-beau, Randy, used to hate this most of all. Randy was one of my vanilla-converts, and he could tolerate just about anything I could dish out, but when that mood hit me, he was mortified.

Sometimes I'd rummage through my closet, late at night while he was watching tv, and come out of the bedroom wearing my shiny leathers and lingerie only, and he knew what that meant. He'd gulp (it was priceless) and try to weasel his way out of it. But I'd stand there, hands on hips, the stern bitch look, and he'd eventually end up crawling, sliding, worming his way over, nose to the floor (I love that look), til he arrived at my feet.

I'd stand there, legs spread, and watch his tongue go to work. He would start with little circles at the top of my foot (I trained him well), eyes closed (always, the poor boy, as if to remove himself from the situation. In fact, the first time he begged for a blindfold!), and I'd see the emerging shine.

That's when my pulse would start to go. Seeing that wet spot, his sweet pink tongue making circles, those same circles I loved to feel against my pussy, round and round my clit. He'd turn his head to the side, properly (the novices always do it face down, how silly, so all you see is the back of their heads!) so I could see his tongue working. All over the top, slowly, then up toward the laces.

Randy would work his tongue around the metal clasps where the laces were secured. Early on, during his training, I made him learn to unlace and lace my boots with his tongue and teeth. Some people think this is ridiculous, because it took literally hours, and hours, and often others think that it just is not very interesting.

Oh, but it is. Because you cannot believe the precision and strength a man must develop in his tongue to be able to manage it. Such patience, and precise movement, the exact use of pressure. Now, it does not take a rocket scientist to figure out what other benefits come from such a skilled, patient tongue. Does it?

Anyway, so Randy would lick, round around, circling the metal clasps, tracing his way all the way up, up, zig-zagging to follow the laces, until he reached the top. So he'd gone from the bottom all the way up the center, then he'd slide his tongue all the way around, as much as he could, the top of my boot. Inches from my pussy, I'd open wide a little more, and he'd catch a whiff and know he was on the right track.

Then, back down. There were times I would have to remind him, with a shove to the back of the head, that lingering uptown, hoping for a peek up my crotch, would get him in trouble. He'd have to go

back down and finish the bottom, and the sides, and of course the heel and underside.

I have small, delicate feet and trim legs. When they are encased in black patent leather, they look even tinier, and the boots themselves are extremely tight, hugging my muscled calves and riding all the way mid-thigh. And then there are the heels — long, spiked, extremely phallic.

Randy was especially good with heels. I could prop my leg up, putting weight on my toes, and he'd do my entire heel without me even having to lift my leg from the floor. I'd put my hand on his ass for balance, turn around and look over my shoulder, and watch the phallic display of him deep-throating five or six inches of spiked, dirty heel.

Lots of tongue – that's what I liked. Don't get me wrong, in the early tries he had to be swatted, slapped and often heel-fucked (ie, I'd make him sit still while I sat on the couch and just rammed the heel back and forth between his lips while telling him to suck, suck, and SUCK some more) to get him to learn what I wanted.

And that was long, deep sensual thrusts, letting the entire heel slide into his mouth. "Good boy," I would encourage, but never move my heel – it was up to him to do all the work.

While my foot was up slightly, weight on my toes, he would have to reach around and lick the undersides as well, all the way up to the arch, which was quite a task, and even dangerous considering the sharpness of the spike and proximity to his face. But, he was elegant and balanced.

Finally, before coming back up, he would have to place kisses all over my boot. Sort of like buffing — actually. Two pursed lips, slow, deliberate. He would have to do it sweetly, patiently, and if he ever looked rushed, I'd punish him, perhaps by reaching down and giving

the inserted butt plug a jarring push, or by reaching around and pinching his ball sac.

Of course, he knew what the punishment was for fucking up. I'd bind his wrists behind his back and make him kneel, legs spread, laying back on his back as best he could, then I would pull his cock and balls out, exposing them, put my hand on the wall for leverage and proceed to use my heels on his balls and cock.

Agonizing, humiliating treatment. Tears would stream down his face, sometimes, but I'd just get wetter. I didn't do it to hurt him – I did it to show him that my boots were something to be feared and respected.

And treated like a part of me. With love, adoration, and the desire to beautify.

He was to clean my boots with his tongue as eagerly and earnestly as he licked my pussy, my ass and my thighs.

And nothing less would suffice.

**

Randy liked the rewards of bootlicking, though. Because after twenty minutes of watching that talented tongue make its way up the black, shiny material of my boots I would be dripping wet. Often I would masturbate half way through as I watched, observing his tongue, telling him how that tongue would be put to work later.

Sweet, delicate tongue. Watching it make its way once again up my boot, for the final pass, I'd reach down and take his head by the hair and guide him up, up, and closer to my cunt.

"Kiss me now," I would say. I'd feel the light breath from his lips and feel his tired tongue placing one simple wet kiss on my pussy.

Then I would lower him to the ground, straddle his face, and ride his tongue to orgasm, occasionally looking back to admire the gleam on my boots.

**

Michael, it became apparent, was a total bootlicking novice.

First, his attempt to put my boot on his lap, then, he made the fatal error of blocking my view with his head.

He was, however, on his hands and knees, so that was a good start. "Honey," I said, politely but firmly, my hand on the back of his head. I gave him a solid shove to the side. "Turn your head to the side, totally, so I can see your tongue ON my boots. I want to see you licking, I want to see your tongue moving on the black patent leather, so I know you are not missing a spot."

"There's an awful lot of ground to cover here, " he said, and his eyes, worried, looked up at me. I know what he was thinking – he was thinking that if his tongue had to come in contact with every inch of my boots that we would be there for some time.

"I guess you're right, Michael," I sympathized. "It'd take a good hour for a beginner like you."

He nodded, earnestly, almost looking relieved, still holding my boot delicately in his hands.

I smiled. A big, warm, sparkling femdom smile. "In that case, I think you should go get me a drink first. I wouldn't want to have to interrupt you once you got started."

**

If it were not a public party, I certainly would have masturbated. I probably would have talked real dirty to him to, to really get him

going, telling him to lick like it was my pussy, push his tongue like it was my ass, to suck my heel like it was my dick and to nuzzle my feet like they were my breasts.

Instead, I smiled and watched the timid novice, enjoying my champagne, ignoring the little mini-audience that had gathered.

It was about halfway through my left boot that he lifted his head, the poor thing had sweat on his brow. He said, weakly, "I need a drink, my lady. Please."

Always the accommodating domina, I smiled, leaned over, and took his chin in my gloved hand. My hair was hanging down in little strands in my face, dark curls surrounding me. I pursed my lips, teasing, just close to his face. Then I sipped my drink to tease him, to taunt him, to show him what he wanted so badly.

He let out his breath and a whimper, looking at me desperately. When I took his chin and tilted his mouth up to mine I think he actually thought I was just going to kiss him.

But I pried his lips open, wider, and wider, then opened my mouth and let the champagne pour into his mouth from mine.

He coughed, shocked, and it splattered me a little. New, I pondered and had a lot to learn. But he swallowed, said his thank you, and before he could get spoiled being upright on his knees I shoved his face back down.

**

I won't go into every detail of his bootlicking lesson, but it lasted almost the entire party. I made him wash his mouth out with mouthwash then gave him a kissing-torture session in a dark corner, sitting on his lap, making him hold his hand between my legs (but not touch, just feel the heat), and kiss my open mouth while I dug

my nails into his balls without warning, just to hear him yelp into the kiss.

Hidden that way, turned a little toward him with the crowd mostly gone, I was able to get my hand between my legs and bring myself to orgasm. Stifling the moans, I found myself once again soiling a perfectly good pair of leather gloves.

"Have you licked enough leather tonight, slaveboy?" I hissed, and I blushed a little as I saw him look at my flushed cheeks, enamored at the orgasm he had just witnessed.

"I…I'm not sure," he said.

I took my leather finger, wet with my sex, and slid it into his pursed lips. His beautiful eyes closed and he sucked sweetly, savoring the taste of leather and pussy.

It was nearly 2 am, and CC was behind me, her hair all messed up, some little boytoy in tow on a leash. "Akasha, are you ready?"

Michael held me as I tried to get up. "Wait, " he said. "Will I see you again?"

I just smiled at him. I smiled, slid out of his lap, wobbly-kneed and post-orgasmic, feeling odd like I was on stilts because the boots felt so high suddenly.

"I'll call you," I said, watching his big eyes follow me toward the exit, my hand in CC's, her other hand on her new doggie's leash.

I never called him, I will admit. And I do feel a little bad about that. But it was a party, after all, and we were just having fun.

Maybe I will call him. Sometime. Maybe — just maybe — he will be as good at bootlicking as Randy.

I do know this. My boots, the next day, looking brand new. He'd even licked the bottoms clean.

Now that's dedication.

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May 4, 2018AkWeb

Stories - Forced Femme

So you want to be my sissy

So you want to be a little slut, do you?

Sometimes I have to wonder if you know who you are dealing with. If you know how cruel I can be. Sometimes I wonder if you will try to back out once you see the tools I lay out that I plan to use on you.

You don't understand how much pleasure I will take in turning you into a pathetic little sissy.

How I will strip each piece of clothing from you with a razor blade as you stand, wrists chained above your head, blindfolded, with my penis gag locked deep into your mouth.

How I will be standing in my latex corset, thigh high stockings and thigh high black patent leather boots. Perhaps now and then I will sit in front of your naked, helpless frame and move my heels down your tender flesh, leaving long, red gashes. How I will kick lightly at your hard cock as it stands out, begging for attention.

And my vibrator, should I decide to use it, may find it's way down your naked flesh as well, still wet from being inside me as I writhed on my bed while watching you shiver in your chains. The slick, vibrating plastic will hum against your cock and balls until you whimper so loud even the neighbors hear. And I'll just reach up and shove the gag deeper in, until you nearly choke on it. It's good for you.

You'll feel my hard nipples against your chest, I'll let them free from my corset just to move them down your body and then to your cock, sliding it between them and rubbing you until your body shakes with need. And I'll laugh.

Pulling back, giving your cock what it deserves A tight leather lacing, a harness, wrapped around under balls and pulled up, locked to your collar so every time you move your head you tighten the bonds. Your cock will be on fire for me, dripping precum, and every drop I will catch on my boots to feed to you later. As you kneel, nose to the floor, your hair a tangled mess in my fist as I push your lips to the cum and order simply, "Kiss, you miserable little slut."

I'll fasten a slick latex plug against the wall, pointing out toward your vulnerable virgin ass, and I'll smile as I push you slow against it, until you feel it poking at your crack, working it's way closer…closer. And if you shake your head in dismay, you'll feel it on your cock. I'll have my body pressed so hard against you, you will feel my nipples against your chest, my wet thighs riding your leg.

So when I hold you by the hips with my latex-gloved hands you will know what I'm going to do to you. Push. Watching you cringe. Push. Watching you let out your breath painfully, feeling your ass cheeks tighten when I move to massage them with my hands. Push. Until you whimper in pain and I know the plug is sliding it's way deep into you. Your body shaking. How does that feel?

I'll wrap my legs around your thigh and push, tightening so you feel my wetness slide up your flesh, your cock bobbing helplessly against my stomach, tugging on your collar. Oh, this is just the beginning.

And then, to re-dress you. As you stand helplessly, plugged like the slut you are, a cock in your mouth keeping you quiet. I'll make you step into the lace panties I have chosen for you, red. And I'll make you wiggle your ass as I pull them up over your thighs. And then the bra, also red, with false breasts.

But only after clamping your nipples tightly, squeezing them, torturing them. Twisting them until you cry out behind the gag. Making sure they are red and sore so you can feel them rub against the foam. A constant reminder.

In your red panties and bra you will look like quite the little whore, and I will pace, my high heels keeping you alert to where I am in the room. Telling you what a little whore you are. Taking Polaroids so I can show you later. Making you lean over what you can and press your ass into the wall to re-tighten the plug, to make sure it remains deep inside of you.

Next the garters and thigh high stockings, also in red lace. Your cock will be bulging inside the red panties, begging for release. But I'll ignore it, perhaps brushing a breast across it as I lean down to pull the thigh highs up. And then locking the garters to them, I might reach around and squeeze your tight ass again, dig my nails into it.

"You're turning out to be quite a hot little sissy," I'll tease. More pictures. More pressing you into the wall. More pausing with my vibrator, you'll hear it, hear me on the bed, moaning, writhing, bucking. You'll feel my heels moving up your body as I watch you, poking at the panties, poking with that spike heel until you whimper and clutch at the chains painfully.

"You look so hot," I will tell you, "Like such a whore, in red lace, I want to suck your tits."

Will you wonder what I am doing with that vibrator, when you hear that distinct sucking sound?

"I just wish there were a man around," I'll say from on my knees right in front of you, "So I can suck some real cock, I want to taste cum, I want cum down my throat. I want to smear it over my lips and nipples…but all I have is you, my little sissy girlfriend, and my vibrator."

I'll play with your breasts through the bra, pressing mine into yours. You'll be my little lesbian slut lover. That's exactly what you need.

But of course, I have the solution. I'll take you down from the chains and strap you down on the bed, pressing down on your so the plug

is still tight. Leaving the gag and blindfold securely in place, leaving you in the red lace bra and panties, moving my hands over your thigh highs, my thumb teasing the naked flesh just about the seams.

With the bindings still linking your cock and balls to your collar, you will know better than to struggle. I'll slide my strap-on harness around your hips. You know what is coming. You'll know very well when I slide the big black dildo into the harness and point it upward, feel me moving on the bed, straddling you.

"I like fucking my girlfriend this way, " I'll remind you as I lower my wet cunt down on the big slick piece of plastic. You'll feel the pressure on the other side of the panties, pressing down on your forgotten cock. You'll feel it against your cock every time I ram my hips down, taking that dildo as deep as I can, massaging your tits and telling you what a little sissy you are.

Maybe you'll even feel my wetness through your lace panties. You'll know it's there, you'll know very well. And the pressure of my body riding the dildo will crush your cock and balls and ram that plug deeper into your ass. You will feel like you're going to be split in two.

"You like to be used like a little slut sissy whore?" I'll growl down at you, gripping your bra tightly, squeezing your breasts as I rock and writhe. When I cum, you'll feel it piercing through the plug in your tight ass, you'll feel it smashing down onto your trapped cock as my ass crushes against it, as I ride you like a horse, your tortured cock now pushed back all the way down between your legs, tugging hard on your collar.

You'll hear me get up off you, spent, unlocking the harness and commenting at how wet the cock is with my cunt juices. But like a whore, you know what you get next. As I finally unlock that gag for the first time, you know what you get next. You will open your mouth wide for me, without even my asking, and accept that soaking wet dildo eagerly. And I'll fuck you with it, fuck your mouth,

until you can barely breathe. But like the slut you are, you will take it, and beg for more.

“You want more, little slut?”

“Yes Mistress, I want more, I’m a total whore, ” you’ll reply appropriately, and you’ll take that shaft deep as I watch and talk about how I might use it on your ass next, but wondering oh-where should I shove that plug in your ass when I am using your ass for this dildo? Oh, I wouldn’t do that, would I?

But you’ll take it all slut, You’ll be my slut when I need it, you’ll be my sissy when I need it. You will present me with your face as a sitting place when I feel like having your breath against my cunt and ass. You will bend over and give me a place to shove my plug when I want it. You’ll open your mouth wide and take my big, black dildo when I want to watch you suck.

And you’ll learn to like it.

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Wrestling with Femininity

Wrestling with Femininity

As a cheerleader in high school, I was always most interested in the wrestling matches.

The other cheerleaders, of course, were into the more popular sports like football or baseball. After all, those brought the biggest crowds, and the football players had the best bodies and threw the best parties.

But something about wrestling got to me. The uniforms they had to wear. The intense, passionate struggling. The desperation.

It was such a ritualistic, intimate sport to watch. Sometimes ruthless.

I guess that was when I was starting to really understand my desires to dominate men — just to see them squirming and helpless.

And that's when I discovered Lucas.

**

Lucas was a freshman and came from a different city, so he didn't know anyone. He was terribly shy and kept to himself, but was an undefeated wrestler in his weight class.

He had a lithe, feminine frame and probably did not weigh more than 130 pounds. But he was strong.

I enjoyed watching his matches most of all. Because of the look on his face, and how hard he would breathe. He would keep his eyes shut sometimes, and I could swear he was in another world.

Sometimes I would notice him hard, too. And that was a huge turn-on for me. The other cheerleaders wondered why I had so much interest in wrestling matches; after all, we weren't even required to go.

I wasn't about to tell them that I was attracted to the younger, feminine little wrestler with the cute blonde hair and big blue eyes.

I also wasn't about to tell them what I would do to such a boy if I had him alone with me for just a few hours.

***

It was right before the nationals, and of course our wrestling team had gone all the way. The cheerleaders were all sitting together at Peg's house, and we were trying to come up with ideas for the spirit rally and other activities.

Mostly related to football, of course.

Peg came up with the idea of a kidnapping, and somehow I managed to take over the entire conversation. And somehow, I got them all excited about my idea. About a real kidnapping, something that would rock the entire school.

And more amazing was that I was able to talk them out of abducting the quarterback of the football team.

"He's too big. You think the seven of us can take him down?" I asked.

Lisa Johnson stuck out her chest. "Just show him our tits and when his mouth drops open, hit him on the head with a pan."

"Seriously, the wrestling team is about to go all the way. They never get any attention. Let's take one of them. A smaller guy."

They looked unimpressed.

“Then we can dress him up like a girl,” I smiled. “And drag him out to the pep rally.”

The others visibly brightened. “We can dress him up at a cheerleader!”

And from there, it was easy. Only one weight class would fit into one of our outfits.

“Lucas Daniels,” I said.

They didn’t care at that point. They were ravenous, they just wanted to dress up someone — anyone.

And I got my wish.

***

When we kidnapped Lucas, he was terrified.

Of course, he had every right to be. It is not every day a freshman in high school — a shy, reserved freshman at that — is kidnapped by the most beautiful, popular girls in the school. There were five of us at his abduction.

We had prepared during a slumber party the night before, giggling and staying up all night, talking about kissing, orgasms, blow jobs. Then we took a van and went to the school at around 5am, when we knew the wrestlers would be running before practice.

After clearing it with the coach ahead of time, who was thrilled to be getting some attention from the spirit team for a change, we diverted Lucas off his track and behind several trees by saying we needed help loading some equipment into the van to go to a cheerleading competition.

He was blushing already. I could see him from my lookout point, perched behind the van. He looked simply adorable – his hair wet from sweat after the morning run, wearing nothing more than tight sweat pants and a white t-shirt.

Walking behind the Asian beauty, Trina, he was wiping the sweat from his forehead with his arm. I could hear his voice. He was asking her something.

At that point, he had no idea.

**

Inside the van, it became clear to him that something sinister was about to happen. Three of the others grabbed him by the arms to pin him, and I slammed the doors shut from the inside. Trina started the van from the cab, and we were already leaving.

We were lucky he was a gentleman, because it was obvious he could have easily taken us all down. Just by helping hold down his arms I realized how strong he was. And that turned me on even more.

First, we tied him up. I enjoyed that a lot.

He kept asking, “What are you doing to me?? Is this a joke??”

Peg tried to duct tape his mouth shut, but he kept turning away. When I leaned over to help hold his head still, I felt the erection in his sweats.

It was clear he was enjoying it. Maybe a little too much.

**

Peg had put a dog collar on him that we’d bought from the grocery store the previous night. This made us all giggle, and we found ourselves walking him up the drive way to Trina’s house.

Trina's parents were gone for the weekend, so we had free reign of the house. This is where Lucas would experience his "transformation".

All of the tools were on the table in the main room. Trina led him by the leash into the house, careful not to trip him as he was blindfolded.

Soon Lucas found himself tied to a chair, looking around at all of us. Surrounded by a handful of beautiful women, women he had probably dreamed about. Women he had prayed would one day just say "hello" to him in the hall.

It was apparent that he saw himself as somewhat of an introverted geek. And the other girls treated him that way. Cruelly, enough to make me cringe. But somehow it turned me on.

"I think we need to give him a girlie name," Andrea said as she picked through the make up. Lucas was watching, and by the look on his face I think he knew what was about to happen.

Soon Becky was commenting on his erection, and that mortified him. He turned so red that I thought he was going to pass out. But it got worse.

It got worse because Danielle, the more sexual of the team, actually pulled down his sweats and took it out. And they all started giggling. His cock sprung out at once. He was fully hard.

"Look! He's turned on that we are going to dress him up like a girl!" Danielle observed. She got right in his face and said, "You like dressing up like a girl, Lucas?"

"Maybe we should call him 'Lucky' since this is his lucky day!" Trina observed.

"I like the name Lucy."

Lucas looked at everyone, trying to find someone to give him mercy, trying to ignore Danielle's poking and prodding at his throbbing erection. She was making noises, pushing it to watch it bob up and down.

Still, even in this completely humiliating situation, I found him very arousing. When his eyes fell on me, I had to look away. I felt guilty; after all, this was all my idea.

"Let's get pussy-boy dressed," Danielle said, having tired of playing with his erection. She pushed it back into his briefs, under the sweats, and then said "Where are those panties?"

***

We realized, of course, that he might not cooperate during the dressing stage of the ritual. That's why we brought the polaroid.

We took pictures of him after we had done his make up. This was while he was still tied up and couldn't resist, although it took three people to apply it — two to hold his head, and one to put it on him.

Then we took the pictures, and showed him.

Then Peg, editor of yearbook, dropped the hint that those, and even more incriminating photos, might end up in the annual.

"I'll cooperate," he said.

"Say, 'my name is lucky lucy, and I am ready to be dressed up in a cheerleading skirt for all my friends!' " Danielle ordered.

She was leaning over, purposely, teasing poor Lucas with her tits. She actually pulled her shirt down, when he turned, and revealed her nipple to him. She was known around school for being an exhibitionist.

Lucas turned bright red once more, turned away, and had his eyes shut.

“What’s the matter, never seen a tit before?” she asked.

Trina was bringing over the outfit. “Not since his mama.”

Perhaps their sheer cruelty would have bothered me more if he seemed upset by it. Sure, he struggled, and blushed, and sighed. But he was hard the entire time, and when he caught my glances, he almost seem to look toward me longingly.

Or maybe that was my imagination.

**

Dressed as a cheerleader, Lucas, or I should say “Lucy”, actually looked quite hot.

We had him in the short version of the pleated skirt, with a tight sweater. The bra had been tricky, but we stuffed it with socks and he was sufficiently busty. So busty, in fact, Danielle reached down his sweater to remove some of the padding, stating, “No one on the squad can have bigger tits than me, not even you, Lucy.”

Next, we taught Lucy a few cheers. His coordination left a lot to be desired, but he actually seemed to be somewhat amused at that point. I think after being flashed a few tits, having his cock out and exposed to all of us, then dressed up and covered in make up, he was comfortable around us.

When we felt Lucy was sufficiently trained, we decided to make our move. The other’s left to prepare the van, and I was left alone with him for the first time. To “keep an eye on him.”

I had planned it that way.

**

The first thing I did when we were alone was kiss him.

I kissed him hard, without warning, and he stood there, frozen. He let out a little muffled squeak.

His lips felt soft, and the feel of lipstick-against-lipstick was strange. I could tell at once that he had little, if any, experience with kissing. He definitely was a virgin.

That turned me on.

I was getting wet myself, and I could feel the bulge, under his skirt and in his panties, pressing into my crotch. The kisses became deeper, and finally he reached up and held me carefully by the arms. It was as if he did not want to offend me.

When we broke the kiss, I whispered, "You look good dressed as a girl. I just have to tell you that. Not many men can pull that off."

"Thanks," he said, looking at me strangely. "I think."

His eyelashes fluttered a little. The dark mascara made them stand out even more. This was probably when it all started for me — the total lust for a man completely dressed up as a woman. Because he looked so hot, I wanted to have sex with him right there.

"I want to go out on a date," I said. I was always straight forward, and I knew there was no way in hell a freshman would have the guts to ask out a senior cheerleader.

He raised his eyebrows, shocked, flattered. "Do I have to dress like this??" he laughed.

I chuckled, looking him up and down. "Maybe. I do like it."

He twirled around for me.

“You like it, too.”

“No comment,” he said.

And then we were interrupted.

**

The rest of the story is history, as they say. We took “lucy” to the pep rally and made him come out on stage in front of the entire school. He received a standing ovation, especially from the wrestling team. Then we had him perform a cheer with us.

For most guys — especially the football team — it never would have worked. They would have been way too afraid to go along with it. Perhaps it helped a little that Lucas was shy and into being guided, and had always fostered a fantasy about being kidnapped by the entire cheerleading squad.

I found that out from him, actually, on our third date. We ended up being together for the entire rest of my senior year, and through the summer until I left for college.

And he used to dress up for me, on demand, and we’d have sex that way. I always called him, “Lucy”, and he was as good in bed as he was on the wrestling mat.

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The Training of Paul(ina)

Paul stands before me in a long latex hobble skirt.

He looks delicious as usual, this time he's put even more off balance by a pair of black patent leather pumps with 6 inch heels. Tonight he will be the center of attention as the slut toy of my 3 best friends. My girlfriends are to arrive shortly and he is preparing my place for their arrival, struggling so beautifully as he does.

Paul has not worn men's underwear in months now. He wears my panties to work every day, or wears the silky things I make him pick out and try on at the Victoria's Secret at the mall. This humiliation ritual is just one of the many things I do to him to keep his maleness in check and turn him into the perfect lesbian slave for me.

He's nervous tonight for two reasons. One is that tomorrow we start his hormone therapy (months of using a breast enlargement machine on his tits has done no good) and tonight he is going to be the hole for one of my girlfriends who has never used a strapon before.

Both things terrify him.

The inflatable, vibrating plug in his ass makes it even harder for him to walk. I have a remote control that I keep in my pocket and can cause him all kinds of humiliation at a moment's notice. Sometimes I turn it up on high just to watch him shudder, and I walk over to him and look at the way his whole body trembles as if he is in an electric chair.

I stroke his cheek. "Aww…poor paulina, is that uncomfortable?"

But Paul cannot speak. Panties are in his mouth, the panties I masturbated in while he watched just an hour ago. A harness is over

the lower part of his face to keep them intact. The harness also has a buckle in front so I can attach a large, protruding dildo. This is so he can service my girlfriends later that night, face – to – pussy, while I take him from behind.

This is going to be a long night for Paul.

But he has come a long way.

**

When I met Paul he was a typical wisecracking, arrogant salesman for a large medical supply company. I met him on a road trip when he tried to hit on me (and cheat on his girlfriend at the time).

"So wanna come up to my room?" he had asked, leaning over to me. I could smell the beer on his breath.

"I thought you said you had a girlfriend?" I reminded him, pushing him back a little.

He smiled. That sleazy, salesman smile. "What she won't know won't hurt her," he had said.

Little did he know how much it would hurt him.

**

I let Paul up into my room that night. And when I tied him up, he had the typical, lecherous man-toy response, something like, "Oh baby, kinky, I like that. I like kinky."

"Oh yeah?" I asked, taking out a huge dildo, a tube of K-Y and a long leather whip. His eyes got a little wider.

"Shit, what the hell are you into?"

I straddled his face. Don't get me wrong; Paul was a good looking guy. He was quite gorgeous actually. Which is why breaking him was even more appealing.

"You like to eat pussy?" I asked him.

His eyes were focused on my panties; my skirt was hiked up a little and I was teasingly rubbing two fingers on the crotch of my silkiest pinks. "Oh yes," he said predictably.

"You won't be getting any pussy tonight, Paul," I said to him.

I dismounted and he moaned, trying to get loose. But I had tied his wrists securely to the headboard with stockings, and he wasn't going anywhere.

This is the part I enjoy the most, I think. When a man who has never seen a woman like me watches me step into a strap on harness. Because at first he thinks it is some contraption I will use to fuck myself; oh no, not at all.

Then he sees that the big, 8 inch dick sticking out is for him. Oh, you should see the look in his eyes. Panic. Begging. Sometimes laughing in disbelief.

But Paul was a sharp one. He knew he'd screwed up. He knew it, even as I pulled his legs over his head and chained them to the bed frame. He knew when I pulled down his designer briefs, slapped his ass and told him he was going to be re-trained and learn to treat women right.

And damn, was his hole tight. He howled so loud I had to bring out my biggest cock gag, which took some work to get into his mouth thanks to his homophobia.

"Later you'll be sucking THIS dick," I told him as he fought and howled.

It shut him up sufficiently, and I enjoyed riding him for a good long time before his ass loosened up and his dick started to stiffen under my expert grip. In that position I could smile down at him and taunt him with his growing erection.

"I think you like it up the ass," I told him. "Your dick is so hard. It's harder now than it was when my pussy was in your face."

He looked so humiliated. But his dick was dripping pre-cum already. Drip, drip drip. I pointed it into his face. It got into his eye. He tried to get away but couldn't.

I fucked him and pumped him until he came all over his face, then I released his legs and let him lay there until the cum had dried completely.

Then I took a polaroid, only after slipping my panties on him.

And I told him I'd send copies of the picture to his office unless he followed my directions.

**

Needless to say, Paul did as told. I was at his apartment the next week, taking all the men's underwear from his dresser and shoving it into a big bag.

He watched me despondently.

"I am altering your wardrobe," I told him. "And I am taking over your dick. You don't cum without permission, and you can forget about sticking your cock into every woman you meet on the road."

I could tell what he was thinking – I could tell, because he didn't see all that worried. Because he figured he'd go out and buy new underwear when I left, and he'd stick his dick into whoever he pleased when he was out of town in a few days.

Until I took his wallet. I took away his credit cards, checkbook and money. I took everything but ten dollars.

Then I had him bring up my luggage – I informed him I would be staying a few days, to ensure the start of his training went well.

Then I locked the steel chastity pump onto his dick. It was a specially made steel harness that crushed his balls together (to make him more compliant) and prevented him from getting hard. He could piss out of the top, barely. And it was secured with a lock at the base and two more locks on the side.

"This is temporary, until I get a piercing on your dick," I told him.

His eyes widened.

I smiled and patted his ass.

Then we started his training.

**

Paul, or "paulie" as I started to call him, had to first learn to eat pussy for hours, to worship the female body and to get no pleasure for himself. This is my favorite part of a man's training.

First, I made him meditate in the corner with my wet panties over his face, taped in place. I would command him to lick the crotch, but only on my order. This would start and stop over the period of an hour or so until the panties were licked clean. They would then be inspected, and I would bring over the next pair.

Eventually I put my panties on him, and they were too tight. The steel device made them pretty much impossible to get on (as I am pretty petite), so we went out shopping for his own panties. I made him try them on in the store. Already his cocky attitude was fading.

After all, he was waddling around in a steel trap around his dick and he had a small training plug in his ass.

Nightly I would mount his face and pump up and down on his tongue, and he had to hold positions that I explained to him. Sometimes I would just crouch down on him and smear my wetness all over, then dismount him and masturbate on his chest, making him wail in pain because his erection throbbed so hard in the device.

One night he cried to me. He was on his hands and knees doing anything I told him, begging for release from the device. He said his balls were crushed and his dick felt like it was on fire. Big tears streamed down his face. He said he was suffering from an infection. He demanded to be taken to a doctor.

I handed him the phone. "Go ahead and call 911" I told him.

Because I knew it was all bullshit. He was just horny. And the more horny a man got, the more desperate he was.

**

By the second weekend I had him dusting and vacuuming nightly. He would wear a short maid skirt and put a big bow in his hair. He was used to the tight cock harness by now and he could accommodate a medium sized plug with ease.

Our nightly pussy worship sessions were peaking at 90 to 120 minutes without a break for him, and I started to make him do my friends, too. They always look forward to this part of the training because they get free orgasms and are not required to do anything in return. Not even look at the guy or talk to him.

It's like a girls' slumber party, we eat ice cream and wear lingerie, and talk as if he is not even there. But we switch off mounting his face and one of us enjoys the licking, nibbling and sucking.

My friends know the codes, too. And we just bark them out like he is an automated pussy worship machine. “Tongue,” means deep penetration, “SUCK,” means alternating deep sucking and soft sucking. You get the picture. There are fourteen commands in total, and Paul knew them all.

By the end of the night his face was chaffed and he looked like shit. His hair was stuck to his face, stuck with pussy juices, sweat and spit. He was led into his puppy cage and put down for the night.

Then the three of us sat up drinking champagne and talking about the real men in our lives.

**

So, let’s see. Around week three I started toilet training him and he was doing complete house chores. He was also dressing only in women’s clothes when he got home from work, and he was allowed one orgasm every two days but he had to drink it all from a glass, and it was only for that week only; then he would return to one orgasm every 4th month. This was just a break to start his cum-eating training, so that I could eventually use him as a service whore at fetish parties.

The best thing about Paulie, though, was his change in attitude. He would assume position at my feet each night, he was compliant and sweet to all women he came in contact with .

The true test was when he brought me to a work function one night. He was in his work mode, in a nice suit and looking very handsome. The women in the office all giggled and pointed to him.

I was sipping wine when one of them came up to me to compliment me. “I don’t know what you did to Paul, but ever since you two started dating he has been such a nice guy. You probably don’t know this..but before, he had the worst reputation in the office for being a pussy hound…no offense. He just was such a skirt chaser.”

I smiled and introduced myself to her. She was cute, a little younger than me. In fact, I sensed she might like to know more about how complete Paul's change was. "Well, it's taken some work, but I think he's on his way to being a perfect gentleman. You should come over some time, I 'll let you in on my little secret."

She laughed. "Yeah, I'd like to know how you did it. I know of a few guys that could use a similar treatment!"

Yes, I thought. This was a girl I wanted to get to know.

**

That night, after the part, Paul removed my shoes and rubbed my feet. He looked up at me adoringly as I fingered his hair. "You are so much more likable now," I told him.

"Thank you," he said, and he beamed. He had long since learned that the only pleasure he sought in life was my pleasure. When I was happy, he was happy. Nothing else mattered.

"Take me to bed," I ordered. "I want you in garters, stockings and bra. Put on a lace nightie for me. Then, service my ass for a half hour. If you do a good job, I will let you sleep at the foot of the bed."

He looked genuinely thrilled.

And the rest of the night was perfect.

**

So now, some three weeks later, I sit waiting for Paulina (her new name now) to finish party preparations.

My new strap-on trainee is none other than the secretary in his office that I met at the party; he has no idea, and when he sees her

buckled into my brand new 9-incher he will die of embarrassment, especially since he will be on all fours with a big cock in his mouth (mine).

The skirt looks lovely on him, though, I must say. And he moves as gracefully as he can. In a moment the guests will start to arrive, but not before I take him back and practice a few slave positions with him.

Then I am giving him away, sadly. Tonight is my last night with him; I plan to offer him to my friend Cindy.

There is another man that needs training. The arrogant, mindless guy I see at the gym all the time. He's 210 pounds of solid muscle, at least. He hit on me for the last time the other night.

Tomorrow, I will start on him. In a month he'll be wearing women's leotards at the gym and working out with a big plug in his ass.

He just doesn't know it yet.

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Feb 14, 2020Akasha

So you want to be my sissy?

So you want to be a little slut, do you?

Sometimes I have to wonder if you know who you are dealing with. If you know how cruel I can be. Sometimes I wonder if you will try to back out once you see the tools I lay out that I plan to use on you.

You don't understand how much pleasure I will take in turning you into a pathetic little sissy. How I will strip each piece of clothing from you with a razor blade as you stand, wrists chained above your head, blindfolded, with my penis gag locked deep into your mouth.

How I will be standing in my latex corset, thigh high stockings and thigh high black patent leather boots. Perhaps now and then I will sit in front of your naked, helpless frame and move my heels down your tender flesh, leaving long, red gashes. How I will kick lightly at your hard cock as it stands out, begging for attention.

And my vibrator, should I decide to use it, may find it's way down your naked flesh as well, still wet from being inside me as I writhed on my bed while watching you shiver in your chains. The slick, vibrating plastic will hum against your cock and balls until you whimper so loud even the neighbors hear. And I'll just reach up and shove the gag deeper in, until you nearly choke on it. It's good for you.

You'll feel my hard nipples against your chest, I'll let them free from my corset just to move them down your body and then to your cock, sliding it between them and rubbing you until your body shakes with need. And I'll laugh.

Pulling back, giving your cock what it deserves A tight leather lacing, a harness, wrapped around under balls and pulled up, locked to your

collar so every time you move your head you tighten the bonds. Your cock will be on fire for me, dripping precum, and every drop I will catch on my boots to feed to you later. As you kneel, nose to the floor, your hair a tangled mess in my fist as I push your lips to the cum and order simply, “Kiss, you miserable little slut.”

I’ll fasten a slick latex plug against the wall, pointing out toward your vulnerable virgin ass, and I’ll smile as I push you slow against it, until you feel it poking at your crack, working it’s way closer…closer. And if you shake your head in dismay, you’ll feel it on your cock. I’ll have my body pressed so hard against you, you will feel my nipples against your chest, my wet thighs riding your leg.

So when I hold you by the hips with my latex-gloved hands you will know what I’m going to do to you. Push. Watching you cringe. Push. Watching you let out your breath painfully, feeling your ass cheeks tighten when I move to massage them with my hands. Push. Until you whimper in pain and I know the plug is sliding it’s way deep into you. Your body shaking. How does that feel?

I’ll wrap my legs around your thigh and push, tightening so you feel my wetness slide up your flesh, your cock bobbing helplessly against my stomach, tugging on your collar. Oh, this is just the beginning.

And then, to re-dress you. As you stand helplessly, plugged like the slut you are, a cock in your mouth keeping you quiet. I’ll make you step into the lace panties I have chosen for you, red. And I’ll make you wiggle your ass as I pull them up over your thighs. And then the bra, also red, with false breasts.

But only after clamping your nipples tightly, squeezing them, torturing them. Twisting them until you cry out behind the gag. Making sure they are red and sore so you can feel them rub against the foam. A constant reminder.

In your red panties and bra you will look like quite the little whore, and I will pace, my high heels keeping you alert to where I am in the room. Telling you what a little whore you are. Taking Polaroids so I can show you later. Making you lean over what you can and press your ass into the wall to re-tighten the plug, to make sure it remains deep inside of you.

Next the garters and thigh high stockings, also in red lace. Your cock will be bulging inside the red panties, begging for release. But I'll ignore it, perhaps brushing a breast across it as I lean down to pull the thigh highs up. And then locking the garters to them, I might reach around and squeeze your tight ass again, dig my nails into it.

"You're turning out to be quite a hot little sissy," I'll tease. More pictures. More pressing you into the wall. More pausing with my vibrator, you'll hear it, hear me on the bed, moaning, writhing, bucking. You'll feel my heels moving up your body as I watch you, poking at the panties, poking with that spike heel until you whimper and clutch at the chains painfully.

"You look so hot," I will tell you, "Like such a whore, in red lace, I want to suck your tits."

Will you wonder what I am doing with that vibrator, when you hear that distinct sucking sound?

"I just wish there were a man around," I'll say from on my knees right in front of you, "So I can suck some real cock, I want to taste cum, I want cum down my throat. I want to smear it over my lips and nipples…but all I have is you, my little sissy girlfriend, and my vibrator."

I'll play with your breasts through the bra, pressing mine into yours. You'll be my little lesbian slut lover. That's exactly what you need.

(Psst, I like my whores to wear this cute little robe around the house)

But of course, I have the solution. I'll take you down from the chains and strap you down on the bed, pressing down on your so the plug is still tight. Leaving the gag and blindfold securely in place, leaving you in the red lace bra and panties, moving my hands over your thigh highs, my thumb teasing the naked flesh just about the seams.

With the bindings still linking your cock and balls to your collar, you will know better than to struggle. I'll slide my strap-on harness around your hips. You know what is coming. You'll know very well when I slide the big black dildo into the harness and point it upward, feel me moving on the bed, straddling you.

"I like fucking my girlfriend this way, " I'll remind you as I lower my wet cunt down on the big slick piece of plastic. You'll feel the pressure on the other side of the panties, pressing down on your forgotten cock. You'll feel it against your cock every time I ram my hips down, taking that dildo as deep as I can, massaging your tits and telling you what a little sissy you are.

Maybe you'll even feel my wetness through your lace panties. You'll know it's there, you'll know very well. And the pressure of my body riding the dildo will crush your cock and balls and ram that plug deeper into your ass. You will feel like you're going to be split in two.

"You like to be used like a little slut sissy whore?" I'll growl down at you, gripping your bra tightly, squeezing your breasts as I rock and writhe. When I cum, you'll feel it piercing through the plug in your tight ass, you'll feel it smashing down onto your trapped cock as my ass crushes against it, as I ride you like a horse, your tortured cock now pushed back all the way down between your legs, tugging hard on your collar.

You'll hear me get up off you, spent, unlocking the harness and commenting at how wet the cock is with my cunt juices. But like a

whore, you know what you get next. As I finally unlock that gag for the first time, you know what you get next. You will open your mouth wide for me, without even my asking, and accept that soaking wet dildo eagerly. And I'll fuck you with it, fuck your mouth, until you can barely breathe. But like the slut you are, you will take it, and beg for more.

"You want more, little slut?"

"Yes Mistress, I want more, I'm a total whore, " you'll reply appropriately, and you'll take that shaft deep as I watch and talk about how I might use it on your ass next, but wondering oh-where should I shove that plug in your ass when I am using your ass for this dildo? Oh, I wouldn't do that, would I?

But you'll take it all slut, You'll be my slut when I need it, you'll be my sissy when I need it. You will present me with your face as a sitting place when I feel like having your breath against my cunt and ass. You will bend over and give me a place to shove my plug when I want it. You'll open your mouth wide and take my big, black dildo when I want to watch you suck.

And you'll learn to like it.

Apr 18, 2018AkWeb

Stories - Humiliation Groups

Stephen's Torment

His hands were shaking just a bit when he slid the unmarked video tape into his VCR. Part of him thought it was a joke, that there would be nothing on the tape. The other part of him longed so much to believe her, his fantasy, his dream Mistress.

As he slid back onto the couch with the remote, the lights dimmed, a static filled the screen. The first 60 seconds were torture, an eternity.

So, he thought to himself, I have been had. She was lying.

"Some Mistress," he muttered, leaning over to push the eject button.

Then, suddenly, a soft chuckle from the tape. He froze.

The picture was fuzzy, out of focus, shaking. Clearly taken with a home video camera, it looked as if someone was trying to set it on something and he got glimpses of a room. He squinted and leaned forward.

"Hello sweet slave," a voice said quietly.

That voice, he tensed, it was clearly hers from the phone calls.

The picture finally came into focus but it appeared that the camera was sitting on the floor. All he saw were feet walking by, heels. His cock hardened at the anticipation, the fear. This was real. It was definitely real.

Finally the picture was in focus, still. He saw boots, black patent leather boots, all the way up the shin. But that's all he saw. She was sitting in a chair, her legs crossed, one bouncing up and down a little, playful. Suddenly a gloved hand slid down one leg and into the picture.

There was an audible gasp from him. Her hands, so small. Her shins, tight, encased in that shiny black material. Those amazing boots, damn, lazed all the way down. Her hand slid down to the long heel, at least five inches, and she massaged it, stroked it. Her fingers encircled it and stroked it as if it were a cock.

"You like that, slut?"

He gasped softly, "yes…" even though she wasn't even there. All he saw was her boots in this screen, filling his television.

"Our first meeting," her voiced cooed, and her hand continued its long, deliberate strokes up her boot heel.

"Let's see how you follow directions in real life, slaveboy." Her gloved finger moved up and stroked the camera lens just slightly, so close he felt like he could reach out and touch her.

"I trust you followed my directions and have your camera ready, " her voice continued, so sweet yet sinister.

He swallowed hard, thinking, of course, how could I not follow the directions of my email Mistress…and his eyes moved to the home camera of his own set up and facing him.

"I want you to press record, slave. Start taping now. And when I get the tape it better not have one pause, one stop. Or our relationship is over. Press record now, slave."

His hands shaking just a bit, he leaned over and pressed the record button on his video camera. There was a familiar clicking and the red light started to flash. He felt vulnerable, watched.

When his eyes moved back to his television screen he almost forgot for a moment that he was being filmed. All he wanted was to see more of her, his Mistress, all of her. All he could see were her black patent leather boots filling his screen.

“Now Stephen, ” she said calmly, slowly, “I want you to strip slowly. Stand up and do it for the camera, do it for me. Remember when I watch this tape I will be evaluating you. Don’t disappoint me.”

He was definitely shaking now as he stood, loosening his belt. He turned and looked at the camera, trying his best seductive look, but he just felt silly. Damn, how easy it seemed for her, but then again, she wasn’t naked.

“Oooh,” her chuckle came on cue, “By the way, Stephen, these boots are all I have on.”

A chill ran throw him as he eased down his pants, shivering so at the thought that she almost read his mind. Eerie, he shuddered.

Her voice said suddenly, “Show me your ass, slave. Put it right in the camera. You are my property, Say it.”

He was hesitant, so terribly uneasy. Sweating, hard, shaking. Shy. Timid. He looked into his camera and said softly, “I…I am your slave…Your property, Victoria…”

Again, that sinister chuckle from her. As if she could see. It unnerved him. He turned and showed his ass to the camera as promised, shutting his eyes and sliding out of his boxers as he did.

When he heard movement on the tape he turned to look at the screen, hopeful that he would see more of her. The boots moved, opened, and were planted on the floor. They were spread a few feet apart and her hands were gone. There was such subtle movement in them, and damn, they were so hot, those boots.

His cock throbbed, he could feel the precum now starting to form.

“Stephen, I’m now masturbating, ” she said, and she moaned.

“Oh..god, Mistress.” he let out his breath.

“Kneel down, slut.”

He fell to his knees in front of the screen at once, as if she were really there giving her command. He was weak for her, even her image on his screen.

“Now lick these boots,” she ordered, lifting one closer to the camera so it filled his screen, “Lick them as I finger myself, slave, and when I get to see this, if it is good, perhaps…” she moaned, gasping a little, “..Perhaps next time you will see my fingers inside my wet cunt, as they are..” she gasped again, inhaling deeply, “now..”

Stephen leaned forward without hesitation, shutting his eyes. He licked the screen, he licked the image that was there, his tongue moving up the boot as if it were real. His saliva glistened on the screen as he did, and he longed to touch his cock but held back.

“Mmmmm,” she moaned, “I am imagining you there, on your knees, your tongue on my boot right now…ooooh yes, come on, slut. Lick the heel, lick it.”

Her heel was thrust into the camera so he licked harder, both hands on the screen as his tongue moved up in long, loving strokes. His hips moved involuntarily toward the screen. He was consumed.

Her moans grew louder, more demanding, and he continued to lick. He continued to lick and force his thoughts of uneasiness out of his head.

Suddenly, just as her gasps became desperate, as she seemed on the brink, just as his cock throbbed even more relentlessly, she stopped, her foot stopped bucking with the obvious motion of her hands as he imagined them fucking herself.

She moaned softly and reached around, he could see her hand reach for something. Slowly, slowly she reached around and he saw her

take a dildo, a large latex dildo. There was a soft giggle almost from her, her finger sliding up it, then she lifted it up out of his view.

He remained kneeling there at the image on his screen, forgetting now that he was on tape as well. He just watched, mesmerized. He heard a soft sucking noise, then she lowered it again and he saw that it was wet.

"Guess what I'm going to do with this, slave?"

He let out his breath in a moan, "Oh yes, Mistress..please let me watch."

She laughed, almost as if she was laughing at him. The dildo was raised out of his view and he whimpered as he watched her spread her feet far apart, her gasp out loud in pleasure.

"Oh Mistress…" he bit his lip. He was shaking, it was too much.

"Stephen," she ordered, half crying out in pleasure, "Go shut off your camera now, and overnight it to me. But only," she gasped again, "Only after you masturbate for me on it. Give me a good show, slut."

His eyes searched the screen as her feet slid even further apart.

"Goodbye, slut."

He saw a hand reach up, the camera shake a little, her soft chuckle, then it went to static.

His heart was pounding.

*****

He mailed the tape to her that afternoon and the next day he couldn't concentrate at all, thinking, hoping his performance, his appearance was acceptable to her. His masturbation on camera was

short and he felt silly, but he didn't watch it at all, as she ordered, he simply put it in the envelope and mailed it to her.

He didn't hear from her on the phone or in email and he was devastated. Thoughts of rejection tormented him and he felt like such a failure. In his depression he watched his tape of her over and over again, of her boots, her gloves, her dildo. Her soft, seductive voice. Her torture. He imagined what the rest of her must look like, what she must be doing on tape. It was torture.

Then, amazingly, 8 days later there was a package in his mailbox with no return address. His knees felt weak, he recognized the writing and the postmark. She was back.

He ripped open the package and found another unmarked video tape and a wrapped small box that had written on it, "Do not open until ordered."

Without hesitation he moved to his living room, sitting down and shoving the tape into his vcr. Needless to say he was overjoyed, elated. His cock was already throbbing, he wanted to live this moment forever.

Again, those 60 seconds of static, then her boots.

He let out his breath, sadly disappointed almost. He felt destined to be tortured again and again by just views of her boots..her feet. What hell that would be! Didn't he deserve more?

"Hello slut."

His breath was shaking again. Just her voice did it to him. His hands were sweating as he held the small wrapped package tightly in his lap, watching the screen carefully.

She seemed to be leaning over and messing with the camera, sliding something under it, what looked like a small box. "You get a little

more this time, baby. You like that?”

He moaned out loud, watching the camera slide back a little and he saw her thighs, he saw stockings and garters above the boots. He saw the bottom of a lace corset, he saw black panties.

His hands slid down between his legs.

“No masturbating yet, slut.” she said, as if reading his mind. “First, we need to talk. Turn on your tape and start recording.”

As he got up to go turn it on she continued talking.

“You know,” she said, he could hear a smile in her voice, “When I watched your tape I couldn’t help getting out my dildo and sliding it inside of me, watching you masturbate, kneeling so preciously. You are gorgeous, you really are. I can’t wait to tie you down, to torture you. We have so much to do, so much, Stephen. You are mine. All mine.”

The camera was on, recording, and he sat down in his chair to watch the screen. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

On the screen he saw her legs, precariously open, her hands sliding down over her panties. One held open one thigh, the other rubbed against her pussy.

He wanted so bad to touch himself, but he held back, knowing he was being taped and did not want to disobey her.

“Mmmmm,” she cooed, and her gloved hand slid down under her panties. He saw it moving there, he heard her say softly, “You want these off, don’t you Stephen?”

“Yes, Mistress, I do.” he said to the screen. “I want to see you, please.”

She chuckled. "Ooooh, I am so wet, thinking back to you on that tape. Your cock so hard, throbbing. That look on your face when you came, so much like pain, your eyes shut tight. I watched it three times, I came each time."

Stephen held his hands behind his back to keep himself in control, his eyes fixed on the screen, on her hand under her black satin panties.

Slowly she reached back with her other hand again and took the dildo again, bringing it into view. She slid it up her thigh, opening her legs more, then pressed it into her panties, pointing it in toward her cunt. "Ohh yeah, I want this in me. Let's hear you beg, Stephen."

He swallowed hard, wondering if she was just teasing, if he would have to beg and send the tape, then wait to get another back before he saw more. He wanted to fast forward to see if she was going to do it, it was such torture! But he knew if he did it would be on her tape, and he knew he could not stop or pause it. He had to obey.

He whimpered, "Please..oh please Mistress, I want to see you. I need to see you use the dildo…please?"

There was that soft chuckle again. The dildo slid slowly down under her panties and he could see the outline of it from the outside. She shifted in her chair and used one hand to block the camera, cooing, "OOh, but I'm shy."

He could half see from behind her hand as she eased down her panties and slid the dildo inside, he could hear her gasping in pleasure as it moved deeper. "Ohh yes, Stephenslut, it's hard, like your cock is right now, oh you want to see don't you?"

"Yes, PLEASE," he whimpered, biting his lips in tormented frustration.

"Go open your package now, open it while I slide this dildo in and out of me. Open it on camera, make sure I can see your face when you do."

He fumbled with the package and turned a little toward the camera that was trained on him, recording. After tearing away the brown wrapping he squinted, unwrapping soft white tissue as her moans echoed in the background.

His eyes fell on the screen then back at what he was holding. It was the dildo. She had mailed it to him.

She was chuckling. "You know what that is, slut?"

He held it in his hands, then looked at the screen. She lowered her hand slowly and he saw her sliding it in and out of her wet pussy, he saw it all.

His cock was so hard that it hurt, and he could not believe what he was watching. What he was holding.

"That's my dildo, Stephen. Suck it."

It was too much at once, the vision of her fucking herself, the realization he was holding that dildo in his hand, and the order to suck it on camera. He was rattled beyond words.

"Suck it, slave. Suck it so I can watch next time, so I can watch it and cum."

She slide the dildo out of her cunt slowly and closed her legs, lifting it out of view. He heard her sucking. She was sucking the dildo, half laughing.

"Do it like this," she cooed, "Oh wait, you can't see..well, let me tell you, " she slurped, "My tongue is moving up it in long strokes, my

lips, “she paused and made a smacking noise, “My lips are encircling the tip. You want me to teach you to suck cock, Stephen?”

He was shaking.

“Now I’m taking it deep,” she moaned and then there was silence, then she let out her breath, “MMm, it tastes like me, my wetness. And now, Stephen it’s your turn. Do it for the camera.”

He saw her shuffling around a bit, leaning forward. “Do it for 10 minutes, then send it to me. Goodnight, slave.”

Static.

Jun 4, 2018Akasha

Akasha’s World Femdom Erotica

I decided I would really test Marshall.

He was a good slave. Yes. He knew how to crawl to me. How to greet me after a long day. How I liked to have him on his hands and knees, his ass propped up into the air.

He knew how I liked to have him work an entire day in his big office. In suit and tie, behind his large desk. All of that power. The power to control people’s lives.

Only to know that I would take it all away at the end of the day.

And he would be mine.

**

I decided I would need to push Marshall further.

Not just wearing my panties (the frilly little pink ones) every day at work. Now we would go even farther.

Marshall would feel what it was like to really submit to me.

To my friends.

That’s when I decided to have a little panty party. With him as the special guest.

**

I invited all of my girlfriends for the party. Marshall had no idea; he just went about his duties, cleaning my apartment spotlessly in his little maid outfit.

How I loved to watch him in his maid outfit. It was black and white, all latex. He wore thigh high stockings with it and black patent leather pumps (his ankles used to hurt so bad, but he got used to it..). His ass – when he bent overlooked so inviting. Of course, I could imagine him over the horse waiting to take my biggest black latex cock but that is another story.

Watching Marshall prepare in his nasty little maid outfit, I almost felt sorry for him. Almost. But the night was about to start, and I had waited all week.

It was what I really wanted.

The ultimate sacrifice from him.

*

My girlfriends are all very beautiful women. About my age – late twenties, early thirties. Some a little younger. All fit, attractive, feminine women.

Of course, they knew about Marshall a little bit. But none knew the length to which he would go to please me.

I had Marshall dressed in a suit. Sort of. Almost a tux – very classy. Underneath his tight black trousers, he was wearing black panties and a slick plug. The plug was the largest he had worn in a long time – I'm sure he felt quite full. I'm sure he felt it every time he moved.

His hair was slicked back. He was wearing white gloves. Underneath his clothes, he was shaved completely, as I required. He had spent the afternoon touching up – his cock and balls were smooth, there was not a hair on his body, I know, except for his eyebrows and head. Just how I liked it.

And he served our drinks perfectly. On a little tray. Gliding around the room like a natural as we talked our girl-talk. I wondered if he listened. I wondered if he wanted to be a part of that girl talk. Of talking about panties, and orgasms, and giggling as we talked about the size of our boyfriends' cock.

I knew Marshall could fit right in. Fit right in talking about blow job technique and periods.

After all, Marshall was just as much as a woman as any of us. Of all of my girlfriends.

I know Marshall saw me looking at him. It made him uneasy. And that turned me on even more.

*

My girlfriends had consumed a few glasses of champagne each. I guess that is why I felt we could elevate it to the next level. And watching Marshall squirm in his outfit made me want it even more.

I felt that familiar ache in my panties. In my crotch. As I watched Marshall squirm in anticipation, knowing my eyes had fallen on him.

"I bet Marshall can tell what color panties you are all wearing," I said out of the blue.

There were a lot of giggles. They all looked at Marshall. Tammy, in her low cut black blouse, her long blonde hair spilling over her shoulders. April, in a dark bob, heavy makeup, and a body to die for, just looked at Marshall with a smirk. And Tracy. And Ellen. They all looked at Marshall, snickering.

And Marshall – the poor boy – stood there, mortified. I had never been so turned on in all my life. And my girlfriends were just drunk enough to make it easy.

“Let me prove it,” I said.

And that was all it took.

*

I had Marshall on his knees. Blindfolded. My girlfriends have all gathered around. He was going to tell them all what color their panties were.

“And then, we can all guess what color panties HE is wearing!” I joked. It went over their heads, but I could see Marshall squirming. He wondered I am sure if I would make him pull down his pants in front of them all.

He started with April. “Black,” he said, kneeling in front of her, his hands on her knees. April stood up, without hesitation and unsnapped her trousers. We all whistled at her. She pulled down her trousers a little to reveal -indeed – the sides of her panties. Black.

I patted Marshall’s head in approval. Then shoved him, without even letting him enjoy the moment, into my next girlfriend’s lap.

He stammered. There was some mocking.

“He lost his touch!”

“I think he’s getting scared! Look him, he’s SHAKING!”

“So Akasha – does he guess YOUR panties as easily??”

Marshall wet his lips. He was terrified and nervous. I was getting hotter.

“Uh…” he said. “Red..I think…”

Lots of snickering. I looked at Ellen. She shook her head.

Then it was all over.

The panty game – so soon – had come to a close.

And maybe it was because I was so hungry for domination. I have no idea. But the next thing I knew, I had Marshall sucking cock in front of them all. In panties. On his hands and knees.

And they all giggled at him.

*

It was seeing him there. On his knees. Trying to guess the color of their panties. And the champagne.

I wanted to see latex in his mouth. A big, latex cock. I wanted to show my girlfriends what a good little whore he was. I wanted to show them how he could easily deep throat 8 inches of latex, licking and sucking. Slurping. My hands in his hair. Holding his head still.

My girlfriends watched me. I took out my latex cock and they all oohed and ahhed over the size of it, commenting about how they could use something of that size. Of course, Marshall was kneeling there next to the couch, mortified.

I brought it over to his mouth. I could see how humiliated he was. How he wanted to be anywhere but there at that moment. When he looked at me, I almost melted.

But not quite.

Instead, I started by placing it on his lips. I heard whispering behind me. April's voice. They were all whispering. Giggling. I imagined that eventually, they would be helping me hold him down and fuck him in the ass..but all in good time.

For now, I thought to myself, it was enough to just have him suffer as my girlfriends watched, and he sucked all 8 inches my latex dildo.

*

"Suck it," I ordered. Marshall opened his mouth. His eyes were closed, he was on his knees. His wrists were behind his back – like a proper slut, and he deep throated the cock just as I had trained him. I was quite impressed.

As were my girlfriends.

"Jesus," April said. "he really knows how to do that, doesn't he!?"

There were giggles from my friends.

I was tempted – oh, god I was tempted, to show them what he looked like being fucked in the ass.

Marshall looked so tormented, though. Gagging a little every time I shoved the cock all the way into his mouth. I know he could tell how hot it was making me, and it made it worth it to him to continue enduring, knowing that later he may be allowed to worship my pussy.

After being so turned on all night.

My girlfriends watched as Marshall sucked my cock. On his knees.

It was silent, for a bit. I watched them, smiling at me, looking at me. I knew they were intrigued. I wondered, then, if I should really show them what a whore he was. How far he would go.

The night was young, though. And I decided to see how things went.

By then, the latex cock was soaked. And when I saw the look in Marshall's eyes as he peered up at me, I was soaked as well.

Jun 4, 2018Akasha

Billy in Panties

The first time I caught Billy in my panty drawer was on a Sunday afternoon. I had just gotten home from some grocery shopping and saw the door to my room cracked open.

"Billy!" I snapped when I saw him. I caught him, abruptly, just as he was holding up a pair of my satin red panties.

Billy jumped, dropped them, and slammed the drawer shut. He looked around and put his hands in his pockets, blushing. "I, uh…" he scrambled. "I thought some of our laundry got mixed up."

"Yeah," I nodded, giving him a scowl as I shoved him toward the door. "Right."

****

It wasn't until a few weeks later I realized this was a pretty common habit for Billy. I caught him a few more times, but this time didn't scare him or let him know I saw. He would go into my room when I wasn't home, go through my dirty laundry, and if he didn't find any he liked he would go into my clean panty drawer.

I saw him try on a pair, and I saw him masturbate with another pair.

At the time it made me feel a little weird – silly. My roommate – such a conservative guy, too. We had not spoken much since he moved in, but he was always the big brother type. Well built, very masculine. Definitely not gay.

But he had a thing for my panties.

I had a thing for Billy, I'll admit, and a few days later I realized this could turn into something…advantageous for me.

*****

The next time I caught Billy in my dirty clothes hamper, I shouted his name and called him a sick pervert.

He jumped and dropped what he was holding, a teddy of mine from the night before, and then sputtered something about missing a few socks.

"You lying bastard," I scowled. I was in tight jeans in boots, a cut-off t-shirt and no bra. Hell, it was Sunday, and I was casual – my hair was up in a high ponytail to keep it out of my face.

"I wonder what your friends would think if I told them," I snapped, grabbing the pile of clothes from the floor and tossing them back into the hamper while he stood dumbfounded.

"I..please…" he hesitated.

I put a finger to his chest and backed him up into the wall. "You will do as I say, Billy. You will do exactly as I say, or that little envelope in your room will make its way to your friends."

"What envelope?" he asked, his eyes widening a little.

"Go look."

Of course, Billy was gone for quite some time. I'm sure he needed to sit alone and look closely at these photos. Pictures I had snapped of him when he wasn't looking, pictures of him in my white thong bikini briefs admiring himself in the mirror, and another of him kneeling with my pink silks wrapped around his cock jerking off.

Yes, I had Billy by the balls. And this was just the beginning.

*****

It was a matter of about a week until I had all of Billy's normal underwear gone. I made him kneel in his bedroom and watch me go through his clothes and dirty hamper, and I took every single pair of boxers and briefs he owned.

"What are you doing?" he asked nervously.

"Shut up." I snapped.

He kept quiet and soon I had a handful of his underwear in my arms. I left the room with it and came back with a bag from Victoria's Secret. "This is what you will wear," I told him.

Billy took the bag and slowly peeked inside. Black lace panties, just his size. His face turned bright red.

"This is just the start, Billy boy," I sneered, backing up to his door. I hiked up my short skirt quickly, showing him the white-flowered pair of silk panties I was wearing. "Soon you'll be in these."

*****

Billy's slut training, as I called it, progressed quickly. And I liked it more and more. Soon he was cleaning the whole apartment wearing nothing but a tight pair of panties and sometimes some thigh high stockings. He wobbled unsuccessfully around in heels at times, which was quite a little show for me.

I made him tell me what a sissy whore he was, and on command, he had to pull down his pants so I could check to see that he was in his panties.

Best of all, I sent him to the lingerie store to add to his collection but didn't tell him that I knew the store clerk.

When Jennifer, a tall beautiful blonde rang him up at the counter, she added with a seductive smile, "I'm sure these will look wonderful, slut boy."

And I heard from her that he nearly died.

We giggled all night on the phone over that.

And the next day, I caught Billy again in my dirty clothes hamper.

*****

"What the fuck is your problem?" I snapped. "Can't you get enough? You WEAR panties now yet you still have to pilfer through my dirty clothes?!"

"I…I can't help it.." he blushed, standing before me in nothing but wintergreen panties and black stockings, holding my thong from the night before.

Right then I heard the doorbell. My date was there, right on time. We both looked up.

"You stay here, little slut," I ordered, forcing him down onto his knees, still holding my panties in front of him. "Wouldn't you hate it if Rick saw you like this?" Rick, my date, was also one of his good friends.

Billy looked mortified.

I left Billy kneeling there, hissing to him that if I came in and caught him masturbating with my soiled panties, there would be hell to pay. And I told him I would be back, later, and he would wait. Right there.

*****

Indeed I came back. I came back after excusing myself from the couch, after telling Rick I needed to change. Rick and I had been making out on the couch for almost an hour, his hands all over my tight body and his fingers creeping down toward my crotch. A few times he had slid them down into my panties and I ached for him, rubbing my pussy against his touch eagerly.

As a result, I was soaked. My panties were hot, wet with desire for Rick, and I told that to Billy when I entered my room and went to my closet.

Billy was still kneeling there helplessly. I bet he could hear our moaning in the next room.

I was going through my closet, trying to find a sexy teddy to put on. Yes, this was the night I was going to fuck Rick for the first time.

"Rick's going to get to fuck me tonight," I told Billy.

Billy's face dropped with jealousy.

I walked over, holding a hanger with a sexy lace red teddy on it. I pressed my crotch up close to Billy's face. "Smell that? That's how turned on a real man makes me!"

Billy moaned to himself and shut his eyes, but I grabbed his head and held it against my pussy, hiking up my skirt a little.

"I bet you'd love to get your hands on a pair of panties as wet as this!" I told him, rubbing my fingers between my legs. Indeed, I was wet, and my panties were soaked. I shoved my wet fingers into Billy's mouth and told him to suck.

Here he was, kneeling in panties and stockings, sucking my fingers off.

What a slut, I smiled. And I am about to fuck his friend in the next room.

I had special plans for Billy this time. It came over me quickly, and the urge was hotter than the caressing I had received from Rick. I peeled off my wet panties and dangled them briefly before Billy as I reached into my utility drawer, fumbling past scissors until I found a roll of silver duct tape.

Billy watched me carefully, eying the panties, the duct tape, and me. The red teddy was tossed onto the bed so I could have two free hands, and as I trussed up Billy I reminded him of our pact. That he was my slave. That he was my panty slut to be used.

I put my soaked panties over Billy's head and wrapped duct tape around his chin and face to make sure they were secure, the wet crotch right over his nose and mouth. He moaned and struggled, but a warning knee to the balls shut him up pretty quickly.

Next, I duct taped his wrists behind his back, his ankles together, and hogtied him. "I'm going to go fuck Rick in the next room," I told him as I trussed him up. "And maybe later the two of us will pay you a visit!"

Billy moaned and whimpered, and I left him curled up on the floor. He looked helpless and uncomfortable, but his cock was so hard it bulged right out of the panties. His head was engorged and it was dripping pre-cum.

As I changed into my teddy, right in front of him, I commented to him about what he looked like, finally dragging my full-length mirror over and propping it up against the bed so he could see himself while I was gone. He peered as best he could through the panties and duct tape, then lowered his head.

Before leaving, though, I crouched down over his face in my thong teddy and showed him my ass. "Look at what you can never have, Billy boy."

And longingly, with a whimper, he looked up toward my glistening pussy.

****

Rick and I fucked like rabbits. We fucked on the couch, then in front of the fireplace, then somehow he ended up with me pinned against my room door, slamming his hips so hard into me that the door rattled. I'm sure Billy could hear everything.

Rick was panting, plunging his hard cock into me, gasping, "Let's go into your room, to the bed…c'mon…"

I was smiling but Rick couldn't see it. I was smiling because I'm sure Billy heard that, all trussed up and smelling my sweet scent, mortified that any moment we could come barging in and see him.

I will admit – the idea excited me. Getting on the bed and having Rick fuck me like mad while my little sissy boy watched helplessly in panties, all wrapped up in duct tape. So useless and helpless.

But Rick was not a good man for that job. So I let him keep fucking me up against the door, and my moans became screams, and when I came, I'm sure the neighbors heard in addition to Billy.

*****

It was well after 3am when Rick left and I went back into the room, my red teddy hanging loosely off my body.

There was sweet Billy, all curled up in a ball with my panties still over his head. He looked up sleepily, his cock still pulsing and throbbing in the panties. Now they had worked their way down a

little, but I promptly pulled them up taught and in the meantime rammed his balls good, the panties riding up his ass painfully. He winced. I smiled.

I was glowing, I know. He could see it. I was a woman that had been fucked hard, by a strong man, all night long.

"I know I said you'd never get to taste me," I told Billy as I started carefully cutting away at the duct tape. "But I lied."

His breath was hard, hot. He was moaning softly. He smelled like my pussy -the juices had covered his face.

"But actually, all you will really taste is Rick," I said as I laid on the corner of the bed, opening my legs wide, hands on thighs. "Crawl over here," I ordered, "And clean me up before bed.'

Billy crawled over to oblige, and not only did he clean me out, he gave me two more orgasms in the process. When we were done, I laid there in exhaustion, one foot resting in his hair as he was still kneeling at my bedside.

"Billy," I sighed, breathless. "I think we may have found your niche…"

*****

Our relationship did continue to grow, but Billy remained my slave and property pretty much. He wore panties and stockings only when we were home alone, and always wore panties under his clothes.

Billy was not allowed to masturbate or see women, but I was allowed to cum whenever I wanted. I dated frequently, and there were even times that I made Billy watch, tied up, as men fucked me. Then Billy had to clean me out, and one time even suck off the guy.

There was also a time when I didn’t warn Billy but invited over a bunch of my girlfriends so they would catch him dressed like that, and it was the most embarrassing and humiliating night of his life. But that is a story in itself.

Unfortunately, I finished college and needed to move back home to find a job, and Billy and I parted ways. We kept in touch via mail for a while, but last I heard he was serving a dominant couple as a housemaid.

I’ll admit, I miss him sometimes. I miss him when I come home and go through my dirty panties and don’t find any missing.

Mostly, I miss him after a good fuck, knowing the job he would do on me when I got home.

Billy, are you still out there?

Jun 4, 2018Akasha

Cum Drinking Devon

It took a lot to get Devon to eat his own cum. But he was a whore, and it was something I knew he needed to learn to do. Not only did he need to learn to do it, he needed to LOVE to do it. The first time I told him he would learn to love it, he laughed at me. He learned something else that day. Never laugh at what I am capable of doing.

Devon was extremely hot. He was a corporate slut to the core. I met him from my site because he had emailed me a few times in 1997 and I dominated him on the phone once. His emails were intriguing; he wasn't afraid to even use his work address. I knew his name so I called his work one day by looking the number up on the net.

When he answered, I said simply, "On your knees, bitch."

Devon was shocked, I could tell by the silence on the phone. Then we both had a chuckle and agreed to meet for lunch – I was going to be on business in his neck of the woods. We had a pleasant lunch, and I decided I wanted to have him on his knees. And what I wanted, I always got.

We met that night at my hotel.

**

Devon was tall, dark and handsome. But, I was already imagining what he'd look like kneeling, begging, and trembling. I wanted him on his hands and knees in front of me begging to suck my strap-on cock. I wanted him in tight, red panties that barely covered his ass and could not even cover the base of the plug that was shoved into his ass.

I wanted him in a bra and thigh high stockings so the lipstick would match. The red lipstick that I would put on him and then see him smear it all over an 8 inch dildo I pumped in and out of his mouth. All the time, saying, "Deep throat it, cunt! You know you like big cock!"

I wanted to tie up his cock and balls and tuck them under so they didn't even show in his tight panties, then shove him up against a full length mirror and press my strap on teasingly into his ass. Press it against his butt cheeks. Make him kiss the mirror and leave a slutty imprint.

See, I had plans for Devon. Sweet, sweet Devon.

Why is it that I take these men and want to turn them into whores? Because it makes me wet. Pure and simple. When we had dinner that night at the hotel, I smiled a lot. I was smiling because I was imagining the transformation. Imagining how different he would soon be.

I knew he was staring at me, thinking about how beautiful I was, probably wondering if I was wearing sexy lingerie and how I'd tie him up later and we'd have hot, kinky sex. Oh, he was hoping for a real good time. He thought getting together with a dominant woman would be a real trip, probably. He was checking out my cleavage and his eyes would wander down to my legs when I crossed them at the side of the table, dangling a high heel. He would sneak a peak up my thigh, probably hoping for a glimpse of my hot black panties.

Little did he know, he'd be the panty boy later!

**

I made Devon pay the check and I felt him up in the elevator on the way up to the room. I felt him up to make him feel objectified already. I whispered to him, "You're a bad, bad boy for getting hard while you were checking me out."

“I couldn’t help it,” he said, whispering, obviously very turned on.

I reached for his balls right through his trousers and squeezed hard. “You’re going to learn to help it, bitch.”

**

In the room, I handled his transformation. He looked so fucking hot as a bitch toy. He looked so hot, I had to stop half way through and lock him in my pussy collar and make him service me. I did it while suffocating him with my thighs a little, making him whimper, making him beg to please me. I taunted him with my ass, making him beg to lick it, beg to lick my asshole and always keeping it right out of reach. Oh, it was such fun making Devon beg.

But Devon still laughed when I told him he would eat his cum.

This was when I was butt fucking him with my strap on. I had him on all fours facing the mirror, plunging all eight inches into him with ease now, because he was well lubricated and very turned on. He was in full lingerie, his lipstick smeared from the cock sucking he had delivered earlier.

He begged me to let him cum, and I said no, not unless he was going to eat it all. “I will!” he said, gasping as the cock pushed into him. I was pushing my hips hard into him, moving in circles a little, really ramming him deep.

“You liar!” I said, grabbing him by the back of the head to ride him. “You are going to chicken out as soon as you squirt your load!”

He begged me again. He begged and begged, and every time he got close to cumming, I cupped his balls and squeezed until it hurt, or pinched the head of his cock. The poor thing was nearly crying!

I dismounted him and went across the room, leaving him in a trembling heap. “Please let me cum…” he gasped. “Please, I’ll do

anything. You just like to see me beg….”

I was putting together a device. A clever device a reader had made for me. It was pretty simple actually, a funnel, a tube, and a gag. It all locked together nicely. I directed Devon to the bed and put him on his back, hiked his legs high over his head and fastened his ankles to the head board.

He grunted. But he had not scene what I was hiding, and when he asked why this terribly uncomfortable position, I told him it was so I could see him cumming and so I could get my vibrating inflatable dildo deep into his ass. Devon seemed to like this.

But he was helpless now, looking at his wrists, which were also chained down. His wet, throbbing cock was bouncing up above his face. I pulled out the gag and he looked at it. It was an O-ring gag with a very tight buckle. Before he could protest, I locked it into place and told him to shut up.

I was smiling. He looked desperate, his mouth wide open. He was scared, and he had not even seen the tube and funnel yet!

When I attached the tube to the gag he started to squirm, rocking the bed. But there was nowhere he could go, and this time I was the one laughing. It felt good to see him so desperate. In fact, I took some time to just watch him writhing there. I sat his face even, thinking about pissing into his mouth but thinking better of it. I didn’t want his cum drinking to be anti climatic, after all.

I bounced on his face, telling him to work his tongue through that O-ring to get to my pussy, and that maybe I would reconsider the cumfeast he was about to enjoy. He whimpered, and I just bounced more.

When I tired of that, I got off of his face and locked the tube on. I did this despite his wiggling around, and then attached a funnel to the other end of it and stood behind him to hold his cock in place. I

was squeezing and stroking him with a gloved hand, taking long, luxurious movements with my wrist. He was in agony, dying to cum already.

The head of his cock was pointed straight down into the opening of the funnel and the tube was almost straight up, so the force of gravity would inevitably bring all the cum into his mouth once he shot it. "Too bad," I reminded him, 'If you were going to drink it from a cup at least you could do it fast. Now, you are going to have to watch it slowwwwwly drip down….waiting…"

I let go of his cock to get the lubricated vibrator and slowly insert it into his asshole. It was tight at first, reflecting his tension and fear. Poor thing. I finally got it into place, down deep, and I knew that once I turned it on, he would not have a chance.

"Ready to drink your own cum, Devon?" I smiled.

All he could do is plead with his eyes. I wish I could have taken a picture. What a contrast to that same Devon who had laughed the first time I said it.

It took just a few strokes of his cock and he exploded, despite his muffled protests, and I watched, while pleasuring myself, as the milky white cum slowly slid down the clear tube. What made it even better is that he was cumming like mad; it must have been quite a load and a long wait because it seemed he just kept squirting.

He gagged on it. He shut his eyes tight and I was the one to laugh at him. "How does it taste!? You are going to learn to love it!" I told him as he swallowed it down. "You are going to be coating your lips with it. You are going to be drinking it from my shoe. You are going to be licking it off my pussy. You are going to be sucking it off a dildo. You are going to be begging me to let you drink every single last drop!"

This, I knew was true. Poor Devon, though, could just remain there, helpless, and taste it all. I was in no hurry. Whatever was left in the tube, I told him, I would wash right down with more fluid.

And the rest I left to his imagination.

Jun 4, 2018Akasha

CyberSlave

Mark had a pretty normal job. He was one of many, hidden away in a small cubicle in the huge office, typing away at spreadsheets and analyzing stock options. He mostly kept to himself but was relatively well-liked, and he made excellent money. It was one of those offices where the senior management were merely named to him. He never saw or spoke to anyone higher up than his own boss, and the large offices at the end of the hall were shrouded in mystery. He only saw the occasional glimmer of a crowd walking briskly down the hall, several suits surrounding one of the VPs as he waved his hand and eventually hid away in his office with a slam of the door.

When e-mail was installed at work, it was mostly ignored. But Mark found himself fumbling around on the internet from time to time, quietly investigating the bondage and SM groups. A desire he had hidden for twenty years. And now, at 46, he regretted it.

Until he met Mistress Brittany. Soon to become his Cyber Mistress, they exchanged hot mail that made him sweat, his heart pounding every time her name popped up on his screen alerting him to the arrival of her mail. It was as if that mail notice was directly linked to his cock, which would bulge instantly. Rock hard in the silk panties that she had started to make him wear, Mark would squirm in his seat, hiding his face in the monitor and quickly using his mouse to click on another window when someone rushed down the aisle behind him.

Nearly caught three or four times, Mark became more clever. He had windows hidden behind windows on his computer, he typed so feverishly at times that John Richards, in the cube on the other side of the wall, would peer over the divider and say, “What are you working on, some hot secret project?”

And with beads of sweat on his brow, Mark would close the window, sigh, shake his head. "Nothing…just a quick e-mail note."

There was a mumble from John and then nothing. Mark sat back in his chair. The feel of the panties riding up the crack of his ass distracted him.

His thoughts moved once again to Mistress Brittany, the woman that controlled him. He had never even heard her voice and she lived across the country.

*****

As time moved on, Mark spent more and more time on the internet. He learned to navigate the newsgroups and started exchanging email with more people about bondage, and his desires to be completely used and humiliated by a sexy and powerful woman. Sometimes an hour or more would be used at work while he pretended to be pounding away at a crucial report. He worked longer hours than ever, sometimes not leaving the office until 11 at night. People started to talk about how hard he was working but he just blushed and nodded and said: "It's nothing."

And then, about two months later, the memorandum arrived in his mailbox. Just like it arrived in everyone's mailbox. He read it with shaking hands.

MEMORANDUM

TO: Employees of Richmond Tech.

FROM: Management

RE: Personal use of E-mail

It has come to our attention that many employees are using our email system to send personal mail. Please refrain from the use of

email for contacting friends and relatives as it puts a strain on our server. Your cooperation in this matter is appreciated.

**

Mark put the memo under his notebook. People were whispering in the coffee room and he heard the words "email…" and "privacy". Nervous, he got up and went into the room with his coffee cup, pretending not to listen. There were three secretaries whispering.

"I heard that Jacobson ordered that all email from the last month be put onto a file so he could read it!" one hissed.

Mark swallowed. Rick Jacobson was the CEO of the company.

The other girl lowered her voice. "Oh my god! I was writing to my boyfriend last week and we exchanged some notes as a joke! Do you think he will read them?"

"I'm sure of it!"

Mark swallowed again, nodded politely at the girls, and left the room. When he got back to his desk, the EMAIL icon was flashing. His heart sunk. His cock swelled once more. But his mouth was dry and he was shaking.

Images of the mail he had sent and received flooded his mind. He was terrified.

"I'm sure it's just scare tactics," he heard John saying into the phone on the other side of the cube. "They won't look at anything, it could mean a lawsuit. The laws of privacy haven't quite been worked out on this. They just want everyone to stop."

That's right, Mark thought to himself. Just scare tactics.

He wiped the sweat from his brow and clicked on the icon. The email popped up from his Mistress, commanding him to be prepared to receive the little black butt plug that he would wear in the office. It demanded to know why he had not reported in with his daily report, telling how many times he came the night before, telling which panties he was wearing. Telling how many women he looked at, and whose shoes in the office he fantasized about licking. It explained the ball crushing he would endure for a lack of response by noon.

The clock read 11:40. Mark started typing feverishly.

*****

Two days later three people were fired. There was a hush in the office as their cubicles were cleaned out. Mark was in a cold sweat all day. He wished he could call Mistress Brittany and explain what was going on, get some advice. But he never even spoke to her on the phone.

The word in the office was that the three were laid off for sending private email for personal purposes. They were called into Jacobson's office and fired by him personally. It was hell, from what he had heard, and rumor was that it was just the beginning.

Mark could get no work done. He deleted the entire folder of email and erased all of his internet links. He buried his nose into his work and tried to keep quiet.

The next day, two more were fired and he received a note in his in-basket.

"Report to Human Resources at 1pm. Andersen."

His heart started to pound. At once he pulled out the disc with his resume on it.

“You’re quiet over there, champ.” came John’s voice from over the wall.

“I just got a memo to talk to Andersen in HRD. Do you know who he is?”

“I think he’s the VP of HR,” John replied.

“I guess I’m the next with this email thing. I sent some letters to my folks back East…” Mark said, voice sort of shaking.

John stood and peered over the cubicle. “Nah, Jacobson is handling that himself, reveling in the glory of it. If it’s HRD, it’s probably about your benefits or something. Damn you look pale. Are you ok?”

“I’m fine.” he choked. “You’re right, it’s probably just my health plan.”

“The way you look, you need it, pal. Go take a walk or something.”

*****

At 1 pm Mark sat anxiously in the front office of Human Resources. He told the receptionist as he entered that he had a 1 pm appointment with Mr. Andersen.

The secretary just gave him a look, staring at him almost with a curious gaze. Not taking her eyes off of him, she picked up her phone and buzzed into the adjoining office. “MISS Andersen, Mark Richards is here to see you.”

She hung up the phone and Mark nodded and said “Sorry,” quietly but it came out as a croak. He was starting to sweat already. The secretary just looked at him, shook her head, and went back to typing something.

The phone buzzed and she picked it up. “Yes, Ma’am,” she said as she hung up. She nodded at Mark. “She’ll see you now.”

Mark got up and walked to the door. He felt like a kid going to the principal’s office. He reminded himself about what John had said — it was probably just about his benefits or his year’s as an employee. Or maybe a performance review.

When he walked in, she was facing the large window behind her desk. In a tight-fitting light blue suit and white stockings, 4-inch heels and her hair pulled back into a tight bun, she looked menacing already.

He sat slowly.

“I didn’t tell you to sit,” were her first words, without even looking at him.

He froze in his tracks, half sitting and half standing, waiting.

“I can’t tell you how much I have been looking forward to meeting the man behind all that.”

“All of what?” he asked innocently.

She turned around and she was stunning. In her early 30s, she had the perfect body, shapely in her conservative suit. Her arms were folded. She picked up a stack of papers and dropped it on the desk in front of her. It was close to half a ream of papers.

He just stared.

Ms. Andersen slowly sat down in her leather chair and rocked back in it, swiveling a little with crossed legs, dangling a shoe.

His eyes could not help but wander.

“Come look at this, Mr. Richards.”

Mark stood and walked over. He recognized it at once. It was a stack of e-mail he had sent to Mistress Brittany, easily everything he had ever composed.

At that moment, he felt like he could die, yet strangely enough, his cock was rock hard from the humiliation. So much so that he feared she could see it, so he immediately fell down into the chair again.

*****

Ms. Andersen swiveled the chair back around to face the window. All he could see of her was her leg peeking out, the skirt hiked up and revealing her thigh. She had the stack in her hand now and was reading out loud from the top one.

"Please, don't…" he hesitated. "I can explain…"

Ms. Andersen ignored him. "And I look forward to wearing your panties every day, Mistress, as you see fit. I shall wear panties over my worthless cock each day that you command it."

He felt like he was going to die.

She kept reading, to herself this time. Reaching out behind the chair she picked up the phone. All he could see were long red nails holding the receiver so daintily. "Stacy dear, hold all my calls and appointments until 2:30. I do not want to be disturbed at all."

She hung up the phone and without turning the chair around said firmly, "Mark, stand up and take down your pants. I want to see if you are for real."

*****

When she spun back around in her chair and he had not moved from that spot she eyed him with some curiosity. "Mark, I will have these sent down to Jacobson if you would rather do it that way. And then

you will be fired, and you can sure every person in this office will hear of these letters. And you can be assured you would have trouble finding another job in this industry."

"You can't do that," he said shakily. He knees felt weak.

"I certainly can. And I will. So unless you drop your pants, sissy boy, and let a real woman see what you have under there, you can kiss your ass goodbye."

It was at that moment that Mark realized just how beautiful, albeit terrifyingly ominous, this woman was. She was eying him curiously, her red nails clutching the pile of his most personal emails in her hands.

He stood, shaking, and started to unfasten his belt. She watched with a smile, then peered back down and started flipping through the rest of the e-mail, occasionally reading out loud bits that she found interesting.

Soon he stood there with his pants down around his ankles, his bulging cock only barely hidden by a pair of lace satin red panties.

She glanced up and then back down, reading out loud, "I look forward to wearing your chastity belt with pride." She paused, stood, and walked over to where he was standing. "This chastity belt, Mark, how does it work?"

"It…I…I don't know…" his voice was shaking as she leaned over and peered at the bulging panties, looking at them with interest. She started to poke at the hard sac with her fingernail, making him flinch and jump.

She peered back at the letters. "And what is this with you and high heels, Mark? This is the third letter that you go on and on about a woman's shoes. You like my shoes, Mark?"

His eyes stayed focused forward. She moved back, leaned against her desk, and lifted a leg to show him. The heel was pointed out toward him. When that didn't get his attention, she shoved it into his crotch, then started to grind the spiked heel into the panties.

He wailed but muffled his own cry, bit his lip, and hissed.

"Shouldn't you be down on your knees? I thought you knew how to worship a woman!?" she hissed. This time she got up, grabbed him by the back of the head and shoved him to the ground.

The next thing he felt was her heel at the back of his neck. He could smell the scent of the sweat. The other shoe was shoved under his nose.

"Lick," she ordered. "Let me see if I get anything out of this."

He hesitated and let out a muffled no. Pain shot through his neck as the heel dug in deeper. She reached over and picked up the phone.

"I will call my secretary in here to see you in your tight little frillies. You have until three."

The thought of the young, sweet secretary coming in mortified him. He heard her reach down to dial.

His tongue came out at once. He lapped at her spiked heels eagerly, eyes shut tight, his cock betraying him as it strained inside the silk material. All thoughts of Mistress Brittany vanished. This was the real thing. As much as he was mortified, he was intoxicated.

He heard her flipping through the pages, now sitting back against the desk enjoying the lavish attention his tongue gave her shoe and foot. Soon her foot came out of the shoe and she absentmindedly pushed and pulled her toes in and out of his mouth, making him suck her stockinged feet.

“So how often have you been wearing these panties to work, Mark?”

He stopped lapping at her feet to answer, “Every day since last month…”

“Shouldn’t you be calling me Mistress?” She asked. She stopped and peered over at him, using a toe to nudge his chin up so he looked at her. “After all, that’s what this is about, isn’t it? Or are you only a cyber pansy and can’t hack the real thing, slaveboy?”

Her demeanor was amazing. He was infatuated, gazing up at her. “No Mistress, I just have never had the privilege in real life…”

“Well you do now, Mark,” she smiled. She set down the stack of papers and said, “I will read the rest of these tonight. In the meantime, you are to keep doing what you do with those panties, and be subject to random checks by me. At any given time I may bring you in here to check on you, is that understood?”

“Yes. Mistress.”

She leaned back over and he could see her legs open a little, catching a glimpse of the soft white panties she wore. There was a dampness right between her legs. She opened a drawer and withdrew a ruler, then looked at him, using one hand to pat it into the palm of the other in warning.

“Any transgressions will be treated accordingly. Assume the position for your sampling, slave Mark.”

Mark moved quickly, without hesitation, turning to present her with his ass. Only two swats came, right over the panties, then she hissed that the noise would alert the workers outside the door.

“I will find someplace else should I have to, do you understand?”

He nodded and swallowed.

“Now get back to work, and I want you to continue this reporting that you do, but you do it to me, now.”

Mark got up, fumbling to pull up his pants.

“If you follow instructions, you will keep your job, and you will entertain me in the process. Now report back to me on Friday, in my office, on your knees at 8 am sharp.”

Mark nodded obediently and shuffled nervously to the door. As he grabbed the doorknob she called to him once more.

“By the way, Mark, one more thing.”

He turned, “Yes Mistress?”

“These reports you write for me? Don’t email them, dear. We’ve all been reading the personal email from day one. You shouldn’t be so stupid.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“I will see you on Friday.”

With that Mark made his way out the door and was greeted with a knowing smirk from the secretary. He thought for sure she must not have known, surely Ms. Andersen hadn’t told her. “Did you have fun?” she asked.

It was a menacing stare. Too menacing. He looked at her from over his shoulder. The cute blonde, her hair in a bob, just glared at him. Sort of with amused contempt. “You forgot something, Mark.” She was holding out a slip of paper.

He turned and came back, trying to hide the erection in his pants. She was holding the letter out between two long, painted nails.

He grabbed it and turned to shuffle away, opening it only after he was safely out of range.

The note said simply. “I’m Mistress Brittany. You’ll be dealing with both of us now, Mark.”

Jun 6, 2018Akasha

Derek’s Date

I had Derek tied up in the backseat of my car, blindfolded, with my soiled panties stuffed in his mouth. Actually, the soiled panties were stuffed into a worn pair of sheer nude pantyhose so that the red satin bikini pair rested right in the crotch of the hose, and then the crotch part was shoved into his mouth and the legs of the hose tied around his head.

Just because I felt like being even nastier when I had trussed him up for the ride, I added another pair of panties from my gym bag, which probably actually smelt more like sweat than pussy. Those were shoved kind of over his nose and held in place with tape.

Derek, indeed, looked uneasy. When we pulled into the salon, which was closed but my girlfriends were ready, I turned around and said to him, with a smile, “You know I like a challenge.”

I know if he had not been blindfolded he would have tried the baby blues on me. The traditional puppy dog look. Even a whimper. But he couldn’t, he just laid there in the backseat in his uncomfortable hogtie, drowning in the taste and smells of me.

In the front seat, I was carefully balancing two beautiful dozen of red long-stemmed roses in vases, and they wobbled as we came up the driveway of the salon.

“Time for your makeover,” I said. He did let out a whimper that time. It was a nice one.

**

Don’t get me wrong, I didn’t do this out of spite. I did it because he basically asked for it, and he had gotten under my skin a few too many times. When I caught him sniffing my panties at the gym, I decided then he needed to learn a lesson. And he knew well of my S&M adventures and when he’d hear about them while we were side by side on the life cycles at Bally’s gym he’d chuckle, run a towel over his face and say something ultra macho.

Like “yeah I don’t think any woman could take me down.” Or “Ladies have told me I was pretty and shit, but I could still never pass for a chick.” Or even better, “I’d only let a chick do that to me if I knew I was going to bang her.”

I used to roll my eyes at Derek and tell him he didn’t quite get it. Derek had slept with about 7 women at the gym, including the kickboxing instructor as well as the aerobics teacher. He had quite a reputation at the gym.

He was a great looking guy, only about 5’11 and not overrun with muscles but super toned and sporting a great swimmers’ built. Most guys I thought grew out of the fraternity asshole mentality when it came to women, but Derek still had it all going on at age 32.

When we weren’t talking about sex or women though, we got along like best friends. He was hysterical, charming and had an amazing wit. He was also very driven in his career, like me, and was super well read. He was probably a genius.

He was one of those guys who if he wasn’t so homophobic, who didn’t objectify women without even knowing he was doing it (or caring that he did), and didn’t think the holy grail of sex was spurting his seed, he was the kind of guy I’d date.

He knew he couldn’t have me. I was the one woman in the gym he’d never have. I think that bugged him.

**

I caught Derek sniffing my panties one day last week at the gym. There is this kind of weird co-ed area where you can stash your gear but people don't use it for changing or showers. Both Derek and I usually showered at home, so we would drop our gear off in the co-ed lockers. I had forgotten my lock that day, so he let me throw my bag in with his.

He had finished his workout and I was going to step aerobics so I was grabbing a towel from the bag. "I'll just leave my lock with you and you can get it Friday," he offered, since he would be taking his stuff and leaving and my gear would still be there.

"Thanks, Derek," I said sincerely. He was also a thoughtful kind of guy, another of his great traits. "See you Friday," I smiled, took my water bottle and towel and headed out. I didn't expect to see Derek again until then.

Unfortunately, I saw Derek about five minutes later, tucked away in one of the corners of the co-ed lockers, with my soiled panties to his nose and the other hand down his gym shorts. My extra leotard was at his feet and I knew he had put it on and taken it off, probably to get better access to his dick.

"Derek!" I hissed. He nearly jumped out of his skin and when his hand popped out of his shorts there was a bit of cum on his fingers.

"Oh, fuck. Oh shit," that was all he could say.

Step aerobics had been cancelled, so I had head back to get my stuff and had no idea I would find the king of all macho men after wearing my leotard and then sniffing my panties. He used to tell me that when I made men sniff my panties they "must be kind of fucked up." For Derek, it was all about doggie style and being a manly man, and cumming on a woman's tits. (I used to say to him, "If you can get a woman to let you cum all over her face because it gets you off, why can't she make you cum all over your own face if it gets her

off?" and he would laugh and say "Because that's fucked up, Akasha.")

I grabbed my gear from him, gave him a look, and started shoving it back into my bag.

"I'm sorry," he said, and he gave me this pleading puppy dog look. He has amazing blue eyes, almost grey. For that moment, I could not help but think he'd be a damn good sub if he would get past his ego and surrender a little. And he might learn a thing or two in the process.

"You aren't going to tell anyone…" he stammered. Soft spoken, like a child. A new side of him, again. Interesting, I thought.

I smirked as I zipped up my bag. "Like Julie?" I said – the gym's head trainer that he'd been trying to ask out for a month and she was starting to show interest. "Like Victoria?" I said – she was the gym's latest hot shot, all the men were after her and she kept checking out Derek's ass, I was the one pointing it out to him and he would vocalize his fantasies about her when we ran on the treadmill side by side.

"Please," he said. "I'll do anything to make this up to you. I don't know what I was thinking. It just kind of…it happened. Really. I swear."

"Anything?" I turned to him. The light bulb went off.

He was looking up at me because he was on the bench and I was standing. He still had that look in his eyes. Amazing. Almost tender. Long eyelashes. He even batted them, it seemed like, so innocently. Then, super soft, with a swallow because I could tell he knew I meant business. "Anything, Akasha." Then, he said it again. "Anything."

He knew how to plead, I thought to myself.

And I was so turned on by that pleading, I couldn't help myself. I said what I was thinking. "Too bad you weren't sniffing the panties I've got on right now, pantyboy Because they're soaked right through my tights."

He swallowed again.

"Be at my house at 8pm on Friday night. Skip the gym. Be clean, dressed up and on time."

I grabbed my gym back, started out the door, the turned. "Oh, and bring flowers."

He looked up and nodded. He was still flushed.

As I walked out the door I added, "Not that cheap grocery store shit you buy for the girls you are trying to fuck. I want the real thing. Two dozen."

And I slammed the door on the way out.

**

For awhile I wondered something. Derek used to scoff at the stuff I told him I made men do. Was he scoffing all that time because it actually turned him on, and he was afraid to admit it? Did his homophobia extend over into fear of women and being out of control? Was his macho cover-up something he used to mask his own helplessness to women and their femininity?

And how many other pairs of panties had he sniffed? He had a female roommate and they were just friends. I wondered if he'd been in her hamper on the weekends. I bet he had.

In the days that I had to think about it, I did some careful reflection on Derek's responses to my escapades and came to the conclusion that he was, probably, repressed. I had never gotten together with

him so I had no idea if he was even really crappy in bed and was trying to make up for it. From what I had heard from the variety of women he had slept with, he was decent but predictable; common of many macho type men.

I decided to fix that, among his other short comings.

I called my girlfriends at the salon. They knew of all my S&M adventures also, and we'd laugh and giggle like mad when I would tell my latest adventures while getting a manicure and pedicure. They had even "done up" some of my male friends during after hours, and had fun with it. This time, I explained to Vicki, it was more of a lesson learning thing.

When she heard it was Derek, she nearly died. She knew him because she went to the gym now and then also. And Daphne, the makeup artist at the salon, had actually dated him a few times. We agreed this would be a night to remember.

"I'm bringing my camera," Vicki giggled.

"Excellent!" I agreed. "We should actually videotape the entire thing."

Both of us were beside ourselves with ideas. We agreed on 9 pm on Friday, and she was going to make sure the shop was locked up and secure. We also agreed on the ladies we'd have involved, including Daphne.

Derek was going to have a night he would not soon forget.

**

He arrived promptly at 8 pm on Friday, clean shaven and holding two large vases of red roses. Long stemmed. First task completed, and I was pleased. I answered the door in a hot tight black dress and killer pumps. He was used to seeing me with my hair in a

ponytail and covered with sweat, so while he knew I had a hot body he had no idea how good I looked when I did my hair and put on makeup. I could see his jaw drop a little, and I also detected a bulge in his pants.

Through the doorway, I handed him my car keys. "Go put the vases in the front seat of the car and belt them in with the seatbelt. Make sure they won't tip over on the drive."

"Where are we going?" he asked me as he took my keys. He was being very soft spoken.

"And don't ask any more questions," I added.

He turned and walked to my car, which was parked out front, and I watched him maneuver his way into the front seat. He took some time making sure they were locked in tight, then closed the car door and returned to me. As he was handing me the keys, he also offered like a puppy dog, "I can drive, too, if you want."

Always the gentleman, I smirked. I took the keys from him and smiled. "Derek, you will be in no condition to drive."

**

Later I realized he thought that comment meant that I was going to get him drunk! I found that pretty funny.

Instead of filling him up with beer and tequila, though, I walked him into my bedroom and told him to kneel on the floor. I expected a little fussing from him, but he just did it right away, and when I turned to him he even had his head down. He was ashamed. I could tell. And he looked hot.

I did something I had wanted to do for a long time. I went to him and I ran my fingernails through his thick dark hair, affectionately, then slowly clenched my fist right at the back of his head, harder

and harder, until he drew in a breath and visibly clenched both fists. "Not much tolerance for pain?" I observed.

"I don't like to be hurt," he said. It was very soft. Gave me a tingle right where it counted. I was already getting wet.

"You deserve to be hurt," I pointed out, still holding onto his hair. I tightened my fist a little more. "Don't you?"

He hissed a little, eyes now shut tight. "Yes – I -" he stammered to breathe again. "Ouch shit. Yes. I do, you're right. I fucked up."

"You deserve anything I decide to do to you tonight," I told him.

"Yes," he agreed. "Just please – ah-" he drew in his breath again. He let it out. I am sure he was remembering all the stories I had told him – canings, whips, nipple clamps, cock and ball torture. "Go easy on me, please."

Oh, I thought to myself. This is going to be better than I imagined. By far.

**

Fortunately for Derek, pain wasn't really on my agenda that night.

Unfortunately for Derek, total feminization were, as were teaching him a lesson about humility, surrender and respect for women. I had it all planned out in my head and knew that the sheer humiliation of what I was going to make him endure would make him rethink his attitudes about women, female power and true beauty.

And would teach him a little about respect. This was not a typical Friday night for Derek, that's for sure.

**

I started by making him sniff my panties.

While Derek was kneeling on my floor, I hauled my dirty laundry hamper into the room and opened it in front of him. "Let's see." I started sifting through my clothes. I pulled out a pair of pink thong panties and turned them inside out. "Oh yes. I came in these the other night."

He was looking at me, he looked awfully embarrassed. I tossed the panties at him and they hit him in the face and fell to the floor. "Pick them up," I said sternly. "Pick them up and smell them. Come on, that's what you like to do, isn't it?"

Derek stammered a little, picked them up, then looked at me pleadingly. "Akasha, look, I have been thinking about this, and I have to tell you, I have to tell you that what I did was just – it was just a fucked up thing I did on the spur of the moment, I don't know what I was thinking – I – "

I reached over and interrupted Derek by taking the panties out of his hand and shoving them against his nose. "If you are going to objectify me by sniffing my panties behind my back, boy, the least you can do is do it while I WATCH."

"I'm sorry," he said. It was muffled. What was even hotter was that I could tell he was affected immediately by the scent. Or maybe the feel of them. Or maybe the way I had them shoved and held into place right over his nose and mouth and refused to let go, even when he backed up his head a little I moved forward.

He had a visible erection in his pants. Still holding the panties in place, I lifted a leg and stuck a heel right against his groin. He tensed. Typical of him, protecting his jewels, fearful of injury. "Keep sniffing," I ordered. "Or I'll start pressing harder."

I made him use his own hand to hold the panties, then I went back into the hamper and dug down deep looking for the purple satin briefs. They were soft and sexy and super hot, and I had plans for them.

“Pull down your pants,” I ordered matter-of-factly.

He hesitated.

I turned and lifted my leg again, heel to his crotch, and said “I had to decide tonight between sex games and pain games. Should I get the whips and clamps out instead?”

He reached for his belt. If anything, I knew he hated pain.

**

When he dropped his pants and briefs I realized what should have been obvious, what was probably a large cause for his overly macho attitude and tendency to objectify women.

He had a tiny dick!

For a guy that built, he had the smallest penis I had ever seen. And he was bright red, so he knew that was what I was thinking as I looked at his member. I just stared at it. Then I laughed because I couldn’t help it. Then I felt kind of bad – after all, it wasn’t his fault. But I was bothered because I knew he was the type of guy that was selfish in bed and used women for sex a lot, yet he didn’t even have a nice sized dick to do the job? Guys like that should be all about pleasing their women orally, and he’s always talked about that act as if he was above it, and his body was his pleasure machine.

Some pleasure machine, I thought.

“Well, that clears a lot of things up for me,” I said. He knew what I was talking about. He looked humiliated. I tossed my hot satin panties to him and said, “Jerk off into these while I watch. I’m going to get a glass of wine first then have a seat.” As I left the room, I added, “You know how to jerk off, don’t you?”

**

I soon realized Derek's second problem. I barely got the first sip of wine down and he'd exploded into my panties. Two strokes!

I sputtered a little wine. "Do you always come that quick!?" I said. "Or is it that you like panties so much you can't help it?"

Either answer, I knew it explained a lot, again, about why he was the epitome of the selfish sexual macho man. He was making up for his shortcomings! Unbelievable.

He looked a little despondent, was staring down at the creamy white cum all over my panties. My thong was in his other hand. I stood up and walked over, once around him, then said "Now lick it up."

Derek looked up at me. I could tell he was mortified. This indeed was going to be a hard test for him. He used to tell me that he'd rather be shot than drink his own cum (right after complaining to me about a girl he dated that refused to swallow after giving him a blow job, and what a let down that was for him).

I pursed my lips at him. I put my hands on my hips. I saw him looking at my body longingly. I saw the desperation in his eyes. I said to him, "Let me go get my canes."

"Wait -" he said quickly. "I'll do it."

And did it, he did. He did it quite well.

Every last drop. Eyes closed. Head slightly down. Shoulders just a bit slouched, he was losing pride fast. He lapped like a puppy. "Every drop," I ordered. He wrinkled his nose. He gagged a little at first. He whimpered.

I was starting to fall for him a bit in his humiliated and humble state. Then he blew it. He set himself back a mile when he finally looked up at me pleadingly and said, "Can't I just make you cum a few times and we will call it even."

As if he was some sex god. I lost it.

I laughed at him, and I pointed to his dick, and I said, "You think you could make me cum with THAT?"

He started to turn red.

"We're going for a ride," I told him, setting down my one-drink of wine since he shot his load in two strokes. "I didn't even have time to finish a glass of wine because you can't hold your load."

He turned even redder.

"You will get into the backseat," I told him. "Then hold still and cooperate. You will be gagged and blindfolded and tied up. Understand?

"I guess I don't have a choice," he said softly.

Indeed, he didn't.

**

My devious girlfriends were waiting for me when we arrived at the salon. I had a few there for the project. Vicki was going to do his hair. Monica was the waxing and nail expert. Then I had Daphne, who was a star at doing makeup and was quite sadistic also.

Vicki was a hot, buxom blonde. She was not shy that her tits were fake – in fact, she bragged about it. She was quite proud of them. She stood about 5'9 and always wore power heels and had a tiny little body with great breasts. She was a knockout. A lot of men went to the salon just to ogle her body.

Monica was a short haired brunette who was petite, about 5'5, and a firecracker. She was kinda goth in her make up an style and she was

dark and mysterious. She was also bi and had propositioned me but nothing ever came of that – it just didn't seem right to me.

Daphne was a dream as well. Medium length auburn hair and fair complexion, she had the body of a gymnast and a stellar smile. She was amazing with make up – I had her do all my make up for any large work events or parties. She had also transformed a few of my boytoys into femmetoys and her work was astonishing.

Derek had no idea what was in store for him.

I untrussed his legs so he could walk, and led him into the salon. Madonna was blasting on the stereo, typical salon music, and the ladies were eating chips and salsa and waiting for us. We got a few wolf whistles and a lot of giggles as he stumbled in with me, still blindfolded. I wasted no time and dropped him into the salon chair.

"Let's tie him up," I said.

"What are you going to do to me?" he asked softly. He could tell he was in a salon by the smells, sounds and feel of the chair.

"Leg's up, pretty boy!" Monica said. "Let's start with the wax!"

Derek was mortified.

**

While the ladies were tying him up and securing him I brought both vases of roses into the shop as a thank you for their donated time. They loved them. I realized I should have made him get three dozen! I figured I would have him send another dozen after the night as a thank you on his own.

He was struggling when I came back in. Vicki and Daphne were oohing over the roses and putting them at their workstations while Monica wasted no time unzipping his pants. She was not a shy girl at

all. “Let’s get all that hair off you,” she said. “Daphne, put on PINK, I need a change of music.”

He was still blindfolded. He was whimpering and writhing. He was bucking. He was saying, “Akasha wait, can we talk about this?”

I reached over and removed the blindfold. He scanned the salon quickly and shock registered on his face, especially when he saw Daphne since he had dated her a few times. She was rolling over her makeup counter. Meanwhile, Monica was pulling down his pants and Vicki was bringing over the hair products and a few wigs.

Grinning, I hopped up onto a counter to watch and crossed my legs. “So Derek,” I said. “How do you feel about women now?”

He was about to stammer something when Monica exclaimed, “That’s a TINY DICK!”

Then all the other girls came over to look.

Daphne was eating a tortilla chip doused in salsa. She said, gazing at it, a little downcast, “Damn. I’m glad I didn’t sleep with you.”

**

Derek wailed like a little girl when Monica waxed his legs. “I thought gym guys were used to pain?” she asked out loud. The wax was hot and applied in long strips and he writhed and twisted in his bonds, which were leather straps I had provided for the adventure. When she applied the cooling lotion afterward he looked up, as much as he could, at his new, sleek legs.

“This will feel a lot better for you, pretty boy,” Monica smiled. “Nice and smooth and sexy.”

“Oh my god,” was all Derek could say.

I was looking at his legs. He had great legs, and they did look better clean shaven. Monica rolled the heated wax tray up a little and said, "Now the jewels."

Derek panicked. He looked at me. He pleaded with me, pleaded with my eyes. "Oh my god, that will hurt. That will fucking hurt, please Akasha I don't care about the legs, but not that!"

I leaned down and I petted his forehead affectionately. "Derek, remember two weeks ago when we were on the lifecycles and you were telling me how you insisted – MADE – all the women you date get a bikini wax? A Brazilian wax? Hairless? Because it made YOU hot?"

He was breathing hard. Monica applied the first dab of hot wax right down his crotch line, beside the balls, and he whimpered loud. Daphne peered over for a closer look. "That's a lot of hair for such a small dick."

I petted his head. "I want you to know what we go through for things like that."

"You get used to it," Vicki said from the background, arranging her roses. "It hurts like a sonofabitch the first few times, then you get used to it."

He shut his eyes tight.

Vicki came over and stopped Monica by grabbing her hand just as she was going to apply the first strip to tear off the hair. "Is he gonna scream? Cause the tenants upstairs are working late, real estate stuff, so we gotta shut him up if he starts wailing."

We all looked at him, then at each other.

"I'll get the gag," I said.

**

Even through the gag, Derek made a hell of a lot of noise. He was also sweating more than I had ever seen him sweat working out, and his lashes were damp. He looked more beautiful than ever. Hell, I thought, if it weren't for his small penis size, even I might consider fucking him.

It took about 40 minutes. Then he was smooth as a baby. We all inspected. We made comments. We coo'd and rubbed and pampered him and he finally started settling down and I could remove the gag.

Monica rolled her wax tray away. "We'll do the pits later. Vicki is dying to do the hair."

Derek arched his back to look back toward her then at me and he said to me pleadingly, "How far are you going to take this? You're going to kill me."

I leaned down and put my hand on his cheek. "Derek, this is good for you. You deserve this. I think you have some issues and this will help you work through them."

He looked like he was going to cry. He stuttered a little then finally said, "You took all the hair off my legs and balls!"

Monica was admiring her handiwork. "Gym boy, don't get your little dick in a wad. Do you know how many guys come in here for a wax? Swimmers, bicyclists, athletes. They all get rid of hair on their legs. And there are men that endure this because women actually like a shaved crotch. Less hair between the teeth, get it?"

He looked to Monica hopefully. "Are you telling me this might actually turn some women on?"

Monica was about to talk but Vicki was there setting up the hair stuff. "For most men yeah, but the lack of hair makes your dick look

even smaller."

We all started laughing hysterically.

"As if that's possible," Daphne added with a shake of the head. "I need a picture of that thing."

**

He was solemn as Vicki cut his hair. She trimmed it down into a cute feathered look, then told him it would be easier for the wig. Daphne was picking out the wig with Monica, they were debating whether he would make a better blonde or brunette.

As Vicki cut his hair, she asked him matter of factly, the way salonists talk to their customers, "So when you are inside a woman, do they sometimes not even know?"

I kind of felt bad for him, but I got over that fast because I easily recalled some of the sexists, arrogant comments he'd make to me. He would brag for hours. One time we had talked about vibrators and he had the nerve to tell me that women who needed vibrators were frigid and that if any of his girlfriends pulled one out he'd stop seeing them. I realized he was probably intimidated by the buzzing wonders! How old school, I thought. A man afraid of a device that would give a woman pleasure.

That led into a whole conversation between all of us about our vibrators. Monica was raving about the rabbit and Daphne insisted the pocket rocket was still king. She brought it out of her purse and we got into a whole discussion about it. Still naked from the waste down, Derek's small penis started to stand at attention.

We had a giggle about that, and soon were poking his balls with Daphne's rocket. She complained about it getting dirty and gave us a hard time, but Derek's hips start bucking and he shot off a load of cum onto his belly within 45 seconds of us touching him with it.

Vicki stopped doing his hair. We all looked silently at the cum blob on his tight belly. His eyes were shut tight.

“He has that problem, too?” Monica asked, deadpan.

I nodded.

“No wonder he works out all the time,” Daphne said, rolling her make up over and sitting next to him. She turned him toward her by the chin. “Gorgeous, you gotta learn that if your dick is small and you cum in two strokes, you need to see vibrators, dildos and sex toys as your friends. Don’t be such an insecure selfish prick.”

He actually nodded. Slightly. But it was a nod.

She pulled out her foundation first. “Let’s fix that pretty face of yours.”

**

I took a tortilla chip, scooped a glob of cum off of Derek’s belly and held it up to Daphne, giggling. “Dip?” I offered.

“Oh god,” she turned her head away. “Please. I like it straight from the source only.”

Monica was tweezing his balls, getting the last few hairs. She was down between his legs like a gynecologist. “Bend over and put his cock in your mouth Daph, in about 5 seconds you can get a fresh load.”

I brought the cum-soaked snack chip to Derek’s lips and he knew by then not to even fight it. Not only did he open his mouth, but he leaned up when I teasingly pulled it away. He bit into it and chomped, swallowing eventually.

Daphne leaned in. “Ok, ok. Let me do my work.”

I scooped more cum onto a chip. “But we have more dip left.”

Daphne said, “I need to get a different blush. You have a minute to feed him, I’ll be right back.”

I scooped up the entire rest of the cum onto the chip, leaving his washboard abs clean but a chip dripping with the milky white substance. He looked at me, barely wincing anymore at the monotonous tweezing between his legs. He opened wide, and he took it.

“Good boy,” I said. I leaned over, kissed him on the forehead, and said “There’s hope for you yet.”

**

In about a half hour, Vicki had a stunning curly blonde wig on him and Daphne had his make up done. He had been reclined so he could not see himself in the mirror, but when we propped him up all he could do is drop his mouth and say, predictably, “Wow. I look hot.”

I snickered. I knew what he was thinking. Like a typical man he was thinking, “I’d do me.”

I was propped against the side of the chair. I hopped off and said, “I’m going to get the corset and stockings and outfit from the trunk. Hold him tight, ladies.”

Daphne was touching up his lipstick. “What about falsies? Did you bring tits for pretty boy?”

I turned around and stopped my track to the car. “I didn’t think about that. Do any of you have false tits?”

Vicki proudly cupped her boobs. “Just these honey.”

“Those won’t help us.”

Daphne picked up the phone. “I’ll call Mitch. He’s got them I’m sure.”

Mitch was our flaming gay friend. Fag to the core and proud of it. I was delighted at the development. I was sure Mitch would be all over our creation. And Derek needed to get over his homophobia.

**

Mitch arrived, bouncing in less than a half hour later. “Ladies!” he exclaimed, opening arms, holding a shopping bag in one hand. Mitch was a flamboyant gay, and he worked part time in the salon. We all adored him. He was 100% out, gay as can be, and adorable.

Mitch took one look at Derek, trussed up and half naked in the salon chair, now in wig and full make up. He put his hands on his hips, looked the gym boy up and down and said, “Lordy lordy, I have died and gone to heaven!” He turned to me and pointed to himself. “For me!? You shouldn’t have?”

I could sense Derek shrinking down in his chair. I laughed and went to Mitch. “No, no. Don’t get too excited. You can’t have him. We just need help with his outfit and boobs.”

Mitch gave me a hug. “Anything for you. He’ll be gorgeous, absolutely gorgeous. Not that he already isn’t! Where did you find him and where can I get one!”

“You are way too horny,” Monica said, shaking her head at him.

Then Mitch spied the small penis. “Oh,” he said, dramatic. “That’s a bit of a letdown.”

Derek sunk down lower. I am sure being put down by a flaming gay guy really rubbed his homophobic tendencies the wrong way.

Mitch patted him on the head. “It’s ok sweetie. Your hot body makes up for it. And I bet you are tight as can be!”

I pulled Mitch aside. “Honey, you can’t fuck him. Just help us with the clothes.”

Mitch threw his arms up into the air dramatically.. “Use me and abuse me Akasha. As usual. Ok ladies let’s do it. Daphne sweetie you look amazing. Did you dye your hair?”

Mitch delivered kisses around the room and gave out petite hugs then pulled out of his bag the best set of fake tits I have ever seen. He nodded at me when he saw me gasp. He lowered his voice. “My ex William left this behind. Great fuck, but awful table manners. Nice tits though, don’t you think?”

He squeezed a nipple on the falsies.

Derek was staring. At this point, I think he was in some sort of macho related shock. Unable to even speak.

“Let me get the corset,” I said.

Then we all went to work on his body.

**

An hour later, Derek was truly hot. He was corseted, in black thigh highs and garters, in black panties and bra. His falsies gave him nice sized tits (Vicki pointed out that hers were bigger) and the corset made his waist looked tiny. We didn’t have shoes for them, but Mitch volunteered to go to the drag shop to buy him pumps in exchange for “thirty minutes alone with the hot tart” – I told him no. That might ruin Derek for good.

I added a cock and ball harness to Derek’s cleanly shaven crotch to keep his penis in order, but it kept slipping out. He was indeed small,

and this humiliated him. He quietly confessed to me, as the ladies were cleaning up, that he realized he was cruel to women, used them for sex, and objectified them to make up for his short comings.

I made him promise me he would stop. He nodded to me, blinked with his long mascara-ed eyelashes, and looked totally humbled.

"Are you ready for a night on the town with the ladies?" I asked.

"Do I have a choice?" he asked softly.

I was smiling at him. He didn't have a choice, of course. He was mine til the next day. I told him I was going to take his credit card and rent a limo and we'd hit Hollywood, just the girls.

He nodded and said, "ok."

As I pulled his credit card from his wallet he said, "Just be gentle with me."

I smiled. "Ladies," I announced. "We are hitting the town."

Mitch hooted and waved his fist in the air.

"Mitch, you can't come."

He put his hands on his hips, dejected. "Used and abandoned. My life story. Fine ladies, enjoy your night on the town with pretty boy. I'm going to go call Paul."

We said our goodbyes to Mitch, and the limo pulled up an hour later.

**

So, our night on the town was hot. Derek settled into his feminine attire and actually became so demure and sexy, we were all pawing him by the end of the night. I think he enjoyed the attention.

We mostly cruised the city since he didn't have shoes, and flirted out the windows of the limo. Most men hit on Derek more than us, and that taught him a lesson also.

Derek was humble, and polite, and finally dropped his macho act. By the early hours of morning we were giggling like schoolgirls together.

At around 5am we removed his clothing, cleaned him up and Vicki fixed his hair. Of course, the waxing was not undoable, but he admitted by then that he liked the feel of it.

He asked Daphne out, and she said no, but that she'd consider it later maybe.

Then I took him to his car at my house and he left. We agreed to meet at the gym two days later for our workout.

**

Derek was noticeably different, I will say. And I don't mean to brag, but I think the lessons taught him a few things about himself, and about women, and how to treat women. He no longer saw women as sex objects to use for his own pleasure, but as sensual, powerful beings. He stopped talking trash.

And the woman in the gym he was pursuing agreed to go out with him. She said to me, privately, a few days later, "I always thought he was a bit of an arrogant macho asshole. Recently he seemed a lot more down to earth. So I figured I'd give it a shot."

I wondered what she'd think when she saw his shaved cock and balls and smooth legs.

By the way, he started going to Monica once a month for a wax. He decided he liked it.

Men can change.

**

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Jun 6, 2018Akasha

Harder than the Hall

Part One

His name was Tyler Hall, and he was the most popular man on campus.

It was a small campus, granted, but he was seen as the most masculine, handsome catch by far; the sorority girls all wanted him, the undergrads wanted him. Hell, even some of the professors wanted him. But the star athlete was decidedly out of reach, to most women.

Until he met Bree Chandler. Then his life was altered forever. Tyler Hall, completely shaved from the waist down, wearing a fitting tight pink thong Tyler Hall – sometimes locked in an unforgiving metal chastity device. Tyler hall – formerly rumored to be the campus Don Juan, with the ability to bring any lady to orgasm again and again with the use of his tongue – now relegated to mere ass kisser. Literally.

Bree had chosen Tyler when she was a mere freshman at Arizona State University, and at that time, poor Tyler had never found a challenge he couldn't overcome. Already well built at well over 225 pounds, all muscle, an all-star in three sports, Tyler found success came to him pretty easily.

Bree chose him because like Tyler, things came easily to her. And she wanted to take a man and turn him into more than that. Specifically for her.

**

On their third date, Bree had Tyler on all fours begging to sniff her panties.

"Come on," she teased coyly, spreading her legs a little so her red panties caught his eye under the short skirt. "You know it's worth it. For a little humiliation, just to get a sniff. You know you want it."

It was logic that was difficult for Tyler to argue. It had been some time that a woman held out on him so long, and he was intoxicated by her beauty, and by the few beers, she'd fed him while she just sipped at wine.

Uncomfortable and embarrassed, he squirmed and shrugged it off and pretended to be more interested in sports on the television in her small dorm room. Soon her roommates would be back from the library, and he knew she'd probably buckle before he did.

And, besides, he found begging for anything to be degrading.

But Bree just remained there, across the way, smiling, her legs opening again a little to flash him, her fingers pressed on her inner thigh. There was a simple giggle. "I see you're hard. I can see it in your shorts. How funny."

Tyler wanted to just shut off the TV and go over and pin her down and reach between her legs and get the panties off her himself, but the gentleman in him wouldn't let it go that far. Instead, he played it cool, and just said, "That's ok. I will just imagine it."

Then Bree started to tease herself. With her fingers, under the panties. He was trying not to look, trying to act disinterested. But he was so obviously like a hungry puppy with a dog biscuit balancing on his nose, trying not to look at it. In fact, his body was shaking – she could tell, but he was unaware. Or maybe in denial.

Bree had him, and she knew it.

She just smiled and enjoyed the feel of her pussy, and then started to lick and taste until he cracked under the pressure. And when he

crawled to her, finally, and begged to sniff, she made him use the words. The most embarrassing words she could come up with.

"Let me sniff your panties because I am not worthy of anything else," "Let me sniff your panties but just the ass part because pussy is too good for me," "Let me sniff your panties because my dick is so pathetic I know it will never be close to your pussy."

Tyler was soon barking them all out because it seemed to excite her. No, it clearly excited her – she was bucking her hips and moaning and playing with her clit, right through the panties.

Then finally, as if she was climaxing, her body twisted and she groaned heavily and the panties came off. They were gripped in her fist in no time, then with no warning, she pressed them hard against his face and whispered, "Go ahead, you little panty sniffing cunt! I bet you have stolen panties before just to take a whiff. No one knows this but me….For now!"

As he inhaled, intoxicated, Tyler was not sure which was more unsettling. The truly ruthless manner that Bree pressed and forced the silky material over his face, or the undeniable truth behind what she said.

**

It was just a matter of time before Bree had Tyler eating out of the palm of her hand. Or off her feet, for that matter.

At times like that – when Tyler found himself humiliated because he was licking food off of her toes while she made fun of him and simultaneously talked to her girlfriends on her pink cell phone – it was always a mystery that left him wondering, "How did I get here?"

Bree was absolutely intoxicating when she was aroused. Arousal filled her with a sort of mischievous, unpredictable cruelty that was spontaneous and diabolical. Somehow, Tyler found himself fearing this side of her but being strangely attracted to it at the same time.

When she wiggled her toes, for example, just to shove food around the corner of his mouth, and it made her laugh.

"Please" he whispered, but she shoved several toes into his mouth and then squealed in delight. "Just don't tell your friends."

His words came out in a muffled mess, but Bree nodded and then seemed off in her own world, talking about the latest films and music with her friend Cindy, and then occasionally shoving her foot hard into his aching mouth.

The whole time, whenever he peered up, he saw that she was absentmindedly sliding her fingers in little circles around the crotch of her panties, her legs open just enough for him to catch a glimpse.

She was soaking wet.

**

What Bree loved most about Tyler was that he was brilliant, yet predictably stupid like most men. He was charming and bright, but the moment his cock was hard, he was likely to make promises he could not keep or compromise anything – his ego, his integrity, even (in good time) his reputation.

His fall was delicious.

Humping his face one night, his wrists tied "playfully" to the bed, Bree pondered out loud that she wanted a puppy.

It was not uncommon for Bree to ramble when she sat on his face, but this time, she went on for quite awhile about the puppy.

Tyler was concentrating hard on his task. Having his wrists tied to the bed didn't have much of an impact, but she never let him eat her out directly, he was forced to do it through her panties only, and

use his tongue as best as he could. For Tyler this was especially frustrating.

But what was more emasculating is that she'd often – at the brink of orgasm, pull down her panties in the back, turn around on his face, and then press her ass cheeks down hard and say, "Clean up crew!" – which meant that he had to lick her ass.

"You see," she explained to Tyler casually one afternoon when he was pleading his case to be allowed to worship her pussy, "My ass is something that is more your speed. You have to work up to my pussy. No dumb jock gets to eat me out just because he's hard. You can eat my ass, and when I am good and ready, then you will be worshipping my pussy. And not a moment sooner. So chow down!"

So Tyler licked and worshipped with enthusiasm, usually while tied to her bed. He worshipped her ass lovingly and became so accustomed to the taste and feel of her crack that he actually found himself not longing for her pussy like he used to. It was as if he knew his place.

"I want to get a puppy," she was saying, casually pressing down harder to cut off his breathing. "But I can't have a puppy in the dorm room. And it's a shame because I already got the puppy supplies…"

He knew where this was going.

"I think I will make YOU my puppy. My asslicking obedient puppy!"
**

The puppy thing he had a hard time swallowing..

But what really pushed him over the edge was when he learned, as she modeled new black lingerie before him and before the mirror, that she was allowing other men to eat her out – her pussy, that is –

and he was still just licking her ass. Sometimes. When she was "bored," she confessed.

She was admiring her ass in the mirror – and he admired it, too – when she continued quite bluntly with him. "Tyler I don't see you as like – fucking material. I see you more like – well, like my dog. Obedient, not too bright. Loyal, with a nice body for me to watch and groom. A hyperactive tongue – but not good for much more than lapping at my asshole."

He was crushed. But he could not take his eyes off her. She was absolutely stunning, standing there in thigh high stockings, garters and bra. Her legs were toned from dancing, her breasts were spilling out of the bra. Her makeup was on, she had her hair straightened and it was halfway down her back. Golden blonde. Simply gorgeous. Her ass was perfection. He gazed.

"How do I look?" she asked.

Tyler couldn't stop staring. He realized, at that moment, that it didn't matter if another man was eating her out (hell, maybe she just made it up to make him jealous), he just wanted the privilege of staring at her while she got dressed, which was starting to be pretty often; she was some sort of exhibitionist, he realized.

"Do I look hot?" she smiled, turning and showing him her ass. She placed her palms flat on her toned ass cheeks and shook them a little.

"You look incredibly hot and so sexy," was his response. As soon as he said it, he realized he sounded stupid and pathetic, like an asskisser (Which, he realized, was true).

"Good," she beamed. "Because I have a hot date tonight."

He was hoping – against hope – that she was referring to him. But he knew it was not the case. And only a moment later she was

tossing a bag to him, the bag that included a dog collar, dog bowl and dog biscuits, and one soiled pair of her panties.

“Be a good dog and don’t chew up my thong,” she warned with a finger. “And if you are good, I may let you lick a little more tonight.”

CONTINUE TO PART TWO

Jun 18, 2018Akasha

Harder Than The Hall Part Two

Tyler was allowed to lick more, that night. For the first time, he was allowed to worship her glorious pussy – the one he had dreamed about, pleasured himself thinking about. Her tightly trimmed, perfectly groomed, sweetly scented pussy.

His nose, buried between her legs. First, she made him lick and worship her asshole while she talked to her best friend on the phone, recounting the details of her "date" with the man she had gone out with while Tyler was home in the dog collar and leash.

Tyler tried to keep his mind on the task at hand – getting his tongue deep into her ass just the way she liked (and demanded) it, but he couldn't help but hear.

"Oh, Leslie, his dick was HUGE," she giggled. "I'm going to be walking funny for a week! He fucked me for like…for an HOUR, nonstop, I swear." She moaned, recounting the details. This is when she rolled over and pointed between her legs, signaling that the slave dog could begin to worship her awesome pussy. He felt he'd died and gone to heaven.

"He came inside me twice," Bree told Leslie, as if on cue, as Tyler began the task of worshipping her pussy. Yes, he knew what this meant, and faintly, no, distinctly, he could recall the scent and taste of semen. Another man's. He gagged, but he kept licking – after all, this was the first time and maybe the last, if he did not make a good impression.

"He came so hard," Bree cooed. Now, Tyler could see her playing with her nipples through the sheer material of the babydoll nightie she was in. His mind was playing tricks on him. Because he could see her, see how absolutely gorgeous she was, he was dying that he was so close to her and worshipping her hot pussy.

But at the same time, he was disgusted, because now and then he'd taste a tongue full of what could be nothing other than a load of cum – another man's cum. And he was still staying rock hard, so hard that he wanted to reach down and start jerking off, but he knew he could not. She had revoked any stroking privileges long, long ago.

Bree took her time on the call, describing to her girlfriend every last detail of the man she had been on a date on. Including what his cock looks and felt like, and then comparing it to Tyler's (her girlfriend had no idea he was there.).

"Oh yeah, Tyler's got a small one," Bree giggle. Indeed, she made him strip down quite often in front of her while she remained fully clothed around the dorm room, this was a regular thing. So even though they never had sex, she was fully aware of the size of his erection.

"Tyler's got a curse or something, who knew a guy so hot and built could have such a tiny wiener," Bree scoffed, sounding like a teenager. "It's ok though he makes up for it in other ways," she continued.

Somehow, Tyler felt redeemed. If only for a moment.

"He makes up for it with his cleaning abilities!"

Ironically, he was swallowing what felt like a suspicious glob of something as he heard her say that. He felt her hand in his hair, her hips pumped toward his face for just a moment as she moaned a little. "He's a good little cleaner-upper, that's for sure."

**

It was only a matter of a few days before Tyler was regularly either naked in the dog collar and leash (as she studied fully clothed)

cleaning her dorm, or diligently cleaning her out after a hot night on the town with any number of her male suitors.

It disgusted him, but he couldn't stop himself. He couldn't stop because she was so affectionate and sweet, even while being mean to him, although it made no sense. Plus she was an absolute Goddess to him – she was so beautiful, her body was immaculate and perfect, and because she only let him touch or worship her a little at a time.

In fact, her treatment of him seemed to be more addictive than ever, probably because of how clear it was that she got off on it.

Bree often masturbated in front of him, telling him what a good, naked puppy he was, making him perform tricks for her amusement as she brought herself to orgasm with a vibrator under her skirt as he had a nice view of her thigh high stockings and garters.

She allowed him to lick the toys clean, sometimes, while stroking his hair and moaning contently, reminding him that he would never, ever sleep with another woman, desire another woman or fantasize about another woman.

Soon, she was stuffing her wet, used panties into his pockets with notes that instructed him to worship, masturbate with (Sometimes not even to climax, but just to the edge), then returns them, cleaned efficiently with the use of his tongue only. She'd inspect them, one at a time, as he was on his knees in her dorm room waiting for her approval.

He was also wearing panties – nearly every day, as a reminder and a distraction. At first, he protested, but she got so turned on when she put the first pair on him, he was, once again, exhilarated by the humiliation. Of all things!

She straddled his lap and whispered excitedly in his ear about how good the bulge in the panties felt, how she could cum just from

rubbing up and down on it and feeling the soft, satin material against her pussy. She told him it was like fucking a girl but with a cock, and then she went into graphic detail about her bisexual fantasies and soon was rocking in orgasm, playing with her own nipples, all while straddling his lap and basically humping the bulge in the panties.

When she dismounted him, hair disheveled, out of breath, still stunning in her disarray, she put a painted fingernail to her lips for a moment as she evaluated the bulge and wet spot in the red panties he was wearing.

Tyler, too, was out of breath and uncomfortable, his raging hard-on and aching balls a constant distraction.

"Take off the panties, dog boy," she ordered, "And lick out the cum. I see there's a big wet spot!"

(Psst- Tyler licked these)

Disgusted, he obeyed. In fact, he obeyed so quickly, it almost seemed like there was a dissatisfied pout from her. It would seem, Tyler deduced quickly, that Bree was getting bored of him!

It wasn't a surprise, he reckoned, as he lapped eagerly at the crotch of the panties. He had gone from hesitant, humiliated and embarrassed jock to pussywhipped and pathetic in a matter of a few weeks. He was disgusted with himself, it was no wonder she only allowed real men to fuck her. He was absolutely no challenge to her.

He was feeling sorry for himself as he licked out the red panties when she apparently got bored and walked out of the room. He watched her tight ass in the short-shorts sashay out of view and then heard her shut her bathroom door and turn on music.

She was probably playing with her makeup, doing her hair or taking a bath. All which sometimes took an hour or more.

He remained on his knees, licking the panties.

READ PART ONE

Jun 18, 2018Akasha

Sammy's Torment

It's a special toy, just for Sammy.

Sammy doesn't know me yet (his friends call him Samuel), but I have been watching him. There is something about the way he carries himself that makes me want to own this man. He is older, taller and more sophisticated than many men I find myself attracted to.

And I have a special harness for him. This device – I found it online, and it's a beauty. A combination of several devices into one – a pony harness, a leashing harness and a pussy harness. Oh, the possibilities.

Usually, I don't picture men in pony type situations, but Sammy just has that look about him. I can imagine climbing right on top of his broad back and inserting a horse bit into his mouth – all to get us started.

Silly little ideas, I know. What would a man of Sammy's size want with a woman on his back, pulling his reigns and ordering him to neigh?

There just is something sweetly romantic about finding a man and turning him into an animal, of sorts, for my pleasure. There is something about making him crouch down low and feel the dig of my black patent leather heels into his sides.

And he has the perfect hair for it – long, dark brown hair, pulled back sometimes. Very hot indeed! I was looking at him today – he was visiting a woman in my office (he's a vendor of ours) – and he had on tight jeans and a light sweater.

He looked hot. And I couldn't help but smile at him, flash him a little leg and see if he'd perk.

And he did. That was my thrill for the day, the way to start my weekend. Then when I got home, the mail was here, and the pony harness had arrived.

Then it all fell into place.

**

Maybe I am a romantic at heart. I don't think of just kidnapping poor Sammy and having my way with him (at least, not yet). I think about romancing him, seducing him, luring him into my place and then slowly breaking down his will.

Eventually, he will beg to be saddled and rode. He will see that device and fear what it will make him do, but he will want so bad to please me.

My warm thighs wrapped snugly around his head will comfort him. When I locked him into it, into the pussy collar for it, he will be pushed tightly into my sex, locked there, left there. And I will recline, comfortable, while he nibbles at me like a good horse, until I cum, cum all over his face and grind my crotch so firmly against his face that he cannot breathe.

Poor Sammy!

Yes, poor Sammy when he can no longer breathe, when my thighs, hot and moist, cut off every pocket of air for him. I am ruthless when I use a man's face this way, and for Sammy it will not be different. Because he is the type of man that will look good locked between my thighs. I can tell by the way he smiles at me.

I imagine he must have a very capable tongue. A tongue that might lead him into permanent slavery with me. After all, he has a great

job, and I'm single again, and I am feeling the definite mood to have a permanent lover again, a permanent slave.

One not afraid of the harness.

Ohh, I love that word. The harness. It sounds so decidedly evil.

And the things it can do – the things it can make him feel. Make me feel. It can change him into what I want, and that's why I like it.

I like it because it will cause him to be trapped underneath my pussy, the reins now holding his balls, tugging to remind him he must keep licking. Must keep sucking. Must keep nibbling. Going into hour two, my crotch bouncing every so slightly on his warm face, my juices turning his whimpers into slurpy little whines for freedom.

Reduced to an animal for me. A little fuck pony. A saddled, bridled slave. He has the back for it. I have seen that back.

A back that needs to have long, beautiful stripes down it. Red stripes. Stripes of endurance for me. Oh, Sammy, I will say as I flog him and he twists in the chains, a big dildo gag keeping his pleading in check.

Oh, Sammy. Suffer for me.

Sweet Sammy.

I guess I always have liked the name "Samuel". When I got the new harness, today, after seeing Sammy again, I knew it was a sign.

He is meant to be in my harness. While I ride him. While I ride his face. While I cover him with my scent, then lock him down for the night and sleep soundly in my warm bed, listening to him toss and turn.

I haven't wanted anyone this bad in a long, long time.

It will be fun. Capturing Sammy.

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Jun 18, 2018Akasha

Shopping with Andy

Shopping with Andy was never planned to be the most humiliating day of his life. It just sort of worked out that way.

Blue and I were going to concentrate on some new hot little club outfits, mostly PVC and latex and things of that variety. Shoes, gloves, and really outrageous jewelry would not be out of the question. While it started out as a girls-only trip, when I mentioned to Blue that Andy was hinting at wanting to go, she gladly welcomed him.

"We'll need to have someone to carry our packages anyway!" she laughed, and of course this made me grin. The image of him stumbling behind his with hands full of packages was enough to make any woman smile. The boy would be fumbling to please and feeling quite awkward the whole time, and he had no idea how vicious Blue and I could be when together.

I guess Blue just brings that side out of me.

Anyway, the boy arrived right on time at Blue's doorstep. Blue was dressed in a sexy little short outfit and I was wearing a sundress. I tossed the boy my keys and told him he would be driving. Immediately, only after being in our presence for five minutes, he was visibly shaken.

I suppose calling him "boy" is overdoing it a bit – after all, he hasn't been a boy for many years. But his whole demeanor is that of a boy – shy, playful, careful. Sometimes rambunctious, but always ready to back down if he feels he's out of line.

And aggression makes him blush, as well as any forward behavior from women. I noticed that right off about Andy. I guess a shopping trip with Akasha and Blue was a pretty harsh first date.

*****

“Does my ass show too much in this dress?” I asked Andy, bending over just outside the dressing room stall.

He blushed and fumbled and Blue was coming right over. “No way, girl! That looks great!”. She patted my ass. Andy turned away and pretended to be interested in something, not realizing that he was looking at a rack of women’s blouses.

Blue caught on at once, pulling one off the rack for him. “This will look good on you sweetie, wanna try it on?”

I was giggling, half leaning in and out of the stall easing out of the dress. Andy didn’t have time to recover from her suggestion before I said, “I guess I can’t wear this dress without any panties?”

Blue was looking for more blouses for Andy, ignoring him as he stood, mortified, holding the hanger of the one she’d put in his hand. “Don’t worry about it. You barely wear them anyway. By the way you left a pair at my house last weekend. Remind me to get them for you.”

I came toward her and shoved the hanger with the dress into Andy’s other arm. “Take this up to the counter for me.”

“Wait, isn’t he going to try on the blouse!?” Blue turned to me.

Andy was crimson. Girls nearby had turned to look at him.

I took Blue by the arm. “Don’t be cruel to him.”

He looked relieved.

“That’s my job” I smiled. He looked down.

When Blue and I turned to exit the store, I heard him quickly, eagerly put the blouse back on the rack.

*****

It was only a matter of an hour before Andy had more stuff than he could carry. I think Blue and I subconsciously were picking things that were big – boots, jackets, and a hat rack.

But he looked simply priceless fumbling behind us to carry all of our stuff, while we kept a few paces ahead and talked as if he wasn't even there. Eventually, he got the picture when his attempts to start conversations were futile. He kept quiet and began taking the initiative to hold our things, take things to the counter, and hand things over the dressing room doors when we needed a different size.

I peeked over a stall at him. "Andy dear, I'm not decent. Will you go get something for me?"

He walked over. I could hear Blue giggling in the next stall as she was zipping up a skirt.

I lowered my voice to a whisper. "Bring me a pair of those crotchless panties over there, hanging on that rack."

The color returned to his cheeks.

"Oh I saw those!" Blue peered over. "Those were awesome!"

"Go get them, and get Blue a pair too, Andy." I told him.

He turned and looked all around, trying to find where I was pointing. The bin was hidden behind some large shelves, but I neglected to tell him that. "Hurry up, I'm getting cold in here Andy!"

Andy looked all over the immediate area, finally turning to me with an exasperated look.

I pointed firmly. "Over THERE!"

He scurried over, fumbling with the packages, and finally located the bin. I could tell he was again traumatized by what he saw. Virtually dozens of styles of panties in all sorts of styles and colors and sizes. I watched him pick through them then look up at me from across the way, a confused look on his face.

"Haven't you ever seen a pair of women's panties, Andy?" I hollered across the store.

Again, girls turned to look at him. He was the only guy in the store. There was a rumble of giggles coming from another dressing room full of young teenage girls.

"What..what size?" he asked, trying to regain footing.

I sighed. "What size do you think, Andy? You've been down there."

Blue burst out into giggles and whispered, "Has he?" from the other side of the stall.

"Of course not," I chuckled. "But a boy can dream, can't he?"

*****

It took Andy a little while to recover from the panty incident. Blue and I gave him a lecture outside, telling him that next time if he was so slow, he would be trying on a few pairs himself.

"I'll do better," he insisted. "It's just that I don't know much about women's clothes, you know."

"Don't give us any excuses," Blue said, stopping to look in a window. Andy kept going and bumped into me, in turn, I bumped into Blue.

We both shot him a look.

"Sorry."

I pointed to the ground. “Sorry isn’t enough, package boy.”

Blue stepped in behind me. “I almost spilled my drink on her.”

“What do you want me to do?” he asked helplessly, looking at her, then at me, then at the packages in his hand. People were walking by on the busy street, crossing to go around us, bumping him a little as they brushed by.

“We should leave him here with a For Sale sign on him,” I suggested to Blue.

She giggled. “How much could we get for him?”

A woman passing by overheard. “I’ll give you six bucks.”

We turned. She was a bag lady. I wondered if she had six bucks. I wondered if he was worth all the money she had, which was six bucks. She was eyeing him with interest, then starting feeling his clothes.

“I think we’ll keep him,” I said, taking him by the arm and pulling him along to follow.

The homeless woman watched after us. “If you change your mind honey, I’m on the corner of Vine.” The smell of booze still permeated the area.

None of us spoke for a moment, then Blue turned to me and spoke loud enough for Andy to hear. “You know with that six bucks, you could get those sunglasses you were checking out.”

*****

Andy was relieved to be in a shop that asked him to leave the packages at the counter. He turned them over one by one, sighing with relief, finally getting a break from having to lug them around.

Meanwhile, Blue and I were already deep into the store. The front section appeared to be mostly alternative clothes, but in the back were the goodies. The adult toy section.

When Andy finally made his way back to where we were, I think the room heated up with the blood rushing to his cheeks. I whispered to Blue, "I don't think he's ever been in a shop like this."

"Oh come on yes he has!" She laughed. We were in the vibrator section.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, picking up a slimline plastic vibrator. "I need this, I really need this. I like them like this, no ridges. Feel how smooth it is."

Blue felt it through the plastic. Andy was over a row past us, trying to not stare but not knowing where to look.

"Yeah, these are good," Blue nodded. "But you know what's really cool, these mini ones, aren't they great, look!" She held up a small mag-lite sized vibrator. I took it and smiled big.

"But can you feel anything? Is it good?"

"Oh yeah!" She nodded. I pulled her over to the clitoral vibrators and we started comparing notes on those. Andy was getting carefully farther and farther away, while other men in the store started gravitating toward us with hopes of eavesdropping.

"Andy come over here," I finally called.

With his head down a little, he approached. I handed him three vibrators and some Motion Lotion. "Hold this for us."

He opened his hands and took them, fumbling a little to hide them as much as possible.

“People will think you’re shoplifting,” I told him. “Stop that. Come on,”

Andy followed after us into the section where the dildos were.

“This is what we need, Blue!” I said and lifted a big, 8 inch jelly dildo. It wobbled a little.

“Oh yes!” she agreed, taking it from me.

Andy looked away.

Soon it was in his hands with the other toys. But of course, that was just the start.

*****

About fifteen minutes later, Andy was weighted down with more dildos, anal beads and butt plugs than he had ever seen. A store clerk offered to take them up to the counter, but both Blue and I jumped in and said no, that he was doing a fine job holding them.

He sighed helplessly but we moved on.

In the videos section, I found a great gay porn flick and held it up for Blue. “Super Boner Man and the Hershey Highway” I read the title to her.

She laughed.

I started reading the back. “I wonder if anyone gets tied up.”

“Hey look at THIS GUY!” Blue exclaimed, picking up another gay video. The man on the cover was gorgeous. I nodded enthusiastically.

“I watch gay porn when I want good bondage scenes,” I told her, walking up and showing her the Hershey one up close. Andy was

lingering behind, looking at the wallpaper.

“Let’s get them!” she nodded. “We can have a slumber party, drink wine and watch videos!”

“Sure,” I agreed, then turned to Andy. “Should we have him cater to us during this? Maybe fetch our drinks, give massages, that sort of thing?”

“Maybe we won’t even need the videos!” she grinned and we both looked at him.

He looked down, shy, even smiling a little.

In unison Blue and I both went,”NAHHHH!!” and both our videos were plopped into his arms.

*****

By the end of our time in the store, Andy was carrying a little of everything, from anal lube to pornos to french maid outfits. Blue and I made him stand there while we tried to estimate the cost, making him keep the numbers tallied in his head.

“Fifteen ninety-nine,” Blue called out.

“Three fifty-two,” I added.

“Six seventy-five,” she said, making Andy shift so we could get into his goodies more and find more prices.

He counted softly to himself, looking up, and fumbled to keep everything in his arms. People were walking by us, looking at him curiously.

“What’s the total, package boy?” I asked him.

“Uhm,” he added a few more numbers. Shut his eyes. “I think, uh, ninety-seven dollars and fifteen cents.”

“What about with tax?” Blue asked right away. God, she was good.

“UHm,” he shut his eyes again. “About …uh…”

He fumbled. I picked up the anal beads and held them up to him right as a very attractive older blonde woman walked by. “Well are you SURE you want THESE?”

He sighed and looked down. No blushing this time, I think he was getting used to it.

“Hmm,” I looked at Blue. “You know what, we didn’t factor in that we still need to have lunch.”

“Yeah,” she nodded.

“Maybe we should come back later.” I turned to Andy. “We’re going to go sit outside. Put all this stuff back and meet us when you are done.”

He looked terrified. The store was crowded now. Half of the things he held were gay sex toys.

Blue and I turned and headed for the door. Right at the door I turned just to see him starting to look around and figure out what first.

“Oh Andy!” I called after him, “You can keep the big dildo, if you really want.”

Everyone in the store turned and looked at him.

*****

By the time Andy got outside, he looked tired and warn. I held out a twenty dollar bill before he could speak. He took it carefully with two fingers, his arms once again full of our previous packages.

“Blue and I decided we want the anal beads,”

“Yeah,” she looked at him. “You can get some for yourself, too, if you want.”

“Please don’t make me go get those,” Andy said. It was the first time he had asked. He looked sweet. He gave both of us the most pathetic little face, like he was terrified.

Blue and I were sitting on a bench looking at him. We looked at each other.

He fumbled with the packages and again said, “Please?”

“Get down on your knees here,” I pointed to the ground. “And beg us not to make you do it.”

He looked torn. What a choice. He thought, turning his head. He peered back toward the store. Blue and I looked at him. I knew it was turning her on, too. I leaned over and whispered so Andy couldn’t hear, “I could use that vibrator right about now.”

Blue giggled.

Finally, Andy dropped to his knees. He delicately set down the packages next to him and people started walking around him as they strode by. Skaters weaved to avoid him. Dogs being walked stopped to sniff him.

I pointed down. “All the way, Andy. Nose to the cement. And then beg.”

He hesitated, but only briefly. I think he felt that he had nothing more to loose at that point. Down his nose went, all the way to the ground.

“Isn’t he cute,” Blue observed.

“Yeah, he’s a keeper.” I nodded.

A homeless man was watching us from the corner. He waved from his cardboard box. “I’ll give yeh three bucks for him.”

“Wow, our second offer today.”

We stood up and nudged Andy to get up and follow us. He gathered up the packages and scurried behind us. I don’t know if he heard, but I turned to Blue and said, “Damn, I really did kinda want those beads.”

“I have some at home you can borrow,” she said without missing a beat.

We didn’t turn, but I could feel him blushing.

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Jun 18, 2018Akasha

Stephen's Last Stand

"Tighten the straps," I instructed the dominatrix, "So he can barely breathe."

Not quite a conventional first date, I suppose.

Manhattan. One of the finest dungeon facilities in the world; I'd done my research. He told me to pick the location, after all.

Surely, because it was on my dime, I had no problem picking the location with the most ruthless gear and ominous professionals on the scene. I laughed when Stephen seemed to insinuate that I probably didn't have enough cruelty in me to compromise his own twisted masochistic capabilities.

I'm fairly tenacious, though. I decided to just hire the people to do the work I could not stomach, and at the end of the day, he'd be sufficiently surrendered all the same.

And I'd never even break a sweat.

**

There's the issue of the pesky guilt, I'll admit it. He kind of figured that out early on and got a little bit cocky about it, and I think deep down he felt he'd always have the ability to kind of screw with my head, no matter how much he was helpless or in pain. He'd studied me like an interesting creature, but he didn't know that I could make very rational decisions and was notoriously detailed preparations when guilt was the farthest thing from my mind.

So there it was – the dungeon. The highest paid professional dominatrix in Manhattan. Not that he could see her – he was

blindfolded for the introduction, placed in the chair so the lady and I could handle our "transaction," and her assistants busily, buzzing around quite like efficient bees, did the fastening of the restraints.

He couldn't see, but he could probably hear the hundred dollar bills being peeled off. One hour, two hours, four hours, no, ten hours. "How late is this place open?"

The smell of money.

A sultry chuckle. "As long as you need," she said to me.

The fastening of buckles.

"Tighter," I reminded the little vixens. "So he can barely breathe."

"So I can barely breathe," he repeated. Just being Stephen.

I handed the dominatrix the contents of my black wallet. It was all they required, and then some. "I'll tip you five hundred dollars," I told the dominatrix, "If you can make him cry."

**

Blindfolded Stephen got to hear the entire conversation, but didn't know the transactions happening on paper. The checklists, the legal waiver, a few handwritten notes from me to the dominatrix, notes she read and acknowledged, then showed me around to some of her gear, speaking in a low whisper so Stephen could not hear.

The little buzzing bees, sweet young feminine girls really, did fairly well on the restraints, and by the time they were done, there were so many of them over his naked flesh, he had no idea they'd strapped on the heart rate monitor I gave them. I knew this, in advance, when I made that arrangement – it was my little secret any way. My little hand held device that he'd not see, but I'd know just

what he was hiding, behind any stoic look in his eyes, any shrewd attempts to hide his fear.

I held the little watch-like display in my palm, marveling at his resting heart rate – or, as resting as it could be after being strapped down by four young ladies in a Manhattan dungeon – blindfolded.

The dominatrix excused the little assistants, so she could have Stephen all to herself, and I slid comfortably in the leather lounge chair and told her to take her time with the first hour. And leave the blindfold on.

**

An hour under the hands of a woman quite sadistic seemed to be intense yet still erotic for me, but entertaining to watch, to say the least. It was all just warm up, of course, and through a few restrained grunts of discomfort and visible winces, he took it all in stride. The little monitor that showed me his heartbeat told a slightly different story, but nonetheless, he still obviously wasn't too afraid.

I was disappointed. I thought the blindfold would take him off his game. Maybe he was meditating.

I left my comfortable viewing chair and walked over, taking his hand in my chin very gently and tilting his head up. "Do you want to see?"

"I'd like that," he responded quietly. Not stubborn. Maybe it was getting to him more than I thought.

I slipped it off easily and watched him blink to adjust his eyes to the bright lights of the room, and then his eyes fell on the tripod with the small video camera pointed at him. "Saving this for posterity, I see."

Still holding his face by the chin, studying his features, looking for some expression, I explained coolly, "Ten hours, maybe twelve. It

will make for some long term enjoyment in the future."

The dominatrix was behind me, drinking water, sizing him up. I could almost smell her hunger. She was enjoying this way too much. She wanted to get right back into it. I could tell she was figuring out in her head how she could stretch the session to last all ten hours and have him cry at the end, but not before, so she could collect the tip and not have to end the session early with a broken submissive needing a warm blanket and a hug.

"Look around," I told him. "Look at all this equipment. So many options. And I don't have to do a thing, just sit back, and watch."

He swallowed, and took a quick glance, but it didn't seem to shake him too much. I knew the restraints must be getting too tight, too uncomfortable, and he was restrained in a manner, with a ruthless posture collar, that prevented him from looking down to see it all anyway.

I felt her behind me. She was restless. She had a whip in her hand, maybe a cane. There was a tray of medical instruments at the ready. We were going into the second hour. She wanted more tips, I'm sure, she wanted to give a fine show.

I took my time, though, just tracing my finger across his bottom lip to see if he'd react. I pondered his expression, looked at his hair for a moment, felt traces of it in my fingertips. I leaned down close to his face and put my cheek against his to feel the cool, slightly moist touch of his skin, damped with a little sweat. Closing my eyes, I was content to listen for a moment to the sounds of the leather restraints as they strained against his chest when he breathed. Lovely.

"Are you going to cry?" I asked him softly. It was clear I was asking him – in general – not at that particular moment.

"You seem to be determined," he responded. "But isn't it less special to have someone else – "

In a flash, my hand was over his mouth. Tight. I looked intensely at his eyes, then hissed, softly, "Stop."

One raised eyebrow, and he moved his head slightly, but I didn't let go.

"Give me a gag," I told the dominatrix. Cool heels on hardwood floor.

I heard footsteps behind me. Stephen looked at me, then past me at her as she approached. It was handed to me over my shoulder – a simple, but large black ball gag, heavy leather straps. I used both hands to put it on him, and he opened his mouth willingly and deliberately, without fear or hesitation, and I found myself all too eager to assume my safe spot in the big, comfortable chair to watch the dominatrix do my dirty work.

**

"I could get used to this," I pondered, resting comfortably, watching, surreal, as she brought every bit of her "Sadism A-Game" to the table for Stephen. A couple of changed positions, a medical table and then a rack, eventually a cross, the occasional buzzing of the cute shiny assistants when they were called in to help expedite re-restraining Stephen.

He took it in stride and cooperated, generally, with occasional resistance that the dominatrix squashed with a swift delivery of pain, usually, always with a crop or a cane at the ready, or carefully placed fingers on his most sensitive areas, pulling on clamps or increasing electricity.

I had told him, early on, that the only person with the power to stop the session was me. He did not, and the dominatrix did not, nor did any of the cute girls that flitted in and out of the room when they were required to assist. There was no safeword, just me, and it sufficiently kept his attention on me during most of the – torture –

but it wasn't for mercy, it was just to keep me in the game. He knew where his bread was buttered, so to speak.

I think this kind of made the dominatrix jealous a few times, because she'd take his chin and direct his eyes to her and bark at him or growl orders and he'd respond appropriately, then steel a quick glance at me to see if I was still watching.

Watching, indeed. Sometimes half reclined, sometimes blatantly masturbating, I didn't really care. Sometimes I did avert my eyes, since I don't have a stomach for blood or needless, and sometimes I just watched his eyelashes flutter and observed how carefully he processed his own pain and helplessness, and I was overjoyed that it was all being captured on film. Many, many orgasms to come, I reminded myself.

Hours passed, too many to count, and Stephen was not necessarily closer to crying, but was valiantly screwing with my head, showing me some big, puppy dog eyes now and then that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up, delivering an undeniable ache in my belly that alerted my conscience perhaps I was being unfair to him.

I walked over, finally, to where he was strapped down on what was like a medical table, and the dominatrix was washing her hands nearby. He didn't know what she was preparing to do, and neither did I, to be honest.

"Do you think you could get me to stop, right now, just by the way you are looking at me?" I asked him.

He wasn't gagged this time, and he looked remarkably unscathed for someone who'd been violated so relentlessly for a few hours – in sexual ways, in degrading ways, in painful ways.

"I could," he said to me, "If I thought you needed to stop."

He said that to me with such cool confidence, it was as if he had been planning that line for hours. For all I knew, he had. Hell, he might have planned it on the plane ride over. For a short moment, I let those words roll through my head a few times, trying to decide if I was angry, or if was manipulating me, or if he was being sweet and solemn.

I turned to the dominatrix, who was putting on latex medical gloves. "I want you to suffocate him," I told her.

She raised her eyebrows at me, then looked at him, the smirked. "Sure. Let me have them bring in the gear. We have a few options."

"I don't care," I told her. "Do whatever is most…uncomfortable for him. I don't want him to enjoy it."

She laughed. "Oh. He won't. Be right back."

I turned to him and he watched her walk away.

As soon as she was gone, Stephen was looking at me, studying my expression. He turned his head slightly, getting a better view, and said softly, "Are you really going to be able to go through with that?"

I picked up the gag that was nearby, holding it in my palm, and he looked at it. Smart one, Stephen was, because he figured out quite quickly that obviously what he was saying was getting to me on some level. The guilt level.

"Are you sure about this, Akasha?" he asked me, and added just a slight flavor of sweet innocence in his eyes, of fake fear, perhaps.

I clenched my fists tightly around the straps of the gag, staring at him intensely. "It's ok," I said, and gagged him, tightly. He resisted for just a second then stopped, allowing me to plunge the object deep into his mouth. "I'm not even going to be here."

His eyes searched my face quizzically, and then the dominatrix was back in the room, bringing a rolling cart of some sort with various pieces of equipment on it, some of them leather or rubber, some clear plastic, some I don't even know – they were just devices.

I leaned close to Stephen's face to look at his eyes. "I'm. Not. Going. To. Be. Here."

He blinked at me, and for a brief second looked past me at the busy dominatrix, who seemed quite happy to be rummaging through the darkest of dangerous gear.

I reached up and traced a finger down his forehead, over his nose. "This is my last look at your pretty, content, smug face. Next time I see you, I can assure you, you will be a new Stephen. Very…" I looked for the right words. "Broken. If that's the right word."

"You aren't going to watch?" the dominatrix asked me.

"He knows if I do, I will make you stop," I told her. "He is smart like that. So I'm going to leave. No one will stop you. You just do what you need to do. It's all on tape, I can watch it later. Over and over again. Make sure it's long. Deliberate. Relentless. Terrifying. Cruel. " I instructed. "Shock me."

For the first time, a slight look of concern came over Stephen's face. I could tell he was thinking this one through. He had never thought of this possibility.

She chuckled. "I have just the right equipment. I think you'll be pleased."

"Goodbye, sweet prince." I told him. I leaned over and kissed him on the forehead, and he held eye contact until I turned to walk away.

The last thing I heard, before I closed the door, was her soft, sinister chuckling and the rolling of the gear toward the table.

**

I sat in a small chair outside the closed door. It felt like waiting outside the doctor's office for a loved one's prognosis. The time seemed to move slow, but I closed my eyes and let my own imagination take over. Clearly, the images on the video would be something spectacular, and surely, if I were there, I'd probably stop her long before he'd been pushed to his limits. We both knew that.

Was she reckless? Perhaps. But it was a risk I was willing to take in the heat of the moment. I had no idea how or what she would be doing to him, and he had no way to stop her.

I could hear very little from the room. Some creaking. Her voice. Long silence. What might have been a whimper; who knows, I closed my eyes, thinking that the tape would give me all the answers soon enough.

A half hour turned into 45 minutes, then to an hour. The door opened, and she peered outside. "Akasha," she said to me. "You should come back in now."

She looked – well, tired. But pleased. She looked like she'd had a bit of a workout, and I stood to enter the room coolly, carefully, not quite sure what to expect.

Stephen wasn't on the table any longer, he was on the ground, on his knees, his wrists restrained behind his back, breathing hard, covered in sweat. I'd swear she'd dumped a bucket of water over him – maybe she had, for effect. Only the video tape would tell.

When she went around behind him to pull his head up by a fistful of hair, she yanked him nearly off balance and he wavered, let out his breath again with a groan and looked at me, exhausted.

"Did he cry?" I asked her, walking closer to investigate.

He was breathing hard through clenched teeth now, saying, "No," just as she said, "No."

"I was saving that for you," she smiled, pleased with herself. "You'll find him much more pliable now."

"Was he scared?" I asked, crouching down to look at his face, weary, sweet. His eyelashes were wet with sweat, he looked like he'd been boxing. He struggled to maintain eye contact. He looked uncharacteristically self conscious.

"He was terrified," she said proudly. "A lot of begging. Very good begging. Didn't you hear him? He was loud."

My skin felt flushed; the wave was similar to orgasm, that good, even better. My head spun images – Stephen begging, my Stephen – a lot of begging? I wanted to go straight to the tape – surely she was exaggerating.

He wet his lips with his tongue and blinked slowly at me, deliberately, and I could see his body still shaking, barely. He was just coming out of it, really. He swallowed hard and she let go of his hair, and he fell forward, forehead to the floor, breathing hard, still. She walked away to get something.

I nudged my boot under his nose and he didn't move as I watched his back heaving, shuddering. His wrist were in handcuffs, two tight fists.

The dominatrix returned, directing a dog bowl with her boot on the floor. Pushing it toward him. She had a leash in her head. She reached down and attached it to the D-ring on the leather collar around his neck. Then, a boot deliberately to his back, while pulling back up on the lead. "Drink it," she ordered.

He resisted for a second and she dug her boot heel into his back. Such ruthless, cruel treatment, so sudden, I observed, but so

appropriately hot. Stephen obeyed, leaning forward and lifting his head, dropping it forward into the bowl, almost graciously, splashing about to drink.

“A little bit of electricity,” she smiled at me. “A properly timed caning,” she added, as if sharing a secret recipe, “And unforgiving breath control.”

There was a pause. The water was nearly gone, splashed away, some consumed, and he was finally still, composure coming back. She took him by a fistful of hair again and wrenched his head back, spraying water everywhere.

“You ready to go again?” the dominatrix asked Stephen. “You want her to see you beg like a big coward?”

“No,” he gritted through clenched teeth, not looking at me.

“It’s ok Stephen,” I said, reaching up and putting my hand to his face. “We have all night. I’m not in any hurry. I know you must be starving, and tired, and sore.”

He just looked at me. Weary.

“You know another shift of sadists comes on in a half hour,” I told him. “We can just keep going. All night long. Until you cry.”

“I can make him cry,” she said, walking away. It was deliberate, cool matter of fact. Clearly, she wanted the tip, and her shift was ending soon. She didn’t want the next dominatrix walking off with her five hundred dollar tip.

“Please,” he whispered to me. “I just need….a break. That’s all.”

“Am I going to like what I see on the tape?” I asked him.

“Watch it,” he said softly, blinking at me. It was a look I had not seen from him before. Shame. Just a little. “I tried..” he said, slowly, “To look at the camera.”

I inhaled for a second, looked away to focus then looked back at him.

“Are you going to cry, now, Stephen?” I asked him. When I finally looked back at him he was looking up, past me, at the dominatrix as she approached. At something in her hand.

“Just watch the tape,” he whispered. “Please.”

I stood up and left him there on the floor, left him there for the dominatrix to collect and begin with again. Standing over the tripod, I investigated the camera, look at the controls for a moment and found the playback button, then rewound it and took it off the tripod, bringing it to my comfortable chair to watch the playback on the little screen.

The dominatrix, meanwhile, was rough housing him into a heavier set of restraints and he winced, whimpered and groaned at the treatment, but said nothing.

I can’t reveal exactly what was on the tape, but I couldn’t really watch all of it, closely, at least not the first time. And not with the distraction of him watching me watching him, while a dominatrix started in on him all over again.

I did watch what I could, though, then hit stop and took the tape, placing it safely in my purse.

She had him face down, holding him in position, waiting for me. “You ready to see him cry?” she asked me.

I didn’t say anything at first, waiting to see if Stephen would interject something.

“Yes,” I finally said. “I’m ready.”

When she pulled him up to face me, his eyes were shut tight. She had thirty minutes left in her shift, and had planned it perfectly.

“I’m sorry,” I told him. “It’s just something I need to do.”

Stephen opened his eyes and looked at me. “It’s ok,” he said softly. “I know.”

What he didn’t know, however, was that I’d had the dungeon booked for the entire next day.

And what was in store for him in San Francisco, under water.

Jun 18, 2018Akasha

The Call

Our first call. I remember it like it was yesterday. First the money order, in the mail, with no note or letter or information. Just a check, and a scrap of paper that said simply, "Michael, 11/14". The postmark was local but was sent via overnight mail anyway.

Sure enough, on the night of October 14, he called. The connection was a weird one, there was a bit of an echo like he was in a basement or big, open room. I heard him pacing when we talked, and every time he sat down, the chair creaked.

His voice…Mmm..that voice. Very deep, assured. He didn't sound nervous…More, he sounded anxious. He needed it like I did.

When he called me that night, since it was not my normal night, I was getting ready to go out. I had on nothing more than bra and panties and was fastening the garters to my thigh highs when the phone rang.

I said hello, and he simply said, "This is Michael."

He wouldn't say much. It was weird. For the first few moments, I thought it was going to be a disaster. I was used to being able to figure people out a little bit, that was what I loved about it, the challenge, the prying away of layers of defenses to get to the things that would make them weak.

But he didn't offer much. I was scrambling, so I fell back on a few small talk personal questions while I stalled to gather a new strategy, but he wouldn't really answer anything. Nothing about his career.

"I travel around a lot," was all he said. I heard the chair creak. He cleared his throat.

“Do you like your job?”

There was a pause. I think he was taking a long drag on a cigarette. I heard the clinking of ice in a glass.

“Sometimes,” he said, and his voice echoed a little around the glass. I could tell he was taking a drink.

“What are you drinking?” I asked him, fingering the seam in my stocking, one leg up on my desk, looking at my reflection in the mirror. My finger wandered down to my panties. Something about his voice.

“Whiskey,” he replied. I heard the glass being set down and him standing to walk some more. Very restless.

“I want you to settle down. Stop pacing. ” I ordered. I closed my eyes, I clenched my teeth. I fixed my thoughts on him. This Michael. My mystery boy. “Kneel down, on the floor.”

I heard him shuffling. I listened intently. I had done this enough times to know what it sounded like. I heard him move the chair out of the way, I heard him breathe a little off as he positioned himself lower.

“I’m there,” he said quietly. Again, no submission in his voice. Yet he obeyed. Without question, no smirking, no challenge.

“Do you have any toys with you,” I demanded. Quiet, assertive. My eyes were still closed. I felt my finger tracing the outline of my panties. I could hear him breathing on the phone when he wasn’t speaking. Deep, steady.

“I don’t have anything here,” he said to me, and I could hear him sort of turning his head this way and that way. “Some cables.”

Cables. I thought for a second. “Are you at home?”

“I’m at work,” he said quickly. It was nearly 11 pm on a weeknight. Cables didn’t give me much to work with. I wanted nipple clamps, I wanted handcuffs, I wanted plugs and panties and dildos. I wanted to break this stranger right then and there, turn that assertive deep voice into a shivering, scared little boy. Or a helpless tortured whore.

I improvised with what I had. In a few moments, I had him wrapping cables around his ankles (I later found out they were stereo cables of some sort) and found some creative uses for the ice that came from his drink.

He breathed hard, very hard when he came. I heard him thrusting almost, I heard the rattling of the chair against the desk or wall, I heard something toppling over, and his stifled moans were intense.

While I listened I let my fingers wander in under my panties, feeling what effect he had on me, reclined back in my chair and listening to him writhe what he could in the little dungeon I set up for him, listened to his shaking breaths. I wanted to hear tortured, muffled whimpered from him, I imagined me sliding my panties down around my thighs, down my legs, and walking to him in high heels with them hanging off my finger, then forcing them into his waiting parted lips.

Yes, I was aching indeed, and as he recovered from his orgasm I planned to make him find something, anything to shove into his mouth for me – a scarf, his socks, a pair of underwear. So I could listen, and cum, and set the score straight.

“I have to go,” he said unexpectedly, and it shocked me. I heard him sort of looking around and his voice was distant.

“I’m not done with you,” I said quietly.

“I really have to go,” he repeated, this time his head turned away from the phone the other way. I thought maybe someone walked in on him, but I had heard no doors or voices.

I started to speak, but before I could get a word out there was a distinct click on the line. He hung up.

Miffed, I hung up and folded my arms. Perplexed, to say the least. And horny as hell.

*****

The second money order came about three weeks later and the postmark was San Francisco. I looked for a note in the envelope but found nothing. This time the note only had a date and the letter "M" on it. I smelled the envelope. I was intrigued. Nothing.

He didn't call on the date that was on the note. I waited all night for him, this time dressed up. I guess it was like…my way of revenge. After he left so quickly the first time, I wanted this time to be for me. I was in a tight PVC skirt, short, with a PVC bra and thigh high stockings. My thigh high black patent leather boots complemented the outfit tremendously, and I spent a long time pacing around to hear them on the hardwood floor in anticipation of his call.

The fucker.

Yes, I was pissed off. No one had ever stood me up. I went to bed that night steamed, unable to sleep. Such anger, fury almost. And the absurdity of it, I kept telling myself. He was paying to talk to me, he already paid me. If anything I should be laughing to myself about it. He paid for nothing. Maybe he would never call.

But the money meant shit to me, I knew that. I wanted what he really owed me.

*****

Three nights later, Michael called. The room was different this time, I could tell at once. The connection was clearer.

“Where are you?” I asked him.

“I’m in Tampa right now,” he replied. He inhaled deeply. Smoking, I think.

“Why didn’t you call when you said you would?” I asked him. I was in bed when he called, I had just turned in, but left my phone on. I didn’t tell him that, though. I didn’t volunteer that I was laying in my bed in a long t-shirt with no panties.

“Something came up,” he offered vaguely. “But I can make it up to you,” he added. His voice was different that time – he actually seemed less emotionless for the first time. Like he was genuinely interested in offering me something.

“And what is that?” I asked, rolling over in my bed with the phone to my ear.

“I have a few…things..this time.”

“Oh really?”

I heard him moving, walking. Something about the mere sound of it. I just knew. I could tell it was a hotel room. I was used to the sound of them, something about them, about their phones. I looked at the clock and realized it was almost 3 am in Tampa where he was calling from. On a worknight.

I heard the rattling of chains. My heart started beating harder. Just the sound of it, in the background. It affected me. It always does.

“I have leg irons, “he told me, “And a pair of police-issue handcuffs,” he paused and I heard the handcuffs, “And an 8-inch cock.”

I smirked and purred a little. “Is that cock your own, or something wonderfully latex?”

He chuckled and I heard him moving around. “Neither.”

Confused for a moment, I realized I was kicking my bedsheets off. I was hot. “What do you mean? Tell me.”

I could feel him smiling, I could hear it in his voice. “Well…” he teased. There was a shuffling, I heard him moving around. I heard some shuffling in the background and some soft mumbling.

Someone was there with him.

“Is that another man with you?” I asked. There was a huge grin on my face. My heart was definitely pounding. I can’t even begin to describe the kind of excitement I was filled with. Nothing like this had ever happened during a session, and the thought of it makes me ache with desire.

Michael fumbled with the phone and then another voice was there. “Hello? Is this…Akasha?”. A louder voice, cocky, and I could hear Michael chuckling in the background.

“Yes. Who am I speaking with?” I demanded.

He hesitated and then laughed at Michael about something, and responded with, “This is…uh…Robert.”

There was a cackle in the background.

“Shut up you prick, ” Robert said off in the other direction. I sighed a little, worried that perhaps they were both a little to silly, or drunk, to make this what I wanted it to be.

“Robert,” I said seriously, “Are you his lover?”. I needed to know a few things right up front.

“Of sorts,” he replied. I could tell he was distracted, watching Michael perhaps.

“Actually,” he added. “Michael boy is getting down on his knees right now in front of me on the bed here,”.

I detected a very faint accent. English perhaps. I couldn’t tell if he was joking.

“His hands are on my thighs and,” there was a pause and I heard a zipper. He wasn’t making it up.

I sat up in my bed and pushed back all of my blankets. There was no way in hell I was going to sit back and be a non-participant in this. “Robert,” I interrupted. “Before he takes that 8-inch cock into his mouth, I want him bound for me. I want his wrists behind his back, his ankles locked together, and I want you to find something to blindfold him with.”

“Consider it done, m’lady,” he said cheerfully, and without warning, I heard him put the phone down. I listened intently, so damned intently. The soft sounds were too much for me, my hands wandered, and I touched myself with clenched teeth as I heard the proceedings.

The rattling of chains, a soft murmur from Michael about something. The locking of metal, more murmurs. Robert saying something..something somewhat assertive, either to shut up or hold still. My fingers were getting soaked. I didn’t want this to end, it was too fucking hot. I didn’t care if it lasted all night. This was by far the most…

“Done,” he came back with a start.

“Is he blindfolded?” I asked. My voice was wispy now, I could tell. Arousal was making me weak.

“I have my hand over his eyes,” he said at once.

"Make him pull down your pants," I ordered, "and put the phone down so I can hear him taking your cock into his mouth."

"With pleasure, m'lady." I could hear him smiling. He was devilish, experienced, charming. And Michael..what I knew of him – so stone-serious, intense. The thought of him kneeling there in bonds, taking a cock into his mouth. My fingers plunged deeper into my wetness. First one, then two. My other hand moved up my stomach to my breasts. I was on my side to hold the phone to my ear with the pillow, and I was already close enough to climax.

The sounds..god, the sounds. I heard Michael taking it, a muffled protest at first almost, then his mouth accepting Robert. I heard, faintly, in the background, Robert's soft moaning, some movement in rhythm.

A moment later Robert picked up the phone, breathless, I could hear the rhythm in his voice match his body moving. "You hear that?" he asked, still moving. Michael let out a muffled moan in the background.

"Yes," I sighed, aching, "Now I want you to hold the phone down to his ear while you finish, I want him to listen to me as you cum..just hold it there, don't let him turn away…"

There was a shuffling with the phone, then I heard the familiar sound of random slurping, sliding, sucking.

"Michael dear," I cooed, rolling over and fingering myself intently, lifting my fingers to my lips and sucking off the sweet taste. "I wish I could see you taking all of that big cock into your mouth,"

He moaned in response.

"You just concentrate on getting him off," I hissed, moaning a little myself. "You just keep taking that cock deep, using your tongue and lips. You do as I say and I won't have him beat you when you're

finished, I won't have him tie you down for me and torture your ass and nipples…"

He moaned again, this time eagerly.

"Use your tongue," I directed, arching my back a little to get my finger in deeper as I listened. "I want you to slide it around the tip of his cock like a whore, I want you to look up and him and tell him how much you need his cum."

Michael broke from the sucking to gasp a little his voice soft now, boyish, but I could not make out the exact words. Something about the cock he was tasting, and how good it was.

Unbelievable.

I came before Robert did, needless to say, and when I came it was amazing. I came from the mere thought that Michael was kneeling in leg irons and handcuffs, unable to move, sucking cock, and I could hear it all. I came gasping his name, and what a little cocksucking slut he was, and how I wanted to use him in ways unthinkable.

A few moments are a blur. I know that after I came I didn't hear anything for a second, and then Robert gasped and Michael choked a little, and there was some fumbling. I think the phone was dropped for a bit.

When someone picked it up again, at first I couldn't tell which one it was. I was in a daze, sleepy, my body buzzing, twitching.

"Mmmmmmmm…." was all he said at first.

"Who is this?" I purred, rolling over and clutching a pillow.

"This is Robert," he replied. "Michael is…well, he's down there all curled up on the floor."

“Is he ok?”

“Oh yes..he is quite well. Aren’t you, Michael?”

I heard a quiet, “Yes,” in the background.

I shut my eyes, trying to picture it. “Stroke his hair,” I ordered.

There was some movement. I heard a purring in the background.

“He likes that, ” I smiled.

“Yes, he does,” Robert replied. “And so do I.” he paused. “And I like you, too, my lady.”

I was in a dream state, almost. “Tell me about his hair. What does it look like, the texture..how it feels between your fingers…”. I was mesmerized by his voice, by what had just happened.

There was a brief silence. “It is a very dark brown, ” he said quietly, breathing a little during a pause, “Sort of thick…soft between my fingers.”

“How long?” I asked, eyes still closed, trying to picture it.

“Almost to his shoulders. He really is beautiful, my lady…”

“Yes,” I smiled. Somehow, I just knew that.

“When he isn’t being a difficult bastard,” he added with a laugh.

I laughed too, and for a moment was just floating. Suddenly, all to soon, again it ended. Robert said that Michael was drifting off to sleep and that both of them needed to be up early. A few small talk questions were left unanswered, and I don’t even remember actually hanging up.

***

Almost four weeks passed and I heard nothing from him. It was unnerving, I was possessed almost. That scene had left me so… hungry. I needed more, I still craved that total domination of him, to really have him helpless, to hear him on the phone truly begging for mercy. While it was definitely amazing having Robert at the same time, I still longed to be alone with him, to use him in ways that would satiate me.

The third money order was postmarked Chicago. There was no date on it this time, so every night I sat by my phone, wondering if that would be the call.

Finally, the call came. the first thing he said was, "I can't talk long, I just wanted to let you know I'm still here." I could hear music in the background, a lot of people talking. It sounded like he was at a party, hidden in a room somewhere.

Impatient, I paced a little. "that's fine. But when do you plan to call me so I can do what I really want to do?"

"I can't really say," He sounded distracted.

"I want you to mail you something," I told him. "Can you give me a PO box or a hotel?"

"UHm.." he hesitated, thinking. I could hear a sigh. "I don't really have an address….what did you want to mail me?"

"Some toys."

"Just tell me what, and I will get them." I heard him shuffling around, the sound of a knocking and him yelling, "JUST A MINUTE!"

I gritted my teeth.

"Look, I gotta go…" he sighed. "Just tell me what you want me to get,"

“When are you going to call me again?” I demanded.

“I don’t know. But I will. I promise, Mistress.”

Click.

*****

Five weeks passed. I thought he had vanished, I had all but forgotten him, painfully, and just written him off.

Then the next money order came. It was postmarked New Orleans. The note said, simply, “miss you. M.”

This time there was a date. Well, two of them. I don’t know if that meant both dates, or one or the other. The first date that came up I was again getting ready to go out, so I went about my business and didn’t expect anything from him.

But sure enough, the phone rang, just as I was lacing up my thigh high boots.

“It’s Michael,” he said quietly. He sounded more relaxed. I was intrigued more than ever about what he did for a living, but I just wanted to get right to using him.

“I want you on your knees,” I ordered at once, sitting in my chair. “and I want you naked. This time, you are mine.”

I listened to him breathe as he got undressed. He said nothing, asked nothing. I just heard him getting undressed, I heard him pulling off shoes and easing down his pants. I heard clothes being tossed into a pile.

I moved my hands up and down my latex catsuit. I wanted him. I wanted him bad that night. I felt like a horny teacher, the first time

alone with a boyfriend. I wanted to do everything, and my thoughts were muddied with trying to narrow it down.

Once I had him naked and kneeling, I had him put clothespins on his nipples, and then his cock and balls. This time, he seemed to have access to things like that, and it was a nice change. Listening to him inhale sharply with each pain was heaven.

In no time I had both legs up on my desk, my gloved hands wandering to the zipper at my crotch. I opened the catsuit and peeled the sides apart, exposing my wetness, facing the mirror and slowly massaging the outside of my lips. Everything felt fantastic, it was one of those nights that I felt on fire.

He had a ballgag with him this time, so I made him put it on. Listening to him strap it into place made me start to throb with need. That sort of thing gets me every time, and he knew just how to whimpered softly when it was forced into place. That was the first time I heard a real whimper from him, and it made me ache more than ever.

I had him pull off the clips one at a time and whimper through the gag. This slowly built me up to orgasm, one clip at a time, until finally I was shaking, thrusting my hips, gasping in pleasure and shaking. He sighed helplessly and listened to me cum.

I felt blissful, like a little girl, listening to his soft little breaths around the gag. I ordered him to take it out so I could hear his voice again. I imagined his hair..how Robert had described it, I imagined stroking it slowly until he fell asleep in my lap, his breath against my thigh.

I was drifting in and out, in heaven again, listening to him breathe. He thanked me and I smiled.

"Don't wait three or four weeks to call me this time," I ordered with a smile. He chuckled a little, and his laugh warmed me.

“Alright,” he responded, “Mistress…anything.”

“Mmmm..” I sighed at the sweet sound of his voice.

“You’ll hear from me soon. I need to go…”

As always, the call was cut too short. “But I’m not quite done with you yet.” I protested.

His voice was a whisper. “I know..but I need to go. I will call soon, I promise.”

And he was gone. Again.

That was two months ago, and I still find myself thinking about him. And Robert. And all of the things I didn’t get a chance to do. The plugs. The humiliation. Dressing him up. A cock gag. Breath control. Making him describe in detail how he would worship every inch and crack of my body. Making him whimper and whine and beg and plead and gasp in desperation.

Yes, we had a lot to cover. Someday…I know he will be back.

I just know it.

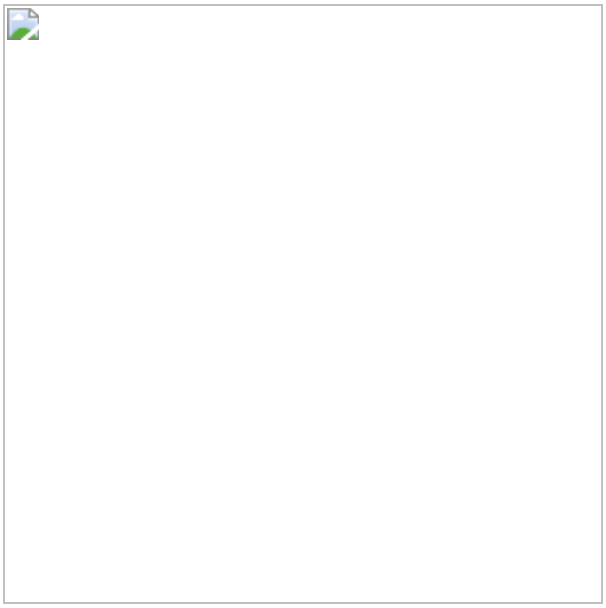
Jun 19, 2018Akasha

Stories - Illustrated Stories

Cum Guzzler

When Tammy asked Ron to drink his own cum, he refused.

“What’s wrong with you?” she scoffed, holding up a full palm of the creamy white substance, freshly collected from his cock. “You told me ten minutes ago you’d do it! You said you’d LOVE to do it.”



Cum guzzling slut

This wasn’t the first time Ron “chickened out” on his promise. In fact, it was starting to be a regular occurrence. Sure, he’d promise, he’d even beg to drink his own cum. Nothing made him more hard then when Tammy held his cheeks tight between her fingertips and growled tauntingly at him, telling him in great detail about how he’d soon be sucking back every last drop of his own load.

But every time, Ron chickened out. Ron's cock deflated as quickly as his guts, Tammy mused, and every single time he shot his load he suddenly got cold feet and completely backed out of the proposition. Ron, apparently, didn't think this was a big deal. After all, Tammy was only "doing the domination thing" because it was a turn on for him. After all, it was Ron's idea.

Tammy was getting pretty good at it, he noted, but he knew she was doing it just for him. It didn't occur to him that perhaps her soaking wet panties were a sign that she was truly getting off on it. It didn't occur to him that the last few times she'd jerked him off right into her palm and made him beg her to be allowed to drink it, she was doing it as much for herself as for him.

And it definitely did not occur to him that Tammy was actually getting annoyed at his frequent 'backing out' of his end of the bargain – not only when it came to drinking his own cum, but on other promises as well. Like cleaning out her shoe closet, washing her panties by hand and scrubbing the toilets.

It seemed that whenever Ron had a hard dick and Tammy was in charge, he'd agree to do just about anything – even swallow a load of his own cum. But the moment he orgasmed, his desire to please deflated like a punctured balloon.

This time, it was Tammy who decided to take matters into her own hands, and to teach Ron a lesson after all. He would learn, the hard way, that Tammy was enjoying domination more than he ever knew – and she was getting off on it for her own pleasure. Not his.

**

Ron actually did believe he wanted to drink his own cum, he told Tammy. But for some reason, as soon as he came, all his desires just washed away and it was like the idea never existed. He went so far as to promise, many times, he would NEVER make that "force me to drink my own cum" request again.

Sure enough, he was making the same request almost the next day. Just like begging to suck the strap on cock she was wearing, or begging to be forced to bob his head up and down on the dildo on the floor as she watched and made fun of him. The more he wanted to cum, the more he would totally degrade himself for her.

As long as he did not cum!

Tammy reckoned that this would be easy; just never let the sob cum! He would be hard all the time and willing to do anything and everything. Unfortunately, Ron was a horrible masturbator, and Tammy had not learned yet about the wonders of locking chastity devices. Instead, she let the man continue to jerk off at will, but he always saved up his biggest explosions for the nights he wanted to submit to her.

At least, he pretended he was submitting to her. He'd kneel and suck the strap on cock (that he bought for her) and worship the boots (that he bought for her) and even lick her ass (well, he did that even when they had normal sex). And when he was getting close to cumming (she liked to make him jerk off while he was sucking her latex strap on), that's when she started talking to him about how he'd eat his own load.

"You want to swallow a load of cum, don't you?" she'd ask. Tammy watched as his cock throbbed and seemed to grow in his palm. She watched as his cheeks got flushed and he started to get even more ravenous on her latex cock. He started sucking like he really loved it, as if he could actually get real cum to shoot out of that thing!

"You want to be a cum drinker, don't you?" she cooed, petting his head and moving her hips back and forth suggestively, pumping the large, long cock in and out of his mouth. He slurped and moaned and jerked faster with his hand. She watched the precum glisten at the tip of his dick.

Tammy reached over and took his hand, stopping it, stopping him from jerking off. He looked up with his eyes only, his mouth still full of 8 inches of her latex cock. Tammy smiled. “Come on baby, lick it off your fingers now, lick it up!”

Ron moaned. He was still sucking the cock and he didn’t want to stop.

“You want to taste it, don’t you!?” she smiled. She was so incredibly hot and she knew it – she knew Ron was staring up at her, at her half naked, toned body in the lingerie, at the harness that hung so beautifully over her hips. She knew he would do anything to be allowed to cum.

Tammy took him by the forehead with one hand and pulled her hips back, removing the cock from his mouth before he could protest. Then she took his hand, the one he’d be jerking off with, and lifted it to his face. “Lick it up! LICK!” she ordered.

Ron grimaced and flinched and shut his eyes tight, barely letting his tongue flicker over the glistening moisture that barely had a presence on his palm. He was being overly dramatic. She’d consumed loads of his cum! He had no idea what a baby he was being.

“After all that begging, this is all you can do?!” Tammy scoffed. “You want to suck my dick, but you won’t swallow the load, is that what you’re telling me?”

Ron turned red. But all he wanted to do, all he could focus on, was getting his lips around her cock again. He was such a whore for that act, she noticed, that he forgot everything else when he was slurping her latex dick.

She let him get back to it, that time. She went ahead and put her hands on her hips and watched him start bobbing and slurping on her latex cock, she watched him deep throat it for some time until

his fist was pumping so fast on his own dick that she knew he was ready to explode.

Tammy knew he'd go ahead and shoot his load one more time and not say anything, not lick it up and certainly not drink it. The times she'd fetched a glass he'd scoffed at the idea of drinking it moments after he came. Always the same routine; he'd cum into the cup then absolutely refused to drink it and tell her, after cumming, that he'd not ask to be forced to drink it again.

"Don't you ever put me in a position to force you to do something," Tammy warned, "Unless you are prepared to be forced. Literally."

Apparently, Ron didn't listen. Again.

**

Months later Tammy had planned the trap. Ron, of course, had no idea. They'd been having plenty of sex, and plenty of domination sex, complete with him tied up and blindfolded, often in various positions. Sometimes he'd cum on her tits or in her mouth, sometimes he'd cum inside her. Sometimes he'd be blindfolded and had no idea where he was cumming, but would pass out shortly after and much later, after the blindfold was off, he'd not question it, or even think about it.

He had no idea Tammy was actually catching the cum, one glass at a time, then sauntering off into the kitchen to carefully store it as he remained there, half asleep in submissive bliss, content to have promised once again he'd be "her perfect cum drinker" then not touching a drop. Not on his lips, not licking it from her skin, not even letting a drop touch his tongue.

Glass after glass Tammy saved. She had them combined and stored in a large tumbler at the very back of the freezer. Once she got started, she was consumed with the idea. Originally she was only

going to save two cum loads, just in case one got tossed or spilled in the "fight" she predicted.

But something came over her that made her want to really prove her point.

Not only was she going to make him drink his own cum, for real, she was going to make him guzzle it. Ounces and ounces of it. Maybe even a full gallon. She wanted to make such a huge impression on him that he'd never deny her again. Ron would never again think that he could make submissive promises then back down, simply because his little dick was soft and the idea was no longer "hot" to him.

Ron, she mused, would learn that submission was about what was "hot" to Tammy; and what was hot to Tammy was Ron being forced to guzzle loads of his own cum, glass after glass, until he could not believe there was more coming.

Tammy didn't care if it would take months to plan. She just kept at it, and every time she poured more of Ron's captured cum into her special container, she felt the warmth in her panties and the aching between her legs.

This is what domination felt like, Tammy smiled. She wasn't just acting it out. She wasn't just playing make believe to get her boyfriend off. She was doing something for her; she was going to make him keep his word.

No more empty promises from Ron. Tammy was born.

**

It was a late night in February that it all came together. Tammy wanted it to be a memorable night for Ron, so she planned accordingly.

First, she was careful not to allow him to cum for several days. Ron-the-chronic-masturbator was mighty cranky during this time, because she playfully forbid him from even touching himself, promising him that the wait would be worth it.

Tammy called her best friend Lily for this night. Lily was a good friend of Ron's also, and Ron thought she was incredibly sexy. Ron had the biggest crush on Lily and everyone knew it, but Tammy knew that nothing would ever happen between them. Ron, even though he was a bit of a pain in the ass in bed, was incredibly pussy whipped and devoted to Tammy.

Using Lily as an added ploy was devious to the core. Tammy chose this not to turn Ron on more, as one would assume (being with two beautiful women, after all, was every man's fantasy), but to humiliate him even more. Ron never wanted Tammy to even joke about his cum drinking fantasies, especially in front of another woman.

That's why Tammy's final plan was so devious. Ron thought he was going to not only have a great night of domination and sex, but when Lily showed up dressed conservatively after work (this was one of Ron's "favorite" looks) but hinted she was there to "help train the boy," he was sure his fantasies were about to come true.

Tammy had done a fine job strapping Ron down on the small bondage table they had used as a portable play toy. He strained against the bonds just enough to arouse Tammy even more; she was so thrilled knowing that he was going to face the ultimate act. She was pacing herself, because the idea had been such a turn on in her mind. To say that it had been brewing for months was an understatement.

The gorgeous Lily, still moving slyly in her business suit, paced around the table and made candid observations about Ron and his

body, pointing to the erection in his briefs and asking Tammy what on earth she'd been putting in the water.

Tammy laughed and said something about what Ron REALLY liked to drink, but he shot her a look of embarrassment and shook his head a little, giving her a warning stare. Indeed, the thought of his gorgeous neighbor knowing his most humiliating fantasy was too much to take, no matter how much of a turn on it was.

Tammy excused herself and left for the kitchen. Lily, meanwhile, went into her purse and started to remove something. Ron was transfixed. He couldn't believe what he was seeing or witnessing, and almost wished he were gagged because at least then he'd have an excuse for being so dumbfounded and silent.

To his surprise and arousal, Lily was removing a simple pair of latex gloves. What for – he wondered – but the idea and sight of it was enough to push him even closer to the edge. His hips were bucking uncontrollably, his body shifting against the leather straps. He felt as though the slightest touch would make him explode!

He heard the beeping of the microwave in the next room. The microwave of all things! What was Tammy doing – he wondered – making microwave popcorn to watch? Maybe heating up wax – no, no he thought, Tammy knew he wasn't into pain. Maybe she was making tea – tea for her guest? Ron was confused but his mind was so muddied already, his thoughts quickly shifted to more pressing matters. Namely, the state of his erection.

Lily leaned over his bound frame, the gloves now on after a distinct "snap" of the fingers, and he was intoxicated with the scent of her perfume, the crisp freshness of her breath and the faint odor of powdered latex. "When Tammy called me to come witness this, I couldn't say no."

Ron had no idea what she was talking about. It didn't matter; he felt like if she leaned any closer, if her breasts, even through that suit,

touched his skin, he might explode right there.

Tammy entered the room and he only saw a glimpse of her. She was carrying a glass measuring cup and it appeared to be full of milk. Between that and the microwave sound, he wondered if she was making cookies or something – nothing made sense at all. But he ignored it, because he was in the middle of the greatest fantasy of all, and he didn't want to miss a thing.

Tammy's words were sharp and harsh, and startled him right out of his stupor. "Lily wants to know just how much of a cum drinker you are."

The words – cum drinker – made him red with humiliation but also made his cock twitch with excitement. He couldn't help it. And Lily's laugh didn't help – when she laughed, his cock bobbed and twitched more. Hearing them talk about it, then, started to make him crazy with humiliation and desire.

"He wants to drink his own cum?" Lily asked. "Does he suck cock too?"

"Oh, he wants to drink a load of cum, but the chickenshit always backs out!" Tammy laughed. Now, Tammy was right next to him, and when he turned, he could see the measuring cup. Suddenly, he realized what he thought was impossible.

"What is that!?" he gasped.

Tammy took her pinky and dipped it in the creamy white fluid, the held it up in front of his face. "This, my slave, is cum. It's your cum. Probably from about – oh, March of this year. Hard to tell which load is which. They were kind of separate, and then I thawed them out, and stirred it up real good."

Ron's heart was pounding. His throat closed up. He tried to speak but couldn't – he could just hear Lily giggling, and then saying,

“eww, that’s kind gross. Look, it’s still lumpy in some areas….how weird.”

“No,” Ron finally said, “You can’t – Tammy, come on…”

It was too late. Tammy was already jerking him off. She was slowly stroking his cock, so perfectly. His hips were pumping, he was on the edge. He needed to cum so bad. “I will not let you cum,” she said. “Until you drink this entire load!”

Ron groaned. It was unthinkable! But his cock throbbed more and oozed more precum.

“I’m not letting you cum – you can stay here all night with us teasing your dick. It’s going to be a long night.”

Lily had to step in and add her two cents. “I also brought something —a little something – I found on the Internet. It’s a gag, with a hole, and a funnel. I don’t plan to be here all night, you know. So, Tammy, that’s always an option…”

Ron looked up, gasping, his face covered in sweat already. Right under his nose was a measuring cup full of warm cum. The scent of it, musky and old, filled his nostrils. He almost started to gag. He turned his head.

Tammy smiled and leaned over, whispering into his ear. “It’s not your fantasy anymore, Ron. It’s mine.”

Lily started to scoop up a latex-finger-full of the creamy white cum, bringing it to his lips. Ron gasped, helpless, as she let it drip on his bottom lip and then his tongue. He was so turned on by Tammy’s stroking that he couldn’t do anything. She threatened to stop, to leave him there, so he just shut his eyes for a moment and let the cum fall in drops on his tongue. At least he couldn’t taste it, and he hoped to swallow it in one quick movement.

Then he felt the unthinkable. A pair of fingers plugged his nose, and he was put into a headlock. The sound of female giggles filled his ears and he struggled desperately but the bonds were too tight. His mouth opened with a gasp when he ran out of air, and then his mouth was flooding with the warm, thick fluid.

A latex-gloved hand clamped over his mouth, and he was dizzy as the fluid choked down through his lungs, some coughed up through his nose.

All he could hear was Tammy's voice whispering, contently, "Well, aren't YOU a cum drinker…."

When his eyes opened and his vision cleared, lashes still wet from the tears that came with gagging, he saw the measuring cup. It was still three quarters full.

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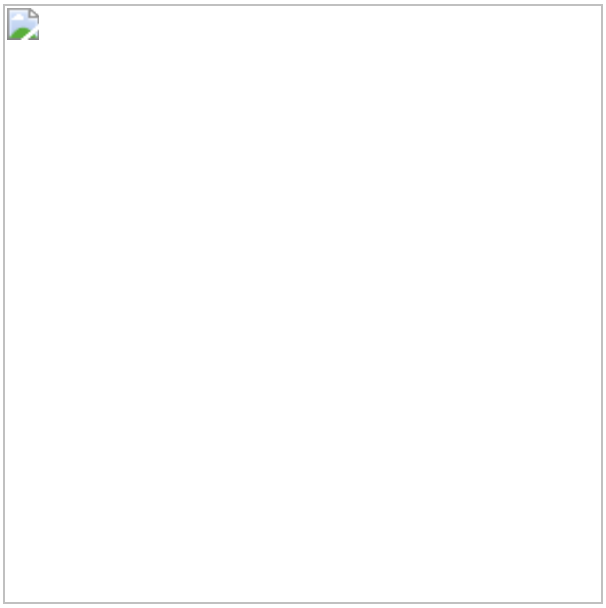
Dual Lust

It was easy to pick Cole as my dual-fuck victim. He had the perfect look about him – the longish hair I adored, the fine, tight ass. Cole was tall and handsome, and he was still just a novice in so many ways. Whenever I dominated Cole, he maintained a certain demeanor about him that made me want to take him farther.

But it was really all about me. My new friend, Angela, had been asking me for advice about how to use a strap-on. Her boyfriend had bought it for her, a clumsy piece of crap, and she brought it to me for help.



"What the hell am I supposed to do with this?" she groaned. I would have to agree with her; if I were not into strap on play myself, I would have been equally turned off. What she needed was a nice piece of equipment, and a suitable guinea pig.

I knew that Cole would be perfect.

**

Cole arrived on time in a button down shirt and nice fitting jeans. Angela looked stunning in a tight black dress, a traditional knockout blonde with large breasts. I could tell Cole was a bit speechless. I had told him we were going to be "sharing" him but I did not tell him of the details. Being the novice that he was, I assumed he thought it would be some light bondage play and maybe I'd make him suck my strap on.

Little did he know that there was so much more in store for him. Just seeing him there, shyly taking the soda I offered him, I was already getting wet with anticipation. There is nothing hotter than fucking a man with a girlfriend of mine, having him on all fours while we pound simultaneously into his mouth and asshole. I was so looking forward to showing Angela just how hot strap on play could be with the right man, and Cole was the right man.

I wasted no time. "Angela, let's go change," I said. "Cole, find your way to the spare bedroom, and take off all of your clothes. Your leather collar is on the bondage table. Put that on, as well as the wrist and ankle cuffs. Leave them unfastened for now."

Cole nodded quietly, excusing himself from the room. I watched Angela take him in as he went by; she was checking out his ass.

"Handsome, isn't he?" I nudged her.

"Mmm-hmm," she agreed, folding her arms and watching him until he disappeared into the next room,

**

I had Angela change into an outfit I had selected for her, complete with matching elbow high gloves like the ones I wore when I

dominated Cole. He had a huge fetish for the gloves, especially with the boots, and I knew he would need to be completely aroused to be able to endure the complete humiliation we were about to put him through.

I helped Angela into her strap on harness, a much high quality one that I had picked out for her. I had a nice pink dildo ready for her to use, and she held it curiously for a moment as we were getting dressed. "So, I am going to fuck him with this, this dildo, right into his asshole?"

"Yes," I said. The way she asked that question made me wet. I was actually getting turned on just thinking about it, turned on while I laced up my thigh high boots. My own strap on harness was beside me, a huge red cock ready for use. This was a custom design, fitted right into my skin tight body suit, so accurately sewn that the base pressed perfectly against my crotch. I had a small vibrating egg installed at the base of the dildo, so that I could add additional pleasure should I require it. It was by far one of my most exciting inventions. Orgasms were never a problem while wearing it; in fact, I often didn't even have to use the vibrator. Just thrusting my large red cock into a tight ass was enough, providing I was using long, deliberate strokes with the proper pressure right against my crotch.

Once I had my strap on tightly in place I stood behind Angela as she faced the mirror. Reaching around, I helped her buckled the leather harness, angling the pink dildo just right. She looked at herself in the mirror, at her crotch, then up at her cleavage, adjusting herself. "Your dick is poking my butt," she pointed out.

I laughed. Indeed, my latex cock was bobbing in front of me, apparently with a mind of its own, not so unlike the real cock of a man. "Sorry about that. It stands at attention quite readily."

I took Angela's hand and let it around, wrapping her fingers around the pink dildo. "See how that feels? Nice, isn't it?"

“Makes me just want to wave it around,” she laughed, wriggling her hips. “So he’ll get turned on just seeing this thing?”

“Oh yeah,” I told her. “He’ll nearly die with arousal.”

With that, I took her by the arm to lead her into the next room. I was pretty turned on, and didn’t want to wait any longer.

**

Cole was standing next to the bondage bench, naked except for the leather collar around his neck and leather buckling straps around his wrists, ankles and thighs. They were fantastically adjustable, meaning I could lock him down anywhere in my playroom – onto the bondage table, to my bondage chair, or hanging from the ceiling. He was “bondage-ready” as I liked to call it.

And did he ever look hot. His hair was disheveled a little, his blue eyes were sparkling. He looked a little scared, nervous. When he saw that we were both wearing strap ons, his own dick immediately got hard.

“Don’t get so excited just yet, slut,” I said to him, stroking my cock tauntingly with my gloved hand. “I’m going to show Angela just how it’s done. So you behave yourself, and stretch out over the table,” I ordered.

“Face DOWN.”

Cole obliged, moving slowly a bit, slightly trembling. I could sense his fear, his nervousness, and it just turned me on more. He was so hot, and so willing to do anything, he was growing into the perfect slave and I had only known him three months. I’d fucked his ass many times, and his mouth many times, but he had never submitted to two women at once, and certainly not a dual fucking.

I took my time locking Cole down on the bondage table. I locked his wrists above his head and then spread his legs, letting my gloved fingers trail down his bare back first. I opened his thighs with my knee, and then leaned down and locked his ankles to the legs of the table. I told him that he had better keep his legs wide open, or I'd add a spreader bar between this thighs, which he recalled was terribly uncomfortable.

He nodded agreeably, looking over his head at Angela, who was watching him and idly playing with her pink dildo, sliding her gloved hand up and down it. When she caught him looking, she smiled, and said "You like it when I stroke my dick?"

A natural, I thought!

Cole responded nervously. "I…I don't know what to say. Yeah…yeah I do."

I took Cole's chin in my hands and made him turn to face me, his face inches from my crotch, my red latex cock resting against his cheek. I used my other hand to toss a small plastic bottle of lubricant to Angela. "Lube up your cock, and then his ass. Take your time."

Cole wanted to turn and look, but I wouldn't let him. I held his face there so he could do nothing but look at me, because I wanted to see the expressions on his face change as Angela slid the cool, slick lubricant up and down his ass crack, as she pushed a finger into his asshole and commented, "Hmm…tight."

I watched him wince, listened to him gasp. "You're making me very, very wet…" I encouraged him. He was sweating already. He was amazing the way he reacted; I was ready to rape his mouth right there, but I knew I had to wait until Angela was ready.

Plus, I wanted to see the look on his face when her huge pink cock entered his tight ass for the first time.

Angela took her time, and I had no intentions of rushing her. She teased Cole's ass cheeks with the pink cock, slapping it into his right and left alternatively. She pushed just the head into his ass, using her hands to spread his cheeks for a better view.

Cole groaned. I shoved a few gloved fingers into his mouth and ordered him to suck. I loved it when Cole sucked on my fingers, and he could easily take a mouthful of my gloved ones, alternating between sucking and licking them.

"It's so tight," Angela said, grunting a little.

"Spread his cheeks," I told her. "And just push the head of your dick through..he'll loosen up, won't you Cole?"

He moaned and whimpered slightly, and Angela let out a soft grunt and then cooed when the dildo found its way into his asshole. She slid her hips closer to his ass, watching with a bit of awe as the shaft disappeared between his cheeks.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" I asked her. She was already a bit in her own world, sliding slowly in and out to get the rhythm, to find her own pace. Indeed, she was a natural at it, and was already pumping in a way to stimulate her own crotch, holding his hips with her gloved hands. She was keeping him in perfect position, even pulling back on his ass to make him meet her thrusts.

That was all it took for me. At once, I wanted all eight inches of my cock in Cole's mouth. I pulled my fingers from his lips and moved my hips closer, telling him to open wide.

Cole obliged, his whole body jerking forward with each of Angela's thrusts, his breath coming in short gasps. He opened his mouth and I used a hand to guide the head of my red cock into his mouth, holding his face with the other hand.

He looked up at me desperately, his eyes watering. There he was, with my cock now fully in his mouth, his entire body shaking with the pumping of Angela's hips. I held him by the head and maneuvered all eight inches of my cock into his mouth, gagging him slightly. I knew he could accommodate the entire thing, I had seen that many times. He was simply distracted by the penetration he was receiving on the other end, and the moans of pleasure coming from Angela.

Every time Angela gave Cole a deep thrust, he'd be pushed forward onto my cock and gag on it more, trying desperately to press his hands into the table for leverage. Nothing worked; Angela was strong, and she was getting into it more and more.

"You never thought you'd see this, did you, slut?" I asked Cole, making him look up at me as I pushed my latex cock deeper and deeper down his throat. His mouth was watering, the cock was making a distinct popping sound each time I pulled it from his lips. He slurped, licking up his own drool from the head of the dildo, then opened wider to accommodate even more of it.

Cole knew from experience that the closer I got to orgasm, the more he would be able to smell my pussy with each thrust into his mouth. Sometimes he could even see me getting wet right through my panties, all around the area where the base of the cock pressed against my crotch.

I was close to cumming, indeed. And Angela was sweating gloriously, holding him by the hips and pumping wildly. She was on the edge, too, I could tell.

"Angela," I said, "Come over here. Let him get you off," I said breathlessly. "He's lubed up this big dick with his mouth and I want it in his ass."

Angela nodded, backing out of his ass and saying breathlessly to me, "That's pretty hot,"

I smiled, and noticed she was looking at the glistening red cock I was wearing. Indeed, he had made it dripping wet from the head to the base from all his eager sucking, and lubrication was not even needed.

Angela unbuckled the leather harness of her strap on and stepped out of it, and without hesitation or shyness hiked up her lingerie and pulled down her panties, stepping out of them. I knew Cole was in for an unexpected treat.

I immediately got behind him and pushed my cock into his ready asshole. It was still a little tight, but I managed to slide the length of it in without much resistance, and immediately picked up my familiar rhythm. I was already on the edge, and eager to watch Angela get some fine tongue servicing from my prized slave.

Angela walked around and took Cole by the face. He was sweating, and breathing hard, but still was gorgeous. I knew she was taking in the features of his weary face, and she was smiling. "You have a good tongue, do you?"

"Yes!" I said for him, giving him my vote of approval as I fucked his ass, enjoying the pressure against my crotch, watching his ass cheeks jiggle with each thrust.

Smiling, Angela slowly turned around, eased up her lingerie and bent over. She reached around with her gloved hands and pulled apart her ass cheeks, pressing her butt right into Cole's face. What a surprise, I thought!

Cole went straight to work, knowing what needed to be done. Angela had to brace herself against the wall to keep her ass pressed tightly against my slave's face, because my thrusts were pushing him forward hard. He was licking her ass, indeed, and doing it with deliberate passion. Angela was moaning, and I could tell she had never been serviced that way before, at least not by someone with the talent he had.

“Keep licking her ass, slut!” I ordered Cole as I pumped his hole, not letting up at all. I fucked him harder, until I was unable to continue without cumming. Just watching him lick Angela’s ass was divine; I especially loved how she sometimes didn’t even let him breathe, backing up onto his face to completely cover him with her ass cheeks.

I don’t know who came first. I did with quite a frenzy, closing my eyes tightly and hearing nothing but Cole’s muffled groans and Angela’s purring encouragement. I know she came as well, because her moans were louder than mine.

When we were finished, we took a moment to sit back, both breathing hard, and look at the exhausted one still sprawled across the table, his skin damp and flushed. He was ready to pass out, apparently.

I smiled at Angela, and had to ask her. “What did you think?”

Angela laughed a little, took Cole by the chin and lifted his face to look at him. “I’d say he’s a keeper.”

Of course, I had asked her about the strap on; but, her answer said it all.

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Milking Matthew

My fascination with the milking device started when I was much younger.

Perhaps it had something to do with the almost sci-fi, devious aura about it. A device, so simple, yet so cruel. One that would strip a man of all of his pride systematically while I watched. A sure-fire way to make him squirm; and even as a young girl I loved the images in my mind of a man struggling helplessly against tight bond.

It used to be just a fantasy. Until I was about 19 years old, suffering from insomnia during finals. By then, I had many evil devices, but not the machine. I had been watching late-night television, my eyes burning, trying to take a break before returning to my textbooks.

There it was. In front of my eyes. A machine, milking a man, making him squirt his cum through a tube and into a tube. This was before I had a VCR. I could not rewind. At first, I thought I was dreaming.

The man, he was struggling. He was whimpering. But his mouth was duct-taped shut and his wrists were strapped down. He shut his eyes extra tight just before they showed the cum dripping through the tube. They were showing this on television!

milking fetish

I thought I must be hallucinating. I watched until the credits.

The movie was called, “A Boy and his Dog.”

After finals, I rented it from the local video store.

Indeed, it was a man strapped down and milked with a machine; only his cum was being saved to fertilize women.

No, that was not what I had in mind. Not at all.

Just as I had been telling myself in my poor-starving-college-student days – "someday, I will have such a machine. But it will be even more evil."

Just as I told myself I would have a strap on. And a straitjacket. And one day, own a man, on a collar, and leash him. All of these things, I said to myself, would come in time.

And he – whoever I chose, would suffer in the most delightful way for me. By being milked while I watched.

And forced to drink his own cum. While his eyes pleaded me for mercy.

Pathetically.

**

That night, like many others, I masturbated myself to sleep. That's what I had to do during finals, because I got so keyed up from studying. I was a great student; my grades were excellent. And always, like clockwork, after finals I would explode into a femdom rage of lust, need, desire, passion.

Predatory.

My college best friend at the time was named Anna. Anna was also a bit on the femdom side, but not so much as me. She used to go along for the ride and knew that after finals was my prime time for seducing unsuspecting college boys.

That day, as we walked the campus after selling our books back and sighing in relief at the end of the semester, I told her of my fantasy.

"Anna," I said, smiling a little, brushing back my long, thick, dark brown hair. "Have you ever thought of milking a cow?"

Anna laughed. She was blonde, thin, and built like a gymnast (whereas I was built like a porn star). Her hair was tied back in a ponytail – wispy bangs – I can still picture them. "Akasha," she said. "You mean, milk, like a cow?"

"No," I said. Before I could explain, she cut me off.

"Oh, you mean hand job," she nodded.

"No, I mean with a machine. A pump on his dick, one he can't get away from. And it sucks him off, first slow, then faster and harder. And there's nothing he can do about it. It just pumps him on and on, and you could control it completely. When he cums, he cums into a tube, and then it's …I don't know. "

"Sent to a sperm bank?" she snickered, looking at me, now with obvious interest. We were nearing an area where some college boys were having lunch. They were checking us out. We were both wearing short skirts and my top was quite tight, showing off my breasts.

"No," I continued. "He has to drink it."

Anna seemed to like that idea. She stopped walking and turned to me, now, beaming. No, glowing. In fact, I could see her nipples get hard through her blouse. Apparently, the nearby college boys could as well, the three of them were whispering, and chuckling.

Anna took it from there. "You could put it in a glass and make him drink it."

I shook my head. “Even worse. I want it fed right into his mouth.”

We stood there, sort of staring at each other, mesmerized with the idea. Both very turned on.

A whistle caught our attention. Young, arrogant, cocky college boys. Probably seniors. They were flirting with us. Pretentious.

I looked at Anna. She knew what I was thinking.

They were lunch. Our lunch.

**

This was one of many adventures Anna and I had together. We picked one of them and invited him up to her college flat that her rich dad rented. He was so turned on, thinking he was going to have a threesome, his erection was nearly popping out of his jeans.

His name was Brad. He was a jock – about 6’2 and broad shouldered. He thought he was all the shit. I admit, he was handsome. But all I wanted to do was use him and humiliate him; get all that passion out of my system and sleep off finals, and finally feel content.

It took very little seduction to get Brad stripped down to his briefs and handcuffed to Anna’s bed on his back. His briefs had a tent in them, with a nice round wet spot where pre-cum was already soaking in. He was moaning and licking his lips and lifting his hips and saying all the disgusting, predictable things college guys say.

“Come on ladies…come on. Show me your tits. Show me something. Come on, don’t be shy. Don’t be shy.”

As if we needed coaxing!

I crouched down to his crotch and investigated the wet spot on his briefs, then used a red fingernail to draw circles around it. "Bradley dear….you have ruined a very nice pair of briefs…"

He laughed as Anna got up to get something. "That's ok baby, plenty more where those came from. Take 'em off. Don't be shy. Come on baby, you make me so hot!"

"DT," I told Anna. That was code for duct tape. It was also code for "This guy is such a prick he needs to shut up."

Anna returned with a roll of duct tape and a pair of pink frilly panties. I peeled down Brad's briefs and he was so enthralled with that, struggling to lift his hips to get as close as he could to my mouth, probably to even just catch a bit of my hot breath.

In fact, he didn't even see the duct tape as Anna placed it over his mouth. But he let out a muffled protest and rattled the handcuffs. Anna shushed him by placing a finger over his lips, then straddled his chest facing him, her back to me.

Brad couldn't see, but I was pulling off his briefs and replacing them with the pink panties. Anna was unbuttoning her blouse and playing with her breasts in front of him, showing him an occasional nipple.

"You're wearing panties!" I told him, rubbing his erection through the pink frilly material. The tip of his cock was sticking out and it was bouncing up and down with excitement. "And it's turning you on!"

He just moaned, and Anna exclaimed, "Oh, let me see this!" then turned around so her ass was in his face, leaned down slowly, and as she investigated she casually pushed her ass, in thong black panties, right down over his nose, leaving him practically unable to breathe.

Now, he was struggling. I don't know if he was struggling from embarrassment or from arousal, or if it was because he could not breathe. Anna and I smiled at each other, and shared a deep kiss that he could not even see. I reached up and put my hand in her hair and whispered as we broke the kiss, "One day we will milk a man."

She smiled, her eyes half closed. "One day, yes, we will."

**

It was a decade later when I got the machine. I had not seen Anna since we graduated college, but we had kept in touch by mail and eventually email. She was a doctor in Seattle, and I was now an ad executive in Los Angeles. And both of us had plenty of money.

By then, I had dominated many men. My tactics became more subtle, more loving, but I still did have that sadistic streak that was relentless when it came through. I had my share of forced feminization and humiliation games with men – dressing them up in complete outfits including nails and make up and making them walk down Hollywood Blvd., or using my own mini-dungeon to enjoy two hours of cock and ball torture, flogging and candle wax.

Of course, my favorite was teasing, denial and making men drink their own cum. Indeed, it had become a favorite. I made some sluts drink it from glasses, others had to eat it off food. Some I made cum on their own face while I fucked them in the ass with their legs in the air so I could look down with a smile.

Some I made lick it out of my pussy after watching another, more endowed man fuck me, us both laughing at the slave as he was hogtied there in a black teddy and black stiletto heels with my wet panties stuffed in his mouth.

But nothing would compare to the machine.

When Anna came through the door of my back dungeon, the hidden area of my house, her audible gasp was enough to make me cream my panties.

She regarded the gorgeous, custom-built device with awe.

It was a large table that could be elevated so that it was up at an angle, and the straps that hung off of it were of the thickest fine leather that could be bought. They were reinforced with steel bolting, so no amount of struggling would break them. The level of restraint was what I had asked for; no limb should be free, in case I desire that.

The best part, though, was the mouth piece. It was also part of a leather strap that would not only hold the victim's mouth open, but hold his head down so he could not turn it, or lift it. The "O" type gag seemed harmless enough on its own – but the nearby attachment, the tube, which screwed on tight, was the best part.

The tube, which was slightly flexible but firm (and clear, as I had requested, so I could see every last drop of cum) led straight up to the area where the victim's cock and balls would be secured.

Tight bands around his cock would prevent him from dare attempting to shift his hips and disrupt the process, and his cock would be secured both at the base and near the head of his helpless member. A large, clear bulb would snap securely into place at the tip of the cock, ready to catch every last bit of cum as it filled up.

"But how does it all flow down?" she asked, always being the medical type, peering at the equipment carefully.

"The air sucks it through, there's a small attachment on the side," I told her, "And it creates an airtight…very tight…suction around the tip of his cock that can be adjusted in pressure…almost to create -"

” – a sucking sensation!” she finished the sentence for me, beaming. Now, I could see her nipples were hard also.

“I had it custom made,” I said proudly. “It took months of planning.”

“Have you tested it?” she asked excitedly. I knew her next question would be if I did, did I take videos to show her.

“Not yet,” I confessed with a sigh, looking with admiration at my work of art, running a hand over it, my long red nails contrasting the dark color of the cushioned platform.

“We need to find someone right away,” Anna said with excitement, “Because I can’t stand just looking at it, I’m so turned on.”

This is where I was able to really surprise her. As if the machine was not enough. “I have someone.”

She turned to me, her eyes wide with interest.

“His name is Matthew.”

**

Matthew was a 38-year-old stockbroker I met at a work function. He was suave, quite handsome, and had been courting me for 3 weeks. We’d made love once and he was inadequate in bed (and disappointing in size), but he had great eyes, and I loved the way he breathed hard when I got him turned on.

He also had a sense of adventure about him. But, he was still disgustingly arrogant, and sometimes condescending toward women, and that’s why I knew he was the one. In fact, what sealed the deal was when he bragged about how much money he made. I made it a point to never gloat about my success, and I hated those that did.

I had asked Anna to bring a safe, but effective sleep aid that I could slip him over dinner, giving us just enough time to secure him to the milking machine. She had happily obliged.

All that was required was that she and I both put on our hottest outfits, and wait for the victim to arrive. We both chose something low cut and took a long time tending to our makeup and hair. Since college, Anna had adopted the same hair color as I did but kept it shorter; in fact, we looked like sisters.

And that's what I introduced her to Matthew as. My sister.

**

Matthew didn't suspect a thing. He arrived just in time, in a nice pair of dress slacks and button-down shirt. I introduced him to Anna and told him she was in town but on her way out for the evening. He was cordial as ever, and I could see the hunger in Anna's eyes already. It certainly matched mine.

We were both thinking of that machine in the next room. And what poor Matthew would do once he was helplessly secured to it, watching his own creamy white semen drip slowly down toward his open mouth.

Matthew and I had some small talk and Anna offered us both a glass of wine before she was to "finish getting ready and head out."

I said of course, and Matthew, as always, agreed in kind. She brought us the glasses then excused herself to the next room.

"She's cute," Matthew said, sipping his wine, always right on cue with the most inappropriate comments. Despite his casual ignorance, Matthew was a sight for sore eyes. He had the perfect body and the kind of thick, slightly curly brown hair I loved. And he had gorgeous blue eyes, with the ability to show any emotion with them. He could even smile with them, which I found endearing.

I found myself getting flushed. Flushed with excitement about what was going to happen that night. Finally, my night. I would milk a man and make him beg me for mercy. I had yet to see Matthew beg, and my panties filled with my own moistness just thinking about it. I rubbed my legs together unknowingly.

"Are you ok?" he asked, leaning over to put an arm around me. "You look a little pink. Are you hot?" he continued, leaning over and placing a soft kiss on my neck.

Indeed, I was. I lifted my head and gave him access to my cleavage, letting him place little kisses all around the tops of my breasts, thinking in my head this was probably all he was going to get.

Almost breathing hard, I said, in a whisper, "Finish your wine, I want to get out of here…let's go to your place."

Matthew stopped his affections, sat up and flashed a perfect smile, downed his wine glass, and said, "Your wish is my command."

**

Of course, he had no idea how much he really did mean those words until he woke up strapped to a table with two women grinning down at him.

Matthew was disoriented for a moment, turning his head from side to side (we had not fastened down his head yet, or placed the bulb on his cock; he was merely strapped down naked to the table, which was in a normal horizontal position).

Squinting at me, he said, "Akasha, what are you doing?"

I just smiled, fingering his hair.

His eyes focused on the figure behind me, which was Anna, collecting the rest of the gear for the milking machine. "Anna? What

are you doing here?”

It was then that he realized he could not move. He lifted his head to look at the straps, and then, realizing he was naked, blushed red because of his embarrassment. His cock, which had been erect, shriveled before our eyes.

We both got a giggle out of that.

He tested the bonds, and I think he felt certain he could get out of them. But there was not a chance – not a chance in hell. When I leaned over to fasten the next strap over his neck, I purposely pressed my breasts into his face and enjoyed the “Mmmmph” and hot breath struggle through my cleavage.

“Just behave yourself,” I told him, “And this won’t hurt too much.”

“MMmPH?” was all he could respond, until I stood upright again and he let out his breath. “What the hell are you doing? Akasha, this isn’t funny, is this some sort of joke!? Do you think this is funny!?”

“No, Matthew,” I said to him. “THAT,” I said, pointing to his flaccid member, “is funny.”

That got a giggle from Anna, who came around with the rest of the gear. “Ready to recline the prisoner, Miss Akasha,” she said formally.

Matthew eyed what she had in her hands – the tube, the bulb, the additional restraints and gag with the large “O” ring. “What the hell,” he said, “What are you going to do with that?”

I was too busy adjusting the controls, and the table began its slow recline backward, pushing poor Matthew lower, and lower, until his head was level with my crotch, his hair falling away from his face. He looked simply delicious.

This part, I had planned well. I wore tight-fitting leather pants that had a zipper up the crotch, and as Anna moved toward our victim's crotch, I lifted a leg over his head, lowered myself onto him, and made a tight suction over his lips with my crotch. A nice distraction, and something to harden him up enough for her to get the cock and ball straps tightly in place.

Of course, I was wearing silk panties, so despite how hard he tried to lick, and taste, all he could get is a tiny bit. I felt his tongue probing desperately, eagerly, but all I did was bounce lightly on his face and watch Anna with her handiwork.

His balls were soon bulging under the straps, then she took the base of his cock in her hand, squeezed a few times, and then began with the straps around there.

"He's getting harder," Anna informed me. I pressed down on his face more, leaning over a little so I had enough room to squeeze my thighs against his head too. He moaned, a nice muffled moan.

Once she had his cock and balls completely restrained, I dismounted and he took a breath. Honestly, I don't think he had any idea what was going on, and his hysteria had calmed down once he had a whiff of my aroma.

But then he saw the "O" gag, the tube, and he put it all together. His eyes widened. He said, "No, NO!" and tried in vain to lift his head, but the neck restraint held him firm.

Anna stepped over to help me hold his head still as he was thrashing what he could, and she plugged his nose to get him to open his mouth, which he had clenched shut, eyes now pleading with me.

"Poor baby," I said, stroking his hair as I held his head.

As soon as he gasped, Anna shoved the ring in place, and we both took each end of the strap and yanked down hard, making him yelp

through open mouth as best he could. He was still trying to say, "No, NO!" but it was just coming out as a whimper. His eyes were starting to water.

"Are you as turned on as I am?" I asked Anna, almost breathless myself.

"More," she said, already massaging her own hard nipples through her tight top.

Fastening the tube in place was interesting, because it took a few tries to get it secure. All the while, Matthew was doing his best to beg me with his eyes; those beautiful eyes. Once it was in place and Anna was running the tube up away from his head, I took a moment to finger his hair and smile down at him. "You're going to be fine. You might actually like it, Matthew!"

Now he tightened his eyes shut, his chest straining against the leather strap, his body jumping what it could when she screwed the bulb into place over his helpless cock.

"I know you will want to see this," I told him, reaching up and pulling down a mirror above his head. I positioned it so he had a full view of his cock, now turning a pretty red-purplish color.

He opened his eyes and watched helplessly as I reached down and started with the controls. Amazingly, his cock began to enlarge – more, and more. In fact, it was the largest I had ever seen it!

Meanwhile, Matthew was whimpering, sounding almost like it was just sheer torture more than pleasure. I was too busy watching his growing cock, turning more purple now, and Anna was leaning down to peer closer into the clear bulb that entrapped it.

We experimented with the controls and had his cock and balls so engorged that he squeezed tears out of the corner of his eyes, and

he started to sweat, his beautiful hair now beginning to stick together in clumps.

In his helpless state, he was the most beautiful I had ever seen him.

"The first drop," Anna hissed in awe, and I saw it too. Pre-cum. He was actually leaking into the bulb, and each little drop slowly inched up along the sides of the clear glass, closer and closer to the long tube that fed down to his open mouth.

When I turned to Matthew, this time, he was looking – he was watching in the mirror. As if he could not believe it unless he was seeing it. Then he left out a loud muffled whimper, or at least that's what it sounded like, and his cock started to tremble.

His fists were clenched tight, and he was trying to arch his hips. More pre-cum appeared, now in tiny spurts, and with a wail almost he shot his load.

What a magnificent sight. It filled the bulb almost completely and immediately made its way down the tubing toward his mouth, in a long, steady, fast stream – just as I had hoped. As it made it the last inch he watched with wide eyes then looked at me for help but it was too late.

Into his open, helpless mouth it went. He seemed to almost gag on it but had to swallow because more was coming – more and more – it was as if the machine was able to take every last bit of cum from him with ease.

Anna and I were both mesmerized by the act, and watched the last droplets fill his mouth, his eyes now shut tight again, his whimpering finally slowing. His cock was still purple in color, shaking in the bulb.

I tapped the tube to encourage the last few drops down, cooing at my victim. "There, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

All he could do is give me an open-mouth whimper, eyes closed, sweat pouring down his face.

“What do you think, Anna?” I smiled at her, proud.

Anna looked at me, flushed with arousal. “I think….we should do it again. Right now.”

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Gregory's List

It very well could have been the 77 days of consecutive chastity that pushed him over the edge. Or maybe it was just me.

Gregory was easy to manipulate at that point. In fact, he begged for it. He begged for such humiliation and degradation that the mere words made me wet. I made Gregory describe to me – again and again – just how far he would go for me. Sometimes I even made him write it down and read it back to me – a list, so to speak, of the things he'd do to earn just a little relief. I had scraps of paper everywhere – little mini contracts I called them – of the most disgusting and degrading things he promised to do.

Listening to him whimper and moan, sometimes smirking at him, other times teasing him with my fingers hidden underneath my satin panties, it became quite clear what must be done. I couldn't pull back at that point, I couldn't back out of the threats. I would lose all credibility as his sadist and his Mistress, and that was simply not an option. I had dozens of pieces of paper with all kinds of humiliating promises at my disposal.

And to be honest, I had never been so turned on. Touch, solid Gregory was before me, begging in the silkiest, sexiest pink lingerie, and corporate Gregory, the CEO, was going to go far beyond simply worshipping my strap-on dildo for hours.

The length, the width, the feel of my thick strap-on had to be second nature to him by that point. Gregory had been sucking it, worshipping it, every night for 74 days before I told him that he'd soon be sucking off the real thing.

Ejaculating dildos no longer terrified him; saved cum cascading over his own face did not degrade him enough to satisfy my growing

hunger. The ache in my belly was intense and unforgiving. It was his fault; after all, he put those images in my head in the first place.

Clearly, Gregory wanted it even more than I did.

Hearing Gregory describe to me – between sucking my dildo and worshipping my pussy –just how he would deep throat any real cock was mind-blowingly erotic. His words –how he stumbled over some of them, leading me to sometimes lean over and give his balls a squeeze. The words – they seemed to get caught in his throat, he had to shut his eyes (oh, how I loved to slap his face with my latex cock at those moments). He had to close his eyes as if not seeing would keep him from hearing the words he was speaking.

Illogical, I know. But he was certifiably insane at that point. 77 days of chastity will do that to a man.

**

It's true. Not being able to cum makes a man insane. A sort of cock-lusting, cum-whoring kind of insane.

There really is no other way to explain it. Around day thirty, a man becomes so weak and delirious that his imagination starts to play tricks with him. Curled up at the foot of my bed, when he didn't sleep in the cage, I could hear Gregory whimpering in his sleep like a puppy having bad dreams.

The nights that I made him sleep in full shackles, the constant rattling of the chains would disrupt my own sleep and I'd escort him into the basement, cage him for the night, and mutter something about coffee and tea being ready on time in the morning. His cage was unlocked by a timer, and the nights where I felt really cruel after being woken up, I'd force him to sleep in a large, latex dildo gag that fastened to his leather hood.

But I'm not that mean, really. He really was asking for it.

By day thirty, Gregory was trying all kinds of offers and ploys to get me to reconsider our target timeframe of him not cumming for 100 days. He was trying to come up with scenarios that he knew, himself, would push him to the limits of his own masculinity and challenge the far corners of his ego.

Confident, cocky Gregory was a mere facade he played during the day at the office. He'd return home, strip out of his corporate clothes and down into his pink lingerie, and I'd laugh at him as he sucked and worshipped my toes while I talked to my girlfriends on the phone.

I'd tell my giggling girlfriends just how delirious he was getting, sometimes making him kneel between my wide-open thighs and start the deep, methodical bobs up and down the length of my cock, slurping loud enough that my girlfriend could hear on the line and squeal, "That's so disgusting! I can't believe you're making him do that!"

I laughed and said, "Oh this is nothing. I'm getting him geared up and trained to suck a real cock!"

That got silence from my girlfriend and a deep, guttural moan from my Gregory, who was bobbing up and down so fast and furious on my cock that the rhythmic pulsing against the base of the strap on against my crotch was starting to get me hot. Well, hotter than just watching him suck dick.

It was too good to pass up, though, so I continued describing to my girlfriend on the phone what plan I had set in motion. "I put an ad on Craig's List. Pull it up right now. It says – sissy bitch ready to suck dicks all night."

I'm sure Gregory heard my girlfriend gasp as she read it – parts of it out loud – and then ask me, in shock, how many responses I had to the ad.

“Most guys just send me pictures of their huge, hard cocks,” I told her. As if on cue, Gregory moaned and gagged on my latex strap-on. I gave his face a light slap and pointed a finger, indicating that it was time for him to turn around, pull down his panties, and lift his ass obediently to me.

Holding the phone between my ear and shoulder, talking to my girlfriend, I squirted lube down his ass crack and began to rub it in place. I did this all so casually, so coolly, you’d think I was just rubbing lotion into my feet after a day at the beach. Surely, my girlfriend heard the distinct squirt from the tube of lube, but she said nothing. She just re-read the advertisement out loud.

“I’m going to meet a few of them at a bar tomorrow night, check them out, make sure they are the real thing. If they are hot, I might just fuck them. After all, since Gregory has been locked up for so long, I haven’t had a real cock in me in ages!”

“I don’t know how you stand it!” my girlfriend Julie exclaimed.

My latex cock popped through Gregory’s tight ass with little more than a defeated whimper from him in the background.

“I know,” I agreed. “I’ve had enough of it. It’s about time I got fucked by a real man anyway, and Gregory is so desperate and horny, I bet he’d beg to lick my pussy clean when the guy’s done fucking me!”

“That’s gross,” she replied.

I could see the cock cage filling up with precum if I leaned over just right and caught a glimpse in the mirror as I fucked Gregory’s tight “pussy.” I couldn’t help but stop and give his tight ass cheeks a few swats, listening to him grunt and moan as I penetrated him again and again, deeper each time, until my cock was sliding in and out of him with a cool, fluid motion.

Sure enough, with eyes closed and the vivid scenarios rolling through my head, imagining what would soon be happening as a result of the ad, it was not difficult for me to reach climax. Just the pressure of the base of the strap on against my crotch and his desperate, sweetly pathetic whimpers put me over the edge.

After I came, I made him roll over so I could sit on his face. I made him use his tongue to worship my pussy as I started dialing the numbers from the printed page I pulled off my computer. Sixteen men out of the 75 that emailed me. Surely, I'd find a few cocks for him to suck.

**

The details are not important, and to be honest, they are quite boring compared to the actual night of dick sucking itself. Because I can assure you, it takes a great deal of planning to get nine guys lined up (yes, nine) for a free blow job and possible a ride in the sack with a woman who is incredibly hot.

After all, I needed to find guys that were both sane and attractive. And they had to have a huge dick. That was the first thing I needed proof of because some guys were sending pictures of cocks that were clearly not their own!

I can't remember all their names. I just remember their dicks. Mostly I remember Gregory's dick – the tiny, shriveled, crying (if a dick could cry) cock trapped in the plastic cage, withering and wasting away as it endured the ultimate humiliation.

Gregory didn't believe it at first, I don't think. The hotel room, the elaborate set up, I am sure he thought it was all a huge mindfuck. I had him kneeling in his sexiest lingerie, looking like a prissy little tart, and I was humiliating him as I fucked his mouth leisurely with my largest, thickest latex strap-on cock.

"Little bitch likes it!" I laughed, cradling his face in my hands as I often did, holding him steady as my entire shaft slid in and out of his wide-open mouth. His jaw was loosening up, his eyes were watering and he was adjusting so that he could accommodate the entire cock with ease. The weeks of practice certainly had paid off.

Gregory had no idea that the men were starting to filter into the main room of the hotel suite. He was so intensely focused on sucking my strap on that I think he probably didn't even hear some of the voices nearby. Gregory did just what a good little whore should; he sucked my cock with eager desperation because he knew it made me smile.

When I added the blindfold he didn't make a fuss. Blindfolds were common for me – I was much more likely to blindfold him when I wanted to focus squarely on the task at hand – in this case, violating his mouth – without the distraction of his pleading, desperate eyes.

The blindfold served another purpose, though. And this was the most turned on I had ever been while applying a cover to his eyes because I knew the reasoning behind it. Surely, deep down, Gregory must have had some clue what I had in store for him.

I made sure he was thoroughly focused on the task of sucking my cock, I coolly gave him seductive commands as my "new boyfriend" Phil entered the room at my gesture. I told Gregory to open wide, to deep throat, to lick and worship my balls. This string of commands made Phil's already hard cock start to nearly pulse before my eyes, and I marveled at the size and perfect shape of his magnificent cock.

(I have to admit, when I saw Phil's cock, the first thing that came to mind was how good it would feel deep inside of me. After so many days of not fucking Gregory, having a real cock inside of me was all I wanted, too. And let's face it – Phil's cock was much better built than Gregory's meager dick.)

I took my time, though. Standing half-clothed, my hands on my head, tossing my hair a bit, fucking the mouth of my blindfolded whore, I have to admit I felt a little bit like a sexy porn star. Fucking his head while I held his face in my hands and made him gag a little at a time, I felt quite sexy and empowered, and seeing the naked, well-built man waiting his turn just added to my excitement.

Phil knew the rules. He said nothing. He waited his turn. He just stood there, and I looked at his monster cock, which was, ironically, about the same size as my strap-on cock. But clearly, it would feel much, much different when it filled Gregory's mouth. My whore would soon be sucking off the real thing – sucking a man's dick while I watched with delight – and he had no idea it was about to happen.

Yet, he had begged for it! He had begged for it as early as that morning when I teased and denied him, sat on his face, made him lick and worship my asshole because that's all he'd get from me that day. He begged to suck any dick, as many dicks as I lined up, and I told him I just might have to take him up on it. He had written it down in great detail and presented the piece of paper between his lips.

And there was Phil – Phil with the huge, perfect cock – smirking at me. The way Phil looked at me, kind of checking me out, obviously getting off on the way I thrust my hips with vigor toward Gregory's face, reminded me of being checked out in college by the hottest guy on campus. Phil's dick clearly gave him all the confidence in the world, and I decided right there I was going to take him to stage two that night. Phil would be fucking me – hard, fast, deliberately – while Gregory just watched – sad, helpless and pathetic.

My pussy ached.

Wanting to move the production along so I could get as quickly as possible to the grand finale, I stepped back and let Gregory catch his

breath, his lips stretched and swollen after sucking my latex dick for a good solid 45 minutes.

"Keep it open," I ordered as he tried to stop and lick his lips, swallow. "I might get out my ejaculating dick!" I laughed at him and gave Phil a knowing nod. "Open wider, whimper if you want it, beg for my huge thick cock!" I ordered.

Gregory sucked Phil's big cock
Open wide slut

Gregory obeyed, desperately, and the moment Phil's huge, warm cock entered my slave's mouth his body started to shake all over and convulse, nearly throwing the blindfold off from his mere body spasms. He knew, at once, he was now sucking off the real thing. But he didn't pull away – no, he didn't at all – in fact, maybe it was because I was right there pleasuring myself and he knew it. Maybe he could smell my pussy so close because I was clearly more wet than I had ever been in my life.

Watching Gregory suck cock was magnificent. Phil's dick was magnificent. Gregory choked and gagged on it and Phil held his head steady with big hands as he pumped, and I watched his fine ass thrusting as I teased and rubbed my clit. I realized I could watch this little show for hours, but what I really wanted was Phil's cock in my pussy. And when I realized how that would push Gregory to the brink of humiliation and despair – a place he so desperately needed to go – it was a no-brainer.

When I sensed Phil was getting close to cumming, I backed him off. It's not that I had not considered making Gregory eat a full load of cum, or having Phil cum all over my slave's face. I knew there was time for that later – after all, several men were milling around in the next room, waiting for their "turn."

I removed the blindfold from Gregory's face, and he did not dare look up at the big, built man whose dick he'd just sucked. His eyes

were cast down, surrendering, so humiliated. To keep him motivated, I let him taste my fingers for a brief moment, and his eyes closed dreamily when he recognized the sweet flavor of my pussy.

"You want me to be fucked by a real man, don't you?" I whispered into his ear. "You want to see me get pleasure from being fucked by that big, hard dick, don't you?"

This made him melt in my presence, I could tell. His body started to shake and I swear if he were not in a cock cage under his pink panties, his dick would explode. I could imagine the points of intrigue were nearly piercing his skin as his cock grew as much as it could inside the device, and I could see him wincing in pain, a sure indication that he was liking what he was hearing. Even though it totally degraded him.

"Into the chair, bitch," I ordered, and I took him by the arm and with a shove indicated where he was to go. He crawled, too, instead of even getting up, a sure sign that his mindset was exactly where it needed to be – total surrender, total devotion, and unrelenting need to suffer for me.

Or to see me get fucked.

I tied Gregory to the hotel room chair with swift ease. In his lingerie, sweating, his lips stretched and full of precum, he looked genuinely pathetic. It was incredibly hot to me. I was more turned on than I had ever been – and all I wanted and need at that moment was a good fuck, one that I would not be getting from my locked-up bitch, that's for sure. I gagged him, cruelly, and told him that I'd better only hear grunts and moans of approval and that he was not allowed to close his eyes or look away. I told him he had to watch every moment of this glorious fucking so it would be forever imprinted on his pea brain.

Phil seemed to watch this all unfold with a masculine sense of amusement, a youthful arrogance, and he was just standing there with his arms folded across his broad chest, his thick cock standing straight at attention.

Without a moment of hesitation, I positioned myself over the table in the room, pulled down my panties and lifted my skirt. “Fuck me,” I ordered Phil. “I need a real dick inside me.”

The “real dick” comment resulted in a pitiful moan from Gregory, a moan that made me even more excited. Phil was behind me in no time, and his big hands felt fantastic around my hips. His cock, not surprisingly, felt like a jackhammer going into my pussy, and the immediate pounding was a welcome, intense sensation. He fucked me quite hard, and I loved it, listening intently for Gregory’s pathetic whimpers behind the gag. That was all the further lubricant I needed. Every whimper seemed to make me ache even more.

Phil jackhammered my pussy
He jackhammered my pussy

Phil’s grunting was a bit of a distraction because I really just wanted to hear the soft moaning from my pathetic slave. I glanced over at him, my hair disheveled, my body glistening with sweat. I know I looked absolutely stunning to him, my body rocking with the thrusts, the curves of my frame accenting the femininity that he found so alluring in contrast to my cruel and commanding nature.

More men were lurking around by now, some of them casually walking into the room to look, then walking back out. They’d give a look to Gregory and disregard him at once, then look at me, some of them holding onto their hard dick, waiting for their number to be called so leisurely it was as if they were waiting in line at the bank.

“You like this, don’t you?” I said breathlessly to Gregory as Phil picked up speed. His dick felt huge inside me; it was difficult to keep a cool composure, but I managed a smile, despite being ridden close

to orgasm. It took self-control but I held off so I could order Phil to pull out so I could turn over, lift my legs over his shoulders and let him finish off fucking me in my favorite position, spread open wide to take his pounding.

This made Gregory whimper so pathetically because it had been so long since he'd ever been that close to me. Sure, his tongue had worshipped my pussy and ass for hours; but his cock had not been in my pussy for months. He probably forgot what it felt like.

When I came, it was loud. I made plenty of noise so it elicited a few chuckles and a soft round of applause from the next room, where the men were now playing cards and getting to know one another, it seemed. Gregory was breathing hard, his body straining in the chair. I had no intentions of letting him loose with a full night ahead of us.

"I'm done with you," I told Phil, pulling up my panties and adjusting my loose bra straps as I got up. "But if you would be up for round two, stick around a few hours."

"Cool," Phil said, running a hand through his hair and giving his body a stretch. His half-erect cock was dripping a bit, and I couldn't help but look over at my slave, watching us both from his helpless corner in the room. It occurred to me that he should be the one cleaning Phil's cock, or at least, cleaning out my pussy.

But the night was still quite young. I didn't bother getting up. "You can clean me out," I told Gregory, "Once there are several more loads inside." I chose to be direct, blunt and crass about it because those were the kinds of words he needed to hear.

And I wanted him to know this wasn't going to be just a taste, so to speak. I was ready to test the full limits of his desperate chastity – and after all, he'd promised me the night before just how many loads he'd eat for me.

And I had made him write it down. Surely he remembered.

Sep 6, 2021Akasha

Deconstructing Stephen: Merciless in Manitoba

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.

**

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?

**

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."

**

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.

**

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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Stories - Pussy Worship

Making Daniel Cum

Making Daniel Cum

"You've got to be joking." I hissed at my boss, dropping my briefcase on the desk with a sneer… I was in no mood for this.

"No, I wish I were," he lowered his eyes, sighing. "But apparently we need, it, we need his semen. That's where it's hidden."

"Take a blood sample," I snapped, pacing, hands on my hips. "I'm sure that will give you what you want."

My boss shook his head at me. "Andrea, we need a semen sample, we need a vial. They've got the chemical in there, we have proof. Just go in there and use the device the doctor left. This will be your quickest interrogation yet."

I had to scoff, to just shake my head at him. "This borders on sexual harassment!" I snapped, shaking a gloved finger at him. I wasn't even completely sure, it might have been a joke, or he might have just been being a dirty old pervert wanting to watch me jack off some military spy while he watched behind a steamed up two-way mirror.

"After this, you owe me big," I glared at him, picking up my things. "Once I get your precious vial of cum, I'm out of here."

He seemed to almost be hiding a smirk, I don't know if my rage amused him.

As I left I snapped over my shoulder, "And I don't want to be watched."

******

Standing in the all-too-familiar interrogation room I read through the half-assed notes with impatience, tossing them aside and fumbling through drawers impatiently. Nothing mattered, the drugs, the pain-inflicting devices. I needed a vial of cum. I scoffed, amused at that point.

The only thing I had to fear was that he was impotent. Other than that, my boss was right. I could get him to cum within minutes.

But the device was sitting there on the counter. A rubber and plastic contraption, some sort of surreal twisted masturbatory wet dream for any given 13-year old, I smirked. I handled it for a moment, looked at the pump, the grips. I licked my lips and just shook my head. The things they come up with to replace a woman.

A rattling at the door made me turn. They were bringing him in. The man with the penis of gold, I smirked. Must be any guy's wet dream, to have his cum so valuable.

It took three men to bring him in, I was impressed. He was my age, strong, confident, a bit bruised but not damaged. He didn't look tired, he looked pissed off. He saw me and through gritted teeth growled, "Hi," which I found strange.

"Strap him to the chair," I ordered as I walked behind them, making eye contact with him. "Make sure his legs are good and spread for me."

"But I don't even know your name," he snapped back at me as they pinned him in the heavy leather interrogation chair.

I walked over and adjusted the lights on him as they strapped him down, smiling at him. "You can call me Andi. I'm the bitch that wants your cock."

"Get in line," he sneered.

"Ooh, you are quite a little tease, aren't you? What's the secret, are you gay? I can have one of my men here go down on you just as easily if that's what it takes."

I got a few worried looks from my men but I waved my hand at them as my prisoner laughed, squirming just for the sake of being a pain in the ass as they finished strapping down his ankles, his wrists.

I went back to the counter and picked up the rubber milking device, eying it curiously, walking back over and setting it on the tray next to the chair as they finished with the last straps over his waist and chest.

His struggling had pretty much ceased but he was breathing hard through clenched teeth, his short hair dripping sweat down into his eyes, There was a faint bruise under his eyes that looked almost pretty in the light, I noticed.

I checked my notes for his name and went to him, pushing my men aside and telling them to wait outside. "So, Daniel," I said as the last of them left the room and closed the door. I leaned over into the chair so my blouse opened at the top, my cleavage visible.

He kept his eyes on the light above him. His wrists were clenched in tight fists, his breathing steady now, confident.

"My doctor gave me a little cocksucking device to strap on you. I guess they don't think you have much willpower. Four, five minutes and my little test tube is going to be full of your precious cum."

His eyes slowly moved to mine and he looked at me. He said nothing. He had no expression on his face.

"I guess you've never been interrogated by a woman before."

"Not unless you count my mother."

“Your mother didn’t hurt you the way I can.”

“I don’t know,” he grinned at me a little, “She had this wooden spoon…”

“Have you ever been gagged?” I snapped, leaning closer against the chair. His eyes fell to my breasts then back up at my eyes. “I really don’t even need any information, you know. No confessions, no codes, no information on your contacts. Your mouth, your brain, your *life* is shit to me, Daniel. What I need, ” I grinned, evil, reaching down between his legs, “Is *here*”.

I gave Daniel’s crotch a firm, painful squeeze, making him inhale sharply and twist in his bonds. He shut his eyes tight, held his breath, and just sat as I held him by the balls, smirking at him.

“Isn’t that ironic? You are the envy of every man, Daniel. You live and die by what is contained in your cock. This is more fun than I had even imagined.”

I let go and he gasped in relief, shaking his head and breathing deeply. His eyes moved to mine and he watched me pace the floor. I picked up the device again and looked at him.

He looked at me, then the device, then back at me. He appeared confident, still almost amused.

I set it down, picked up my scissors, and started cutting his trousers away.

*****

And so he sat there, strapped to the chair, his legs spread wide and his thighs and ankles strapped apart, breathing hard as I fumbled with this advanced version of a man-pleaser. I muttered to myself, thinking about directions, thinking about how much easier it would be to just give him a handjob and deal with the mess.

He was breathing steadily through clenched teeth. “So what happens after I cum?”

I didn’t look up from him as I fiddled with the tube that led to an automated pump, thinking to myself. “I don’t know, you ask me to marry you?” I said without hesitation.

He laughed, probably sucking up to my bad jokes, watching me unlatch the pump and lower it to his cock.

“In all reality,” I said as I slid his flaccid member carefully into the latex tubing. “They’ll probably execute you.” I smiled and looked at him but he was looking down at his cock. “I guess that might ruin the mood, huh?”

He bit his lip and didn’t look at me. “I don’t know, they say fear of death makes gets some guy’s off,” he hissed.

I locked the device around his hips and shrugged, “Doesn’t matter, you’ll cum either way. I’ll leave you be with the pleasure pump, Daniel.” I flipped the switch to “ON” and it made a low rumbling noise.

He tensed, arched his back, shut his eyes tight, and gasped.

I turned to walk away and he managed to gasp, ” Don’t I even get a dirty magazine?”

******

I left him there for several minutes, my back to him as I flipped through a magazine at the counter. I listened to the rhythmic pumping of the machine as it milked his cock mercilessly, I listened to his careful, painful breathing as he fought to hold on.

I yawned and looked at my watch.

Time passed and I heard no audible groans of climax from him so I turned and walked back slowly. His eyes were shut hard in concentration, his hair now dripping with sweat. His hips seemed to almost move without will under the straps, pumping up against the device that squeezed and pulled at his bound cock.

I looked down with amusement, lowering my head level with his cock to see it encased in the little tomb, hard now, pulsating. Tiny drops of precum glistened at the tip, but that was not enough. I reached over and slid my nails under his exposed balls and he gasped, arching his back.

"ooh," I smiled, amused, turning to him. "Long for the soft touch of a woman, don't you?" I slid over to his strapped down frame, leaning down against him, my breasts pressed into his chest. "I bet that would get you off in no time, if I just slid right up on you, took your cock inside me, and fucked you."

I saw him grit his teeth, gasping, trying to ignore me. His eyes were shut tight, he was writhing in his bonds, against the sucking device, against me. His cock was throbbing inside it, his balls taught. I fingered them, I squeezed them. Every slight touch made him moan in agony, in near defeat.

I leaned down and put my lips close to his but he turned his head away, his breath coming in short gasps. "Mmm," I smiled, licking my lips. I started to undress slowly but he wouldn't watch.

"Open your eyes," I ordered, but he shook his head.

I took off one of my leather gloves and struck him hard across the face.

He gasped in pain but shook his head. I undressed anyway.

"I can jab a needle in your arm," I threatened as I slid out of my panties. "I can stick electrodes in your cock, on your nipples. I can

make you feel pain like you have never felt before.” I unsnapped my bra and let my full breasts fall free, gripping them in both hands, feeling the nipples hard against my palms.

“All I want you to do is look, Daniel. Look at me. ” I slowly replaced my leather glove, tightening it around my fingers carefully.

He kept his eyes shut hard. His body was tense, rigid. His cock pulsed, the tip discolored. Precum dripped, sliding down the base of his member, coating it. The machine sucked in overtime. My jaw ached with sympathy.

I was in heels and stockings, gloves, and that was it. I walked around and held my breasts firm against my body. I leaned over, bent over so my ass was close to his face, and moaned from between my legs, looking at him upside down. “Come on, Danny, just a peek, I’m naked for you baby, look at my ass.”

He turned his head the other way and I leaned over, reclining the chair back as far as it would go, his head just inches from the ground, almost upside down.

I moved my pussy right over his head and lowered it against him but he turned, gritting his teeth. I hissed at him under my breath, I told him how wet I was, I ordered him to take a deep breath, the last breath he could, and then I lowered myself mercilessly upon him.

And then I laid across his body, gripping the chair for leverage, my chin against his tight stomach, my eyes focussed on his trapped cock upright, the plastic cage, the relentless pumping, sucking, sucking.

His tongue inside me was nirvana; he licked me with such precision that I writhed against his face in no time, I felt my wetness coat him and my hips press against him so hard the chair rocked. I dug my nails into the leather of the chair and cried out in orgasm, rocking on him, thrusting my cunt harder and harder against his strong tongue.

And that pissed me off.

How dare he turn the tables, make me cum in this way, my juices, my juices that weren't worth shit to his people smeared all over his face as he licked his lips in cocky accomplishment, as I watched the device suck, suck, suck, and get nothing from him.

I fumbled with the device, still straddling his face, still feeling him place soft kisses against my thighs, almost too sweetly. I found the controls on the pump and squinted at them..low..medium..high…I gritted my teeth and turned the lever until he arched his back and gasped in what sounded like agony, his moans so loud they echoed the walls.

I lowered my cunt onto his face instinctively to shut him up, to silence him, muffled his gasps in pain or pleasure and doing everything I could to keep him quiet without suffocating him.

I watched the device suck even more mercilessly at his cock, I fingered and held his balls with both hands, prodding, encouraging, placing a soft kiss on his stomach as I watched the device do its work. His breath and struggling between my legs were more desperate than ever, I smiled, I knew the end was near. I knew Daniel was about to give in to the relentless milking machine.

Then the most peculiar thing happened. His cock seemed to stop throbbing, his hips stopped thrusting in an imaginary fucking motion. His breath ceased so much that I thought he had passed out, I thought I had suffocated him under my pussy in all my concentration to keep him quiet.

I lifted my ass and let him breathe. I heard it then, he was chuckling to himself. He was amused.

"You pathetic little cocksucker!" I growled, looking over my shoulder at him. "You think this is pretty funny don't you?"

He didn’t reply, he just chuckled a little more. In a fit of furious anger I unstrapped the device, I turned off the pump, and I struggled to yank it off his hard cock as I bit my lip angrily.

“You have no idea,” I growled as I tossed the device to the floor where it cracked and fell into pieces. “You have no idea,” I hissed, taking his cock full in both hands and moving my tongue slowly up the base. “How much I am going to love feeling you cum down my throat.”

He gasped at the feel of my mouth against his flesh, but I silenced him without hesitation by pressing my cunt against his nose and mouth. I moved in motion with him as I took him deep into my mouth, using one hand to cup his balls and the other to stroke his cock in time with my lips.

I moved my tongue around his tip, savoring the taste of the accumulated precum, I took him so deep that I had to balance myself on my elbows for leverage. I sucked, I milked with more determination than any fucking machine, and I felt his cock pulsating in my grip within seconds.

He thrashed in the chair beneath me but I didn’t let him breathe, didn’t let him speak as my body pressed down onto his, as his cock slid in and out of my mouth with ease.

When he came the chair rocked with his bucking, his hot cum filled my mouth and I almost lost myself in the pulsating and swallowed. His head thrashed between my legs as I slid up, off of him, letting him gasp in pain, defeat.

I picked up a glass and leaned over, spitting his cum into it and wiping my mouth, glaring at him as I wiped my bottom lip with my arm.

He was breathing hard, staring at me, defeated, perhaps terrified.

“I almost swallowed it,” I said to him, breathlessly, dipping a finger into the hot, milky liquid. “Wouldn’t that have been a shame,” I smiled in victory, leaning over and slowly sliding the wetness down the bridge of his nose as he watched me, “If I had to do it all over again?”

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Reading the Milking of Matthew next

Oct 12, 2020Akasha

Using His Mouth

He said to me, in all of his beautiful innocence, “I want to please you.”

I stared. He was delicate.

My hand felt so good against his cheek. He closed his eyes, leaning into my touch. Lips parting slightly, as if to accept some unwarranted caress.

Leaning forward, I shut my eyes and whispered what I was feeling.

“I do want you to please me.”

“Yes…” his breath came out with one word.

“And how do you want to please me, my little victim?” The word — alone — said it all. But he did not hear it.

“Let me please you,” he responded, eyes moving up to look at me. Under short little spiky bangs. I could even see him swallow. “With my mouth.”

I smiled. Finger moving to his lips. “And so it is.”

He kissed it. The tip of my finger. Gracious. Eager.

I almost felt sorry for what I was about to do.

Almost.

*****

With his mouth.

And so, it shall be. He reclined on my bed. On his back. Vulnerable. His wrists strapped down, spread far from his body. His ankles, still in those boots I find so irresistible, spread equally, locked down.

A tight black t-shirt. Black jeans. A belt — hanging open a little, the buckle silver.

And a tight black velvet blindfold.

His eyes protested when I brought it out. But I said, softly, "All you need is your mouth."

And he nodded. Swallowed. Closed those innocent eyes.

And was gone.

****

Spiky little bangs hanging over black velvet. I paced, watching his body growing accustomed to the restraints.

I watched, because that is what I like to do.

I watched, like a stalking beast, looking over what I would soon have. My fingers moved over his chest once. His head moved in response. To the side, in short– timed — jerks.

I imagined dripping water over his body. Or hot wax. I imagined him naked, vulnerable. I imagined giving him oral sex that would make him cringe, plead and beg.

I imagined making him suck off each of my fingers. One. At. A. Time.

Each time, longer than before. Hissing orders into his ear. Faster. Deeper. Wetter.

Masturbating as I did. Sucking my own fingers clean. Tasting it.

Instead, I watched.

When I saw his hips move — just slightly — I knew it was time.

***

He could hear the buckles of the device.

His head turned toward me as I sat next to him on the bed, moving the device around in my hands to determine which end was which. Unfastening the buckles, I listened to his breathing. Felt him moving on the bed.

His lips were parted, eagerly.

My eyes peered over, my hands moving through latex buckles. "Open a little wider for me, baby. Let me see that tongue of yours."

He parted his lips, opening wider, let his tongue find its way out. Licking. Teasing.

I was watching him now, not watching the evil contraption in my hands. Not feeling, anymore, the long black cock. The smooth, cock-shaped rubber. How it was attached to a strip of latex that would soon cover his mouth, riding tightly all the way up under his nose.

The other side of it. Nearly eight inches of cock itself, more durable, rigid. Standing straight up. The side I would mount. Fuck.

Right on top of his face.

And he knew nothing.

"You want to please me with your mouth?" I asked him.

"Yes," his response came at once. Eager. So innocent.

"Then open wide," I ordered.

And he did.

*****

Even though he was blindfolded, I could almost see it behind the velvet. Eyes shut tight, wincing, wondering, gasping, choking. He shook his head instinctively when the rubber cock-shaped device invaded him.

"Shhh…" I said, hoping he would hear me above his own choking, whimpering, betrayed gasps.

"Trust me," I whispered, leaning to his ear to breathe to him, distracting him as I locked the straps tightly.

Buckling the cock securely into his mouth.

And only if you could see me, now, I thought, straddling his chest and hiking up my skirt.

I wasted no time.

*****

My hands were in his hair. Both of them. I looked down at him like he was some — some 20th century fuck toy. A device, in himself.

That hair, hanging down, now damp with a little sweat. The gag locked tightly in his mouth. A nice, 7-inch cock extending up from his gagged mouth, glistening now as I stroked it, slowly, with lubrication.

Maybe he smelled the scent of it. Maybe he felt the way my hips were moving suggestively on his chest.

"I'm about to fuck you," I said. Hissing, I imagine, because I was aching with desire. My pussy grinding, already, against the fabric of his t-shirt. I knew he could feel how wet I was. How hot I was.

“You…” I hissed. “You have this big, thick cock sticking up from your face. I am going to sit on you. Sit on your face, do you understand? I am going to fuck you. I am going to cum on your face. You will feel it. You will feel it, because the harder I plunge myself down onto you, the deeper that cock will get shoved into your mouth.”

He whimpered. It was a priceless, audible whimper.

“I am masturbating, right now, on your chest. Getting myself ready.” My words, breathless, distracted him. I could tell. As I moved my fingers under my panties I saw him squirming, more now, and I studied him. Studied my prey.

I eased my panties down. I eyed that cock I would soon mount. I though how helpless he must feel, unable to speak, to see. Knowing he was about to be fucked like an object.

“You wanted me to use your mouth,” I hissed, leaning over, brushing my lips over his ear. “And I am.”

*****

To torture him, more, I moved my wet fingers under his nose. I held him still with my other hand, a fistful of hair, and made him inhale my scent. His whimpers sounded like half-sobs of frustration.

“You want to be licking me, don’t you?” I asked. He did not respond, so I tightened my grip and growled, “DON’T YOU?”

He nodded, nodded and whimpered a little.

“Maybe you will get lucky, ” I said to him. “Maybe a trickle of me will find its way down under that latex, into that gag. And you will see how good I taste.”

He was turning his head a little, disoriented, desperate.

I used both hands to hold his head still. “Don’t move. I am ready now.”

A slight whimper. I raised myself up. Opened my thighs above his head. Only if he could see me, I thought.

And felt it — the tip of that cock, sticking straight up and waiting for me. I teased my lips with it for just a moment, eyes closed, holding the headboard now for leverage.

I moaned, softly. I could hear the jingling of straps as he pulled at his wrists and ankles, knowing better than to move his head even an inch. I felt the cock filling me, slowly, and I opened my mouth and let out a gasp.

Sliding. Deeper. I moaned. And then I felt his hair tickling the insides of my thighs.

***

A blur. Mostly.

I fucked him that way, slowly at first. Then gaining momentum, holding the bed for leverage, plunging myself down onto his face — as it was — feeling the latex of the cock filling me again and again.

Dripping, soaking. My pussy coated it, and soon the wetness dripped down, slowly, almost reaching his lips. And when I looked down at him, momentarily, I almost felt sympathy for him, so used.

Reaching under with my fingers, I felt the aching wetness of my sex. I tasted it myself, and I told him how good it tasted.

I told him to hold still for me. To remain as he was — my fucktoy.

And I came.

I came right on top of him, grinding my hips in a slow, circular motion. Fully penetrated by the cock that extended from his face.

Came so hard that my juices coated his nose, his hair was sticky now.

Holding his hair between my fingers, breathing hard. Leaning against the headboard to keep me up.

And I could hear his breathing. Feel it brushing against my thighs.

And even though I had just cum, I longed to feel it between my legs. Against my pussy. His tongue, deep inside me.

Breathing hard, I slowly slid off of the large latex cock that filled me. I lowered my body onto him. I could feel his chest heaving. He felt so alive.

My fingers found way to his hair. My eyes were still closed.

I wondered, then, if he had the energy to do it again.

This time, though, with his tongue.

Looking at him, trapped in his darkness, unable to speak. I knew.

And as I unlocked the strap that held the gag in place, I was already wanting it again.

And he would have no chance to even speak once the cock was pulled from his mouth.

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Apr 18, 2018Akasha

Stories - Romance

Be Mine

Be Mine

It’s 2 in the morning and this image is in my head.

The dozen red roses are resting beautifully in the crystal vase on the counter, but what is more alluring is what is in the distance, he is sitting there for me, so patient, perhaps timid. In the chair. My only valentine request. At 8:00pm, sit in the chair.

And there he is so sweet and unsuspecting, his head down slightly, his eyes to the floor. He’s breathing a bit hard and it is simply precious. When I go to change I almost feel regret, but that’s so easily swept away.

Moments later I return, nothing too fancy, just in my high boots and pvc gloves because I want him to know I mean business, and the way his eyes travel over me I know he understands..and I see that definite swallow, the one he does, like a super hero that has been caught in a lair.

My precious angel, he plays up to me so well, knows how to act, what to say, what to do and what not to do. When to just sit and look solemn, when to look at me terrified. He makes me wonder when the suffering is real and when it is an act. He resists me but without force, instead using his eyes, his lips, his eyelashes even, seducing me, telling me without words, “you want to make love to me, you don’t want to hurt me.”. And the battle goes on.

He watches me solemnly as I tie down his hands, his wrists to the arms of the chair. this is the ritual, and he responds so perfectly with his steady breathing, like an escape artist preparing for a new trick. he watches like a cat, I know his mind is already working at a way out. My precious slave, so devoted, yet always looking for a way to

test my temper. And he does it out of love for me, perhaps, knowing that I like to be pushed to torment him. Knowing that I love to see that side of him that hates to be tied down.

Of course, the ankles too, for it's valentine's day, we waste no time. only the best for my angel, he looks so appetizing in his bonds, the leather seems to fit him so well, and how his hair hangs in his face. I catch him gazing down at my ominous boots, how tall they make me, how they travel up my thighs, the shiny black patent leather, how he can see his reflection in them. Perhaps he wonders if he will be licking them soon, or end up face down on the floor with my heel in the back. On valentine's day!

A whisper from him, it's so soft and simple. "do you like the roses?'

Oh god..how he torments me..knowing what will pull at my heartstrings, trying to rip me from dom space and throw me into a silly romantic fit, a sweet vanilla girl with tears in her eyes at the thought of the gift. I look at him, eye to eye, he blinks sweetly.

A few seconds of battle in my mind then the dom sides wins…my gloved hand moves quickly and covers his mouth hard, pushing his head back, leaning into him, glaring down into his eyes. he looks up at me with a bit of confusion, fear. Oh ..how beautiful the black shiny pvc looks against his skin, I just marvel in that for a moment, then use my other hand to move a shiny black finger down his nose, and the sickening sweet dom side of me takes over and I smile so cruelly, pushing back the thoughts of the roses… smiling so sinister, looking at him like he is an object, property, my property. "I want you to be my valentine,"I say, placing a kiss on his forehead. With that I step away, letting go, giving his head a subtle shove of disregard as I turn away, sauntering, letting him look at me, moving my hands up into my hair, flaunting, my eyes closed, getting into my clothes, my body, how the latex feels, how the boots make me feel so powerful. I walk around the room and ignore him, I go to my

roses and smell them, then become enraptured at how they look in against the blackness of my fingers, clad so tightly in the pvc.

i take one of the roses slowly, pulling it from the vase, holding it delicately, walking over to him. yes..I can see him looking at it, he takes a deep breath, he re-positions himself..his familiar preparation for pain, perhaps he things I am going to torment him with thorns. Would I do such a thing with this gift!?

I move the rose down between my breasts, cliche', I know, but it just feels right, and the bud is so delicate, the scent is sweet. How devious I must look all clad in leather and latex, a gentle rose in my hand, staring at my bound victim, my valentine, my precious brave little pet.

I reach up and bring the rose to his mouth and give the simple order, "Open". he obliges without hesitation, parting his lips, his teeth, carefully taking it by the stem, careful of the thorns.

I pull up a chair and tell him of my work day as I prop my boots up on his knees, then pull out a wrapped sucker from between my breasts, telling him that my boss gave it to me at work. it is a red heart shaped sucker and in white it says "Be Mine". I tear off the plastic wrap and drop it, putting the sucker in my mouth, one hand falling precariously between my legs, which are parted slightly in his direction.

My valentine stares at me defiantly, rose between his teeth, my sweet romeo, as I lick and suck my sweet candy, moving my tongue around it, my black clad hand moving down between my legs more apparently.

I suck the white letters from the candy and then slide down in my chair, my legs still on his lap, parting them and moving the sucker down between my legs slowly. It is sticky against my thigh but I don't really care. I move it between my legs, against me, around me, but never quite inside me, and keep my eyes shut until I hear

his shifting in the chair. I snicker at him and lift the sucker back to my lips, then stand and move to him.

I take the rose from his teeth and put it between mine, then shove the candy into his mouth and order him, “Lick.” He shuts his eyes and savors it, probably tasting more of me than the sweet cherry flavor. I take a fistful of hair and pull, ordering, “make it good, make me want that tongue inside of me.” I prod him by tightening my fist in his hair when he does things that dont interest me and moaning with pleasure when he does things that do. I pull the sucker from his mouth and make him follow it with his tongue, telling him in a soft voice that if he is good he will enjoy my sweet taste as well. but that he’d better work on it before the candy ran out. All this comes as a bit of a growl through clenched teeth as I’m still holding the rose, but finally I remove it and slide it down his body, over his clothes, between his legs, pressing it into him. I rest myself on his knee, knowing he can feel my wetness through his pants, moving with him, watching him lick the sucker, then sliding my finger into his mouth as well, and ordering firmly, “go down, suck it hard, be the little slut that you are”.

So my nasty dom side has taken over, and I revel in his little teasings of me, how trampy he can be, how he plays up to the side of me that wants to be nasty and crude, as I whisper dirty words into his ear and then make him recite them back to me.

All the while I move into his leg suggestively and he knows he is doing well, and then of course he gives me that grin and flat out refuses one of my orders, slipping into his resistant mind frame just to make me show my cruel side.

I glare at him and remove what is left of the sucker, taking it into my mouth and biting it off. I chew it deliberately and nod at him, he can tell by the gleam in my eye that he is in trouble.

I drop the small white stick from the sucker and remove my gloves slowly. It takes some times because they are so tight, and the heat from my skin makes them stick a bit. When I have them both removed I lean over and force one into his mouth. He resists a bit, turning his head from side to side and letting out a muffled protest. I growl at him to shut up and turn to me, holding him hard by a fistful of hair.

I use the other glove to wrap around his head and tie the other one in place, which is the wonderful thing about the gloves because they are so long. I tie it tightly and relentlessly, then step away and walk loudly around his chair in my boots, scolding him for his behavior.

He is cocky and resistant, as expected, and looks at me with solid, defiant eyes. “Are you going to make me hurt you on valentine’s day?” I ask him.

He stares back at me for a moment then responds, a simple half shrug.

I sit back down across from him and slide down into the chair, one foot on each of his knees, opening my legs, exposing myself to him. I move my hands down my thighs, between my legs, moaning to myself. “You have a responsibility as my valentine,” I say breathlessly. “Whether or not you participate.”

He stare with those strong defiant eyes but I see weakening, as he can tell how wet I am, how much I want his tongue, his fingers inside of me.

I know this is great torment for him, watching me please myself in this way, and I appease myself by moving my ling spiked heels up his chest alternatively, into his neck, pressing into his skin until he flinches, sliding my fingers inside to his subtle reactions to pain, letting him know how aroused I am by his pathetic discomfort.

Then finally I am besides myself, and I whisper softly, one word, “struggle.”

He stares at me for a moment, defiant again, but then his eyes lower and he sighs to himself, I can see he is starting to sweat a bit. his bangs look perfect down in his eyes, his breathing is shaky, demanding.

He starts to twist at his hands and I feel the aching at once, the way it drives me, to watch such a struggle, to know it is in vain. I order him half way through to look at me, to watch me climax without him, to watch me cum from his helplessness, my boot heels digging into his chest, my own hands on my body, mocking him.

I cum to his soft whimpering of defeat, or pretend defeat, as I’m sure he knows that soon I will be in his arms and we will be making love. He plays into me perfectly, suffering for me, strained against his bonds, watching me writhe in front of him while he can do nothing but moan with me.

Afterward I shake a bit, shudder, hold myself, and look at him. My eyes wander a bit, it’s that hesitation, perhaps some guilt. He blinks at me so affectionately, how could he from behind the straps and with my glove half way down his throat, yet he does.

I move over to release him and see the roses on the counter and start shaking all over again, overcome with guilt.

As soon as the glove comes from his mouth he says, “It’s ok.”, I suppose he can sense that I feel a little bad for tormenting him after he was so good to me this day.

Before I get his hands free I lean over and put my mouth on his, kissing him deeply, holding his face in my hands. i want to break away to say “I love you” but I just can’t seem to break the kiss.

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Feb 6, 2020Akasha

The Bitch in High Heels

THIS IS NOT A TRUE STORY

Special thanks to William Shatner and Saturday Night Live

When I was asked to come speak at a BDSM seminar, I was genuinely flattered. It wasn't a big seminar — not a huge group of people or a national event, simply a local gathering of an expected batch of about 45 or 50. But I suppose it was the gesture that flattered me. That a femdom writer from the internet would have something to say among the rope tying experts and spanking instructors.

It was going to be a close call getting there because I had a work function beforehand, so I didn't have time to change into jeans. I was wearing a business suit, probably a bit on the conservative side, with my hair pulled up into a black clip. The heels were high, though, as I like them.

Because I was late I didn't have time to do anything but find the leader of the seminar and introduce myself. He was a man in his forties, wearing a t-shirt and jeans. He looked nervous and frazzled. He was sweating, but I didn't find the room particularly hot.

"Is everything ok?" I asked him as he shook my hand and looked all around. He muttered something about the disorganization of the group and how it stressed him out. I saw a few people peering over — the group was in folding chairs all facing the front podium where a man was showing slides of bondage furniture.

"We're running behind so I need you to get up there," he said, "We get kicked out of this room at 6 for a State Farm national sales

meeting." The rented room was a meeting room at a major hotel, so that didn't surprise me. I wondered though, for a minute, just what he told the meeting planners at the hotel the seminar was on.

I didn't have time to ponder it, because he was suddenly calling me to come forward and give my talk.

*****

I was nervous.

Even though I had given talks to much larger groups of people in much more intense and pressure-filled situations, those were for my job and on topics that I had prepared. I knew my topic in this case, of course, but didn't even have an outline in front of me. I had less than a day to prepare, and he had said I should just come and talk, that most of the people there knew very much about me from my website.

I introduced myself to the group and commented on the slide that was still up on the screen. It was a rack, a nice one at that, and I joked that I wished I could find a place to hide that thing in my apartment.

It got only a light chuckle from the group. A nervous one almost. Probably a courtesy laugh. I brushed it off.

"Anyway," I took a breath. "Thanks for letting me come do my thing. I'll be honest, I don't have anything prepared, I just thought I would give a little background on who I am and what I do, and address something that is pretty close to me. That is, dealing with balance in my life."

I made a gesture to my clothes. "Like this. Like having a high pressure job, and an otherwise totally normal life."

As I spoke, I looked around and tried to get a feel for the people. The age range was pretty broad, but mostly upwards of my age. In my late twenties, I still get carded a lot, so I probably looked like a little girl up there in a business suit.

I babbled a little about growing up with a dual life, coming of age, bondage when I was a teenager, and the balance of my current lifestyle. Some were sitting up straight and listening intently, others looked a little hot and bored. I realized there were very few women in the group.

Finally, after about fifteen minutes, there was a bit of a lull. I thought that would be a good chance to ask if anyone had any questions, and much to my delight, several hands popped up.

*****

I pointed to the first man I saw because he was up front. He had glasses on that looked a little too big, and he was holding a bunch of bondage magazines on his lap on top of a big yellow notepad. "Mistress Akasha," he started, "Are the stories on your website real? Did you do all of those things?" He was looking at me intently, rubbing his nose briefly then preparing to write. I wondered if he was writing an article or something.

"Well," I laughed. "A lot of them are pretty extreme. Some are things I have done, or combinations of things. The stories about bondage and light pain are generally pretty close to my normal realm of activities. Things about non consensual kidnappings and extreme torture are more about my darker fantasies," I trailed off. "And you don't have to call me Mistress," I added with a smile. "You can just call me Akasha, that's fine."

Another hand popped up. I felt like I was a press conference, it was pretty neat. I nodded to the man and he half stood up so I could see him. Even standing, he was hard to see, a little on the short side. His hair was greased and combed over to hide a bald spot.

“Hello Ma’am it’s a pleasure to see you in the flesh,” he gushed. I wouldn’t use the word gush if I didn’t mean it; the words seemed to ooze. It made me a little uneasy, I don’t feel like a celebrity at all and it felt awkward to be in that situation. I think I blushed a nice shade of red.

“I was wanting to ask you about your story which is my favorite, ‘The corporate slave’ letters,”

“Corporate slut,” I corrected, smiling, flattered.

“Oh corporate slut, ma’am, I’m sorry,” he flushed. “I wanted to ask you the time where you locked his balls up for the whole day, did you make him wear that all weekend, or let him take it off that night, ma’am?”

“You don’t have to call me ma’am,” I smiled. “I guess I always associated that with older people, and I don’t feel so old,” I laughed, trying to find some place to put my hands. “Akasha is fine. Anyway..the corporate slut stories, Uhm, the one I think you are talking about is ‘cages’ –”

There were murmurs at once. Several people said, “The Deal”.

“Oh…ok, ‘the deal,'” I continued. “That story was not based on something that I did word for word, it was a combination of a letter I sent to one of my partners along with something else I had done another time to someone else. A lot of the times they are a combination.”

“So the corporate slut is a real person?”. The question came from the back, unannounced, assertive.

“Yes,” I nodded, peering over to see who it came from, but it was too late and I couldn’t tell. “He is someone I started an e-mail exchange with and it led to a real life relationship. We used to e-mail from our jobs a lot.”

There was some shifting around among the listeners, a few whispers. I was trying to make eye contact with everyone, as that generally gives me a better feel as a speaker, but many would look away at once. Some kept their heads down.

Another hand came up so I nodded to him and he stood. He was wearing leather pants and a chain harness over his naked chest. I wondered how he got into the hotel dressed like that without getting some looks. I also wondered if he should have chosen the next size up.

"Miss Akasha," he started. "I would like to know what your favorite form of CBT is."

He sat down. The whole group seemed to sit up straight, attentive, listening.

I thought for a second. This made me really uncomfortable. "It depends on the person I am with and my mood. Any other questions?"

Several more hands came up. I tried not to sigh, and my stomach was in knots. I felt like I was under a microscope. I felt like an outsider or a human spectacle. I felt staring, but when I turned to find the stare, eyes would move away. Even I started to sweat.

*****

"I have found that your stories really touch on the emotional side of S&M," the next question came. He was in his forties, wearing a pair of jeans and button down shirt. Very short hair, conservative. "Which is why I like them, they are different from the usual stuff you read on the net,"

"Thank you," I smiled, waiting for the question.

"Did you always have this emotional connection with it, or is it something that developed after you had played for awhile?"

I thought for a second as he sat down. It could have been ten or fifteen seconds, I was shaking my head, letting out my breath. "That's a great question. I think…I think when I was in my teens, I didn't exactly know what I was doing," I said to him. I could see him nodding.

"I had the drive to do it, to see a guy helpless, to put him there, to have that trust be there. To really connect on that level, to know that I was the one that put him in that state, and for him to know just who was in control."

I knew I was rambling a bit on this one, but it had only been a few seconds. Yet, I could tell most of the people were looking around and restless, except for the one that had asked me. He was nodding and listening.

"I don't think I was ever into it just out of boredom or trying to be different, I wanted to experience feelings that I associate with it — feelings that are much more intense because they deal with things like fear, trust, helplessness and desire. So in answer to your question, I think the connection was always there, it always was more about the feelings it created in me when I was doing these things to my partner, even when we were just teens."

"What kinds of things would you do to them?" someone chimed in. I looked over and it was the CBT guy from before.

"Uhm…when I was 14 or 15, mostly light bondage and roleplaying games. We were still kids."

"Any CBT?" he followed up.

"No." I shook my head at him. He looked genuinely disappointed. I felt used. "Next question?"

A hand went up eagerly. I pointed to him. He stood, then went into the aisle, then kneeled down. I looked around awkwardly and tried not to laugh.

"Mistress Akasha," he said. Everyone looked at him but no one seemed the least bit shocked or uncomfortable. "It is an honor to meet you. I would just like to know if I could crawl to you and kiss your heel."

Everyone looked at me. I swallowed and looked around. The kneeling man looked sheepish. He looked like the guy in high school no one talked to.

"Look…" I shook my head. "I don't know you and this really isn't the appropriate place. I came here to talk about my writing."

"My humblest apologies Mistress Akasha. You are a true goddess." With that he walked — err crawled — back to his seat. I was about to shake it off and go to the next question when he put up his hand again.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Slave rick respectively asks to administer three nights of chastity for offending my Mistress."

"Uhm.." I hesitated. "First, I am not your Mistress. And I don't think you need to be punished, I don't even know how we got onto this subject."

Other audience members were looking at slave rick and me back and forth, like it was a novel unfolding.

"Maybe we should move on, are there any more questions?"

"Slave rick humbly requests permission to leave," came his voice again.

“Is this a joke?” I spat out, finally a little annoyed. “You can do what you want, I’m not in control of you.”

“Yes Mistress.”

I gritted my teeth. I desperately needed a distraction. A hand popped up, thank god.

“Miss, I would like to know, how does one become a slave to such an esteemed and honorable Mistress?”

“Are you asking me how to find a dominant partner, or are you asking me what I look for in a man?”

“Both, Ma’am.”

“This could take awhile.”

*****

There were chuckles from my “this could take awhile” comment, interrupted only by the few turning heads who looked to watch slave rick crawling out toward the door. I wondered if he intended to crawl all the way into the lobby, down the escalator and to the parking garage at the Hyatt.

“Seriously though, it was a joke of sorts but in a way it isn’t,” I said. “Finding a suitable partner for BDSM is like finding any kind of relationship partner. That is like saying ‘how can I find the woman I will marry?’ — but add in another even more dynamic element to it. Compatibility and communication are so important. It can take years to click with someone, and you just have to keep looking.”

“What do you look for in a slave?” I was asked right after that.

“I look for a partner first, a slave second. I look for a person I can trust, someone with common interests that I am attracted to. I look

for a man who I can respect and adore, and with that comes the desire to see his submissive side, the side that he shows only to me."

The questions came even quicker and in faster succession as the group became less nervous.

"How do you train a novice?" "What would you have done to me if I were your slave in Billy in Panties?" "Why don't you write more stories about forced enemas?" "When are you going to write something about brown showers?" "Do you do golden showers?" "Do you really have all those latex clothes? "Do you have sex with your slaves?" "Do you allow your slaves to cum?" "When was the last time you used CBT?" (guess who)

And the one that did me in was another kneeling stranger, this time asking simply, "Mistress Akasha, I have read everything you ever wrote. I would like to be your slave, if you would have me." He was older than I was, wearing a stained t-shirt (and the stain wasn't new) and his hair looked like it hadn't been washed in a week. "I am a worthless slave, but perhaps a goddess like yourself could find use for me in your stable."

"I won't bother to answer that," I sighed. Then, I cracked. And I don't even know how it happened, the next thing I knew, I was laying into them.

*****

"I came here thinking I was going to be asked about my mind. About why I write the things I do, what it means to be a dominant woman. About how I balance my life and maintain a relationship. How power struggles are both wonderful and dangerous. About the passion in domination."

They were silent, just staring at me.

“And most of the questions have been self indulgent, fodder for fantasies. Don’t any of you care what I am like as a *human being*?”

Again, nothing.

“Do you relate at all to women on a normal level? Can you see that I DON’T like to be worshiped, called Mistress, called Ma’am by total strangers? Does it bother you that it makes me uncomfortable, or is all that matters that you get to let the words spill out of your lips so you can feel your dick get hard?”

“I am a person. I am a woman, a sensitive, emotional and passionate woman. I am not just a dominant bitch that does everything that happens in your fantasies. Bondage and discipline are about connecting on an intimate level, in the mind, not just in your pants.”

“If you wanted me to just come up here and describe how I lock a ball stretcher on, how much lubricant I use on my strap on, how I would fuck each and every one of you with a vibrator or how I like forced cunnilingus, I think you are doing me and YOU a disservice.”

Total silence. But I think I noticed a few erections thanks to my increasing graphic language.

“You can read magazines for that. I am about the whole picture, not just the fantasy. To be honest, I can’t see someone like me ever getting close enough to one of you to dominate them, because you are all so busy wanking off to magazines that you don’t look in the mirror.”

They didn’t even look the least bit shamed. If anything, they were watching now, shocked but intrigued.

“Think about attracting a woman, ANY woman first. Think about how you dress, how often you wash your hair. Stay in shape. Have some

pride in your appearance and your ability to communicate. If you are into kink, fine, but don't walk around in public dressed like a freak, you only embarrass yourself and give us normal scene players a bad name."

To say I was on a roll is an understatement. If was as if five years of frustration over the clueless wannabes harassing me had finally come to the surface and I could vent about it. "Get a life!" I scolded. "Have something interesting to talk to a woman about so you can have some substance. Have any of you even had a vanilla relationship or are you just waiting for a fantasy woman to feed you from a dog bowl and spank you every night, force you to eat her out then lock you in a cage?"

"I have news for you. Relationships are about communication and trust. And balance. I don't think many relationships would last 45 years with not a single argument, a single hesitation, or a time when even the likes of you would not want a BREAK from being bossed around. And what woman on this planet could dictate the life of another human being for 45 years? Is she going to be dressing up in latex and 5 inch heels at 52 to use her strap on?"

At this point I noticed the seminar leader rushing up to me. He was nervous again, shaking his hands at me, sputtering. He came up to me and whispered, "What the hell are you doing!?"

"I'm teaching them something real for a change!" I hissed back.

The group could not hear us, and we were busy whispering and hissing back at each other. He was furious and told me I was rude and arrogant and had a god complex. I told him that the problem was that I DIDN'T have a god complex and this group wanted nothing more than for me to have one. He then called me a bitch. I told him if I were a bitch, they would be having a much better time and getting what they obviously came for.

At that point he told me I should leave, and I agreed.

And as I collected my briefcase and purse, I glanced up and caught a guy in the front row gazing longingly at my five inch heels. Which wasn't unusual, but somehow, this time, it infuriated. I felt like I was being violated.

But what was the most ludicrous of all was what I heard the man saying to the group as I made my way out.

"Mistress Akasha just told me she is having a bit of a bad time with one of her slaves. She hasn't been able to play in awhile so apologized for getting into domspace like that. She didn't mean to non-consensually humiliate all of you."

Non-consensual humiliation. They liked that. The crowd approved; I could hear them chuckling and letting out their breath. Mistress Akasha still prevails. The goddess is alive. All hail the queen.

Somehow I knew that night there would be a lot of masturbation going on, and the words I had used in all honesty would turn into just another jerk off fantasy. I could have just as easily said, "You are all pathetic little worms,"; at least that would have fit better into the script I'm sure they were used to.

And they all wanted to find love, and a Mistress. Yeah, right.

*****

I sat in a coffee shop a few blocks away and cried.

It's not often that I cry in public, but I was just furious, and felt like I had been raped. How awful to use such a comparison, as if to trivialize those that had been raped in the flesh.

But I felt like my person, my essence, my true passion and what meant so much to be was used, violated and trivialized to sate the fantasies of countless men that could give a damn about what was inside of me.

I wonder what these men would have thought about. Mistress Akasha in tears. Oh, god forbid! A woman show weakness or vulnerability? Heavens know. They would crawl away quickly into the next room, afraid to shatter their delicate fantasy. They'd crawl into their cage and lock it tight waiting for Mistress to return to her normal state. You can forget a strong man's arms around you, a protector. Of course not, because dominant women are strong and rule everything.

No more website, I vowed. No more sharing my passion, my contradictions and challenges, the aching inside of me that I thought the thousands of readers understood and didn't simply skim over to get to "the sex stuff."

Three years on the internet. All a lie. Raped for three years.

I couldn't find a tissue in my purse.

"Shit," I muttered. And I rarely swear.

I looked up, and someone was standing there looking at me.

*****

I quickly rubbed my eyes. I was sure my mascara was running. Who was this guy, I wondered.

"Akasha," he said. Oh, no I thought. He looked clean at least. Short. Really short hair, a simple black t-shirt. "Are you ok? I just heard your talk and saw you in here when I was going by."

"I'm ok. Thanks." I was hiding my face, looking into my purse.

He took the liberty of sitting down and then said, "I'm sorry about what happened. I've been to a few of those seminars, and there are always a bunch of guys like that. They don't have any idea, they just make fools out of themselves. We aren't all like that. It's just

unfortunate that the normal guys keep quiet and those types make the impression for all of us."

I sniffled and nodded. Waiting for him to ask me if I made my men wear panties on the first date.

"Do you want some coffee or something?" he asked.

"No, thanks."

"How about ice cream. I know that always cheers up a woman, any woman. Just add ice cream."

I laughed, I couldn't help it. I wondered how long it would be before he asked if a foot massage would make me feel better. My blood began to boil again. Resentment. So cynical.

He ordered ice cream even though I didn't ask for it. Without my prompting he told me what he did for a living and how he wound up there. He seemed to just start talking, since I wasn't, as if to entertain me. Then he asked the strangest question.

"Do you prefer plays or movies?"

I thought for a moment, then answered, and we ended up talking about both for a bit. The topic moved to my webpage, and I started to get tense, but his questions were all different. Sincere. About the stories that had to do with my emotions. And he told me about the conflicts he felt about submitting, about how scary but exciting it was. About how he was caught by his sister when he was 12 and had tied himself up. We compared bondage horror stories from our teens and started cracking up.

When his ice cream came I watched him eat, but declined having any myself. My appetite had not returned. I watched the way he turned his spoon in his mouth when he ate, and I found it cute. He asked what I was looking at and I told him.

He turned read and sat back, shaking his head. “Oh great, now I’m going to be totally self conscious.”

I laughed. “You asked.”

We both chuckled as he ate the last few bites, being careful how he held his spoon. When the waiter took the bowl away he sat back again, placed the napkin on the table and shook his head at me. “You are one complex woman, Akasha.”

It was weird. A compliment but a mere statement. Or maybe not even a compliment. But he said it as if he was intrigued by it, or liked it, so I guess that would be a compliment.

“I was going to head over to the bookstore. Do you want to come along?” he asked as he slid his chair back.

I nodded, and I went.

And about half way through our trip there, as he told me about his possessed cat and how he never quite learned how to swim (they were related somehow, but don’t ask me now), I realized how truly interesting he was. And intelligent. And self confident, and witty.

And he treated me like a person, not a fantasy.

Somehow it made everything ok again. And while I flipped through a book on Ireland he made faces at me over the shelf, making me hide my eyes so I didn’t start giggling like a maniac.

I realized again, once more, that the few make the masses worthwhile.

But only barely.

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Feb 10, 2020Akasha

Coming to Terms with Tara

When I was sixteen years old, I threw away a perfectly good pair of handcuffs.

For that matter, I also threw away three black scarves and one leather belt – all of which were perfectly good. I remember it clearly – sneaking out to the back trash can behind my parents house, trying not to startle the sleeping dog next door. I had the goods in a plain brown bag.

I threw them away because I was ashamed. I thought I was getting into something a little too weird. My boyfriend at the time, Alex, had said to me the night before when we were necking, "Do you have to use that kinky shit again?"

He didn't like it when I handcuffed him. The first time, sure, he tolerated it, but that's when he thought I was going to have sex with him, or at least give him a blow job.

When he found out that I was planning to keep my virginity, and that a blow job was out of the question, he lost all interested in the handcuffs. Hell, he wouldn't even wear the blindfold, even though our make out sessions were the hottest when I'd straddle his lap in the backseat of his car and sort of move my hips back and forth, feeling him get harder under me. I liked the way it felt in his pants, I just wasn't that interested in touching it or seeing it up close.

But the handcuffs, oh I liked those. I had bought them at a magic shop. It had taken me four visits to get the nerve to buy them, and I know I turned bright red when the young guy rang them up at the register for me. Twelve dollars of my hard earned babysitting money.

Alex had said, "That kinky stuff isn't normal, Tasha."

So I threw it all away. I still remember the sound of the garbage truck when it came by the next morning.

Alex and I broke up shortly after. I didn't date anyone else until I met Tim.

**

When I was almost eighteen, I threw away a perfectly good pair of handcuffs, a blindfold, and a set of custom made shackles.

I say custom made between I was too young to get into an adult shop (too nervous, anyway), but I wanted something leather, with buckles, to hold Tim down. I liked the idea of the way leather straps looked against skin. I remember walking into the shoe repair shop.

The guy didn't speak very good English, but he was very helpful. "I need four leather straps with buckles on the ends of them," I said. I was a little less timid than I had been in the magic shop years earlier. I was wearing make up, my body had filled out and I was much more confident.

"What for?" he asked me. "What you need for?"

I hesitated. "Ah, a costume," I said. "It needs to go on a costume for school."

The man reached under the counter and pulled out several long strips of leather – big, thick ones, all different kinds. Some treated, some not. Some black, some brown. I felt them all, touched them. The smell was fantastic.

"Which one you want?"

I picked the leather that I liked best. He then got out a ruler, and measured, and I picked out the buckles. When I asked him how

much, he said "Ten dollars." When I asked him when I could have them, he said "Tomorrow ok."

I said to him, "Twenty five dollars if you can give them to me in two hours."

After all, I was working in retail then. I had money. So two hours later, I had my leather shackles, and three hours later, Tim was in them. First his wrists together, then his ankles. Then the blindfold, and I used a scarf to gag him. I molested him – well, as much as I could with his clothes on. He whimpered, and moaned, and I pressed my wet panties to his pants (the skirt was short). I was so turned on, and excited. I remember that was the first orgasm I had ever experienced. Just from rubbing up against him, because I was so excited to see him so helpless.

Tim was a football player, a Senior in high school, one of the most popular kids. Even though his wrist were strapped together, he still tried to feel me up. And he was sweet, but we had dated for four months, and he was pressuring me to have sex with him.

I was still a virgin, and I told him I wanted to wait, that I wanted to be in love.

"I love you," he lied, once he was no longer gagged. I knew he didn't love me, and he just wanted to have sex. I wasn't ready for sex.

He dumped me the next day, then told the entire football team I was into some "fucked up kinky shit."

I decided that it wasn't worth the humiliation. Even though it was a turn on. So I stuck to vanilla stuff, lots of kissing, lots of necking, a semi-serious boyfriend, nice guy named George, who I actually got to second base with – we did oral on each other, and I actually liked giving a guy head after that. But I never tied up George, and eventually the relationship fizzled and we both lost interest.

**

In my second year of college, while away at school, I threw away a set of steel shackles, a spreader bar, two blindfolds, bondage mittens, nipple clamps and a whole stack of magazines devoted to female domination.

I remember the night very well. I had gone away to school, and I had a very conservative roommate named Doreen. I didn't pick Doreen for my roommate in the dorms, they just put her with me, and she always thought I was a little strange. Mostly because I was a little more outgoing, liked to wear a lot of leather, went out dancing a lot, and was hanging out with the party crowd.

I would have to keep my bondage games very private and do them only when I knew Doreen was at the library. The guy I was dating at the time, Chad, was over at the dorm one night and I had him fully spread out on the bed naked. I was just getting into spanking and paddling, but didn't have any paddles, so I was using a hairbrush on his fine ass. I was also more into verbal stuff, like calling him a little whore and a slut, and making him beg for more.

He was wailing, and almost crying, but he admitted that he loved all the games, and he always wanted more. That's mostly what we did, Chad and I, we played S&M games and gave each other orgasms, we never even went to the movies or out to eat. He'd just sneak up to my room when Doreen was gone, and we'd spend an hour or two playing kink games.

Chad was the first guy I made eat his own cum, too. I mentioned to him, during the spanking, more to just humiliate him. I said, "I bet you'd love to drink your own spew, you pig!" and he got so turned on, his hips start bucking and he actually came while rubbing up against my leg. He came all over me! So I scooped it up and started shoving my fingers in his mouth, and made him lick it all up. I was in

heaven. I was almost masturbating while I did it, and he was still bucking his hips, still actually squirting cum as he licked it up.

Then Doreen walked in.

And she threatened to have me kicked out of the dorms, and humiliated me for being a "sick pervert," and also showed me some verses in the bible.

I realized then that my chances of having a "normal" relationship were slim to none. After all, Chad was nothing more than a sex buddy, and I was still a virgin at 20, and I needed to be looking for a nice guy.

"Nice guys don't play sick games," Doreen had told me. I figured she was right.

So it was out with the bondage gear and magazines, and in with Gary. Gary the nice guy.

**

Gary and I dated almost two years, and I bought and threw away several things while we actually dated. First the flogger (he was mortified), then a paddle (he used to let me spank him playfully during sex – after all, he was my first time, and our sex was always good, and he had a pretty open mind). Then a ball gag. He wouldn't even let me try that on him, he said it was something he saw in a bad porno once and would make him feel too stupid to enjoy it.

Gary was ok at roleplaying. He'd let me tie him up a little bit, and he'd pretend to be scared and stuff, but it was never enough. I always wanted more, and it was the only thing we fought about. He kept talking about getting married after college, and he was such a great guy, and I loved his family and his parents thought the world of me. Not to mention, my parents were ready for me to marry him

already – they wanted the ring on my finger. He was every parents dream.

But he started to let me tie him up less and less, and then he stopped even playing make believe with me. We'd fight about my toys then I would throw them away, then I'd buy more and end up throwing those away too. Sometimes he'd find stuff that I had bought, and accuse me of using it with other people, when in reality I had bought it just hoping he would change his mind. So I had to throw that stuff away too, even though I never even used it.

Gary and I lasted a couple of years. The sex was tender and good, and our relationship, except for the fights about being kinky, was solid. I almost married him.

I'm glad I didn't.

**

When I was 27, I dumped an arsenal of toys. A true arsenal. In my mid-twenties, after Gary, I had decided to put my efforts into finding a man willing to play as hard as I did and with a truly open mind. I had everything from straitjackets to inflatables, frilly stuff to dress men in, plugs and dildos, vibrators, paddles and whips, bondage helmets and some amazing fetish clothes. I lost my first strap on harness during that dumpage.

I can't believe I threw it all away for Michael.

Michael was like the boy next door, and I met him when I was dating the biggest sex, kink fiend in the world – my bondage buddy, Alan. Alan and I were not really dating, but we were having the best scenes. I learned how to use my strap on with Alan, and I was soon addicted to the pleasure of taking a man from behind.

But Michael was a guy I met at work, and I fell for him hard. I thought for sure we would get married. In fact we were engaged.

But when the chips fell, he said he would have nothing to do with the kinky stuff, so I got rid of it for him.

Then six months into the engagement, I got rid of Michael.

And I was pissed off that I couldn't get the gear back.

**

I swore it off for good that time. Not because I didn't like it anymore, but because it was too damned expensive, and it always was getting me messed up in my relationships. After Michael I had spent a short period of time bouncing between kinky guys who were drips and had nothing to say if they weren't moaning, and vanilla guys who thought a kinky girl was a girl that liked to be on top. I had sworn there was nothing, ever, ever in between.

I met Cameron when I was almost 30. Cameron was from Boston, and I fell for him first because of his accent. He had the ultimate Boston accent, and that was all it took for me to start flirting with him in a bar one night. We started dating at once, and while he seemed like a buttoned-down kind of guy (he was in law school), he never flinched when I started getting into pulling his hair, or holding him down in bed, or masturbating him to the edge then saying, "You can't cum until tomorrow."

He used to laugh and say to me, "You're a terror, you know that, don't you?" – and the way he said it, with the accent, it sounded like "Tara." In fact, we had a joke fight that first time, because it was during sex, and I said, "Who the fuck is this Tara girl you are talking about."

"Terror!" he laughed, and I proceeded to punish him for the mention of this mysterious "Tara" woman. He took the punishment bravely – fifteen swats to his ass with a hair brush, and he bruised up nice and wore it proudly for a few days. He'd be changing out of his shorts a

few days later and look in the mirror at the bruise and shake his head at me and say, “Tara, you’re a tara.”

He used to do it just to MAKE me punish him. He liked the cat and mouse game, and every time I made a threat, to just test him, he’d egg me on.

“If you keep that up, I’m going to strap you down and sit on your face,” I’d say. He raised his eyebrows and said, “Promise?”

“If you keep that up, I’m going to hogtie you and make you watch me masturbate, then make you suck my vibrator!” His response? “Should I go get it for you?”

“If you keep that up, I’m going to stick my finger up your ass and make you feel really violated.” He frowned at me. Ah, finally, I thought, this is where it all ends. He responded with, “A blindfold might be in order, Tara.”

He started calling me terror-girl, or Tara for short. It was our code of sorts. He’d say, “How’s Tara tonight?” and I’d say “Tara has been thinking about things like…strap on dildo sex, have you heard of that.”

“Good lord,” he said. “Now you are getting majorly kinky on me.”

But he never said no, and he never judged me. In fact, our normal relationship actually continued to grow, with Tara safely in the background. Tara would come out to play once a week or so, and he’d even buy me the toys sometimes. About two years into our relationship, I had re-accumulated almost everything I had thrown out the last time.

One night, we were in bed, and we’d just had a pretty insane, messy session of some intense bondage, humiliation, face sitting and then strap on play. He was dutifully sore, and I had been indulged with several orgasms. I got scared. It all hit me. I was terrified.

I was terrified that he'd say, "No more of this." Because he looked worn out, and not all that happy, and maybe I had pushed him a little too far.

"I'm sorry," I said, out of the blue.

He looked at me, sleepily, moving gingerly, and said, "Sorry for what, Tara?"

"For being so kinky. I think I am pushing you too far. I feel bad. I feel guilty. Every guy I have ever gone out with has led me along, saying they like it, then eventually they either dump me for it, or once I fall in love, they say they don't want it anymore and I have to make a choice."

"That's not fair of them," he said, matter-of-factly. "To love someone is to love them for who they are. I don't like everything you do to me, but I like making you happy. Relationships aren't about one side getting everything they want, all the time. I love you for who you are, kinky as hell or not."

He was actually smiling at me, and for the first time, I felt like a guy was being honest with me about it. I had way too many guys say "I love it all, bring it on," only to find out they lied about most of it, or other ones say they wanted it only because they really wanted to have sex with me. Cameron was being honest with me. He didn't like it all, but he liked making me happy. Compromise.

"I guess none of the guys I dated ever accepted what I was into, or who I am," I confessed to him, trying to sort it out as I formulated the words. It was all starting to make sense, sort of. "Somehow they couldn't come to terms with it."

Cameron placed his head on my belly, like he usually did when he needed some affection after being abused, and I responded by running my fingers through his hair in back. "Maybe it was also you. You were the one that threw the stuff away, Tasha," he pointed out.

I had to think about it for a minute. He was right.

Before he dozed off, he said to me, “You just needed to come to terms with Tara.”

And I did. That night.

And I have never thrown anything away again.

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Feb 26, 2020Akasha

By My Side

Monday.

Black patent leather.

It's my boot, and his chin is on the floor. His hair is in his face. Wet. Of course. His back is all I can see. A tight t-shirt, simply so I can watch him breathe, and he's breathing deliberately for no other reason than to please me.

I don't care how long it's been.

He doesn't complain that he's not seen my cock in hours.

Or how his ass aches for violation.

It's his nose. Against the tip of my black patent leather boot.

And he doesn't even have a boot fetish.

His wrists are chained behind his back with simple silver handcuffs, and his shoulder blades seem almost magical to me when they shift because he's trying to find a comfortable position without letting his nose lose contact with the tip of my boot.

It's like the Labrador with the dog biscuit on his nose. Holding so very still.

We never discussed these rules. I just shoved him there, by the back of the neck, and his nose ended up at my boot, and I moaned in approval, and he never moved since, and then five, ten, and fifteen minutes went by.

I removed one glove and parted my legs. Peeled aside my panties to masturbate.

His nose never left the tip of my boots.

My only regret was that I couldn't feel the warm breath through the thick material.

When I was done, when I came, I used one hand on the leash to pull him up. He winced and moaned a little in pain. He was sweating. All of it was muscle tension, like holding a yoga pose for twenty-something minutes.

He'd heard the orgasm rocking my body. I had just watched his hands shifting in the bonds, his face pressed down to my boot, trying to hold still. No words. I saw fists when I did get close to climax. His breath did change a little. My fingers tasted good. I was entertained when I reached to his fingertips and let him feel the moisture myself and said, "Do you know where my fingers have been."

When I lifted him upright by the leash, he was off balance, dizzy I guess. I was in a chair. He was sweaty, as I said, I think his nose was running, too. I start putting my fingers in his mouth and he sucked graciously but not self indulgently, then pulled away because I was gagging him.

Still, he didn't beg for the cock. The harness was hanging behind me off the closet door. Freshly lubricated, in fact.

He looked exhausted. Sore.

I knew the handcuffs were hurting him. I knew his shoulders were on fire.

I left him there to get up, leave the room and get him some water.

I returned with a dog bowl.

It was a good night.

**

I sat on his face.

Masturbating.

“This isn’t for you,” I reminded him. “This is for me. So make it entertaining.”

Four times, I nearly stopped. In fact, once, I did. I did, and I left the room. I walked out, I shut the door, and I said, “I’m calling some friends and making plans because you bore me. I can’t even masturbate on your face and enjoy myself. Have you forgotten everything? Read your journal.”

He read.

We took a shower together, I pinned him to the wall facing away, and fingered him using conditioner as lubricant and told him he was a bitch. I’ll admit, that was for his benefit, not mine. But these were, indeed, desperate times.

My panties were very light pink lace. Almost white. The kind that becomes nearly transparent when wet. “I’m too tired to strap you down,” I told him. “And I want you to suffer.”

When my thighs were on either side of his face, he once again faltered. I left the room, returned with an appropriate gag, and pulled his head back by the hair. His eyes shut tight, remorseful, he said, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it.”

I guess it’s my fault, really. I probably wanted the gag all along. Double-sided. A large, thick cock gag. On the other side, a nice, rideable dildo. My favorite. I wasted no time. I mounted his face. I fucked him without mercy. My panties were just pulled to the side, I wanted him to see them.

I had to delay the orgasm. I could have climaxed in mere minutes. I slowed down, covered his eyes with my hand, dismounted, delicately kissed his available features, delivered some affectionate yet degrading commentary, then remounted and finished myself off. Climaxing all over his nose. Squirting and nearly choking him.

With a light slap to the cheek I apologized, removed the gag, cleaned up the mess with my panties, gagged him with them (just for the delightful grunt of dismay) and told him to kneel in appreciation while I showered).

It was an ok night.

**

Finally, the cock.

"Please," he said.

"Stop being so greedy," I corrected him. Again.

He lowered his eyes and bit his lip, trying not to watch me apply the lubrication.

"Are you begging me to fuck you, or not to fuck you?" I asked him.

"I'm begging you to fuck me, Akasha," he whispered earnestly.

"How long have you known me?" I asked him. Now, I was stroking my shaft with quite a bit of intensity, walking toward him and my boots were making a bit of a racket. I think he knew I meant business.

He swallowed. He'd know me, well, awhile. And, he'd read, well, memorized, everything I had ever written.

I took him by the chin. Made him look at me. "The first thing I ever seared into your brain," I reminded him, "Was to never beg me for

anything unless it's mercy."

Once again, he swallowed.

"Otherwise, what does that make you?" I asked him.

This, he remembered. "Just another self-indulgent asshole."

I turned him around from his kneeling position, bent him over, and slowly pried apart his thighs. "I don't exist to fulfill your fantasies," I reminded him. "You exist to fulfill mine."

Kneading, preparing his asscheeks for the inevitable penetration, I said to him, "I intend to fuck you until you are degraded. And humiliated. And ashamed. And you should be begging me for mercy, and showing me how vulnerable you feel, because you know by now that's what makes me ache. Or did you forget?"

Two fingers in his asshole made him say, "Please." But, I think the response was automatic.

I didn't fuck him.

It was not a good night.

**

"I'll do it for you," he said.

I barely knew him. I don't know why I trusted him. Because I hear it all the time. Usually, it comes shortly before, "Do you want to fuck me in the ass? Let me get the dildo."

"What will you do for me?" I tried to clarify.

"The thing you are afraid to tell me."

It was the best day.

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Dec 5, 2021Akasha

Poison

I told him my name was Poison.

He laughed and threw his head back, delicate strands of dark hair everywhere. There was a warmth in his closeness, the smell of his cologne. He seemed oblivious to everything but my breasts pressed closely to his chest in the crowded room. His hands precariously around my waist, that first kiss he nervously placed on my parted lips as I pulled his head down by the neck.

That deep, hungering kiss, teeth against teeth, his tongue so far back in my mouth it caught my breath. I fought back, tightened my fist in his hair, felt his moan against my tongue and bit down.

Hands tight around my waist, the taste of blood in my mouth. He pulled back and breathed hard into my ear. He said, breathlessly, "Poison."

*****

I cried when we made love that night.

Not because it hurt, or because I was afraid, or because I didn't even know his name. I cried as I watched him above me, his eyes shut tight in delirium, his body thrusting against mine. I cried because he was an angel, the most innocent creature I had seen. And I wanted to hurt him more than anything.

Oblivious in his motion, lost in the feel of my naked body enveloping him tightly, he was in his own world. Half breaths, hair in his face, his hips against mine. I felt his body, I moved my fingers along his skin and he was in his own world.

I whispered through tears, "I want to hurt you,"

And he said nothing, he groaned, he threw his head back.

The feeling of him inside me was mesmerizing, yes, but nothing at that point mattered to me more than seeing those eyes in pain. He wouldn't open his eyes. I lifted both legs slowly, outstretched them, pressed down and he moaned, moaned as he entered me deeper. I slid down into the bed further and opened my legs more, he hissed my name, he said, "Poison..Oh god.."

My legs slowly wrapped around him, ankles into the small of his naked back, his delicate flesh. No pressure, yet I wanted to feel as if I could break him in half. I wanted to stop him from breathing, make him look down at me with begging eyes, lashes wet with tears and agony. Still plunging into me, but with pleading half-breaths.

But he was so beautiful, I shut my eyes, I untensed my legs and held them snug around his waist to feel him move against me. And when he climaxed I shuddered, I felt his chest on mine, his heart beating as my fingers played in his dark hair.

"I want to hurt you," I whispered again as he rubbed his cheek along the tears on my face.

There was a soft murmur from him, he asked me if I was ok, if he had hurt me, been too rough. He was alert now, concerned, but soft-spoken and sweet.

"Next time," I whispered as I traced a finger up his cheekbone, watching his eyes, they seemed so dark and intense the way they looked at the wetness on my face, "Next time, we do it for me?"

He tilted his head a little, like a proud father looking at a schoolgirl, reaching up and pushing the hair out of my eyes, "You want to be on top?" he asked, and I could see the sparkle in his eyes. He truly believed that was all there was to it, a shy little treasure underneath his naked body, timid but wanting to take the upper hand.

More tears came and he chuckled at me, told me not to be afraid, that I should not be embarrassed for such thoughts.

And as much as I wanted to roll over into his arms and tell him how serious this really was, what control really meant, I left my angel in his content slumber and fell asleep to the sound of my name softly on his lips, "Poison."

*****

That week he called me several times, took me to a carnival, we had ice cream. He pampered me and held me close when sat in theaters, he held my hand when we walked in the street. He brought roses once and the card said "I never knew Poison could be so sweet."

So beautiful, he was, I could just stare at him for hours, and how delicate he seemed even though he was bold and confident. His eyes seemed to speak on their own, he always seemed so animated and intrigued by the things around him.

The night came, finally, and my stomach was in knots. I knew it had to be, it had to be because I could no longer stand looking at his face without ending that burning hunger inside of me. I could no longer stand wondering how those eyes could talk, how the soft gasps of pain would feel against my face, how his tears would feel on my lips.

Our naked bodies were warm, he was breathing hotly into my ear and my fists were both clenched in the bedsheets as his body started to press into mine suggestively.

"My angel," I whispered, and my voice was shaking as his mouth placed gentles kisses down my neck, my breasts. He was showering me with love, and affection, long lingering kisses, talented tongue, moving down my stomach and waist. My legs opened reflexively as his breath trailed and lingered at my thighs, his hair falling and tickling my wet sex.

My hands shot out and took his face at once, and I heard myself hissing, “Stop.”

Those eyes, looking at me curiously, as he placed a tentative kiss on my thigh and lifted his head. “What’s wrong?”

“Don’t go there,” I said with shaking breaths, I could feel my cheeks hot.

He lowered his face a little and kissed me, softly, on my mound. I gasped and arched my back in response, the sheets rolled tight into my clenched fists. I gasped out loud again, “It’s..poison..” I hissed.

His breath was deep, hot against my wetness, I could feel him breathe as if he was trying to breathe my entire soul, to reach me, to reassure me. I protested softly but his lips were so delicate against my thighs that I melted under his touch, knowing what was coming, what was coming and what would lead to the inevitable.

His tongue moved against me and I shifted my hips up toward his mouth, tightening my fists more in the sheets to prevent myself from reaching over and suddenly, cruelly forcing his head against my wetness and locking my legs around his head.

I bucked against him and he held my body by the waist, gently, sliding his tongue eagerly but with such patience, lapping at my wetness.

“It’s…” I gasped…”It’s too late now…I’m sorry, I’m so sorry….”

His tongue moved deeper, sharper as if telling me to quiet down and enjoy, and all I could do was arch my back more as I felt one hand move, slowly, slowly. I watched my own hand as it approached his head, all I could see was his dark hair, a slight motion as he dove deeper, deeper into me.

My fingers found his hair and I shut my eyes. I lost sense of his tongue inside of me and all I felt was the pounding of my heart. I slowly tightened my fist. I hissed an apology but it was so quiet even I did not hear it. And as my fist tightened I felt his breath shake a little. Tears started to well up in my eyes.

I pulled, slowly, until his head came up and he gasped, then tried to turn to kiss my wrist, to kiss the hand that was so brutally pulling him up by the hair. I was shaking.

In a combination of blurred motions, I pulled him up toward me again and guided his mouth to mine, kissing him deeply, savoring my own taste, lapping at his tongue hungrily, tasting my poison.

His eyes were closed as we parted, I felt him repositioning his body to enter me, but I closed my legs under him and whispered, "I need it for me this time."

His breath came in a shaky gasp and he said softly, "Yes…ok.." and started to move, to roll over, prodding me to move with him so I could slide on top.

"No," I stopped him, his eyes opening slowly at the urgency in my voice. "Stay right there, I want you to make love to me,"

He nodded and slid back toward me, looking at my eyes, concerned at the tears pooling in them, stroking my hair again. "What is it, what can I do?" he asked in a soft voice.

"I want to hurt you," I said, and this time his eyes were on mine, alert.

He looked at my lips, then my eyes, stroking my hair with his fingers as he was propped up on his elbows above me. "Hurt me how? Why?"

I reached up and put my hand over his lips to silence him, and his eyes were fixed on mine. He was alert now, listening. He could see how serious I was, and I think I sensed for the first time some hesitation in his body.

I looked at him with love, affection, lust. I used my other hand to stroke his hair back and just stared at him, but he made no moves to pull away from the hand that covered his mouth. He just watched, waited, swaying a little above me, his body poised and ready. Waiting.

I reached back down to my side and found my tangled stockings, bringing them up slowly and bringing down my other hand from his mouth. As he watched me unravel them he said quietly, carefully, "Do you want to tie me up?"

His voice had a hint of nervous arousal, of a schoolboy fantasy coming to the surface. His body continued to move precariously above me, hot, his hardness against my leg, pressing into my wetness, reminding me of his readiness.

I said nothing, my eyes fixed on the black silk in my hands as I tied one knot, then two, then three. I saw him tilt his head a little as he watched me, just watched my moves with detached curiosity.

Without looking up at him I said softly, "Open your mouth."

His breath was against my cheek. He kissed me.

I pushed him away, pushed him up so I could look at him. His eyes moved from the stockings in my hand to my eyes, then back down. "What..what is it?" he asked. "Tell me what's going on, why are you acting so weird?"

"Open your mouth," I repeated, reaching up with the stockings and placing them against his bottom lip.

He sighed and lifted his eyes, looking up, opening his mouth.

"Wider, "I ordered as I raised the stockings.

I shut his eyes slowly and widened his jaw, tilting his head down to me. I was shaking, shaking hard at this point with the mere knowledge that he was well aware of what was about to happen to him. I slid the triple knot into his open mouth and reached behind his head, pulling the ends tight and slowly tying them together.

The wetness between my legs increased threefold at the soft discomfort in his breathing, the way he swallowed and turned his head a little from side to side to get used to the feel of the silk tied around him. His eyebrows were down around his closed eyes, his lashes were fluttering a little.

Without knowing it, I started digging my nails into his shoulder blades, until finally he threw his head back and gasped in pain through the gag, falling against me a little as his hands reached for something to hold onto.

I lifted my legs and wrapped them around his waist, pointing my ankles into the small of his back and forcing him in one short motion to enter me, then locking him there. My hands were in his hair at once, clenched in two relentless fists.

His breath came in shaking, painful gasps through his nose and I was shaking. I arched my back, I was ready to cum, I tried hard to focus on his beautiful face but he had his head turned to the side, the hair down in his eyes.

I moved a hand around to his chin and turned his head toward me, his eyes were still shut tight, his mouth open and tense around the big black knot.

"Open your eyes," I ordered in a low, serious voice, digging my ankles harder into the soft flesh of his lower back. He gasped in pain

and arched his body against my grip a little, letting his eyes flutter open and find me.

I held his face in his hands and could barely feel myself pressing up against him, riding him from below, holding his body in a vice-like grip with my legs as my waist pressed up against him with an incessant pulsation. All I felt were his eyes, gazing down at me, how they had such a distant, painful look to them, his lashes long, the bangs hanging down around his face.

He just stared, he kept his eyes on me as I raped him from below, holding his head still so I could look at him as I thrust up against his body with mine, plunging him deeper into me, as deep as I could.

Then the time came and I shut my eyes tight, leaned up and hissed a soft, "I'm sorry,", using my legs for leverage, using strength he did not know I had, rolling him over onto his back, vulnerable, and straddling him as I pinned his wrists above his head.

My eyes were shut tight and the evidence of tears lingered but I was too far gone. I pinned him and thrust down onto him, plunging him deep into me, holding him down as I did, my nails digging into the soft flesh of his wrists.

He turned his head from side to side with a muffled whimper but I slammed into him harder, hips against hips, pressing down with a steady motion and grinding, relentless. Using him.

My hands found his hair and pulled, tight, until he reached up to push them away, his eyes screwed shut in pain. I slapped his hands away and held them down again, this time leaning down and digging my teeth deep into his shoulderblade until he screamed, a muffled, desperate plea through stockings secured deep into his open mouth.

I slammed a hand over the knot, over his mouth, shoving it deeper, and my eyes were on fire as I glared down at him, threatening, hissing, my body pumping his with a vengeance, growling, "Mine,

this time is mine," My grip over his mouth was painful, I saw it in his eyes, but he did not reach up to push my arms away. His arms flailed for just a bit before finding a pillowcase and a bedpost to grip. His knuckles were white, his body tense.

I closed my eyes tight and concentrated on the feeling of him inside me, the sound of his shaking, muffled breathing, the occasional moan of discomfort as I dug my nails deeper into his flesh.

"I'm poison, "I hissed into his ear, kissing his neck, opening my mouth and locking my teeth against his soft skin.

His eyes were shut tight in pain, in realization, but he did not throw me off. He remained still, accepting, twisting against my body only in reflex as I used him.

Moments later when I had finished, his body bruised, traces of blood down his chest and neck, he shuddered under my touch and kept his eyes shut as I whispered how sorry I was.

Slowly, very slowly his eyes fluttered open, his breath still shaking and his body weak. His eyes were red when he looked at me, he reached up and took my face in his hands and held it.

My eyes closed and I was shaking, starting to cry again, but his fingers traced my skin gently, reassuringly, moving his fingers up to the tears that were trailing, guiding them to my lips where I kissed at them like a little girl.

I opened my eyes again and looked down at him, as he stared up at me in forced silence, his hands free to caress my face yet he did not reach behind him to untie the stockings that were so tightly tied behind his head. No loving kisses, no sweet words of devotion and passion. Just shaking breaths and the soft caress of his fingers against my skin.

I reached down and traced a line down the corner of his mouth, his eyes closing slowly and head turning toward the touch my finger as if to kiss it, if only he were free.

I started to shake more than ever, unable to speak, to feel. I shut my eyes and reached around to find the knot behind his head. He lifted up and turned his head to guide the knot to my fingers and I felt this overwhelming desire to kiss him deeper than I ever had before.

When the gag came free my mouth was on his at once and his tongue felt dry, hungry. The kisses were deep, enveloping, his arms around me tight, my naked body pressed into his.

"I'm sorry," I whispered between kisses.

"It's ok," he whispered back as he held me.

I shook hard in his arms.

"It's ok," he repeated.

"I can't believe I wanted to hurt you," I cried, "To see the pain in your eyes, to feel your breathing labored and shaking as you made love to me, to make you please me and suffer like that…at the same time." I sobbed.

He tightened his grip around my body and pulled me closer, nuzzling his cheek to my mouth. "It's ok," he whispered, "I'm fine now."

I shut my eyes tight once again, sighed at the warmth in his arms, and listened to him breathe.

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Chasing

Part One: Chasing Opulence

The warmth of your hand
And the cold, gray sky
It fades to the distance

He looks at me sometimes with this smug expression.

I guess it is because he knows just how good he is. He likes to feel irreplaceable. In submission, I think, he enjoys the attention. He enjoys that my focus is so wrapped up in him that nothing else exists for me.

Even if that means enduring acts he finds extremely unpleasant.

It pleases him, on some level, just to know that I can't take my eyes off of him.

And quite often, I can't.

**

At the worst possible times.

The best man speech at his friend's wedding. And he wasn't even the one giving the speech, he was just listening.

All eyes, all attention was on the best man and his words. But I could not take my eyes off of the one sitting across from me. His tie was half undone, he was totally oblivious to my stare. I was looking at his mouth.

At times like that, I can get myself worked up into a frenzy in a matter of a few minutes, just watching, thinking, observing and

planning.

He catches me staring and he does a double-take. He gives me that look.

I give him my own look back.

We never speak a word of it.

**

Those nights are the best.

I have a gun in the drawer.

It's a weapon, and it scares me. He's talking to me, in the bathroom, half undressing, half reflecting on the wedding.

I have a gun trained on the spot where he will exit the bathroom and both my hands are shaking. Even though the bullets are locked in a box on the other side of the apartment, and we both know that.

It still feels heavy in my hands. It still feels too big for a small woman in a light blue dress to be holding. It feels too heavy for a woman in thigh-high stockings and lacey things to be holding.

My thoughts are bigger than it is, though.

And when he comes out, he sees it, stops in his tracks, two hands up at his collar to start removing the tie. He says nothing, just looks at me, and his words just sort of halt.

I want to say something simple, say "It's not loaded, it's…it's just me…do as I say," but no words come out.

He knows, though. He's seen this gig before. Just never with an unloaded pistol.

“Take off all of your clothes,” I say.

And I enjoy watching him strip for me. My hands are shaking more than his, and he moves with a slow, deliberate manner. Eyes on me the entire time. His shoulders alone seem to slowly slide out of the shirt, letting it drop to the floor. He wets his lips in perfect time, he breathes just the way I like it.

“Put your hands on your head,” I say when he is completely naked across the room. He does so slowly, with more deliberate ease, the tension in his arms making me ache.

I describe to him how he will make love to me. He listens with a nod, his bottom lip slightly sucked in like a cornered schoolboy.

And when we fuck, it lasts all night long.

**

There are times when you’d never guess there was a submissive bone in his body (I sometimes wonder if there really is), when he makes love to me from above with both of my wrists pinned above my head with one of his hands.

Strong, musician’s fingers that fit with ease around my small wrists, and I can’t do anything but enjoy the comfort of his strong frame. He holds me against him possessively enough to make me feel soft and feminine, he says weird, romantic things into my ear that I don’t even understand because his artistic words are beyond me.

I don’t tell him that at times like these I just imagine the next time he will be helpless for me, and how much I’ll enjoy seeing his eyes turn glassy.

This man that holds me down. I can make him cry.

**

And then there are mornings when I hide my head under the pillow because I can't escape the noise that at other times I call music. Shutting doors, latching windows, sometimes even turning on the television to drown it out.

I understand the muse, and how an artist must succumb to it. That's why I never stop him when he creeps out of our warm bed before the sun is even up, and I hear his bare feet creaking on the hardwood floors until he reaches the studio. I just hide under the down pillows and wish the muse would pass quickly.

When he returns to me, hours later, sitting on the edge of the bed to see if I am awake yet, I can't help but want to torture him.

The lack of sleep, the time to mull over my fantasies, it always builds. Sometimes we wordlessly end up on the floor next to the bed because I like the way it feels on my naked back.

And then under the bed, I see it. A single tennis ball, hidden away next to a Sharper Image catalog. I squeal with delight as I take it into possession, and mid-thrust he sees it and groans, turning his head the other way.

Nothing else matters anymore. Not the smell of his skin, not the feel of his hair between my fingers, not the faint trace of coffee on his lips.

Just this single ball, such fascination, and the shaking of his head as he says, "No. No. No."

**

The word "no." is common for him. Most people think a submissive wouldn't say no or isn't allowed to. This is a very sad myth I think.

A child who is given everything she wants from the day she is born may be spoiled, but she loses any sense of value in her prize.

Submission is devalued when it is so unconditional that the sense of giving cannot even be measured anymore.

He measures what he tolerates, I think, or more honestly he measures what he can handle.

When he says “No,” to the tennis ball, I may hold him by the chin and wrestle him until he accepts it.

When I lead him into the bedroom, taking him delicately by one finger (like a schoolgirl, as if to make him feel at ease thanks to my sweet innocence) and he sees an ominous array before him, his “no” may carry more weight.

I’m not saying we don’t fight about it.

“I can’t.”

“You will.”

“I don’t want to.”

“I need you to.”

“Don’t make me do this.”

“It’s important that you do this for me.”

“It’s important that you don’t make me do this for you.”

Stalemate. We stare at each other. He offers me ice cream.

Curled up in a ball next to him on the couch, I cry like a spoiled child denied. He strokes my hair and watches the nightly news. He knows it will pass.

He knows, also, that it will be worse the next time.

We compromise. Constantly.

**

I watch him do pushups from the side of the bed. Just ten of them, but they are ten for me. Propped up on two elbows, chin in my hands, I help him count them, and I tell him how I am going to masturbate later thinking about it.

Not missing a beat, he continues. He has heard this all before. He's heard it on the phone, he's watched it in the shower. He's received notes scribbled on napkins at dinner parties, he's received polaroids at work.

Sexually, nothing shocks him anymore from me.

"I masturbated with your rubber duck today when you were at work."

He collapses on the floor midway, unable to stop from laughing.

But I am very serious. Offended, almost, like a toddler who told a story only to have grownups see it as a joke. "If you don't believe me, go check!"

**

In reality, he is a snob.

He's arrogant because he knows he has talent. He knows he can get any number of reactions from me at any time, he knows he can tame the beast unless really cornered and stripped down.

The respect we have for each other comes from realizing the power.

He realizes I enjoy – and am capable – of taking that away from him.

I realize that he has the power to take.

This is why it works for us.

Part Two: Chasing Arrogance

Resist, resist.
It's from yourself
That you have to hide

His self-confidence is the reason I never tire of the domination game with him. Many men in my past had become less challenging, less engaging. Because with time they became less resistant, the submission was easy to pluck from them.

But it never is that way with him.

Sometimes I wonder if he purposely provokes me. Most of the time I think not because the beast in me really scares him. It makes him glow like nothing else when he knows he is the reason for my greatest pleasure.

When I find him alone in his study, flipping through a manual, his pencil between his teeth, I wonder if he can hear me, my footsteps creaking on the hardwood floor. No thigh-high boots, no black stiletto pumps. Just small bare feet and a soft nightgown. A victim of insomnia.

The sight of him, hair slightly disheveled, open text illuminated only by a small lamp next to the chair, somehow seems to purposely engage me.

My two hands slip over his eyes from behind, fingers interlocked, a familiar game of peek-a-boo so many couples play.

But with us, it is different.

He closes the manual without a word. He removes the pencil from between his teeth. He says, simply, "You're up late."

My hands remain there, covering his eyes. I just enjoy the sight of him that way as I look from behind him, catching a bit of his reflection on the computer monitor. "I can't sleep. I need to have you."

And that word — the word "have" – to us – is not the playful expression of couples preparing to frolic naked on the hardwood floor (although there are times for that, too). It is a word with a loaded meaning for us. A meaning he knows all too well.

I can sense his reaction in his body, even though I can't see much of anything. But I feel his muscles tense a little, sense the change in his breathing. "Can I finish this chapter?" he asks. Quietly, politely. Not submissive, by any means. Just level.

When I lean down to kiss him, hands finally slipping away from his eyes and into his hair, I know he can tell from my mouth how serious it is. I kiss him deeply, possessively, and my hands clench tight enough in his hair to make him sit up straight, gasp halfway through the kiss and make a soft sound.

"Don't be long," I say.

**

We go to a lot of parties.

We go to parties for his job; we go to parties for my job. We split our time between high society functions where he fits in more than I do and the occasional dive party of a friend of a friend of a friend.

Sometimes, incredulously, we realize a few hours into it that neither of us knows anyone who is there.

Loud music. Breaking glass from the kitchen. A crowd just slightly younger than us. I watch him sitting on the edge of the couch drinking a beer from the bottle. A girl, probably no more than 20, is flirting with him.

I watch these things, amused as usual. Amused that he attracts them even though he looks so much more sophisticated than they do. They don't mind that his clothes are nicer than theirs and they don't mind his intellectual look. I tilt my head, just gazing, as I watch him push those glasses up a little because he's looking slightly down a little bit.

That's not to say I don't do my share of flirting. He catches me spying a young college boy time and time again, he sees me use one hand to push them up against the wall possessively just to see them react. Sometimes I see him shake his head at me, wave a hand, and go into another room to find someone to play cards with.

He fears no one when it comes to losing me. Because there is not an ounce of fear left in him for that.

**

Sometimes, he even picks out the boys for me. That party, on his third beer, because there was nothing else to drink, he leaned against the wall and motioned, with an elbow of all things, toward a beautiful creature at the other side of the room.

"I saw you looking at him awhile ago."

"I think he's gay," I say sadly, looking up at him, watching him take a long, deliberate swig from the beer. Slightly out of character for the man I know, he uses his sleeve briefly to wipe his chin. And he says, simply, "We'll see about that."

**

I suppose it's just those things he does. The things that surprise me so much. The things that surprise me more than he is probably surprised when I jump him, shove a rag into his mouth and force him over the kitchen table without warning.

It surprises me when he brings over a 22-year-old and says, "This is Christopher," and I can tell he was flirting with him.

It surprises me when I find myself sitting there, watching them converse, watching him flirt with the boy, watching him stand closer. I barely hear what he is saying, but it is making the younger boy blush. But I see the boy stare at him, and I know the attraction is there.

It should be no surprise to me when the moment comes that he hands me his beer so I can hold it, takes the boy by both arms and leans down to kiss him. He kisses him, without hesitation and without fear, full on the mouth. He takes his time, and the boy seems to wilt in his grasp.

And I just sit there, the stunned bystander. I should have expected it, I know. Because even though he has no attraction to men in that way, he certainly knows how to get me hot.

**

In the stranger's bathroom, that night, I find myself sitting on the sink to regain my composure. He slips in behind me and closes the door, locking it, and I hear him say, "You liked that, didn't you?"

The words still aren't quite there for me so I sit, legs open slightly, reflecting. Reflecting as my hands wander. Reflecting as I feel warm fingertips press softly into my panties under my skirt.

He smiles at me, knowingly, presses his back to the opposite wall and slides down in one smooth motion, sipping from the beer bottle,

ending up sitting on the floor in front of me, gazing up. He's just watching. A little drunk, I can tell. Quite pleased with himself.

And I feel the cool mirror behind me as I lean back, legs open, watching him drink his beer and observe me masturbate like a patron at a peep show. We don't even say anything to each other. The situation doesn't phase either of us.

He drinks his beer and gazes appropriately, I thrust my hips and cum as quietly as I can, three fingers lost inside of me, my mind still fixed on the image of that kiss.

**

When I have to attend celebrity events he escorts me, ordering bottles of wine efficiently and making the most appropriate conversation.

Sometimes I don't listen to him or listen to anyone. I just look at him and imagine his body stretched out over a rack, the way his fingers curl up into tight little fists when he starts to beg me. I imagine the sweat, how it makes his hair look sheer black and sometimes drips down onto his barely parted lips.

I imagine that one day he may get his tongue pierced for me, even though it terrifies him. Holding so tightly onto the arms of the chair, grasping for anything. These thoughts come over me and I feel such an aching between my legs that I want to escape to the ladies room and strip out of my panties, masturbate, then return to place two wet fingers on his lips as if hushing, but really wanting him just to know what I did.

I half-listen to him chatting with movie producers and recording artists, I wonder if I look like a teen zombie or something, eyes fixed on him, mind totally pre-occupied with thoughts of him on his knees in front of me, arms wrapped around my ankles.

He pours me a glass of wine. Leans over, and places one courtesy kiss on my cheek. Plays the dutiful suitor. Our momentary glance communicates it all to him and he clears his throat, I see his left hand on his lap, holding onto the napkin now.

Like a child reaching for a security blanket, his fingers rub the material reassuringly.

Or maybe it is all in my head.

When a teenager approaches him for an autograph, he looks at me and we both snicker. It is not the first time he's been mistaken for someone famous because of our company.

There is just something about him that looks important in a celebrity kind of way.

Maybe that's why I enjoy torturing him so much.

**

That night, after he finishes reading his chapter, he joins me in the bedroom and finds me waiting in bed. The lights are all off, and I wonder if he thinks I might be asleep. I listen to him get undressed, I feel his weight on the bed.

His body is warm next to me. He slides close so that I know he is there, but he doesn't ask about the domination, about what I want to do. He doesn't ask if he should kneel down, or crawl, or go find a gag to put in his mouth.

He kisses my neck, breathes into my ear. When I reach around to put my fingers on his lips he can smell my scent, but he doesn't know just how long I have been there waiting for him. Really, truly waiting for him.

There are no toys this time. There are no instruments of pain. There are no rituals, or commands, or titles.

I tell him to take the pillowcase off the pillow.

I hear him say, in a voice of persecution, "No," but it is more a plea, a sentence hissed with urgency for me to reconsider.

Soon it will be over his head, making it difficult for him to breathe. We both know this. We know that I will then do what I want with him, sexually or not, and I will get off intensely at this simple removal of his being.

Maybe I will just make slow, delicate love to him from above. Maybe I will order him on top of me and tell him to fuck me, gripping him around the neck just to show him that he is mine.

Maybe I will tie it off at the bottom, snugly around his neck, leave him in the bed while I move to the chair and use my vibrator, making him listen to me cum while he just suffers in darkness, removed, knowing what is pushing me over the edge is the sound of his breathing and the fact that he doesn't pull it off his face, even though his hands are free.

Perhaps I will order him to masturbate, watching as I recline over his legs, telling him how fast to go, how long to make it last, and how hard to squeeze.

He is beautiful to me, even when I can see none of him. I can cum on top of him just from pressing against his body, feeling his breath against my hand, through the fabric, as I clasp it over his nose and mouth just to see him struggle.

And neither of us knows how long it will last this time. An hour, or until dawn.

He waits it out and rides the storm.

As do I.

Part Three: Chasing Decadence

I can hear you
By my side, but
Tell me please
Where are you tonight?

The fall.

He is there in the dimly lit room, straining to free himself from the ropes that bind him to my chair. He does not even know I am watching this time; He's blindfolded, and he thinks I left to go fetch a few things.

And that is how I love to watch him. So lost, concentrating so hard, desperate. The way he bites at knots when he has to, the noises he makes that are a cross between a grunt and a whisper.

Walking across the floor, bare feet barely touching hardwood, he hears nothing over the creaking of the big wooden chair.

Until my mouth is at his ear, lips just brushing his skin. "Not quite yet."

Startled, he looks up, calls my name, then I am gone.

**

I love watching him sleep.

When he is peaceful, and not chased by me in his dreams. Sometimes, though, I see that furrow in his brow, and I know what images must be in his mind.

He is being chased by me. Chased through dark alleys and dimly lit streets, chased through his own house where the locks don't work

on the doors and the closets won't open. Chased through the corners of his own mind, chased and then caught.

Caught, restrained, and tormented. Used in a variety of ways, mostly taunting his undaunted nature and the way his eyes get so big when he realizes he can't get away.

I watch him having these dreams, and I stroke his hair. Placing little locks of it behind his ear, wishing I could see into his mind. His lips pursed, sweat dampening his bangs, he dreams of a world where he cannot escape me.

He runs, but he always keeps coming back to me.

**

Sometimes I make him put on a tuxedo just so I can look at him. Other times, I make him wear a wetsuit. I dunk him in the bathtub and hold him down, straddling his chest and holding him by the hair with both hands, threatening to push him under if he does not look me in the eyes and say special words that will get me hot.

"Strawberry," he says, "Eloquent sea creatures,"

I giggle, and push down, and tell him he needs to find better words.

He gasps now, trying to scramble before finding himself submerged. "Oxymoron, is that a good word?"

I shake my head no. There are no good words this time, I just want to see the water splatter everywhere.

And besides, I like how the bow tie looks when it's wet.

**

I don't have to chase him every time. Sometimes we go to candlelight dinners that require we take a plane, and we never know

if we are going to stay overnight or not.

I wear sensual lingerie underneath my conservative clothes, and he slicks his hair back and reads magazines with his glasses on, pretending to ignore me on the plane.

I make sure the seatbelt is locked low and tight across his hips as the stewardesses require, and he looks down at me through the glasses that he doesn't need and tells me to stop acting silly.

Then I whisper things to him, and older couples smile at us as if thinking, "What a nice young couple, flirting like that."

"I want to fuck you until you can't breathe anymore," I flirt nicely with him, listening to him clear his throat and turn the page of the magazine. "Then I want to put you in the bathtub -"

"-not that again," he chimes in, deadpan, on cue.

"-And cover myself entirely with body oil."

He scratches his chin and turns the page again. I can see he is reading nothing. I grab the magazine but he holds tightly onto it, we wrestle for it, and pages rip out and fly everywhere.

We get looks from the stewardesses (who are lacking patience now) and I demand peanuts, but when I open the bag and turn to him he puts his hand over mine and looks at me. "Not now," he stops me.

And I adore him for that.

**

I argue with room service about the availability of baby oil in the hotel's general store and request that they send a bellman out to buy it at the store down the street.

He watches me, unpacking three days' worth of clothes for a one-night stay. After all, it is only dinner. But he knows about me and costume changes, and he knows from experience that sometimes we just don't leave.

We stop unpacking to make love, simply, testing out the comfort of the bed. Our dinner reservations are at 9 because we love eating late, and we have several hours to kill.

At least, until the baby oil arrives.

**

You see, I'm not always cruelly dominating him. Actually, I rarely am cruel to him at all. I just sometimes have the need to completely possess him and see how far he will go to adore me, to make me wet.

This time, I just want to revel in the way he squirms, to see how much I can make him sweat without leaving the confines of the coolly air-conditioned hotel room.

I tie him up but playfully, I blindfold him simply because I love the way it looks on him. We sit, naked, kissing and feeling each other until I have coated both of our bodies entirely and want to press him down on his back and have him.

But only after taunting him ruthlessly with my body, the feel of my slick thighs around his waist, the feel of my hard nipples, glistening although he cannot even see them, pressed into his chest.

"You're merciless," he says to me, he says it half mockingly but with real anguish in his voice.

And we continue to slip and slide until one of us either cums or the other collapses in giggles, but I keep him bound and blindfolded the entire time.

And he kisses like a prince.

**

Sometimes we take those trips and never even go to dinner, and the entire thing ends up being a farce. An excuse to go on a plane, leave the city and our lives behind, to go to a hotel where we can smear oil all over the bedsheets and squeal all hours of the night, drinking champagne and eating fresh fruit.

But when he is pensive, and withdrawn, as artists tend to get, I sometimes have to lure him into it. I trick him or kidnap him. I've had him playfully tied up on airplanes, I've had him bound and gagged in the backseat of my car as I haul up the coast as far away as Santa Cruz.

He hates me when I do this. I see fury and anger in his eyes that scares me. I have to drag him into a rented room in the middle of nowhere, away from the house and the art and the computer, and I have to keep him tied up until he promises he is calm.

If I have to, I strip naked while he watches and explain to him, very logically, while the trip is a good idea for him. I do this while changing into stockings and garters, high heels, and putting on lace gloves. He starts to get the picture and forgets about almost everything.

When I sit on his lap, facing him, and put on his glasses to kiss him (which is the reverse of how it usually goes), I can feel the tension slipping away from him, even by the feel of his tongue.

"Maybe you were right," he says to me after the kiss.

I know I'm right.

**

And then there are the darker times.

When I met him, it used to scare me. It scared me because I knew the darker side of me would sometimes come out, and I was terrified of hurting him. I was terrified of fucking with his self-respect, and I was terrified of fucking with my respect for him.

Sometimes I look at him and he can see it in my eyes. Staring at him, serious, shy, while he fumbles idly with an acoustic guitar on his lap, doing a double-take when he sees it.

"Uh oh," he says.

Because he knows. He knows when I have that look in my eyes. And it does not happen very much anymore, because I am much happier playfully tying him up and teasing him, taking trips where we play silly slave games, or blindfolding him while he fucks me deeply.

But when it happens, he takes it seriously. He pampers me, almost, and treats me as if I am sick and need special care.

That is what makes it even more intense. Because here I am, looking at him and thinking thoughts so evil I can barely confess them to even myself, and he wants to carry me into bed, place me on the sheets, kneel down, stroking my hair, and ask, "What do you need?"

I often sit weakly, tears in my eyes, unable to choke out the words. He nods and shushes me, says "Ok, it's fine," and sometimes leaves the room. And I hear his footsteps, I hear every creak on the hardwood floor. I hear him in the closet. I hear things being moved around.

I curl up in the bedsheets, shivering, eyes shut tight, breathing hard. Animal. Instinct. I imagine the look in his eyes. I need it so bad. It hurts me to want to see him that way.

Then he returns, with a handful of things, and crouches down next to the bed. He is so used to having to mindread, or just come up with something on his own (because I can barely confess to myself, let alone him, that I long to hurt and dehumanize him so).

Sometimes he goes through the entire ordeal completely on his own, and I just lay there, shaking, watching, swallowing hard, wanting to rescue him and torture him at the same time.

I've watched him gag himself with items he finds demoralizing, I've watched him lock shackles onto his wrists and ankles and present the key to me between his teeth. I've watched him, in the cases where it was really bad, wrap a belt around his neck and threaten to choke himself to unconsciousness if I didn't stand up and take him. He has pushed me, many times, to lash out at him because he knows that is what I need.

His hands shaking, I have seen him come up with items I never even bought, bringing me to tears with his willingness to endure for me.

"You need this," he says to me. And all I can do is sit there in awe at what he is willing to not only endure — but to provoke — to make me content.

He looks at me and I see all of him. The passionate lover, the tortured artist, the hopeless romantic. I see decadence and the lust for life – and passion – no matter how much pain it brings.

He doesn't only take it for me. He makes it worth my effort and makes sure his sacrifice is not in vain.

The times where he goes to those dark, scary places, he does so with purpose, and pride, and courage.

Yet he still trembles uncontrollably.

**

Yes, he is pure decadence. There is nothing I can do to escape him. Even when he is gone, he is still there with me. A part of me wants to lock him in a cage for eternity to harness that passion for myself; the rest of me just marvels at what he is and allows him to go on.

Maybe one day he will really be mine.

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Crystal Tears

It was Christmas Eve, and he was prepared to die for her.

She was in a hospital bed before him, in a coma. It had been ten days since the ice skating fall left her unconscious and lifeless.

He kneeled at her bedside, held her hand, and cried. Cried for the first time in months.

Cried for her to return, for her to hold him.

"I'll do anything," he said to her.

Silence in the room except for the slow, depressing beating of the heart monitor machine in the background.

He cried, and the tears from his face soaked her fingertips.

He remembered the time before. His tears were on her fingertips as she stroked his hair back between the torment. A soft kiss on his lips, her whispering, "You are my most precious angel, I love you."

And he replied with a half sob, nodding when she asked him to take more.

She was a cruel, relentless and evil person.

He loved her more than life itself.

Cruelty for Angel was just a little streak, though. Ryan knew this more than anyone – he knew Angel as everyone did; the sweetest, most gentle and feminine creature alive.

The kind of girl that would bake cookies for him just to see him smile.

Sweet, gentle lovemaking, the kind where she held him and gasped softly into his ear, holding him and telling him she would never let go. Holding a kitten against her cheek with tears in her eyes on her 26th birthday.

Pink lipstick. Long dark hair in a big red bow. Short skirts and knee-highs, just to be cute. Eskimo kisses between snow fights.

And a long leather flogger.

"I love you," he had said to her so many times as she giggled and held tight around his neck, pulling down on him like a child.

In thigh-high leather boots, standing over him with a glare, an intense gaze that made him shake all over until the words wouldn't come anymore.

Gloved hand under his chin, Angel hissed at him, hissed order, humiliating and evil orders.

And Ryan shuddered, shuddered and begged but finally obeyed, crawling on hands and knees with lips to her feet. The sting of the whip on his tender flesh, his arms wrapped around her ankles.

And when he looked up at her through tear-stained eyes, he saw fire.

"You scare the hell out of me," he said to her once as she held him after he took it for her. "And I am so in love with you."

One time when she was holding him after her rampage of sadism had ended, she said softly into his hair, "I never feel as alive as I am

when I do that to you. Nothing is so intense."

"It scares me," he replied after a long silence, "how cruel you can be. How lost you get in it. How you seem like you don't ever want to stop…"

Ryan felt her grip tighten on him. Squeezing the breath right out of him, shuddering. He could hear her fighting back tears again. "Ryan, I love you. I would never…NEVER let anything happen to you…"

He looked up at her with those words and looked into her eyes.

She was indeed crying – crying at the mere image in her head. "I will always save you. Always. No matter how close it gets," she paused and kissed him once, gently, on the lips, "I will be there, and you will be safe."

Ryan said nothing for a long time, thinking.

And now, a year later, Ryan kneeled at her bedside begging her to come back. Begging like he had never begged before. He half sobbed and choked on his own words as he told her out loud that she was missing the best begging performance ever.

He squeezed her hand and looked at her placid, peaceful face. "You used to love to see me beg, Angel," he said hoarsely.

Nothing.

I am such a miserable fuck, Ryan thought to himself, look at me.

He buried his head into the bed covers and cried again, realizing that without her, his life was shit. He regretted everything he had ever told her he would not do, every limit he imposed.

Only then did he realize he would do anything for Angel. She was his world.

Ryan remembered.

"No," he said to her, pointing firmly. "Safeword. Red. Reindeer. Mercy. NO, Angel,"

His insistence obviously upset her. She sat on the couch, a defeated look on her face. A cross between a pout and a sneer. They were not in the middle of play – they were merely discussing the toy she had just bought.

A scuba tank and regulator. A mask. Rigged.

"I told you how I feel about breathing games," Ryan paced.

"Please." She said softly. Not looking at him. "Do it for me..just say you will, and I might not even go through with it. I just want to know…want to know you will take it for me."

"No." He was looking at a wall.

"I need it so bad, Ryan."

"You are going to kill me, Angel. Is that want you want?"

"Trust me, I love you. Ryan, I could never let that happen to you. Just put…let me put it on you…"

"No fucking way."

Angel cried. Ryan slept that night facing the other way in bed. When she curled up next to him, close to his body for warmth, he shuddered and pulled away.

The equipment sat in the back of the closet. She never spoke of it again.

And that fire in her eyes was gone.

Christmas Eve. Ryan shuffled through their apartment and everything still reminded him of her. It still smelled of her scent. He had tried everything; reading books to her, playing her favorite music. He had spent every free moment at the hospital at her side, talking to her. Pleading with her.

In a daze, he packed his gym bag. He took another novel, he tossed in a handful of her CDs that he had not yet played for her. He found her sentimental shoebox under the bed and pulled out his early love letters to her, cried a little when he read them, then put them in his bag to read to her later.

He went to the closet to get his coat and saw the box pushed far into the back corner.

Ryan froze. He looked away, then back. Without thinking, pondering, he reached into the closet for the tightly sealed unmarked box.

When Ryan arrived back at the hospital he found a note from Angel's mother. She had been there all day with Angel and said she would be back first thing in the morning, and invited him to come over on Christmas Day if he was free. Her note was laced with sadness. She was losing hope, too, he could see it in her words.

Angel's mother had put her in a Christmas dress, brushed out her long hair and even painted her nails. Ryan fought back the tears when he saw her – even in her lifeless state, she was the most beautiful, gentle creature. The thought of her never coming back devastated him. He could not fathom reality without her.

Ryan kneeled down next to the bed and spoke softly to her, begging her once more to come back. Her head remained turned the other way, her expression unchanged. He took her by the chin and turned her toward him.

"You can hear me, Angel, I know you can," he said.

There was nothing from her.

Ryan lowered his head and sighed. No crying this time. He felt rational, calm. Determined.

The night was still young. Ryan lit a few candles, turned down the blinds so they could have some privacy. He pulled a chair close to the bed and picked up a small book.

He read "The Night Before Christmas" to Angel, and by the end was fighting back his own tears.

Ryan shut the door to her hospital room and turned down the lights even more. It was well past midnight on Christmas Eve, and he knew the staff was working with a very light crew. The chances of someone coming by to check on Angel were slim; they all knew he was there, sleeping curled up in a chair next to his girlfriend, hoping to have her in his arms Christmas morning.

Sentimental as they were, he knew the staff would leave him alone with her for the night. Leave him alone with his hopes.

Ryan took off his shoes and socks, removed his shirt, but kept his pants on. He knew how much she used to like to see him this way – how it provoked her.

"If you opened your eyes now, Angel," he said to her, "You could see how good I looked. I'm waiting for you, I'm here for you."

Ryan knew how her urges worked – for a week or two nothing, then suddenly she would have this overwhelming need to have him totally submit to her. To dress for her. To serve her. To be used by her. To be her complete slave and property.

To do things – scary things. Dangerous things.

Like the box.

His eyes fell on the box as he stood next to her bed. Her head was still turned slightly toward him. He was beginning to grow used to that look on her face – pale, expressionless. Distant.

Dead.

He shuddered, held his own arms with his hands, shut his eyes. "Angel," he said, "If you love me…" he kneeled down next to the bed and took her hand into both of his, pausing. "If you love me, you will save me."

Silence.

The slow, quiet beat of the heart monitor was all that existed in the room with him. Ryan lowered his head. It just seemed so obvious.

The feel of the handcuffs felt foreign to him. He held them, almost clumsily, looking around and finally pulling the wooden chair toward the bedside in her line of vision, should she open her eyes.

He realized he had never held them himself. She had always been the one to hold them, to put them on him. How many times she had locked them around his wrists at the beginning of a night, only to take him through a series of painful and humiliating challenges, ending the evening in his arms, showering him with tears and devotion.

How many times he had worn them. Tight, confining. Struggling against them and wanting free so bad. That paradox – the need for escape, for freedom, combined with that need to please her, to push her just a little more, to get her where she needed so desperately to go.

Ryan paced. He realized he wasn't being logical. He needed order, a process. The way it would work. How he would lock himself up, render himself helpless, be helpless in the gear she had so much wanted to see him in.

Helpless. To the degree that he would die.

Unless she freed him.

Ryan remembered back to some of the times he and Angel had played. Indeed, she became relentless and cruel, almost a different person. But he always felt he could search through her eyes and find his way to her soul to communicate to her. To communicate his fear, his need. His desperation.

One time she'd forced this terribly uncomfortable latex gag into his mouth that made it nearly impossible for him to breathe. With her body pressed close to him as she fastened some shackles onto his wrists, he found himself writhing, helplessly, slipping so deeply that he felt he was free falling.

His mind had spun totally – dizzy, almost. Fear. Just the inability to speak or communicate, and when she came back into his view he saw his vision blur before his eyes. Tears.

Her hands were on his chin. So soft. Caressing his cheeks. "Are you ok, baby?". Words so soft they could not come from such a creature.

He choked back what might have been a sob. Fear. He nodded but couldn't look into her eyes.

She gave his chin a nudge to lift his eyes to her.

In her eyes, Ryan saw concern. Her own fear. Hunger. All intermixed. He could see it – he could almost smell it. Her need to keep going. Yet this torn pain in her eyes. It was killing her to see him so scared, yet it was turning her on immensely. He could feel that in the heat between her legs as she straddled his naked thigh.

He wanted to sob more out of confusion and frustration.

"I'll stop…" she blinked and looked away, then down, shutting her eyes, breathing deep.

He shook his head hard, abrupt. No, he thought, no, I have gone this far. I have to finish this.

Angel looked at him, slowly, and into his eyes. "Do you want me to stop, Ryan?" she asked. That firm voice. The serious voice, he called it. When she stepped back out of her dominant self and checked on him.

He shook his head, no. Swallowing hard, only seeing her eyes for a moment as she gave him a half nod, then got up and left the room to get something. More toys. More devices. More pain. More humiliation. More torture.

Left alone, he threw his head back, looked at the ceiling. Pondered his helpless, desperate and pathetic state. How could I do this to myself, he asked himself.

I love her so much. If seeing her happy meant stripping down every last bit of his pride, so be it. Damn roses, damn jewelry, damn brand new fucking BMWs. Angel had the greatest gift of all. He was being cynical almost, and his conscience cursed himself for a moment before he realized just why he could do this for her.

Because she never took him for granted. And never took his suffering for granted, either.

"This is my fault, isn't it?" Ryan wondered out loud next to Angel's hospital bed on Christmas Eve. "Is it because I took you for granted?"

Ryan lowered his head and squeezed her hand. So many times had she held him so securely, sobbing into his arms after he had allowed her to do unthinkable things to him.

"I don't deserve that from you," she sobbed. "You give me so much. You are the most beautiful thing in my life."

"It's ok," He had gotten used to saying. A ritual. Coming down. Sometimes it hit her hard after she did those things to him, where he would need to hold her until she cried herself to sleep, just telling her over and over again that he loved her and the things she did were ok.

And they would be closer than they had ever been from simply making love. So he loved those games, even though he hated them at the same time. They were like a dangerous drug to him – he would avoid them, nervous, but she would seduce him with it and he would be caught in the web when it was too late to escape, and the downward spiral would begin.

And down he would go, plummeting to what felt like the death of his soul, his pride.

But Angel was always there waiting for him. To carry him through, and to bring him back.

Finally, Ryan realized he was procrastinating. Pacing in her hospital room, handcuffs in his hand. She still lay there lifeless on the

hospital bed in a coma, and nothing had changed.

But Ryan was stalling.

It made him laugh, softly, out loud, because he remembered times when Angel had accused him of stalling. He knew she wanted to play, and he agreed, but he kept making up excuses to put it off a little longer.

"Can I finish watching the end of this movie?"

"I need to make one quick phone call before it gets too late."

"I better get my clothes out for tomorrow, I will be too tired in the morning to deal with it…"

And Angel just laughed, arms folded. Her toys were already sorted. She had gone through them again and again in anticipation, much like a kid that took an hour to set up a board game because his favorite uncle finally agreed to play with him. As if the setup itself was as fun as the actual game.

And Ryan went reluctantly, like a prisoner to an execution, hands up in defeat as Angel pushed him toward the bedroom. "No more stalling!" she told him, and the door would close with a loud "CLICK."

Ryan wasn't a diver, but he knew enough about scuba gear to figure out the equipment. There were some photocopied instructions in the box with the regulator and tank, obviously something handmaid by a breath-control enthusiast, outlining the do's and don'ts of rigged scuba gear.

Ryan sat reading it, the room silent except for the hospital noises around him. "I can't believe I am doing this," he said out loud, closing the papers and setting them on the table.

Then he looked at Angel, one last time. “Yes, I can.”

Ryan got up, walked over, and kneeled down next to the bed. He took her by the hand and kissed her on the head. “Save me. Please, save me, Mistress.”

And from there, he set up what would be his own execution should she not wake up from her coma.

The strong, wooden chair faced her bed on the side, it’s back toward the hospital room window.

The oxygen tank was next to the chair, tubes running up toward the chair.

Ryan sat there, first duct taping his ankles to the legs of the chair, secure enough that he wouldn’t be able to get out of it without scissors.

The regulator posed more of a problem, for he needed a way to make it impossible to get off of his face. As much as he detested duct tape, it was all he had to use. Fumbling, his hands shaking, he secured the regulator into his mouth, nose clamped shut, and wrapped the tape securely around his head over and over, making sure there was no way, without two free hands, he would be able to get it out of his mouth.

He wrapped more duct tape around his torso, behind the chair, to make sure he could not lean forward at all. With the hose to the regulator dangling free, he still breathed normal air, until he leaned to the tank as best he could and read the meter.

Fifteen minutes, the tank read, and then no more air for him to breathe. He locked the regulator hose to the tank and fastened it secure, opened the valve so he could breathe the air from the tank. To be sure, he taped the hose to the tank so he couldn’t yank it free.

I must be insane, he said to himself.

Or really, really, in love.

And so it came to be. Ryan sat in the chair, breathing what felt like fake air. The handcuffs felt cold in his hands as he leaned forward what he could, setting the key on the table next to Angel's head. The key sat alone on the white countertop, and he pointed the lamp down toward it enough that it was the only thing in the room that was illuminated.

So if Angel were to wake up, she would see it. Right away.

Ryan sat back in the chair and reached around behind his back, the handcuffs dangling. He locked the first cuff around his left wrists then shut his eyes.

This was it, he told himself. This was really it. Fifteen minutes before he would suffocate. Fifteen minutes before he would die.

His vision blurred as he stared at her lifeless form laying peacefully before him.

The click was loud. And instead of doing it slowly, a little at a time, he had forced the second cuff on tight. Too tight.

Silence. All he could hear was the beating of her heart monitor machine, and the hissing of the tank that held all the air he had left to breathe.

Within seconds, he was bombarded with thoughts that terrified him. What if the tank was wrong, and there were only 5 minutes of air left. Not that ten more minutes would matter, would it?

What if..what if Angel, in her coma, didn't know he was even there? Unable to talk or beg, he couldn't show her he was close to death. With her eyes closed, she had no idea he was even there. Sure, maybe she could hear, but he could make no sound!

There was no safety net. He had not set up a way out should he change his mind. He shook his head hard, cursing himself, reminding himself that suicide was suicide, that to set up a safety net would defeat the purpose.

No, he needed her. Angel. He needed her to save him.

But in doing such a thorough job in setting up his timed demise, he'd forgotten one thing. He had no way to communicate with her.

A few precious minutes ticked by, and Ryan sat staring at her, imploring her to open her eyes. Begging in his mind for her to see him, to hear him, speaking to her. His vision blurred, the tears came. Out of curiosity, he tested the regulator, pushed with his tongue to see if it would come loose. It didn't budge. He'd really done a thorough job.

Oh, Angel, he thought to himself, you would be so proud.

Choking back sobs, he shook his head and his hair fell into his face. He moaned out loud, then whimpered, and begged her. He begged with his eyes. As if her eyes were open and gazing into his.

He gave her the look that had worked so many times. The please stop look, the I have had enough..the hold me look.

Safeword, safeword, safeword.

He kept thinking that word.

Angel, listen to me.

Nothing.

At twelve minutes he felt it. His heart started to pound. He had to work to breathe. The chair started to creak because he was struggling. Yes, he changed his mind. This wasn't a good idea.

His wrists ached from the cuffs, and he felt them piercing into his skin as he rubbed them back and forth. His ankles would not even move. He eyed the key on the bedside table, calculating the possibility of tipping the chair over, getting to the key with his mouth.

But he knew that was nearly impossible. So many times had he played escape games with Angel (oh how she loved to watch!) he knew that the chair would hold him to the floor, and without the use of his teeth because of the regulator, it would be impossible to get the key.

Instead, he sat helplessly looking at her with begging eyes, whimpering until his voice started to get caught in his throat simply because the air was not there for it.

And he thought, oh god, this is it I'm going to die. Angel, I'm going someplace, and you aren't even there yet.

He threw his head back, for the first time breaking his gaze at her, and held still, because for some reason it was the only position that seemed to give him those last precious bits of air.

A momentary lapse into darkness, he snapped awake and lifted his head. Bangs were wet and stuck to his head. His ears were pounding. For a brief second, he thought it was all a bad dream.

But then he saw her, he realized there was no air left to breathe, and he felt his own heart feeling like it was going to burst inside his

chest.

He wanted to scream her name but could do nothing. She had not moved an inch. Her eyelashes hadn't even fluttered. The heart monitor remained stable (unlike his, which was throbbing incessantly in his head, threatening to deafen him).

So peaceful. She laid back and enjoyed his demise. Tears stung his eyes. This is it, I am going to die, and you don't care.

You never cared.

Choking. He rocked the chair but had no strength left. He talked to God. God, I changed my mind. This was a bad idea.

He wailed for nurses, but the Christmas music was blaring and no one heard.

Eyes stinging, he struggled to breathe anything left, and when he felt his own heart stop, he saw her eyes slowly open and meet his.

Then nothing.

Her body was wracked with pain and her head was clouded, yet she saw him there, and her instincts were screaming something at her that she couldn't comprehend.

Her mind screamed it, but the words wouldn't come when she tried to shout them, "Ryan, what are you DOING?!"

When she sat up in bed, she inadvertently ripped the IV from her arm, screamed in pain. From outside the hospital room, nurses turned to try to peer in between the closed blinds, not believing what they had heard.

And when they burst into the room, they saw her holding his lifeless body in the chair, sobbing, and none of them could even begin to make sense out of the situation.

Of course, Angel couldn't put anything into words. She still couldn't speak, but she knew at once what he had done. But her body wouldn't respond, none of her muscles would work. The words were clear as day in her head, but they came out in a series of inaudible sobs and grunts.

It was all a dazed blur to her – a room full of nurses, then doctors. Medical scissors cutting through duct tape, a drained regular replaced with an oxygen mask.

And worst of all, she had no idea where she was or how she got there. She just remembered how warm his nose felt on the ice rink, how she'd bribed him into buying her a soda at the concessions stand, and how her thoughts of him filled her with warmth while she waited for him to return.

A catch in the ice, a sudden, not-so-unfamiliar loss of balance, a few gasps of fear, and then, blackness.

Tears on her fingertips. Still images in her head of the ice beneath her. His tears on her fingertips, frozen. Crystal tears.

The nurses were holding her down but she was screaming. Screaming because she saw the flatline on the monitor they had hooked up to his heart. Screaming because it all made sense to her now – the way he was dressed (just how she had made him when they played) – the equipment that he had ordered her to put away. The duct tape. The handcuffs.

And she heard the word in her head. Safeword. Over and over.

She was sobbing, uncontrollable tears, screaming at the corpse that was her boyfriend, and the words suddenly, without warning, came back to her. “You aren’t allowed to do this to me!” she screamed.

“Angel, lay down, stop,” one of the nurses was saying to her.

“How can I save you,” she sobbed, “When you do this to me?!”

When she looked into the eyes of the stern, concerned woman in white above her, it all seemed to clear to her but no one seemed to understand. “Let me go, I need to talk to him!”

The fight became more intense, more desperate. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the doctor shaking his head, the lifeless body of her boyfriend under him on a stretcher, wrists still locked behind him in the steel handcuffs she had first used on him so long before.

Then they were taking him away – out of the room – and she screamed. Angel shut her eyes and screamed his name.

She heard the nurse call for a sedative as she clawed toward the end of the bed to follow where they were taking Ryan, and when they wrestled back even harder, she threw herself back. Away. Defiant.

Angel slipped out of their grip and plunged toward the floor, her head hitting the nightstand hard. Her fingers caught the key, and as her vision blurred she held it to her, but by the time she hit the floor there was nothing but darkness.

Laying on the ice, when her eyes flickered open she saw his face first. Ryan, concerned, holding her head in his hands. Ice skaters lingered in the background.

A huge bright light came from behind him, the sun blinding her.

“Angel,” he said as he squeezed her hand. “Are you ok?”

Angel blinked and felt tears slipping from her eyes, tears that promptly turned crystal from the cold just as they hit the ice.

Words wouldn’t come. She saw the light behind him and shuddered only slightly. The ice beneath her was freezing but she was so warm. Too warm.

Ryan wrapped her up in his coat and helped her to her feet, pulling her close to him and whispering, “I thought I’d lost you forever.”

Angel still couldn’t put any words together as she let him lead her off the ice.

They were alone, suddenly, and she struggled to keep her eyes open. Her feet didn’t move but she was moving, and all she could hear was his breath against her cheek.

“Everything is ok now,” Ryan said to her. “We’re together.”

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Purity

Purity
or, *"Even femdoms get the blues"*

Calvin was going down on me.

He was on his knees, his hands behind his back, and at that moment, it was bliss for me. Not so much because of the talent behind the tongue, or the warmth of his breath tickling my wet sex. It was his hands. I was watching how he held his hands behind his back, and suddenly my whole body was quivering and I felt like crying.

I felt like crying because I realized how bad I wanted it, and how bad I had been denying it. "IT", of course, was sexual submission, and surrender. You see, Calvin wasn't holding his hands behind his back for any other reason than – hell, maybe he had an itch or wanted to stretch of something – and it lasted for all of about two seconds.

But, I honed in on it at once, I think I felt his shoulders shift in a way that signaled to me that position was being made, and like a programmed animal I lifted my head to see his arms move into place.

I let my breath out, inhaled a little, and took a snapshot in my mind of that beautiful pose, wanting to hold it forever, before he pulled his arms back around and lifted his hands to my thighs to caress me. Sweet, gentle, loving caresses as he lapped at me, kissed me delicately, worked his tongue against my pussy until I did cum, only seconds later.

And I came not from his tongue. I came from the fantasy that drove it, that time. That he was kneeling there not out of functionality, but

because he'd been forced there. And that his arms were that way because his wrists were tied behind his back.

And that he was blindfolded, and had just been ungagged, forced down, and given ten minutes to pleasure me or receive a whipping.

The fantasy made me cum. I arched my back, I squeezed my hands in his hair inadvertently, he licked more feverishly to push me right over the edge and then I saw sparkles in front of my eyes, my body hummed with orgasm and when I opened my eyes again, two silent tears were there.

**

You see, I couldn't just tell Calvin what I wanted to do to him. Instead, I pretended I didn't want to do it for a while, then started fantasizing about it on my own. It's amazing how much S&M you can take out of the normal day-to-day activities or lovemaking.

I can't tell you how many times I dropped a notebook when we walked out to our cars to go to work, only to watch him crouch down to get it. Always, cursing to myself, that he never went all the way to his knees.

I can't tell you how many times when we made love with him on top I would reach up, holding his face in my hands, stroke his skin, then open my palm, slide it over his mouth, just stopping briefly, and quickly removing it before I clasped it tightly over his face to listen to him whimper (of course, I could never take it that far). Or put my hands over his eyes to pretend we were playing peekaboo, when in reality I was imagining him saying to me, with quivering lips, "I…I can't see…"

For a month I did S&M in my own mind. Why, you ask?

Because Calvin was a good, sweet church boy.

And I was scared to death what he would think of me if he knew.

**

I guess it was a few months ago that I met Calvin. Mother's Day, I remember, and I had gone to church for some reason. My heart was broken after a potentially good relationship never took off and turned out to be a disaster, I was despondent because my artist best friend and sometimes imaginary lover had disappeared on me again, and I was feeling so lost in my own world. I was disillusioned about men in general.

Mind you, I'm not a religious person, and I have no idea what brought me to church. I just went there to sit, to think, and maybe deep down wondered if it magically would bring tranquility to my life. Or answers. Or something.

It brought me Calvin.

**

I won't go into the details of our courting, dating, and how we fell in love. That, alone, is a novel on its own, completely without the S&M drama behind it. He spoke to me because he saw I was alone; I was immediately so drawn to his purity, that's all I can say about it. He was about six years older than me, conservative, well-read and charming.

I had no intentions of falling in love, I swear. When I felt it happening, I thought God was getting even with me. I had a few delirious nights that I actually wondered if S&M was intrinsically evil and God was trying to get it out of me. After all, I met such a beautiful man suddenly, a man whom I could tell would find the whole concept twisted, and I wanted nothing more than to spend every waking moment with him.

It didn’t help that my parents fell in love with him the first time I brought him home for dinner. I had asked him in a pinch because my mother had insisted it was something I should bring a date to, and he made such an impression on them that it went downhill from there. My mother was ready to marry me off to him, and my dad was already planning a golf outing with him.

This was about our third week of dating, and we were also starting to get more physically intimate, and I was feeling ready to sleep with him. It was like a snowball going down a mountain, gaining speed and size, and I was so captivated with my feelings for him that it was almost too easy to push S&M to the back of my mind. Maybe deep down I thought my love for him would be enough, and S&M would always take a backseat.

I could not have been more wrong.

Don’t get me wrong; Calvin wasn’t a bible-thumping, overly conservative square. He drank, he swore now and then (but rarely), and he never preached to me or anyone else. But he did go to church every Sunday, and he did have a deep faith in his religion.

I’m not an atheist or anything, but I’ve always been a pretty solid agnostic. I wasn’t a big fan of organized religion, and I mostly followed my own ideals by being a good person as best as possible, helping others and leading a straight and narrow life.

Except for the S&M thing, of course.

And shortly after Calvin and I made love for the first time, perhaps when the sizzle of a new relationship started to fade, I found myself thinking about it more and more.

**

There was a very significant Sunday a month and a half or so ago. I spent the morning at church with Calvin after we had spent the most amazing Saturday night together, taking my nephews to a baseball game and having them spend the night at his house on the hill. I knew then, more than ever, that Calvin would be the best father in the world.

During church we held hands. And I found myself fantasizing about tying him up and seeing him beg me with his eyes. It made me feel guilty to think about him that way, especially while at church, but I couldn't help it.

I kept imagining how amazing his body would look behind tight ropes, perhaps strapped to my big metal chair.

The chair.

He had not even seen the chair, and he was starting to ask why our time at my place was also so brief, and he never even saw my bedroom.

"Because," I could imagine myself saying to him, "I have a big steel bondage chair in my bedroom, and you'll freak out. Oh, by the way, I want to strap you to it and fuck you."

**

That Sunday, after church, he dropped me off at my place and we stood holding each other at my doorstep for a long time. The wind was blowing lightly, it was one of those sickeningly romantic moments.

I could smell his scent, I felt his hand on my hair. He was whispering sweet things to me and making me laugh at the same time.

Yet, all I could think about was hurting him.

I didn't want to hurt him for any reason other than that I was falling in love with him, and to see him suffer for me would make me feel so intensely gifted. Not that I didn't feel gifted already to even have him in my life.

I just wanted that closeness. I realized, standing there, that S&M created closure in relationship bonding for me. It was something so special, so intense. So erotic.

He parted from me and I reached up to hold his face in my hands. His eyes were beautiful. Blue. Sparkling. He smiled a little, with just a bit of a side smirk. I wanted to tell him right then, to save myself the heartache of having him dump me months later when he found my website or ran across my catalog from The Stockroom.

"Do you want me to give you a call tonight?" he asked.

I was lost in thought. Thinking of a red ball gag.

"I'm going out with some friends," I told him. "But how about tomorrow morning?"

He started backing down the steps. "You got it. Have fun tonight with your friends. Going to a movie or something?"

"Uhmmm.." I pondered. "Nothing big. Probably just hanging out."

**

Hours later, that night, I was standing over a shot of chilled Stoli with Miss Blue reading me the riot act.

"Miss Akasha," she said sensibly. "The longer you put this off, the harder it will be when you tell him. He thinks you're the girl next door."

I pouted at her. "I AM the girl next door," I said.

“Miss Akasha,” she laughed, “You are the girl next door to a leather dungeon.”

We were at a club called Sinners, and it was 11:45 on a work night. I was in vinyl, and she was in latex, and I could not believe I was standing with a shot of vodka debating whether or not I would ever have to tell church boy that I was an in-the-closet dominatrix.

“I don’t need S&M,” I rationalized to Miss Blue as I downed my shot.

She laughed at me, and then she said, “Are you high?”

I gave her a firm look though. I was determined. Bah, I thought. I was just spoiled. There were more important things in my life than tying men up and torturing them; like my future, starting a family, leading a good life and sharing it with a good man.

MissBlue reached out as a group of guys walked by, caught one by the O-ring of the bondage bracelet he was wearing, and he felt the tug and turned. He was one of those beautiful club boys, wearing a tad of eyeliner, his black hair short in the back and spiked in the front. Amazing lips.

“My friend is thinking about giving up S&M,” she said to him. He looked at me, looked at my outfit.

I’ll admit, my heart was pounding at that point. Just the smell of potential prey. MissBlue had the gift of plucking the most beautiful ones out of the crowd, always, and her radar never failed.

“Why would you want to do that?” he asked me. He stepped over just a bit – he was a tall one, wearing a black mesh shirt and black PVC pants, decorated with lots of bondage belts, a collar, and some jewelry.

MissBlue stood behind him and pulled his wrists behind his back. When his chest stuck out slightly my heart went into overdrive. I

swallowed it down. I stood there, fighting it. I rationalized. I talked to myself.

“Akasha,” I was saying to myself. “You have a beautiful man in Calvin. This is not exciting you THAT much.”

He was lapping up the attention apparently because he just stood there. I saw MissBlue peek around from behind him, then reach up, put her hand in the back of his hair, then pull his head back so his neck was exposed, and he let out a beautiful, “Ahh–“

I pushed away the feelings, but I cannot explain to you how it is. The sensations are quite physical, starting in my belly then echoing in my chest and between my legs. The tips of my fingers start tingling, my mouth goes dry. My whole body feels affected by the consuming desire: Take him.

I stood firm, though. I was staring at him. Maybe I was shell-shocked.

Then it only took a little prodding from her, and mind you this was all in the matter of a few seconds but it was slow motion to me, to push him down onto his knees. Then that hair was right in front of me, in reach, and I was standing face to face with Miss Blue.

“You fiend,” I said to her.

She smiled. “You’re in denial.”

“I am not,” I debated.

“Take him,” she said.

“I can’t,” I shook my head.

She pulled his hair again, harder, to turn his head up toward me. His eyes were squeezed shut.

My thoughts swam around in my head. Images of taking that cute club boy, probably 21 or 22 at the most, and having my way with him. He was all too willing, and very pretty, and MissBlue was trying to make a point.

That ignoring was not as easy as I thought.

Then, I don't know.

The beast in me took over. I nodded toward the back corner and she lifted him to his feet, escorted him into the alcove, and together we went to torture him.

**

Torturing a total stranger in a nightclub is not as menacing as it sounds. In fact, it's quite recreational. In a matter of a few minutes, I was straddling his lap in a dark corner while MissBlue tied his wrists together behind his back.

Without saying anything, without even asking his name, I had my mouth on his and was stealing a kiss, heavy with tongue, my hand gripping his hair in the back, holding his head possessively. I felt a whimper in his mouth when I tightened my grip.

She locked a leash to the collar he was wearing.

Seamlessly it all came together. When I pulled his head back, by the hair, to break the kiss and see his eyes shoot open to look at me, helplessly, it all fell into place.

I could never give it up.

**

At 10:23 am the next day the phone rang in my office. I picked it up, heard his voice, and a tremendous wave of guilt came over me.

Calvin and I had never had any discussions of monogamy, mind you. In fact, we had both agreed two weeks before not to rush anything. But I still felt bad about what I did. And when he asked me if I had a good time the night before, I said simply, "It was ok."

And deep inside of me, I was not even close to satisfied. The night with the club boy had only whet my appetite for more. What I wanted was Calvin. I wanted him in my chair, strapped down. I wanted him suffocating under my body, I wanted him leashed and crawling and bravely enduring the worst of humiliations for me.

I found myself listening to him breathe on the phone.

"You're awfully quiet this morning," he said to me.

I wanted to say, "How long do you think you could hold your breath?"

Instead, I closed my eyes, and I said, "I think we need to talk tonight."

**

The night loomed over both of us and as he probably spent the day wondering if I was about to call everything off, I spent the day trying to figure out how I would tell him I was the original kinky sex chick and wanted to put him in a straitjacket.

To be honest, I wondered if the best way to introduce him to my dark desires would be just to kind of lightly bring it up one night, or in the middle of making love, rather than sit down and have a heavy talk about it.

I wondered if one night while we were making out I should just take his wrists, hold them together, remove a scarf from my hair and slowly tie them together, then tell him how turned on I was getting and as a result get him really turned on, and take it from there.

I wondered if I should start teasing him with oral sex more, getting him really close to cumming when I went down on him stopping a few times, making him playfully beg for it then saying, "damn, you are so sexy when you beg."

Or, even demanding to be on top one night, then holding his wrists down over his head and kind of sneering at him, but giggling at the same time, and seeing if he at all got off on even a caricature of dominance over him.

But all of that seemed misleading. It was like presenting myself as just a casually interested, stumbling-onto S&M woman instead of a fully admitted, fully mature pleasantly kinky sadomasochist.

I had to tell him that it was in my blood and that if we were going to stay together he would need to submit to me from time to time.

**

Calvin was wearing a button-down shirt and blue jeans when I arrived at his place. He looked concerned, and immediately took me into his arms and gave me the most comforting, passionate hug.

The thing about Calvin that I cannot begin to explain in words is how deeply warm he is as a person. He is a good person, in the truest sense of the word. A man of honor, and integrity, and passion for life. A man of stability and strength.

Even then, as he held me, I was torn once more into thinking "Well, maybe S&M isn't that important to me…I should just give it up." But all I had to do was think back to the night at the club.

Or think about what I wanted so bad to do to him.

We went inside his place and sat down, and then there was this awkward silence.

**

To say that Calvin didn't take it very well was a gross understatement.

And maybe it was in the way that I tried to explain it to him. First using fluffy terms like "erotic power exchange," then fumbling uncomfortably when he started asking me specifics about what I was into and what I had done.

What was most disturbing was that he left the comfort of my side on his big couch and instead paced around, and I could see he was visibly shaken. He looked hurt and betrayed.

"I'm still the same person," I told him earnestly. "What I am into..it's not like I need it every day or even every week. I just need it sometimes, and it is an act of love, not hatred."

"Have you ever thought about seeing someone about it?" he asked me. I could see him thinking it through – -what would his parents think, what would his friends think. Immediately it was about how could I get rid of it so we could have a normal relationship. I realized getting him to submit would never happen; I had to instead face giving it up.

He came to me, and he held my shoulders and looked at me. I looked up into his eyes and felt a love I had never felt for another person. This was a man I had dreamed about marrying, and we had only dated 6 weeks. This was unheard of for me. I was typically the type to go very slow, even before getting into a relationship. But I come from a family where everyone had a string of long relationships followed by one, a sudden flash of light that resulted in engagement after three months and marriage within a year; that was the way of my parents and all of my older siblings. It was the family curse, and I was doomed to the same inevitable happiness, it seemed.

If I could ditch the S&M.

And as he held my shoulders and looked at me, searched my face for expression, he said the words I dreaded one-day hearing.

"I don't want to lose you. But I am not into what you are into, and never will be. I know you can do something about it, because you're strong, and I will support you."

**

"I'm giving up S&M," I told Miss Blue on the phone that night.

"Are you high?" she asked me. Mind you, I don't get high, but Miss Blue always says that when I start spouting bullshit.

I was washing dishes as I talked to her matter-of-factly as if to convince herself as well as me that it was really going to happen. "Do you want my toys? I have to get rid of everything. I want no reminders of S&M in my place."

"Do you have a moving van?" she asked me. It was a joke, but not really one. She was right; I had a lot of stuff.

I thought for a few minutes, then dried my hands with a towel. "You may think I'm crazy but I'm not. I am really in love with this guy. This one is the one. I just can feel it. And in reality, I don't really even think that much about S&m when I am with him. It's not the most important thing in my life."

Miss Blue listened patiently. She listened to me go on and on about how wonderful this guy was, then she tried to talk sensibly to me.

"Don't sell or throw away any of your things," she told me, and before I could snap at her for insinuating that I was weak, she added, "Just in case!"

I thought about that, but had already pretty much decided that to get rid of it would give me a sense of closure. Knowing it was around might make it harder for me to completely cut the cord.

"What are you going to do about the website?" she asked me.

That was a tougher choice. Because I enjoyed writing a lot, and my stories had lately taken on such a soft, romantic tone that I enjoyed where they were going. I was not sure if I would be giving up S&M altogether, including fantasy and writing, or just the acting out part.

"I don't know about the website," I told Miss Blue. "One step at a time."

And we started talking about something else entirely, and sure enough, by the end of the call, like any good addict ready to give up her fix, I asked if we should have an "S&M going away party" for my kink, complete with all my toys and multiple men and a last-ditch effort for me to enact any and all fantasies I had planned to do later.

**

Calvin softly, and non-judgmentally, asked me if I wanted to see a therapist about my kinky habit in case it would help me get rid of it, and he even offered to pay.

We were at a drive-in movie, and I was snuggled up close to him with his arm around me. We had decided to go to a drive-in on a whim as neither of us had been to one in years.

Eating some popcorn, I didn't look at him but shook my head. "I think I'll be ok. It's not that big of a deal; It was just something I really enjoyed doing."

I didn't intend on it happening, but we wound up having a very deep, and ultimately a little tense conversation about my motivations for it and what I got out of it. When I was using words like "honor",

"commitment" and "love" to explain emotions I felt during it, he seemed to look more troubled than ever.

"What is it?" I asked him, seeing the look in his eyes.

He lowered his eyes and said, "It's just that…Akasha, you talk about it like it's interwoven into your whole concept of intimacy. Of love. I'm not talking about sex, or sex addiction, or needing it to make you sexually complete. But of true love, and romance, and honor."

What he said, strangely, made total sense to me. And was a disturbing thought.

"Will you ever believe I can love you as much as you need me to, as I need me to, knowing I can't give you those things?"

No one had ever asked me that. And I could not answer. Because when I looked back at the men I loved, all of them submitted. In varying degrees, in varying frequencies.

But they were all willing to do it for me.

"Are you going to resent me for saying no?" he asked tenderly.

How could I do such a thing, I wondered. It seemed unthinkable. But it was a very, very scary thought.

**

"Of course, you will resent him at some point," Miss Blue said to me on the phone later that night. The ever-blunt, always honest Miss Blue.

I could hear her walking around her place. She was redecorating again. "You need to see this lamp I bought," she said to me.

"Are you sure I am going to resent him?" I asked her again.

“Akasha, the need for submission is wired into you. You can’t just shut it off. It provides something to you that fulfills you. You are fine now with it because you just romped that little boytoy a couple of weeks ago. In three months you’ll be on edge, and you’ll see him as the guy that took it all away from you. And the guy who loves you more than anything, but doesn’t love you enough to give you what you consider ‘one little thing'”

Her words rang painfully true.

“Maybe I should take up his offer to see a therapist.”

Miss Blue sighed at me. “Do you really think after you make all these changes in yourself that you will still be the same person? You know that story. You’re going to change your life, and then you are not the same person anymore, and he may not even love you anymore. You can’t change other people, and you can’t change yourself. You need to find another guy. You’re just infatuated. It’s only been two months.”

“We’ve already started talking about getting married,” I confessed to her. And I had tears in my eyes.

“You need to be beaten,” she said, trying to lighten the conversation. “Don’t rush into anything. Try this for a few months. Try it for a year before getting engaged.”

I realized she was right.

But my mother was already getting antsy and had wedding bells ringing in her ears, and my dad had confessed to me on the phone the night before that he thought Calvin even met his high standards for his baby girl.

**

Packing up my toys was a very hard thing to do. Because the smell of leather was making me really horny, and every time I took something off the shelf to put in the box, I imagined using it. Or I remembered the last time I used it.

Funny how programmed you can be. I was so wet by the time I finished one small box that I wanted to go masturbate, or have a phone session, or call up Miss Blue and talk more about having a "Goodbye to S&M final bash."

As I took my favorite gag and put it in the box, I felt something horrible for a moment and quickly squashed it.

It was resentment.

**

"Easy, easy," he whispered to me between kisses that night.

We were necking on the couch, and I had one hand behind his head and was gripping his hair.

My eyes still closed, I continued to welcome his open-mouth kisses, hungrily accepting his tongue and taste, easing closer and closer to his body. My other hand was feeling all around his broad shoulders and back, and my feet were kicking off high heels.

His hand went to unbutton his shirt, still kissing me, but I nudged it out of the way and did it for him. He responded by putting his hand back behind him to keep himself propped up on the couch.

And I felt it coming over me; sudden, a total distraction that I'd stopped him from starting to remove his clothes and did it myself, that he obediently put his hand back out of the way. I recognized a hot, aching pulse between my legs, and I immediately tried to curb the fantasy in my head before it went any further.

But it was hard not to think about it. Once again, I didn't realize I was doing it, and tightened my grip on his hair, making him jump back from the kiss and gasp a little in pain (I tend to lose track of my own strength at times).

Then my hand was at his throat and he took me by the wrist, lowered my hand, and slowly broke from the kiss.

I opened my eyes to find him staring at me, concerned.

I was breathing hard, and he must have seen it in my eyes. That look he had never seen, but now could understand, and he knew what I was thinking. Just like with everything else, he could read my mind.

"This isn't like you," he said softly.

"Can't I just be a little aggressive?" I whispered.

"You're hurting me."

"What do you mean? You — you play basketball and sprain your ankle, you run until you collapse, you used to wrestle in college. I just pulled your hair a little too hard."

He took both of my hands and held them in his. "It's not the level of the pain," he said quietly, "It's the motivation behind it."

I shook my head defensively. "I wasn't even aware I was doing it," I explained.

"That's what scares me," he said.

And he got up and walked into the kitchen.

Then I felt it again.

Resentment.

The next two weeks were even harder. Don't get me wrong – they probably contained some of the most special moments of my life. When things were good, they were very good.

But when they were bad, they were really bad. And it usually was me going through a period of weakness where I missed S&M more than anything.

We were in a committed relationship at that point, so I couldn't even get it someplace else and just hide it from him; I would never be able to do that and live with the guilt.

But I wrote a lot, and I fantasized a lot, and I even played online, which made me feel bad. I had a furious email exchange going with a sweet Chicago submissive named TJ, and I had him doing unthinkable things and writing to me about it. That only lasted a few days, though, before I realized it was, indeed, like cheating. So I stopped.

The fantasies, however, did not stop.

And ironically, they were all about Calvin. Oh, how I longed to see him completely tied down, his big blue eyes begging me for mercy. Wanting so bad to please me, to endure for me, but terrified of the sadistic look in my eyes.

I imagined him going down on me with his wrists tied behind his back and his ankles tied together. I imagined tying him to his big four-poster bed and teasing him mercilessly by straddling his face and staying just out of reach, only to make him beg when he could not stand it anymore.

I fantasized about stripping him of the pride and power he carried with him on a daily basis and having him kiss my boots lovingly, his arms wrapped around my legs. I pictured what he would look like in

a thick bondage collar and leash, his hair slicked back. Damn, he would be center stage at any fetish event in a snap.

The images made me smile. When I fantasized about Calvin in bondage, I fantasized not so much about the sexuality and how hot it made me (and did it ever make me wet!), I fantasized about the pride and love I felt for him as he submitted to me.

I cried thinking that I would never feel that for real.

**

Ever since I was a teenager I fantasized about what my wedding would be like. All girls do this, I think, to some degree. Sometimes I dreamed about big, fancy weddings; other times I fantasized about very small, elegant receptions.

As a woman, you imagine what kind of dress you'd have (and it varies depending on the man you are dreaming about as your groom), you imagine the bridal party, the bridesmaids' dresses and what the wedding cake would look like.

I've had the full spectrum of wedding fantasies; from sleek, almost S&M affairs with the bridesmaids in skintight black dresses and my husband-to-be standing the whole time with his hands behind his back (our little secret) to traditional, white weddings in huge churches or on a cliff overseeing the ocean.

The limo ride away from the reception was the most consistently kinky part of my wedding fantasies, the moment where I would steal some quiet time with my new husband to pin him down and consecrate our marriage in the S&M way; hiked up wedding dress, his wrists suddenly locked together in silver handcuffs.

The first time my husband, my actual husband submitted to me.

With Calvin, though, my wedding fantasies were a blur. I knew we'd have a big church wedding, and I knew the combined sizes of our families would require the largest wedding my family had ever seen.

But the limo drive fantasy seemed strangely stoic. Holding hands, looking at each other adoringly, and then what?

**

The femdom intervention.

Leave it to Miss Blue. She had asked me over one Thursday night to have dinner, and when I got there, I could tell something was up by the look on her face.

She closed her door and walked around to face me, waving her hands a little in her east-coast animated way. "I have GOT to talk some sense into you."

"What are you talking about?" I asked her, but I knew.

"You have been walking around for three weeks in denial. You are a different person. You are keeping all of this stuff bottled up inside of you because you're trying to fulfill your parents' expectations of a wedding, a white picket fence and 2.5 kids with a BMW."

I always respected Miss Blue for speaking her mind, but that time, it got to me and made me upset. I sat down on her couch and folded my arms. "I've been fine with this whole thing. I haven't even thought about S&M for days. I love this guy, MissBlue. I love him more than I have loved anyone. I love him MORE than I love how S&M makes me feel."

She went into the kitchen to work on her lasagna but kept talking. "You can say that now because everything is new and exciting. But ten years down the road — no, in ONE YEAR, when it's not like this anymore, you'll start missing everything you gave up."

I just listened, but picked up the TV guide and looked at it. I caught myself wondering if Noah Wyle might get tied up on ER as a commercial had sort of hinted at but quickly shoved that out of my head with a mental slap on the wrist.

"I just don't want you to make a mistake because you are totally deluded," Miss Blue continued. She came back out of the kitchen to look at me. "Remember when you told me that when you were a little kid you realized you liked Felix the Cat because sometimes he wound up getting tied up in that bag?"

I nodded.

"And you think you can just stop thinking about, wanting, and doing S&M?"

I knew where she was going with it. "I think you need to meet Calvin. I still am amazed you haven't. Once you meet him, and you see how I am around him, and see the kind of person he is, you will understand. Let's go on a double date."

Miss Blue went back into the kitchen. She thought for a moment, then said "That's fine. But you can't get engaged, promise me you won't get engaged. You keep talking like he's about to give you a ring, and that's killing me."

"I promise," I told her.

And I started channel-flipping until I found an old episode of Star Trek that I remembered I liked because Kirk got captured and chained to a wall. Then I cursed myself and shut off the TV completely and went to the kitchen to watch Miss Blue cook.

**

In the middle of that week, the four of us got together — Calvin and I along with MissBlue and her boyfriend. She had been able to get

us seats at the Magic Castle, a private club/restaurant where magicians perform early in their careers. I had never been there and was very much looking forward to it.

We all got decked out and decided to make quite a night of it, and I was pleased to see Calvin as charming as ever, really chatty with MissBlue's boyfriend. I smiled at her as if to say, "Didn't I tell you he was great?"

She smiled at me and shook her head in disbelief, then she and I started talking about our jobs just as the waiter appeared to take our order.

I was sitting on the outside of the booth with Calvin next to me on the inside, and MissBlue was directly across from me. Our waiter was a gorgeous young blonde guy with his hair hanging down just a bit in his face, and he did one of those waiter deals where he crouched down to tell us the specials so he didn't have to shout to be heard.

And she saw me looking at him – oh, did she ever. I could read her mind. She was saying, "Miss Akasha, what nasty thoughts are you thinking about that poor waiter boy? Does he have any idea what he could get himself into with you?"

I suddenly remembered our trip to New Orleans last year for my birthday, when we saw that gorgeous dark-haired guy on the trolley, holding the bars of the tram with his hands spread over his head, his hair dripping from the humid downpour we'd all just escaped from. Oh, we followed him around for hours, finally entrapping him like two rabid felines.

"And for you, Ma'am?" the waiter said to me, snapping me back to reality.

I felt Calvin's hand on my knee under the table while he and Blue's beau reviewed the wine list.

Then my entire mind went blank because I saw a big tank on the stage, the kind of escape artists use, and suddenly I was saying timidly to the waiter, "I thought they just did sleight of hand and table magic here?"

He turned to see what I was looking at. "Oh, no ma'am. Sometimes we do performances as well. Duncan Chancellor is performing at 9."

I looked at MissBlue. She raised her eyebrows at me then reviewed her menu again.

**

I had a relationship several years ago with a guy who was about as straight as Calvin; just not so straight. He wasn't that interested in S&m himself but allowed me to play with other people, and sometimes get my hands on him during very special times.

If I had been with him at the Magic Castle as they rolled a water tank out onto the stage, he would have put a hand on my shoulder affectionately and said, "Are you going to be able to handle this Akasha?"

We'd probably giggle about it, and he'd squeeze my hand when they put the poor magician in shackles, and he'd chuckle as I excused myself to the ladies' room afterward because he knew what it did to me.

But with Calvin, it was obviously different. Both MissBlue and his boyfriend kind of smirked at me when the solidly built magician was put into chains for his escape. I kept my mouth shut and tried to watch like a normal spectator, and decided that in order to make the relationship work I'd probably be better off not exposing myself to things like that. It only made me miss it more.

**

We were enjoying dessert sometime later and I had finally recovered from watching Duncan emerge from a glass tank, soaked with water and gasping for air. I had excused myself to the ladies room of course, and MissBlue had followed me, and I was chattering like a lunatic about how good that man looked in those shackles for five minutes before Miss Blue stopped me and asked, "Aren't you going to ask me what I think of your boyfriend?"

Point taken.

By the time we got through dessert I was feeling at least somewhat recovered until Duncan arrived at our table, now in a tux, his hair still wet and slicked back neatly. "Ladies," he said, looking at us, then nodding at the men. He was holding a pair of antique handcuffs. The really ominous kind. The super-heavy type. My jaw dropped.

I got all flushed. I was blushing like a kid and it was like one of those moments in a restaurant when you realize all the waiters are coming to sing happy birthday to you with a piece of cake and candle glowing when it isn't even your birthday, but someone wanted to play a joke on you.

All I could think about was who the hell paid this guy to come over and wave handcuffs at me.

"If I could ask for your assistance," he said, smiling at me, then Miss Blue, "I may be able to entertain you for a few moments."

I looked at Miss Blue. If it had been she and I alone there, the guy would be toast. We'd have ganged up on him in a flirtatious frenzy and had him kneeling and begging to be shackled up for us, and my hand would be going through his wet hair.

Instead, I shook my head abruptly with big eyes when he asked if I wanted to check the shackles before putting them on him, and thank god MissBlue reached over and said, "I'll do it."

So she checked them and had her beau look at them, and then the escape artist crouched down and held out his wrists to her. When she put them on him she looked at me, and I could tell she was torn between really saucing it up for my benefit (which months ago she would have done in a heartbeat) versus toning it down as to not tease me.

All I wanted at that moment though was her to sauce it up. Sauce it up good. I implored with my eyes, told her it was ok. Mentally sent messages telling her to make them good and tight and flirt with him and then suggest cuffing them BEHIND his back to see just how good he was. Hell, if I wasn't going to be doing the domming, at least I could watch.

But she did tone it down as to not get me worked up. Still, seeing her lock shackles on this guy and then having him hand them over to me to see if I wanted to check them was enough to make my heart pound. I was barely aware of Calvin sitting next to me, and I found myself wanting to ask Duncan if he also could get out of a straitjacket.

My straitjacket, that is.

**

Our double date was very successful. I never had any doubts about Calvin; he was pleasant, an excellent conversationalist and genuinely funny, and he and Miss Blue's boyfriend, while they had very little in common, still had a ton to talk about and kept each other very entertained even while she and I had our much-needed girl talk.

I was eager for the real review, though, which would come the next morning. I called Miss Blue at work and said, "Didn't I tell you he was great?"

"It'll never last," she said.

I grumbled. “You are such a pessimist.”

I heard her typing while talking to me. “He’s a great guy, Akasha. But you’ll be bored in three months. He’s what you THINK you want.”

“And what do I really want then?” I asked her.

“Duncan,” she laughed.

I pouted a little, but one thing was true. I had fantasized about Duncan that night, even as I cuddled in Calvin’s arms. It had just been so nice seeing a man in shackles again.

**

But the real challenge came two weeks ago. And it wasn’t because I wanted to tie up some goth boy, or missed watching my bondage videos, or track down Duncan and see how much of his talent was an illusion and how much was truly the ability to escape.

The challenge came when I wanted to dominate Calvin so badly that I felt like I was going to self-destruct. We were at his place and he’d cooked dinner, and I wished at that moment I could get SOME satisfaction out of that sort of thing; thinking about and eroticizing that not only did he cook dinner, but he was doing the dishes.

That didn’t work for me, though.

And when he sat down with me on the couch to cuddle, I couldn’t help it. It just slipped out.

“Can I blindfold you when we make love tonight?”

“Why?” he asked, pushing some of the hair out of my face.

I shrugged and looked away and thought for a few minutes. I was actually a little surprised that he didn’t jump all over the idea for the

S&m overtones it had. “I just think it would be erotic.”

He stood up. “Let me think about it for a little bit. I’ll finish up the dishes.”

Big mistake. Suddenly, I was filled with the hope that it actually might happen. My heart was pounding, and I was imagining how gorgeous he would look with a tight black scarf tied over his eyes, how much it would enhance the way his beautiful mouth appeared.

I imagined him on top of me, hidden behind the black material, my fingers holding his face delicately, watching what was still visible in his expression as he made love to me.

Excusing myself to the bedroom, I got ready for bed and could not get the image out of my head. In the time it took him to finish the dishes, I had completely gotten myself worked up into a frenzy over something as simple as a blindfold.

And I’d already found the scarf for it (but hid it under the bed as to not look too obvious when he came in) and was completely soaking wet with arousal.

Needless to say, when he declined, I was devastated.

**

It burned in me. A frustrated, resentful, nasty sensation that was ugly. But I could not help it. I was in bed there, eyes wide open, with no interest in all in making love after having my hopes raised only to be told no.

“Can I ask why not?” I finally managed to say, trying not to sound too bitter.

He was kissing the back of my neck. “I just don’t want it to lead to anything else.”

“Anything else?” I turned. “Like, god forbid, pleasing me?”

He looked at me. He looked concerned, and he looked hurt. “Akasha, how could you say that?”

“Why can’t you do ONE small thing for me? It’s not even anything kinky. People do it all the time. It’s JUST a blindfold.”

“It isn’t to you,” he said. “It is much more than that. It’s the start of something else. It would escalate. I don’t want to start going down that road.”

“I think maybe you’re too conservative in bed for me,” I said as I turned away. I was seething. And even as I said these things, I knew they were borderline irrational, laced with anger and probably best left unsaid.

I felt his hands on my shoulder; I already knew, only after thinking about it for a second, that the statement wasn’t entirely true. After all, Calvin had been open to a great deal of variation in sex; just not S&M.

“If you think me not being willing to explore things like sadomasochism is too conservative, Akasha, then I agree. But we’ve talked about this, and you said you didn’t need it.”

I turned to him. “A blindfold isn’t even sadomasochism,” I argued. “Have you ever been blindfolded in bed?” I asked him. I of course expected a no answer, so I could beat down his argument with it.

“Yes,” he said.

And that shocked me. I looked at him. “You have? When?”

“My last girlfriend.”

“You let her do that to you?” I asked him.

“Yes, it was just a spontaneous thing. We did it one time. Two at the most.”

I sat up in bed. Now my heart was really pounding. “You mean you did that with her, but won’t do it with me? You told me you weren’t even that in love with her, and it was a bad relationship.”

Calvin looked at me. I could tell he was concerned, but all I felt was a betrayal. “What she did to me was just — it was a random thing that was forgotten. It carried nothing more for her than a curiosity quenching. You know it carries a lot more meaning for you than her. You know it’d be like — ” he hesitated.

“Be like what?” I snapped.

He was rubbing my leg. Affectionately, soothingly. But it was upsetting me.

“It’s like giving a glass of wine to an alcoholic. A little just isn’t ok, Akasha. You’d want more. And if I didn’t mind it, I might even let you. Then it’d just grow with time, and it would be harder for both of us. We can’t do that stuff.”

“Are you telling me that with a different girlfriend you might entertain the idea of experimenting with light bondage, but because I like it, you wouldn’t do it with me?”

He could tell I was starting to get really upset. He looked at me sympathetically and tried to reach up to pull me close to him, but I got out of bed.

I grabbed my clothes from the floor and started getting dressed.

“Where are you going?” he asked me.

“Home,” I said.

Calvin and I had never been in a fight. And this was bad. It was very bad. It just felt worse than maybe it even was at the time. I was already crying and felt horrible, but I was so angry and pissed that I needed out of there.

He didn't try to get me to stay though. He didn't even say anything. And that upset me even more. Apparently, I thought in my overly emotional state, he didn't care that I was so hurt I had to leave, and apparently, my needs were not that important to him.

**

I called Miss Blue when I got home and told her what happened. She had already been asleep but listened to my whole story, and I was still crying and being irrational, and all I wanted, right then, was a submissive to torture. One who would take it for me because he wanted to please me.

"You want someone who understands you," she corrected me. "He doesn't understand you, and he does understand you. He understands you well enough to know that doing a little light bondage isn't just a momentary thrill for you, that it would carry a much larger impact and probably open a door he doesn't want to be opened."

As much as I hated to admit it, she was right.

**

I called the next morning to apologize to Calvin. While I may at times be a typically overly reactive emotional female, I generally have the good sense to have a clear head the next day and deal with things rationally.

I told him that my desires got the best of me, and I had acted impulsively. He was obviously upset by it still and was quiet and removed on the phone.

This time, ironically, it was he that said we needed to have a talk that night.

And I already knew what was coming.

**

I hadn't had a guy break up with me since college. It was always the other way around. And this one came totally unexpected, out of the blue. After one small fight, I debated with him, he was willing to just throw everything away?

He had his thoughts well-composed, however, and there was not much I could say to change his mind. We both cried for quite some time about it, and even when I told him I would see his stupid therapist with him, never again ask him to do anything that remotely looked like S&M, he told me it was unfair to deny me something I had obviously come to treasure very much.

"It's part of the way you express love and intimacy," he said to me. "And it's something I could never give you. We could never have a truly complete form of love."

I stared at him, my eyes burning from tears. "I can't believe this is happening."

Calvin sniffled, and he rubbed his eyes. "I have never loved anyone as much as I love you, Akasha. That's why this is so hard. But I would live in fear of destroying everything slowly over time by denying you what you need."

"Then why deny me it," I argued, going back to that whole debate again. He just looked at me, and I looked away, knowing we didn't both need to hear his reasons for not wanting to do S&M with me.

I pulled myself together and managed to relatively quickly assemble the various things of mine that had migrated to his house over the

past two and a half months. It was like a dream state; this breakup happened fast, just like falling in love with him did. It wasn't a slow build-up to a huge blowout, and it wasn't a deterioration like failing health when you see it coming.

24 hours prior, everything had been fine. My impulsive request for playful submission had destroyed what I imagined was a relationship that would grow into marriage.

I knew the impact would not fully hit me until the next day, and I knew it would not be pretty. I knew it'd take a long time to recover from. I had no idea how I would even tell my parents.

The saving grace of the entire nightmare was that we did not share much in the way of mutual friends, and I didn't work with him, or share any of the same social circles for the most part. At least, I rationalized to myself, I could remove myself from him enough to not be reminded every day of how much I loved him.

I couldn't even really pull myself together enough to hug him goodbye. Female denial, perhaps, telling myself it wasn't a goodbye, it was just one of those breakups that lasted a few days before he'd call and say he made a mistake.

I'll admit, I even imagined that he'd call and tell me it was a mistake, and that after thinking about he realized he did want to try submitting to me, and that if it meant so much to me, he'd do it for me.

And then he would submit, and it would be beautiful, and he'd say, "I could do that for you now and then if you need it. I just want to make you happy the way you make me happy."

And then we would get married and have kids and live happily ever after. I'd even bake cookies and we'd go on family vacations and I'd keep a little stash of toys under the bed.

But it’s been quite some time, now.

And he has not called.

I never thought I would lose someone because of my dominant desires. Let alone, the man I was supposed to marry.

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Jan 1, 2022Akasha

My Way

Last night I told him it must be my way.

A serious chain of events, a myriad of deadlines and pressures and frustration led me to that moment when I realized, quite unexpectedly, that I was long overdue.

With him, it always seems so intensely urgent the moment it hits me, and that's why I could give him no advanced notice.

He looked at me wearily when I told him it must be my way; weariness because he hadn't slept much the night before, weariness because he was facing his own insurmountable deadlines and frustration.

But he just said, softly, "Ok," and he looked at his watch and rubbed his eyes, returned to the images that clouded his computer screen and added as I made my way to exit his cluttered office, "I'll be finished in about an hour."

**

When it's my way, it's distinctly different from when it's his way or our way. That's the way we've come to communicate about how we're going to have sex – those times that aren't simply spontaneous and end up being anyone's way.

When it's his way it's furiously passionate, somewhat nasty (he can be that way, and it so much contrasts his almost proper demeanor that I find it extremely sexy, even when participating in acts I used to think were reserved only for the cheesiest pornos or the peep shows at the darkened 24-hour book store on the back corner). I can't count the number of times I've said to him, "You even make THIS position sexy."

His way is often fucking me over the side of the bed until the pictures rattle right off the wall, or purposely making the largest possible mess of his cum; on me, on him, all over the bedsheets and in my hair. His way is with oils and lotions or messy foods.

Our way, of course, is slow and meaningful lovemaking, without urgency or structure, slow and rewarding and sometimes so subtle that you'd think we were exploring a soft dance together.

And then there's my way.

**

"I don't like your way," he said to me once. He said that to me while holding me after I'd slapped him in the middle of sex. We'd been halfway between sitting and fucking sideways, and I'd told him three times to open his eyes but he wasn't paying attention.

When I'd slapped him he'd lost tempo, opened his eyes and let out his breath, blinking back to reality and looking for some explanation.

When it's my way, it's laced with aggression, power, degradation and sometimes pain. It's the most dangerous combination of lovemaking and erotic power exchange, and I can't let it end until I'm fulfilled.

He learned to like it my way. He learned because he knew I needed it sometimes, and because, in the scheme of things, the pain or pride bending was not all that much for him to take. He'd come out of "his way" often with more bumps and bruises, his knees scraped raw from fucking me over the rocks on the seacliff, his back often sore from having me fuck him on the stairs that led to the loft, holding tightly onto the railing for balance.

His ego, though, was what came out of "my way" so bruised. And once we learned to repair that together, each time, he was far more accepting.

**

My way, last night, had to do with satisfying some dark obsession that I'd just been consumed with; the desire to make him fuck me, penetrate me, plunge into me until I came but while fumbling with shackles, an incredibly awkward position and without the use of the tools he had that he'd mastered bringing me to orgasm within a matter of moments when he wanted.

He'd be unable to use his mouth, his fingers, his eyes. He'd be unable to whisper things into my ear that'd push me over the edge. He'd be unable to communicate all the conflict he was feeling by parting his lips and grimacing ever so softly at me.

In my fantasy (that had been playing heavily on my mind for days by then) he was forced to use only his hips, his sex and his strained body language.

When he came to the bedroom I didn't really have many things assembled; I knew it'd all come together. I had a single black scarf, some ankle shackles and my favorite leather bondage mittens.

He had no idea what the extent of my plan was; he knew it was his role to just accept and endure, to go with whatever unfolded and to do his part to accept my way.

I undressed him. He stood there, solemn, rubbing his eyes once more, this time with two fingers. Barely moving as my fingers moved down the buttons on the front of his shirt in a slow, precise manner. He moved his shoulders to accommodate me when I eased his shirt from his body but did little more to help. Next, I disposed of his pants and shorts, finally his socks, leaving him standing before me completely naked.

He was visibly uncomfortable already; mind you, he often parades around with absolutely nothing on; his discomfort wasn't related to his nakedness, it was related to the deliberate way in which I

regarded him. The obvious intent was to render him completely naked and vulnerable immediately and without hesitation.

He's not a big fan of the mittens, first of all, and that may have something to do with the value he places on his fingers; whether it be from playing the piano or fingering me to orgasm, it's no secret that he considers his hands his most valuable tools.

Second only to his eyes, of course, which explains the subtle sigh he gave when he recognized the scarf I used primarily for blindfolding him. He held hands out for me and watched me fit and lace the gloves to him. I used the long ones, long leather mittens that extended to his elbows and could not be pulled off no matter how hard he tried after leveraging them against something. They encased his fingers and left him with nothing but big leather paws.

I blindfolded him for several reasons; one, to make him feel vulnerable. Secondly, it always seemed like he was even more attention with his mouth. And thirdly – because it looked good on him.

Dark silk covering his eyes tied tightly behind his head with his bangs hanging out over it – from below him, this was always a sight to behold. When the blindfold was in place he probably figured (and hoped) that'd be the extent of his torment (as it was enough), but I also attached shackles to his ankles.

I used the soft leather shackles and attached a chain a few feet long between them, giving him enough room to spread his legs about halfway before being pulled back into place. It probably would have been barely noticeable at other times; in fact, there was enough slack that he'd be able to walk without much problem, either.

But I wanted to hear the rattling of the chains every time he shifted his legs. And that's probably the only reason I did it.

**

I made it clear to him (through hushed whispers) that he was to not fuck me just yet; that this was merely foreplay. And foreplay was something he was very good at; shackled or not.

He's arguably one of the best lovers I've had, mostly because of his taste for precision and his total patience and attention to detail. He also has really great hands; but this time, I'd rendered those somewhat useless.

This time, his hands on my body had a uniquely sensual touch; I enjoyed the way the leather felt against my skin, pleasantly observing how, even without sight, he instinctively knew just where to put his palms.

I held his head in my hands and made him kiss me; over and over again, my eyes closed, feeling the blindfold brush against my cheeks. "I can't see," he whispered for good measure, knowing all too well that foreplay, for me, extended all the way to words and things as subtle as the way he breathed.

It was maybe forty-five minutes of what I'd considered unparalleled bliss: his mouth on my body, the contrasts of the smooth, sensual leather on my skin as he used both hands to explore me with the sudden, shocking coolness of the silver buckles on the mittens that would occasionally touch my hot flesh.

Sightlessly he managed to maneuver the cold silver O-rings of the mittens to my nipples, which were already undeniably hard, and about 30 seconds was all I could take of that before I reached up, took him by the hair and said, "We're done with this part."

He knew though, without my even saying it, that we weren't done doing it my way.

**

After the time he spent feeling my body with the gloves, teasing me with his mouth, showering me with deep, aggressive kisses I was so wet and hot that I wanted nothing more than to have him inside of me. I could almost feel it; how good the sensations would be when he entered me and took me with long, deep thrusts. Eagerly I reached for the cloth covering his eyes so we could move to the next stage.

He was pleased to see the blindfold go but was visibly bothered when he saw what item had reared its ugly head in its place. Laying next to me on his side, his leather-covered hands together and curled up slightly under his chin, he rubbed his legs together, fidgeting, and looked at the black device I was coming toward him with.

"You're going to have to fuck me," I told him plainly as I felt the latex item in my hand. "And make me cum. Without using your hands, without using your mouth. " The item that he regarded with such disdain was an inflatable latex gag, an item he particularly hated because it hurt his jaw, affected his breathing and tasted terrible.

"Do I need to wear it the entire time," He asked quietly, finishing his sentence just in time to open his mouth for it, looking at me for the answer.

"Yes," I said as I made sure the bulb was in his mouth before wrapping the smooth outer latex around his face, leaning over and buckling it behind his head. There was an audible grunt of displeasure from him – displeasure either at my answer or at the feel of the device or both.

I didn't do anything with the pump that hung from the two-foot rubber cord. I pushed it out of the way and then took his leather-covered hands, pushed them together, and locked a length of chain between the two, giving him a couple of feet slack between them.

He was distracted enough by the latex in his mouth, eyes shut tight, jaws testing the moderate discomfort, to not even notice what I'd just done to his hands. The added restraint was probably the last thing on his mind.

Just when he thought his situation could not get any worse, he opened his eyes to see what I had in my hands.

**

When I have it my way, I try not to hold anything back. And I can usually do it with little or no remorse or sympathy for him.

But this time, when I saw the look of persecution in his eyes, the way he looked at me as if to please, "But WHY?", I felt painful twinges of guilt that only served to turn me on more. Call it the sadist's version of "painful pleasure."

He had no idea why I would need to not only gag him but put a hood over his head; to interfere with his already strained breathing, to essentially blindfold him (again), to eliminate even being seen by me; to be, effectively, removed from the situation.

In fact, he hated the idea so much that he fought with me, which was rare. He gave me a muffled but audible, "No.." when I lifted the loose-fitting, soft black material to his head. He turned his head away, used his shoulders to lift himself up and out of my reach, his hands coming apart finally to test the slack given by the newly added chains.

At the same time, he tried to bring one knee up but his ankles were still locked together with just a few feet of slack. I had no choice but to grab him by the chin, hiss his name and remind him, "We're doing this my way."

He gave it one last try; his eyes, searing into me, pleading, begging me to reconsider. Urging me that it was overkill, that he'd be hot and

sweaty, the material would stick to his face when he tried to inhale, the darkness would be disorienting and he'd be unable to carry out his task of pleasuring me.

But the hood went on, slowly, purposefully, and his two hands, still encased in leather, reached up to hold my face as I did it. Telling me, essentially, that he'd do it for me.

**

So there he was. Ankles shackled together. Hands in leather bondage mittens locked together with just a little slack. A black, loose-fitting hood was over his head, and out from underneath, it hung the rubber tube that was attached to the bulb that I could utilize to enlarge the terrible tasting piece of latex in his mouth.

He was on his side, but I told him to get on top of me. I reached down to wrap my fingers, my flesh still hot, around him. I held him, possessively, massaging him to erection so he could be ready to give me what I wanted. Like switching on a machine; I touched him to get the desired effect so that he could fuck me. Pure and simple.

But without the use of his hands, of his talented mouth and tongue, without even the ability to whisper things into my ear or give me a desperate, pained look, he was facing an ominous challenge. Making me cum by merely fucking me; disoriented, off-balance, desperately trying to find a position that would even give him leverage.

And I made it perfectly clear to him that if I was dissatisfied by his efforts, I'd show him by squeezing, slowly and purposefully, on the bulb in my hand. And the growing latex in his mouth would be even more to worry about.

**

He seemed to pull himself together with every effort to perform to standards. I made him get on top of me and he spread his legs what

he could to gain some leverage on his knees, and he put his shackled, mittened hands above my head.

So close to me, right above my face, he looked ironically menacing completely covered in black cloth. I could still feel his breath through it, though, and he had that sound to his breathing that showed concentration, strain, physical exertion.

He found a position that seemed to work somewhat and managed to keep his weight off of me, supporting himself on his hands and knees. I certainly didn't make it any easier for him, rarely even taking the effort to lift my hips and meet him halfway. No, I was much more interested in watching him strain. Even though I couldn't see his face.

He was clever, though. He knew that without the use of his hands, his mouth, the only way he'd bring me to orgasm would be from just the right kind of penetration, the right timing of the thrusts and a deliberate, directed moving of his hips to apply all the right pressure. Unfortunately, the positions he was limited to, especially since I demanded that he stay on top, made it nearly impossible to keep the tempo long enough to get me close.

The poor boy was exhausted. And I could hear it in his breathing, in the way his arms buckled slightly, how he'd stop briefly, shaking his head around (probably because the sweat underneath the hood was stinging his eyes), catch his breath, and re-position his body. Every time there'd be a series of jingling of chains (which I loved), his careful, gentle re-placement of his mittened hands someplace, and a blind, cautious fumbling to enter me again.

And the sounds he was making or trying not to make, were almost enough to be that extra edge he knew he needed. Frustrated, hot, claustrophobic. He kept lifting his head up high to swallow, then he'd put it back down, at one point resting his forehead on mine. So close, I could almost see the outline of his face.

I knew, then, that if I could just see him, just see him for one brief instant, I'd probably cum. Because underneath that hood I knew his eyes were weary and the sweat was making the hair stick to his face, and he was trying to keep his jaw set right so that the gag didn't hurt.

I reached up to his face and held it in my hands, tracing with my thumbs up his cheekbones, under his eyes. The fabric was hot, damp. I felt his breath right through it. I felt the outline of the gag that was still firmly in place, and I felt that his eyes were shut very tightly. I could literally feel the eyelashes through the fabric.

That's when he got clever, using anything he had to bring me closer to orgasm. He leaned closer and pressed his cheek close to mine, breathing hard into my nose. He did this while resting before re-positioning himself, he did it with a slight, muffled moan that seemed to ask for freedom from at least one of the multiple torments I was making him endure.

I reached down, though, tracing the long rubber cord that led to the plastic pump which controlled the inflatable gag, and I said softly, "You are not to stop fucking me."

And I squeezed it, just once, but felt his entire body tense. He let out another muffled plea, this time almost apologetic, and immediately propped himself back up, solid, and the next thrust was so hard, so deliberate that it almost hurt. He'd found some strength in reserve, and he was angry.

Angry at being tortured for being human, for needing to rest. I wrapped my legs around his hips and held him in me. He was more tired than I was (by far) but still had the strength to pull out. And in his furious thrusting, he lost balance, half collapsing on me.

"Don't be SLOPPY," I hissed, and this time, before I even found that plastic pump, he was shaking his head at me as if to warn me, or plead with me, not to make that gag in his mouth any larger. I knew,

from experience, that it was now crossing the boundary into serious discomfort for him. Discomfort from the size, from what it did to his breathing and from not being able to escape the powdery taste of latex he despised.

But I did it anyway; I did it for his indiscretion in the way he entered me, for his lack of focus. When I squeezed the device just slightly this time his knees seemed to buckle, just slightly, and his hands separated above me, pulling tight on the chain. I could see him trying to grip the headboard of the bed with his mittened hands.

His breathing was more labored. He was also starting to shake; I could feel his body trembling a little, and we were both covered in sweat. The hood over his head was starting to stick to his skin from perspiration.

It worried me because he'd stopped trying, and was just shifting for a comfortable position. It worried me that he'd given up. For a few seconds, I just remained there, watching him struggle.

**

I knew then that if I removed the hood, it'd certainly be over in a matter of minutes. Because he'd look at me pleadingly, blink sweat from his eyelashes and struggle to enter me, and the moment he did, gazing into my eyes hopefully, I'd cum.

I knew if I unlocked his wrists he'd have one hand down between my legs in an instant, and the feel of the cool metal against my wet sex would be enough to push me over the edge.

I didn't want it to end. I wasn't finished, and I wanted him to complete the act in the way I had planned it.

I took his face in my hands, and he turned to my touch, pressing his cheek against my palm, nudging a little, hoping perhaps that I'd take off the hood.

"Shhh," I whispered. "Just a little longer." I reached down and took him in my hand, guiding him into me, this time reaching behind him to grip his ass with both hands, opening and lifting my legs a little, allowing him the freedom to really push deep into me.

He inhaled and eased up, shaking his head again to get the cloth from the hood to un-stick from his face, and started penetrating me with the long, deliberate strokes I'd become spoiled by. He pushed up with his entire body each time, he shifted his hips to work into me at just a slightly different tempo each time.

And I felt leather mittens in my hair, I could feel the outline of his fingers from the inside, just touching my hair gently, perhaps to keep him oriented on his position, or maybe because he knew it'd make me weak to feel him trying to somehow touch me.

"Faster," I ordered, and I was close enough that he could hear it in my voice. He knew this was the home stretch, and again found a burst of energy to pull him through it. I'd never been so turned on while being fucked, I'll admit because he was managing it with unbelievable grace and dignity.

The chain between his legs rattled, his breathing was loud, pounding into my face. Then he almost pleaded with me, he made a sound that seemed so much like he was urging me to please, please give him the help that he needed to push me over the edge.

Then he sat upright a bit, reached forward with both hands to balance himself against the headboard, and really started pounding me.

**

It was quite a view at that moment – his chest above me, his head up, holding it upright to perhaps breathe easier. His hands pressed against the headboard for leverage, his knees spread apart what he could manage.

Then he finally lowered his head, positioning it against the wall, as if staring right down at me through the black material that completely covered his face.

I wrapped my legs around him, holding myself up, and came only moments later. I came loudly, right up toward his face, grabbing him by the back of the neck to pull him down. His face pressed against mine and I felt his skin, through the cloth, soaking wet with sweat.

Heat seemed to permeate everything. My entire body was covered with a thin film, his knees were still shaking slightly. He collapsed, eagerly, on top of me. Waiting for release.

**

Once the hood was off and the gag was removed I could really see what effect it had on him. His eyes were red, his hair was so wet it looked as though he'd just emerged from the shower. His cheeks were flushed.

He shifted next to me and got his arms around me, still in leather mittens, still shackled together. He was catching his breath.

I knew he'd be sore the next day. Sore, exhausted. I held his face in my hands and kissed him, one time, on the lips. Tasting latex.

"I knew you could do that," I said to him.

His eyes were closed. "I thought it'd be impossible," he admitted.

I reached down slowly and felt for him, felt for his body. He was still hard. "I'd like to return the favor," I said to him delicately. "What way would you like it?" I offered.

He opened his eyes, sort of laughed, the exhausted kind of laugh, and said "Any way. Any way at all."

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Luna

Laura stood over him with her arms folded across her chest. The way she surveyed him, this time, was somehow even worse than any of the months before.

"I wish I could pin you like a butterfly," she said to him, her entire body illuminated from the moonlight pouring in from the open window. "Or place you on a cement slab, like in The Pit and the Pendulum, and make you endure some long, drawn-out torture potentially resulting in your untimely death."

He shook his head at her, if to communicate nothing else but that she was bothering him. His back was sore from being pinned over their dining room table, his arms stretched out and downward and locked to the wooden legs.

If he could talk, he probably would tell her to stop. Stop, this time, because this time it's just too much. And like every other time, she took him by the chin and pointed his face to the window. But every time it was harder, and her nails dug in deeper. And every time it was with a little less sympathy and a little more cruel enjoyment.

"You see it out there," she said. She was talking about the moon.

He fought to make no sound because he knew a muffled response would send her into overdrive, and like a drug addict, he feared overdosing her to the point that she lost all touch with reality. As if that had not happened yet, he pondered.

Then she let go and walked over to the window to just admire it. She outstretched her arms to hold onto the frame, leaning forward, letting the cool February air brush against her face, pushing her hair back. "This one is more beautiful than last month's," she said.

Turning to him again, finally, she continued. “Almost as beautiful as you, Calvin, completely helpless right now, mine for the entire night. Mine to use these…on you.”

She opened a folded velvet cloth to reveal several sharp instruments and a single hypodermic needle.

Calvin glanced at them, then away, and he shut his eyes hard and thought back to the time two years ago when she affectionately had him at knifepoint in a parking lot and pushed him to the trunk of her car. “Get in,” she had said, her hot breath hissing into his ear. She held his other hand, pinned, between her legs under her skirt, directing his middle finger inside her. He was breathing hard from fear and apprehension, yet he felt the dull side of the knife was against his flesh and he was in no immediate danger.

“I can’t -” he gasped back, pleading. She pushed him toward the open trunk and he looked inside, at the small cramped space, at the dirty rags, at the dust and grime. He knew it would kill him to be locked inside, alone, and he would be left there and terrified while she drove god knows where.

He was physically shaking. The shaking was more due to the way she guided his finger slowly through her wetness, inside deeper, then out again with an accented gasp into his ear. She was clearly enjoying his fear and hesitation.

And he knew then, even with his mind clouded completely, that she would never make him get into that trunk. She was just scaring him and scaring herself.

So he reached up with one hand to steady himself at the opening, turned his body so carefully to the side to lift one leg and begin his journey to the tiny little tomb.

When his foot went inside the car trunk he heard her gasp, he felt her body literally tighten around his finger and shudder, tiny little

earthquakes in her skin that made him feel completely connected to her climax as if he were fully inside her making love on the floor like the night before.

Then she was shaking, trembling so hard that the knife fell from her hand and he had to turn back toward her to support her in his arms.

"You know I could never make you do that," she trembled, still riding the waves of her orgasm, so much so that her teeth chattered and her fingers dug deep indentations into his arms.

"I know, Laura," he said. "It's ok."

It was always ok, back then, because he knew where she would go. Every time.

And as he peered at the table next to him, watched her eyes as she slipped on latex medical gloves, watched her inventory a set of surgical instruments she probably spend the better part of a month psyching herself up about, he realized how different things were. Regardless of the look he gave her (she'd just turn his head away by the chin), regardless of how close he'd bring her to orgasm, she'd had 30 days to build up her own defenses.

This time, her touch was distant and the scent of latex filled his nostrils. She pointed his face toward the window again. He tried to shut his eyes and think about something else, but all he could do was look at the moon.

Until his vision blurred with tears.

**

It had only been about a year since the moon played this role in their lives.

Prior to that, Calvin dealt with her primal, instinctual urges as they came. Usually unexpected and with no warning, she'd call him up and he could hear it in her voice. She became lust-driven, mad, insane. She would illustrate with words these horrible things she wanted to do to him, then he'd admit he was helpless to resist anything associated with her charm, no matter how unthinkable.

Then that night they'd make passionate love, with his arms pinned above his head or a black silk blindfold over his eyes (she always came hardest when he said three simple words with every thrust –"I — can't — see."

Eventually, the handcuffs gave way to leather shackles (for convenience and comfort), and the blindfolds were replaced with a set of old black pillowcases she'd found in his linen closet. The sex was even more intense, and sometimes she'd cum so loud that he feared she'd wake the neighbors.

When the night was over, she'd sleep peacefully in his arms and he could swear she was an angel without the potential to harm him in any way. The next morning she would be content and blissful, and they'd speak nothing of it until the next time the urge came over her.

Her game escalated slowly but significantly, each new torment just diabolical more than the one before to give him no time to adjust and her no time to de-sensitize herself to the sheer cruelty of the act. He'd give himself to her willingly, eagerly, and sometimes it would just take the offering of his wrists to her after she'd explained the latest torture. She'd cum from that alone and then she'd cry, holding his face in her hands and saying, "You are the most amazing creature."

Not all of her games were sadistic, though. Sometimes they were just about making him feel completely objectified and her having — what she affectionately called 'quiet time' — with his body. She'd tie him down and make him bite down on something to keep him quiet,

then she'd slowly examine and adore every inch of his flesh with her mouth.

When his breathing turned to moans and the moans turned to whimpers she'd look up at him with these eyes – literally on fire — and she'd wrap her fingers around his neck and mount him, making slow, deliberate love to him while was helpless to do anything but stare into her eyes, his jaw aching. When he shut his eyes she'd cease her movement, and her voice would turn into this hushed, nasty little hiss.

"Open your fucking eyes, Calvin."

She'd use language and tones that made him shake because they were so foreign. Mostly a very softspoken girl, a gentle creature who would scoop a spider into a cup and put it outside rather than step on it, it was beyond his comprehension sometimes when she'd slowly, deliberately twist her hand in his hair until his eyes watered and his knees shook and he had to choke back what probably would be a sob.

He feared this creature inside of her. But out of love for her, he endured it, when it came around, and when it went away he held her tighter than ever because a part of him was in awe of it, as well. Because she'd be so ruthless, and enchanting, and completely terrifying that he felt like he was in the middle of a dark screenplay of which he had no control but was completely enthralled by.

**

Calvin was an artist at heart, but an architect by trade. He worked in a big office downtown and she worked in the suburbs at a small advertising agency. They'd been living together for about a year the first time her "moods" became a problem.

His phone was ringing and he answered it, a pencil between his teeth, without even looking away from his computer screen.

“Calvin here, ” he said. There was a silence, then he just heard some breathing.

He just continued working, barely even aware that he was holding a phone to his ear. Until he heard her voice.

“Hi, Cal,” she said. And there was a little bit of a sigh in her tone.

“Hi, Laura. What’s up,” he replied, but he was distant and was already literally barely aware she was on the other line. Not because he was rude, but because he was so entrenched in the project that possessed him.

Laura, however, was possessed by something else altogether.

“I need it tonight,” she said. Simply. Plainly. Without emotion.

“You need it tonight,” he repeated. The same tone. Then nothing. He was fixated on a line on the screen that just would not cooperate. Someone walked into his office with a stack of papers and started talking to him. He nodded, acknowledged them, letting the phone drop down below his chin, pencil behind his ear now, reaching for a pen to sign something.

“Calvin, are you listening to me?”

“Yes, Yes Laura I am. I’m listening, ” he said, maneuvering the mouse with one hand and signing a contract with the other. “It’s just that I’m really knee-deep right now in this layout, I have to get it done by 3 or I’m screwed.”

“Ok, but I just wanted you to know, I need it tonight.”

“Yes, you need it tonight. I heard you.”

“What time are you going to be home?” she asked.

He was staring, this time squinting a little, at the figures on his computer screen. He was not aware she had asked a question.

“Calvin, are you listening to me?” she asked, this time a little bit of good old-fashioned female annoyance in her voice.

Finally, he sat back, dropped his pen on the desk, and said, “Yes, Laura, you need it tonight. I said that’s fine. I said ok. What else do you want me to say? I can’t go into this right now, I’m at work. Jesus.”

Silence.

“What time are you going to be home?” she asked.

“I don’t know, around 8,” Calvin replied, and she said goodbye and hung up.

It was probably a good five minutes before he hung up the receiver, already lost in what he was working on again.

And it was quarter after 11 when he walked in the door that night.

**

He had never quite seen her like that. Literally.

She was sitting on the couch in her bathrobe, and he could tell she’d been crying. Her hair was disheveled. But what was especially unnerving were her eyes. They were red from crying but distant, and animal-like. The dinner plates were still at the table, food untouched. The candles had long since been blown out.

“Hey,” he said, in a greeting-like fashion, looking around.

“I’ve been waiting since 8,” she said.

“I hope you didn’t wait for me to eat. You know how it gets,” he went to kiss her on the forehead but she turned away.

“I told you, Calvin, that I needed it tonight. I told you I NEEDED it.”

“My job isn’t on the same schedule as your — your — thing,” he replied, going to the refrigerator. He expected to get into a long drawn-out male/female argument about being late, working too much, not calling and the rest. And in reality, he knew he had no excuse. He knew she could not understand what happens when his face is buried in a PC and the next time he looks up three hours have passed. He knew she could not know what it was like to be so far in another world that reality just goes on, not waiting up for her.

“But I’m home now, and if you just let me get a bite to eat, you can do your thing. But I’m really tired, and I have to be up early tomorrow, so if we could limit it to like — twenty minutes this time — I would appreciate it.”

His words seem to sear her skin like fire. He was aware of her pacing around him, her arms folded. And he could see tears in her eyes again, but they weren’t tears of pain or sadness. They were sheer fury and anger.
And he could tell by her presence, the way her body moved, that she had already apparently been in that state of mind – for some time.

He was chewing on a piece of fruit, just looking at her, and when he went to swallow he found it hard. Something about the way she was glaring at him, emotionless tears streaming down her cheeks, made him extremely uncomfortable.

“I can’t do it now,” she said. “I can’t, because I am angry at you right now, and I’d do something unthinkable, I know. I feel physical pain, Calvin. You don’t know what it is like. It’s one thing to have the desire,”

“Oh, please,” he sighed, shutting the refrigerator door and turning away. “Spare me the melodrama, Laura, please.”

“You don’t know what it is like,'” she said, feeling like she was repeating herself for the twentieth time as he’d asked her many times before, affectionately, what exactly possessed her and what it felt like. “I can deal with not having it, Calvin. Hell, I can wait days. I can wait a week if you tell me to wait a week.”

He sat on the couch and picked up a magazine.

“But I can’t wait three hours thinking it’s coming any minute, only to not get it.”

“I told you, I’m GIVING it to you, Laura, stop making an issue of it.”

“You were supposed to give it to me at 8!” she snapped.

“I said AROUND 8!” he snapped back.

“11:30 is not AROUND 8!”

And with that, Laura stormed out of the room, slammed the bedroom door and the next thing he heard was the stereo. He rubbed his eyes, lowered his head, cursed under his breath and decided to wait before following her to bed.

That night, she would not talk to him or hold him. He tried to kiss her affectionately, speaking softly to her, apologizing more sympathetically. He whispered that he just didn’t understand, and couldn’t help it, and that sometimes his job would have to take priority over all things, including her unpredictable desires to immediately have him unconditionally hand his entire being over to her for a series of painful, often extremely excruciating torments. In reality, he admitted, he emotionally wasn’t really up for it, and perhaps he was using work as a distraction.

And Laura just huddled into her pillows for security and warmth. "Just don't ever…don't ever tell me you are going to be there and then not show up. It kills me inside. It's emotionally and physically painful beyond words for me."

"I'll make it up to you," he said.

"When?" she asked immediately, her voice soft. It was dark, but he could see the outline of her face and she looked angelic.

He peered over at the clock. It read 12:15. "How about tomorrow?"

"I don't think I will be able to sleep," she sniffled.

"I'll help you get to sleep. Roll over, I'll rub your back."

And soon he was nodding off, half rubbing her back, half dozing into her hair, and she was staring at the nightlight across the room, eyes wide open. She nudged him and he let out a muffled response, half asleep.

By the time she turned her head to look at him, he was sound asleep. She imagined placing a single strip of duct tape over his lips and a pillow over his face, listening to his muffled protests as she wrapped her legs possessively around his hips. She would settle, she realized, with just having him turn his head and breathe solidly, deeply, passionately into her ear as she masturbated, occasionally whispering her name or pleading for imaginary mercy.

Her vision blurred with tears over the frustration of how little she needed and how little he was willing to do at that moment. She fell asleep much later curled up next to him, listening to him breathe and trying to imagine the most rewarding submission she could take from him the next day.

**

And the next night, indeed, it was probably twice as severe and took twice as long for her to get what she needed. He came home for her promptly at 7pm, and was immediately pushed up against the wall and forced to open his mouth for what looked like a washrag.

He resisted and she pulled his hair until his vision blurred from pain, then finally he opened wide for her and coughed back the urge to gag when she forced the cloth, without an ounce of sympathy, far back into his mouth.

Then she pushed him onto his knees and he caught her eyes for the first time. Dark, dilated, hungry in a way he had never seen them before. She had gloves on and was peeling off a piece of duct tape.

He knew what it was for so he shook his head, groaned at her to get her attention, but her eyes were fixed on the task at hand.

"My precious little fucking artist with not enough time on his hands. I have been thinking about this all day."

His hands were free so he leaned forward a little, placing them behind her legs to pull her closer. Affection, he had learned, sometimes soothed the beast. If her desires for adoration were equal to or only slightly less than the desires to see him suffer, sometimes he could coax her into one of her sweetly dominant moods, moods where she would be content binding him and bathing him like a prized possession or simply making love right there.

Her eyes moved to him, and he stared at her, at her face, swallowing with visible discomfort and massaging the backs of her thighs eagerly. She held out the duct tape.

"I can't get a piece off. You do it."

He shook his head, eyes registering resentment (maybe even slight arrogance) at such a request. If there was one thing he could rarely endure it was having to do something dehumanizing to himself. And

because of that, it seemed to be the one thing she was drawn to when her drive was sprinkled with anger for being made to wait.

He could tell, merely from her eyes, that she was about to slap him. He lowered his head, ducked a little out of the way, fumbled with the roll of silver tape in his hands and shut his eyes. He just breathed, and concentrated on breathing, ignored the knots on his stomach and thought about something else.

Watching his own nail pick at the end of the tape, he could hear her slipping out of her panties. They were being slid down past her thighs, to her ankles, then tossed aside. Then he heard her touching herself, touching herself as she watched him fumble with the duct tape. And somehow that made it worse.

Typically he'd consider having her masturbate in his presence enough to make any act somewhat tolerable, but this time it just made it worse.

His hands were shaking, and his vision was blurring because the aching in his jaw was making his eyes water. Finally, he dropped it, let out what was a muffled, "Fuck," and the minute he looked up to give her an expression of defiance and strength he was met with her open palm.

The slap was hard enough to knock him off balance, and for a moment he felt like his jaw had been dislocated.. But by the time he got his hand up to his face to feel the damage she was on him, pinning him to the floor, the tape in her hand. And she pulled a long strip of it off as she hissed at him, calling him some unthinkable names and slapping him again, this time without provocation.

When the tape was firmly over his mouth, holding the cloth in place, his eyes were watering enough to form tears that slid down his face and started to drip on his open collar shirt. His nose began to get stuffy and he looked at her, this time for sympathy, feeling almost relieved, somewhere, deep down, because generally, the moment

tears came to his eyes she would break down herself, hold him tightly, and apologize for hours at the realization of what she did.

But this time, she merely smiled.

**

He learned, that night, that putting her off so callously did more harm than good. He understood, perhaps, how the drive mixed with a sense of abandonment had turned her so cold on him. He understood that by being cold to her it made her capable of being cold back to him, and that to just accept it when it came, or at least make an effort to work with her, put him ahead because she had less capacity for cruelty when he was being so endearing to her.

This time she wrapped that black pillowcase over his head and tied it off at the bottom, leaving him not only uncomfortably gagged but totally alone in the darkness, then she pushed him down onto the ground and used a belt on the backs of his thighs.

She wasn't usually so outright sadistic, and the intensity of her blows terrified him. Never a big fan of pain, he'd usually only be forced to endure a little bit of hair pulling or an occasionally warning swat of a riding crop at his thighs.

So when she finally let him back up, pulling the pillowcase off his head and bringing it to her lips (as if to taste and savor the sweat and salt from his tears) he looked at her with a sort of desperate glance of hopelessness, as if to say, "I did not deserve that."

The tape came off his lips more painlessly than he'd thought, luckily, and once the cloth was removed he felt like he'd been eating paste. Then her mouth was on his and it felt good and hurt at the same time. He wasn't entirely in the mood for kissing of any kind and did not feel close to her at all. But in her kiss he could feel her breathing, breathing so hard it threatened to suck the air out of his lungs.

Her hands were both in his hair, so tight that it made him wince, but the tightness was not from sadism, rather, it was from intensity. When she slid onto his lap he felt the heat between her legs, coating his skin with a sheer film. Her entire body, he noticed, was covered with a light film of sweat. It was as if she was glowing, radiating.

The sex they had that night was painfully intense and lasted a very long time. She kept getting him close and then stopping, making him kiss her fingertips and look at her in certain ways to win her affections. This dominance, he pondered, was similar to the style she had when they first met. When she'd ask him to say a word, just one word, and when he'd say it she'd shudder and blush and show him by guiding his hand between her legs just what the effect was.

It was as if she was in a heightened state of awareness and everything he did was beautiful and magical to her. He'd slowly lick his lips at her and she'd melt from the mere glance. He'd kiss her once, delicately, behind her ear and it would bring her close to orgasm.

"Close your eyes," she said, and when he gave her one last, brief look, as if one time at each other her eyes, she started to shudder above him. Then, when they were closed, she came. She came without a single movement of her hips, with him full inside of her but not touching her at all otherwise.

And after that night, it was nearly 7 weeks before she showed any signs of dominance. She wasn't even all that interested in being on top.

**

The next several times were more predictable and tolerable for Calvin. She'd call him up the day she felt it and he'd find some quality time in the next couple of days to appease her, and so long as he made himself available to her when he said he would, he

found her torments to be more affectionate, sympathetic and driven by lust.

In fact, he found that he learned how to manipulate her a little, not out of malice but out of self preservation. She was not all that difficult to figure out, and eventually, he knew just how to react if he wanted her to feel too much guilt to continue, or if he wanted her to be so turned on that her concerns were more with achieving orgasm than seeing him wince in discomfort.

He learned to steer her away from the games that fucked with his pride and scared the hell out of him, he learned to distract her so she'd lose that train of thought completely and become more focussed on seeing him wince in pain. He found that physical pain wasn't all that bad after all, and at least he could measure it and endure it (and once he got used to it, he realized she wasn't even being that harsh; it was always more the shock that hurt him, and once he got passed that, the pain was completely tangible and acceptable), and he'd do his best to steer her far away from games where she wanted to get into his head and keep her on a level playing field so he could predict, measure, and prepare for her next steps.

And all other aspects of their relationship were perfect. They rarely fought, they made love frequently and passionately, and they shared the same vision in life and passion for creation and art. Unlike any other woman he'd been with before, he felt less complete when she wasn't there, and felt safest when with her. Even if it was just to share his thoughts with her.

**

It was October when he suggested they do the thing with the moon.

Her mood, that month, had come right in the middle of his deadlines. He was leaving on a business trip the next morning and would be gone for an unprecedented 8 days.

“There is no way I can last 8 days,” she said to him on the phone. “Calvin, that would kill me. You know that. You’re leaving tomorrow…I just need you – tonight – please… it’s been eight weeks.”

He rubbed his eyes, looked at his watch. His head was filled with project deadlines. The 6am flight. He still needed to pack. Three people wanted to give him materials still that night. It was already close to 7pm. Worst of all, he had to be ready for a client meeting right after getting off the plane, so he couldn’t even recover in his hotel room.

“Laura, we both knew I had this trip..you said to me before you can kind of think ahead and get yourself in the mood ahead of time so we don’t get into this situation..”

“I didn’t. I didn’t think that clearly about it. God, Calvin, just give me a half hour tonight. Please.”

“It’s not so much time, Laura, it’s my state of mind. I am so– god, how can I explain this. Laura, I am so focused on my work right now, on my pride in this job, on my self esteem, on the strength of my character. Laura, sometimes it takes me a full day to feel normal again after you do those things to me. I can’t be like that tomorrow. I can’t be a broken man when I get off that plane.”

“You’re killing me,” she sniffled.

“The minute I get back, I swear, Laura, I will be there for you. I just gotta do this with my wits about me. I can’t go into this tired, sore, and ego put through a blender. I’ll fall on my face, and lose the account. We could have done it last night or this morning. I just can’t do it tonight.”

It turned out that he got little done that night anyway, trying to pack with her sulking, curled up in a ball and trying to keep her mind on other things. He felt her watching him and he felt uneasy like she

was possibly considering taking him against his will anyway. He could sense she was fighting the urge to bring it up again.

"I was thinking, Laura. On the way home tonight. Maybe we need to..maybe we should have a schedule."

"What do you mean?" she asked, watching him pack. He watched her watching him, and it was amazing, he thought, how he could read her thoughts when she looked at things like the belt in his hand (to bind him with), the gray tie (she'd gagged him with that once before), his shaving gear.

"You know you get these urges about once a month. Maybe every two weeks, then sometimes every eight weeks, it varies. Once a month on average though. And you know that if you have to plan ahead, you can point those desires – or whatever – to a certain day. Right?"

"I guess so."

He stopped packing to make a point, holding out his arms. "Three weeks ago, Laura, if we'd looked ahead and saw this coming and we picked a day," he turned and pointed to the calendar on the wall. "You'd know it was coming. I'd know it was coming. You'd prepare yourself and find yourself focussed on that day, and I'd be able to work my schedule around it and we wouldn't have problems like this."

Calvin put his finger on the night before. Thursday, the 23rd. It was a full moon. "That should have been the night. You'd be fine, and I'd be over it by now. We wouldn't be having this conversation."

Laura looked at the calendar, at his finger pressed against the gray graphic of the moon. "So, on the nights when it's a full moon?"

Calvin looked back at the calendar, moving his finger so he could see. "Oh, right. I didn't see that. Ok, that's one way to look at it. I

was thinking the last Friday of the month or something, but I don't care. Full moons, that's about once a month. If we both know when it is, you'll never feel denied, and I'll always be able to prepare myself."

"I like full moons,"

"I'm sure you do. Now, you'll like them more than ever I assume. Does that sound like a logical way to deal with this?'

"How about I go with you on your trip tomorrow and have my way with you after your meeting."

"You can't get the time off from work, Laura."

"I'll quit."

He looked at her and she smiled. It was a real smile, he noticed, but she made the joke to illustrate a point. She'd probably actually consider quitting if she knew it would get her a day closer to what she wanted. That's how driven she was.

They didn't talk again about the moon idea, and somehow she made it through that night. When they were in bed in each other's arms, though, she kept putting her hand over his nose and mouth as if it were an accident in the dark, but her grip was such that he knew she was just wanting to feel him twist away to breathe. But, he let her. He let her do that six, maybe seven times, and the last time he didn't resist, he just held his breath and accepted it, and he clenched two fists in the bedsheets and held it until it burned inside of him.

When he couldn't take it anymore he pried her hand away by grabbing her at the wrist and yanking his head to the side, and when he gasped for a breath he heard her cum beside him.

And even though most aspects of her games terrified him, he found himself actually looking forward to that next full moon. If for nothing

else, to feel her climax again right beside her just because of the way he reacted to her power.

**

For the next few months, the full moon idea seemed to work wonderfully well. She never even brought it up and neither did he. He had a wall calendar at work that showed the cycles of the moon, so he'd color the dates in red when it was coming, and he'd make sure he was home from work by 8 and make sure he didn't have any crucial meetings first thing in the morning.

Meanwhile, Laura would start her planning sometimes two or three weeks in advance. Every month, she found, it was like being a kid waiting for Christmas again. She'd look at her desk calendar and sometimes set aside fifteen or twenty minutes to plan.

It would give her time to actually think about what she could do to him. In the past, she would just wake up with the urge and only have a few hours to deal with it, so she had much less time to prepare or plan. With weeks at her disposal, she would get more and more into the idea with each passing day.

More importantly, she found, she would be able to get used to some ideas that were previously too intense to accept. In fact, many fantasies she'd pondered in those previous spontaneous periods were too frightening to ponder long enough to own up to.

But with weeks at her disposal, she could think about them a little at a time. Then become somewhat obsessed with them. Then, become challenged by them.

Then, sometimes she'd even buy the necessary equipment. After that, she'd made a commitment to the idea, she found. The next day, though, she'd be scared and sometimes even take the equipment back. With shorter desire cycles, so to speak, none of this would happen.

But Laura now had time to come up with the fantasy, buy the equipment, and return it maybe two times before buying it for the last time and making a commitment to go through with it.

And that made the waiting more intense than ever.

**

Calvin noticed the fourth month, this change in her capabilities.

He found himself strapped (not bound) to a chair in the kitchen, and was watching her take a large latex hood from a box. It was covered in white tissue paper. The scent of latex filled the entire room.

“Good lord,” he said. “What is that thing?”

“It’s for breath control,” she said, so matter-of-factly, so casually. She was so comfortable with the device. Of course, she’d had three weeks to get comfortable with it. A year before, he remembered, she would just talk to him about such a device and then cum from just fingering herself while observing the look of persecution and fear in his eyes.

So he sat there, knees swaying back and forth a little (what they could, his ankles were strapped to the chair). “Laura, that’s a little too intense for me, I think.”

“I’ll be careful,” she said, and she was coming toward him with the device in her hands. The tone in her voice was so foreign. Even the way she walked was distant.

“Laura, please.”

She lowered herself onto his lap and tilted his chin up to her. First to her face, then to the side a little so he could look out the big kitchen windows at the full moon. It was red that night.

“I was thinking, Calvin. Maybe you should call me Luna.”

He swallowed hard, looked at the moon, then shut his eyes tight when he heard her positioning that — thing — to cover his head with it. The thought of not being able to breathe or see mortified him. He threw his head back, out of the way.

“I won’t put it on you, this time if you promise to beg me in a way more painful than you’ve ever begged.”

Calvin hated to beg. Hated it more than anything. Because he couldn’t fake it; she always saw through that.

Eyes shut tight, biting his tongue. He’d rather take the pain, being slapped, being teased until he wanted to scream. But choosing between that hood (which, based on her tone, would be used on him at some point anyway) and having his pride smashed to bits was gut-wrenching.

“I’ll beg,” he said, opening his eyes. He looked right at her, right into her eyes. “I’ll beg, Laura. Untie me, unstrap me, whatever. I’ll get down on the floor, on my hands and knees if that’s what you need.”

Her eyes – they seemed to glow. She was enraptured from his words, the way he looked at her.

Calvin yanked at the straps, impatient like a man eager to get dental work over with. “Just keep that thing away from me. Let me beg. Let me show you how well I can beg.”

She slowly, deliberately unstrapped him. She watched him, watched how he bit his lip, and he was so distant, she could tell he was struggling with what he was about to do, but he only need to glance at that hood to give him the strength to go through with it. She wanted that moment to last forever.

When he was free he rubbed his wrists for a minute and she stepped back slowly, arms folded. She watched him stand from the chair then kneel down in front of her, and it was so intense- as if she had never, ever seen this man kneel before.

He knelt carefully, slowly, then lowered himself down onto his hands as well, taking a breath. The position seemed painful for him, awkward. Like ice spears were pressed through his back. He started to say something but words got caught, so he cleared his throat.

Laura watched him, intently, transfixed. She put one hand under his chin and made him lift his head, looking into his eyes. They were damp, sparkling just a little like fine crystal.

He choked back a sob, then finally managed, "Please, Laura. I'm so fucking scared right now. Please don't make me wear that thing."

And through his pain, his total anguish over what he was saying, Calvin, in the back of his head, was thinking – logically – that she had never seen him this way, and he'd never seen him this way, and based on what he knew about her she'd be collapsing into a ball in his arms within seconds, sobbing, so moved by this act that she'd be unable to continue.

But instead, she just smiled. And this was a creature he had never seen before. She smiled, and with one finger brushed a tear from his cheek, brought it to her lips and licked it off.

Maybe in the past, that would have happened. But Laura had three weeks to prepare for this, and she'd expected he might get down on his hands and knees and plead with her with true tears of fear.

Maybe if she hadn't had time to prepare she would have been so touched she'd have fallen to pieces before him. But this was exactly what she was hoping for. And she had built up her resistance.

Then something truly unthinkable happened. She took him by the chin, as he knelt there painfully, and with the other hand raised the new mask. “You’ll wear it anyway. I at least want to see how it looks.”

This, he thought painfully, from a woman that a year ago could not get the courage to gag him. Who would burst into tears the moment she saw his lashes get wet.

He was frozen with fear, probably, when she roughly got the thing over his head, not even taking the care she used to with making sure his head was not disheveled and the restraint at least looked pretty. It was on, and he heard his heart pounding in his head, and he felt as if he were in the presence of a total stranger when he heard her cold voice say, “Hmm, what does THIS do,” followed by a hissing, and the total elimination of the air left to breathe.

As his concentration blurred and thoughts swirled around his head, he pondered that this creature, this Luna, was capable of killing him for the sheer passionate thought that he’d walk into it willingly for her.

And, in his delirium of stark terror (although he kept so still, so emotionless, he guessed she might be disappointed at the lack of panic), he mulled over in his mind that he would willingly walk into death for her, for Laura. Without hesitation.

But this was not Laura. This was someone else entirely.

**

The next morning he awoke in her arms, and he saw her eyes were still puffy and tired from the night before. She’d cried pretty hard when he broke before her, clutching with fingers digging into the latex to pull it off, after having broken one of the worn leather straps completely in half.

His sobs had turned to gasps for air, and her impassioned breathing had turned into sobs of regret. They fell asleep in each other's arms and he felt truly with Laura again, so showered with affection and adoration that he wondered how he could honestly fear such a creature.

They spoke nothing of it the next day, and he'd put the entire experience out of his head until the week came when he turned the page of the calendar and saw it coming.

Friday. Another full moon. His stomach immediately was in knots. His palms started to sweat. He pondered picking up the phone and telling her no. Telling her no right then. After last time, while the closeness afterward was a level he'd never experienced before, true fear of her other self was terrifying him. To Laura, he could endure anything.

To this other creature – the full moon beast — he felt totally unequipped and helpless. He did not know how to communicate with her, understand her, or even slightly manipulate her.

He felt true helplessness.

It terrified him.

**

Maybe it had something to do with the lack of sleep Calvin got during the week leading up to that full moon.

He came down with a terrible cold, one he could not shake. He missed two days of work and found himself sweating out a fever in bed the day before the full moon.

Laura was gone at work that day, and in his delirious dreams, he imagined himself too weak to fight her, how she would come home and open the shutters and there was the moon, so full, illuminating

the whole room. It enveloped him and suffocated him, leaving him on the floor, cowering, as she walked over him in malicious spiked patent leather pumps that punctured his skin.

The phone rang, waking him, and he gasped for air.

Grabbing the phone, he knocked the receiver off the nightstand.

“Calvin? Are you ok?”

His teeth were chattering. He didn’t want to be alone. He wanted her there, but he was terrified of her. It was only 4 hours away, he knew, four hours until the full moon. Four hours until Luna.

“Honey, are you ok? Do you need me to come home?”

“No — ” he gasped. “N..no. I’m ok. Just…just cold.”

“I’m coming home, you need to see a doctor.”

He was asleep again, and that night she was there. He felt her pushing the hair back away from his face and he could feel the heat on his own skin. She was being so comforting, but he caught glimpses of the moon shining in from the window.

**

Calvin didn’t have much sense of time. He just knew she was there in the room, and then he felt a cool rag against his face. He could feel the heat from his skin warm the water almost instantly and he realized his fever must be through the roof, but he couldn’t say anything about it.

He sort of saw her there, through blurry eyes, looking at him with an expression of fear and worry on her face. She was moving the damp cloth down over his face, across his cheeks. He saw hunger register

in her eyes, almost instantly, and the sympathy melt away into something entirely different.

Total hunger.

He went to sit up but she pushed him back down and said, "You're too weak."

"Please don't hurt me," he said, and his voice came out in a hoarse crack.

And that rag was again against his skin, this time moving down his face, slowly, slowly, and he saw her eyes register desire again, and without an ounce of regret, she pushed it toward his mouth.

"You need water," she said.

He was too weak to fight with her and he groaned painfully when she pushed that wet washcloth into his mouth, he coughed on it, trying to shake his head, miserable and drowning. Sweat-tainted water filled his mouth. He gagged on it.

"I'll take good care of you," she said, and he heard the rattling of chains.

**

He slept for the entire next day, and when he finally emerged, Saturday morning, he found her in the kitchen washing dishes. She looked up at him when he was in the entranceway, supporting himself with a hand up against the side wall.

"Calvin, you're up. Are you ok? How do you feel?" she asked, walking over and putting her hand on his forehead.

Even in his weakened state, he could see it in her eyes. She was tired and had not slept. She looked sick, physically sick. But he was

not worried that she was catching what he had; she had something entirely different.

He realized the torture with the washcloth had just been a dream. There were no chains the night before, no torture. She had stayed up with him most of the night keeping his fever down, feeding him aspirin and trying to comfort him by rubbing the back of his neck where he was most sore.

So this meant that Laura did not get her fix. And the full moon had passed.

He tried to talk three times before the words came out, only after she handed him a glass of water. "We can do it…you know…as soon as I am better."

"Don't worry about that," she said, turning back to the dishes. "I just want you to be well."

Calvin watched her silently. There was truth in her words, but still, he could sense it in her. That unfed hunger. She wanted to take him right there, he knew it. He knew if he had the strength she would be ready to push him to the floor, pin him down, and dig her nails right down into his tender flesh until he cried out in pain, only to be silenced with wet fingers filling his mouth and the single command to "suck".

He shuddered, turned, and went back to the bedroom and climbed into bed.

**

It took about a week for Calvin to fully recover from the flu. He and Laura didn't talk about their missed night of dominance, but he could tell she was dying for it. But no matter what, she would not accept his offers of submission because it would go against the full moon rule.

He'd catch her masturbating sometimes in the shower, and he'd hear it in her breathing. When they made love she would be gentle and passive for the most part, but sometimes she'd suddenly dig her nails into his skin until he gasped in pain, then she'd back off at once as if not to get herself started.

Once he even tried to coax it out of her, knowing somehow that it would be better dealt with sooner than later because the longer she waited, the most intense it would be. And that terrified him.

But she would not respond to his advances, when he offered his wrists to her suggestively she just forced herself to look away and turn on the television.

He sprawled himself delicately over her lap, staring up at her, opening his arms, exposing his chest. "Don't you desire me, Laura? Don't you want to make me submit to you?"

"Stop talking about that. Wait until the 17th."

The 17th was the next full moon — two weeks away.

He picked up her hand and started kissing her fingers softly, then her palm. He watched her as he did it, watched her breathing pick up the pace. He breathed softly against her palm and saw her blink slowly. It amazed him, when he analyzed it, at how he could differentiate her reactions of sexual arousal from dominant arousal. He saw her clench her jaw, try to focus on the television program.

Calvin delicately opened her palm using his fingers, traced an outline on her skin, watching as he did, then leaned forward slowly and pressed his nose and mouth to her hand, tight enough that it would be obvious he couldn't really breathe.

As if burned she pulled her hand back, gasping, and glared at him.

"What? I'm sorry, Laura."

“What are you trying to do to me?” she asked.

“I just want to give you what you need.”

“I need you to stop distracting me. It is hard enough already. The 17th, Calvin. That is my night.”

**

So he didn’t try to seduce her again, and several days was mortified to find her looking through a magazine at some equipment that definitely was beyond his limits. She disappeared two nights during the week to meet with her friend who was in med school, which did not bother him usually, except that this time she insisted she go to her place instead of her coming over.

She asked him one night to let her take measurements, and that terrified him as well. She measured his wrists and ankles, his neck and his arm span.

“You’re scaring me,” he said.

She put a finger on his lips and said simply, “Don’t tease.”

He laughed, a timid kind of laugh. “Laura, I’m not saying that to turn you on. I am really, truly fucking scared of you. I’m scared of what’s going to happen on Friday.”

She wrote down the measurements and said, “You’ll be fine,” then went into the bedroom, closed and locked the door, and got on the telephone.

**

On the 16th he found himself physically shaking on and off throughout the day. He picked up the phone and called her at her office. “Laura, we need to talk.”

“I can’t talk right now, I’m in the middle of a meeting,” she said.

“I just can’t do tonight, I think we are taking this too far, the moon thing. I want to go back to the way things were before. I want you to just do it when you feel like it and not wait. I don’t think waiting is good for you. It isn’t good for me.”

He could still hear breathing on the other end of the line, but she wasn’t saying anything. Finally, she broke the silence with just a few simple words.

“I need it tomorrow.”

**

In the time before the big day, he resigned himself to accept fate, be brave and trust her. This was a hard thing for Calvin to do because she had become increasingly distant and distracted, sometimes staring at him so intensely that he was actually glad he was not able to read her mind. It was the only time he didn’t dare ask playfully, “What are you thinking?” because he didn’t even want to know.

When he walked in the door that night he felt her hands on him at once. He held still, opened his arms, and let her take off his business jacket. It was all happening very quickly.

“Just try to be a little easy on me, please,” he said, softly, seriously, and was met with a rubber ball in his mouth as a result. He started to let out a groan but stopped himself, not wanting to drive her to be any crueler than she already was.

She made him turn around and he saw her in some nasty-looking latex outfit, complete with gloves, and she had a big trunk open in the living room full of items, some of them out on the table.

How he missed the times before. The times when she would timidly pull out a single little instrument and show it to him shyly, asking if

he would be brave enough to endure it for her.

This time, she started with the medical fantasies. As she pinned him to the dining room table she told him about how she'd be imagining the most diabolical medical fantasy she could come up with, one that required straps and drugs and sharp instruments. One that required she dress in a nurse outfit, wear latex medical gloves and shine a big light in his face, cutting his clothes off with a scalpel and watching his heart race on a monitor next to the table.

Eyes closed, he listened and nodded, decided to ride it out, not giving her too much reaction but cautiously hanging on her every word.

That is when he saw the medical instruments. Somehow, somewhere, she had obtained medical tools that scared the hell out of him.

She fastened a cord – a length of rubber medical tubing – around his neck, tightening it enough to make it difficult but not impossible to breathe.

"I'm going to mount you," she told him, "Mount your face, actually, and depending on the job you do with your tongue, I'll tighten or loosen this cord."

Pinned over the table as he was, it was convenient that the heels she wore were high enough to position her above his face when his head was pulled back all the way. But the gag in his mouth presented the biggest obstacle and the fact that when he tensed his neck at all it completely cut off his breathing.

Soon the gag was removed and he was immediately enveloped in darkness. Her scent was overpowering, and when she straddled his face he feared he might literally drown in her.

**

That night lasted entirely too long for Calvin. His neck was aching from the awkward position, and he was choking to breathe but she didn't' seem to really notice.

After she'd cum for the third time he imagined she must be close to finished with him. She'd left the room and he took that time to try to free himself from the dining room table.

But she returned to the room and he could tell by the look in her eyes that she was not nearly finished with him. This time, when she took him by the chin, it hurt. She turned his head to face the big open windows and look out at the moon.

**

And the rest of the night was a blur.

He took it. He took it all for her, the needles, the scalpel, the violation that was beyond anything he could ever imagine. And afterward, when she cried and told him she was sorry, he looked at her, his eyes sore from his own tears, and said, "We have to rethink this moon thing. It's destroying you, and it's killing me."

Laura agreed. They held each other, then together agreed to get rid of the concept completely. She promised that she would tell him the next time the mood came over her, and he promised he would try to make time for it when the mood hit.

Strangely, the mood did not hit for another 29 days. And when it did, he got that call from her, and he found himself looking at the calendar.

She said to him on the phone, "I woke up this morning after you left, and all I could think about was having you. It's been on my mind all day. I need it so bad right now. Can you meet me for lunch?"

He had a lump in his throat. He leaned back in his chair and waved someone out of his office, closing his eyes, rubbing his temples.

“Calvin, are you there?”

“Yeah. Ok, Laura. Lunchtime it is. I’ll meet you back at the place.”

He heard her sigh in relief as he said his quiet goodbye and hung up the phone. Leaning over, he turned the pencil over in his hand and wrote her name onto the calendar on his desk, right under the illustration of the moon that filled the present day.

His face in his hands, he sighed, turned on the computer, and wondered if she had any idea that it was a full moon again.

She probably didn’t even know it. It was just part of her now.

And he was terrified to meet her for lunch, but he went anyway.

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Mar 18, 2022Akasha

Autumn (part 1)

It’s funny how you find something when you aren’t even looking for it.

David wrote to me as a result of my website. It was about two months ago, when I was knee-deep at work. And usually I just let emails like that slide, but it was short, and interesting, and it wasn’t too kiss-ass.

He asked me to meet him for lunch.

I’d never said yes to an offer like that. But I did. I did because he picked a restaurant I loved and missed, and I would just meet him there anyway. It was the next day, and we chatted on the phone for ten minutes before I finally said yes.

I said yes because I liked his voice and I liked the way he laughed. He didn’t ask me about S&M or my website or anything. He just said one thing.

“You seem like a really interesting person.”

**

I met him, and I immediately knew David was not my type. He was in his thirties, and he was 20 pounds heavier than I like men, and his hair was way too short. He looked handsome in a — well, a yuppie kinda…kinda button down way.

Don’t get me wrong – great guy. And when I say 20 pounds too heavy, I should qualify that it’s about just right for most women. That is – built. In shape, broad shoulders. That super short hair. All dark, and these weird kinda blue eyes.

He was a good looking man. But not my type. I didn't regret doing it though.

I guess deep down inside I hoped I would set my eyes on him and have to have him. That he'd be a 35-year-old pretty boy in a 22-year-old body, complete with a real job and college education, and we'd have this whirlwind romance and I'd be married in a year.

But he was stocky. And his hair was short. And when we said goodbye, it was a little awkward (probably more my part than his, I was let down that he wasn't the pretty boy of my dreams), so I gave him a hug.

And I could smell his cologne all the way back to the office.

**

It was the next day that I had Alex on all fours, the tip of my boot firmly wedged between his teeth. Alex is my 21-year-old boy in training, my gorgeous little fuck toy. He isn't much for conversations about world politics, but he shows tremendous promise as a slave.

It was one of those sessions where I just had to rip what I needed from him. All this pent-up desire was killing me at work, I was getting little sleep and my focus was fading in the office. The call to him was with little notice. I wanted him to meet me for dinner ("We only have twenty minutes to eat, I'm on a tight schedule,") and then back to my place for a beating.

A series of tight bondage challenges I put him through, some erotic teasing, a thrashing on his nipples that I am sure he would pay for the next day. Then I had him wrap me in a big blanket and put me to bed with distinct orders not to leave until I was sound asleep.

And only having good dreams.

**

David called me at work a few days later. He had my phone number, I realized with a sigh, rubbing my brows, eyes closed, my other lines already ringing.

Apparently, he just wanted to chat.

I can't tell you how that call went. Honestly, I don't remember. Something about his voice. I was ticked when he called me and already trying to figure out a way to get off the phone, but somewhere in his voice I got lost in it all.

He was a broadcaster, in college, I later found out. That explains the voice. But an engineer now, with a pencil behind his ear. He held the phone up so I could listen to him toss it up to the ceiling and stick to it.

I could not help but snicker, thinking of the pencil stuck in his ceiling.

His voice was a sudden whisper, "They want to fire me for this. Holes all over the fucking ceiling."

Then I heard it bounce on his desk and he said, "oops,".

And the rest of my afternoon was light.

**

That night, I had Alex go through his first training period with the dog collar. Leash training. I am very particular about that kind of thing.

But he made me proud. I had him collared and leashed, and he held the leash between his teeth as I padded across the floor in bare feet and a little silk mini (my jams for the night), holding a glass of wine in one hand and a leather flogger in the other.

There was a fire in the fireplace (I made him build it. It took him a while; apparently, he'd never had to do that before. He got soot on his nose, and the cats seemed to watch him with a sense of sympathy). That warmed the entire room.

With my leash hanging from between his teeth, I stroked his chin affectionately. His big eyes fluttered up to me, and he looked at me so carefully, so cautiously. He was shivering just a bit.

All that existed to me at that moment was him – his submission. He was a sight to behold, a golden boy. Such promise and potential.

"How can I please you?" he asked, talking between clenched teeth. I frowned at him, at the bend on my leash between his teeth, and the forced nature of his silly question.

I pulled the leash from his mouth and asked him where he came up with such a question.

He bit his lip and looked at me boyishly. "Sorry."

He knew better than to ask such silly questions. So forced, so — theatric. And never, never talk with your mouth full.

**

I managed to get a pencil stuck into my own ceiling the next day, and I was so excited that I called David and had to tell him.

"It's all downhill from this point," he told me. Then he had to go into a meeting, but he said he was going to be down my way around lunchtime and wanted to know if I felt like grabbing a bite to eat.

So I said yes. But I thought nothing of it.

**

You see, David was just this man. Nothing more than a man. A man like my older brother or the guy my sister married or a guy at my office.

But Alex was my slave. My soon-to-be-property. I hand-picked him at a party, I courted him, I danced with him. I took him to fancy places to eat (you should have seen his big eyes) and tried to pull it off with him at work functions (but took too much heat afterward – after all, he looked even younger than his age, and he was horrible at conversation – just too shy. He'd just look to me for answers, and I ended up doing all the talking for him.)

And when he was bound, his body strained so beautifully.

See, I have to really feel lust for a man to want to see him helpless for me. And the minute I met Alex, I wanted that from him. It is like an animal kind of lust, more powerful than the drive for sex.

I can feel it in me. I just want to say, "I need you bound and gagged for me. Begging."

It makes me want to masturbate and plan kidnappings and buy special shackles just because they would look good on him. This all hits me like a ton of bricks.

And that is how it was with Alex. I saw him. Boom. It hit me. The first time I kissed him, he quivered. His lips literally trembled.

"Your stories make me hard," he confessed to me the day after I showed him my website.

I was flattered. But I just watched his mouth. I wanted to gag him.

**

I was with David at our second lunch get-together and it hit me. This man found me from my website. I choked on a pickle. I had

totally forgotten.

"You ok?" he asked. "Need the Heimlich?"

I grabbed my napkin. "Oh my god. I'm sorry. I just realized. You know about my website."

He looked around and lowered his voice. "Oh, that thing. Yeah."

"I keep forgetting. I feel like…like I know you from someplace else."

"Maybe we knew each other in a different life," he pondered, making some condiment adjustments on his burger. He licked his pinky finger. "Who knows, maybe you were a princess and I was your personal — whatchamacallit guy."

I can't remember the details of this conversation now, but what he went into, right then, of that image, had me in hysterics. And I guess that's part of his experience as a bad college DJ on the 2-5 am shift where he'd rattle off a story and kill air time but still be amusing – at least to himself. But he had me going with his explanation of his past life, my servant, and taking care of things like – – brushing the sand out of my flip flops ("Do you know when the flip flop was originated? There's a story behind that, Akasha.").

And I was choking down my chocolate milkshake. He said to me, "You know the moral of this story, right."

I shook my head. I did not know.

He told me he would get back to me on that.

**

He took me back to my office and we said our goodbyes. No hugs or anything, but I still could smell his cologne. Going upstairs to my office I realized that was the first real acknowledgment that he made

to me about his submissive desires, even though it was kind of a big joke anyway.

I pondered that he really did read my website, and he had fetishes, and was into who-knows-what. It just seemed very unlike him.

And – well, just because of the creature I am – it slipped into my mind briefly the thought that maybe I'd have him submit to me someday.

But that made me feel silly. And weird. Like a sister thinking about necking with her brother, or an awkward goodbye after a blind date. No, just don't go there.

He was cute. But not in an S&M lust kind of way. Maybe in a conventional peck-on-the-cheek kind of way, maybe.

Maybe…maybe in a "holding hands at night on the beach" kind of way.

Well, maybe. Maybe in a long, deep hug kind of way.

After all, I loved his cologne.

**

I called Alex that afternoon. I said, "Slut baby, your domina needs you tonight."

"oh, no," he said. I could hear him plucking at keys on his keyboard. He was a data entry guy at the college. For his day job. It was his second month.

"Come over tonight around 9, ok? I want to romp you."

"Are you feeling hungry?" he asked me. "I read your website this morning. I read what you wrote last night. Hmmm. Is that any hint?"

I blinked for a second. Thinking back..what did I write, what was it..Oh.

I shook my head. "Oh, uh. No, that was something that I just finished up finally. I wrote that a while ago."

"The part about the strapon…that got me really hot. Is it ok that I tell you that, my lady?"

Someone brought paperwork into my office. Another person was pointing to the phone, apparently I had a call waiting.

"That's…that's fine, yes. Ok, Alex. How about 9? Ok? We can talk then."

"Mmmmm.." he cooed. "I'd like that."

I was about to say my goodbyes, a contract shoved under my nose and a pen put into my hand, a catering deal I was not ready to sign and knew was going to result in a long drawn out deal after the call.

But before I could get to my, "See ya's," he cut in.

"Do you want me to wear my cock cage tonight when I come over?"

"uhhhh…" I said, and my mind was three lines down on the contract. Definitely not. No way was I signing. "No…no, just show up, we can go from there."

Then we said our goodbyes and hung up.

An hour later I read an email from him that was sweet, and earnest. He said he would be there at 9 as told (my heart went pitter patter), and he asked how he should prepare.

I looked at my clock, my watch, and the little time meter on my PC. Prepare. Prepare?

“Baby, just show up,” I said out loud.

Preparation. It’s always for the slave’s sake, isn’t it?

**

Alex was there on time.

But he was there naked. Well, under a robe. He showed up at my door in a robe, and he opened it when I yanked him inside, embarrassed for him (luckily no one saw) and he flung open his robe to reveal his newly shaved genitals.

I blushed and I covered my face with my hand but he was laughing and giggling like a thrilled school boy. “I read about it in one of your stories. You like shaved balls.”

I can’t explain what makes that whole scenario all wrong. Maybe it was because I had just gotten home from work literally 5 minutes prior and had not even had a chance to breathe let alone shift gears.

Or maybe it was that I get a certain pleasure out of the stripping away of normalcy from my partners. Whether it be their clothes, boots, or the hair on their genitals.

So there he was. Naked. But in boots.

“But I didn’t shave my ass..yet…” he said to me, sheepishly.

And at that moment, for the first time, he just wasn’t so handsome anymore.

**

I guess there comes that point. There is a point that lust can’t drive a relationship anymore. We had very little in the way of core friendship (after all, we had about as much in common as — well —

a 30-year-old corporate exec and a 21-year-old guy who worked part-time in a record store).

We had little in common when it came to long-term outlook on life. But he started out as a slave, and goddamn, I was determined to make him a slave. Our negotiations had limited our agreement to play only anyway, and as a submissive, he was simply beautiful.

As long as he wasn't reading my web page too much and showing up shaved without warning.

So we had a little talk that night. And I suggested he just listen, obey, and not try to guess about what I wanted and needed.

And that he needed to know that I would not hesitate to tell him what I wanted and needed – after all, that's what made me a femdom.

**

But we never quite clicked that night. He kept trying to do things like licking my toes (bless his heart, but jesus, that kind of thing just feels all bad when it isn't provoked. It's the S&M equivalent of shoving a dick into a dry pussy, to be blunt. Timing is everything. Otherwise, it just feels like sandpaper and forced intimacy).

I knew what I needed. I needed to go out dancing. I needed to dance all night, say fuck it to my work day the next day, and deal with the fact that I would feel like shit the next day.

I needed it for myself.

But Alex had lost his driver's license when he lost his wallet the week before. And MissBlue was entertaining an out-of-town guest. It was almost 11 pm when this all hit me, and much too late to call someone to go out on a weeknight.

Then David called me. Out of the blue.

And I said, before he could even give me the update on how many pencils were stuck in his ceiling at work, "Do you feel like going dancing?"

"Oh, Akasha," he said. I could hear him laughing. I could hear him walking around in his kitchen. His house. The fridge opening. The bottle cap coming off of something. "Akasha, I don't dance. I mean, wars in third world countries have been started as a result of my vile attempts at what most people consider rhythm."

"You don't need to dance with me," I said. I realized David had never BEEN to a club like the ones I go to. He was imagining boy-girl dancing, or frat/sorority hangouts. He had no idea what kind of club I went to. "Just go with me, sit at the bar, have some drinks. Hang with the locals. I just want to dance, do a little stalking, a little ..you know."

"Why do I get the feeling I will kick myself even harder tomorrow if I do not do this to see what the HELL it is you do when you go out. Good lord Akasha. Ok. Wait, what do I wear, what do I wear?"

"Do you have anything black?"

"Good lord."

"Can you pick me up in a half hour?"

I heard him sigh, and I heard the hangars in his closet being pushed aside as he inventoried his wardrobe.

I didn't care. I was thrilled. I was going dancing. That's all that mattered.

**

“Wow,” he said to me when I opened the front door. “You’re…uh… shiny.”

I guess David had never seen a woman all dressed in vinyl. I was hopping on one foot, holding a boot in my right hand, my hair half finished. Typical woman. “I just need to get my shoe on and pin up my hair then I’m ready. Come on in.”

He entered my place and my various animals greeted and sniffed him, then immediately lost interest. I was sitting on my couch, shoving my foot into a thigh-high boot. The kind with laces all the way up to kingdom come.

He just stood there. And I expected him to ask if I needed help with that lacing. Either because it was the funny, ha-ha, S&M kind of sarcastic thing to do, or because that would be his first official ‘line’ to me.

But he said nothing.

And deep down, I guess I kind of liked that.

Because, after all, I would have no problem telling a guy to lace my boots. If I wanted it.

**

I guess there are these unsaid rules of etiquette between man and woman and between domina and slave.

For example, it is one thing to ask to lace boots and help with clothes and basically kiss ass in a servant kind of way. If you have to ask permission, it’s already all wrong. If it’s expected, you should already know, and it’s a done deal.

But if you have to ask, well, then, you are in that bad category of no-man’s land. If you have to ask, chances are, she won’t be

beaming that you schlepped over and offered your services. You either are expected to, or aren't. And if you aren't, don't ask. You only risk embarrassing yourself.

David was more interested in looking at the things I had on my walls. And I could smell his cologne. I liked it.

He was wearing a black button down shirt and jeans. I pondered the shoes – they might be a problem at the door.

**

He cracked a joke that made the doorman laugh, and attention was drawn away from David's shoes.

He was more like a fish out of water than I had expected, but he found comfort and solitude in the side room shooting pool with a few of the other locals that looked a bit out of place.

As for me, I went off to dance. And I saw him watching out for me, kind of peering over from along the way now and then, drinking his Coors Lite.

I prowled and stalked and did my thing. I had a lovely blonde boy on his knees in a dark corner for some time, sucking each of my fingers while I closed my eyes, imagining his lips someplace else entirely.

I mostly danced, though. Danced until my legs hurt and my hair was a mop on my head.

David was still shooting pool in the back room when I found him, now with some of the club regulars. A man in a skirt with running eyeliner and black lace gloves. When David saw me stumbling over he said his goodbyes to his new found gay friend, Gary, and wordlessly took my vinyl trench from my arm and draped it over my shoulders as we made our way to the door.

**

I slept on the way home. I was out like a light. In fact, I have no idea if he even tried to make small talk. He listened to sports radio, as I remember, and never even put his hand on my knee.

When we arrived at my place it was close to 3 in the morning. I think he let me sleep there in the passenger seat of his car for a few minutes, I have this surreal recollection of that.

"Hey," he said, "Akasha. You're home."

And he scooped me up from the passenger side. By then I was waking up and I stretched, made my way up the stairs, and at the doorway I asked him to come see me to bed.

**

I wasn't drunk or anything. And when I ask a man to see me to bed, it doesn't really mean anything. It's just that I feel comfortable falling asleep with a man in the place, even if he is in the next room, or just sitting next to me on the bed.

I explained this to him while I was brushing my teeth and taking off my makeup. I put on jams that were more conservative and slid into my bed, and he was creeping around in the hallway.

"Come in here," I called him. "Just come talk to me for a few minutes. I'm sorry for keeping you. Just talk for a few minutes."

"Sure," he said. When he talked softly like that, his broadcast voice went away and he had this boy voice instead. He kind of awkwardly found a place on the floor next to my bed, and it was almost as if he was going to kneel but realized kneeling was — well — kneeling — and that was maybe suggestive to a woman like me – so he sat semi-indian style instead.

My eyes were already closed. I found his hand with mine and just held it. My head was a little fuzzy. I could smell his cologne, and I liked that. I felt strangely protected.

Protected, rather than protector.

"Talk to me," I said.

It was a slur, I think.

He cleared his throat. "Maybe I could ask you some questions. I guess, I've had some questions I've always wanted to ask you, Akasha."

My eyes were still closed. And I remember thinking, oh shit, here they come, the questions that will ruin it all. My image of him as just..as just a guy –about to be shattered when he asks me what it feels like to take a guy up the ass, or what my favorite clamp was, or ..god..even worse. The ones you don't suspect always shock you the most. Maybe he would ask if I would let him suck my toes or something.

I shuddered and curled up in my blanket a little more. "Is it an SM question?" I asked.

I heard him breathing. Slow. Careful. Breathing.

"Yeah, it is. Is that..I mean, is that ok? If you don't feel comfortable, that's ok."

My eyes were still closed. I just didn't want to look at him, because maybe that would mean it never happened. Ask the incriminating questions, I thought to myself, then I answer, and fall asleep. And maybe it just never happened.

I felt his chin on the bedside.

His question – the first one – was something I could never have predicted.

"If you could actualize any superhuman power in the world, make it real, like, a tool to use in — well, in what you do – what would it be? What have you always wished you had the power to do, or fantasized about?"

There was a silence. A silence to let me figure out first what the hell he meant. Second, to recover from the shock that he was asking more about my desires and my drive, and less about my toys, my body, or what he might be eligible for as the man who stayed up til 3am on a work night to give me a night of dancing.

Then I giggled. Late-night giggles more than drunk giggles. "Like… super Akasha? What would my superhuman power be?"

And he laughed too. We both laughed.

But looking back, that was a really revealing question.

He wanted to know what the power would be that I would embrace if I could. What did I value as the most significant tool I could use. And the reasons for that choice would reveal worlds about my motivation as a domina, as a woman seeking power.

No one had ever asked me anything nearly so revealing in my life.

He wanted to know what really made my mind tick.

We talked until dawn.

And that's when things started to change.

to be continued

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Jun 8, 2022Akasha

Stories - Seduction Lust

Using You

You know sometimes I hate to be cruel. But I have to. I have to, I need it. Sometimes it comes onto me like a vicious hunger. Without warning. Without mercy. It is as merciless to me as I am to you, can you understand that?

And I blindfold you sometimes because I can't bear to see that look in your eyes. I can't bear to have you see me cry. You can hear the cruelty in my voice, you don't know I'm biting back tears. It hurts me to hurt you like this. But god, I need it. I need it from you.

And there are times when I look at you from across the table as you eat and read the newspaper, and I want to take you away. Take you away from everything you know as safety, as life. Take you to a dungeon, to a basement. I want to rip you out of that suit and put you into something sinister. A straitjacket. A latex corset. Thigh-high stockings. I don't care. I don't care, I want to use you.

Does it bother you that sometimes I want to use you like a slab of meat? To strap you down so you can't move, to press my naked body onto you like you are a dildo, like you are my vibrator, my hand tightly over your nose and mouth, hissing "Not a fucking sound from you."

Oh, that language. I know how it frightens you, how this sweet little feminine thing can talk such filth. You know it's not like me. I never curse. I only swear when I feel like being a ruthless cold-hearted bitch that wants to fuck her little slut-whore until he screams out for me, screams out what a pathetic little bitch he is.

Mercy.

That one word, you beg for it with your eyes, with your fingers when you twist at the bonds. You push me to do it more because you are

so priceless when you struggle. I could sit and watch you for hours, when you don't even know I'm there, sitting in the big chair with my knees up, my vibrator silently teasing the perimeter of my cunt, just watching. Watching how you breathe, how you hiss in frustration at your situation. How you try vainly to get your teeth to the knots.

And the times when I get playful. When I want to be dominant, but I can't stop giggling. Because you just smile at me, you smile at me like you are proud of this mean little dom side of me that has come out to play. I laugh because you seem so delighted at what I have become. When the hunger comes out in a playful little streak, when I want you on your knees with your hands behind your back, your tongue servicing me, going wherever my finger points, ("Oh no Mistress, not *THERE*!" you gasp sarcastically, and I love you for that).

It's a mystery how this side of me can be both cruel and sadistic and at other times silly and playful. You know when we are out and I watch you like a crazed fanatic. When we are at a party and I watch you from across the room, I give you an intense stare. And you stare back, sipping your drink deliberately, running a hand through your hair slowly, not breaking the gaze.

Oh, you fucking tease.

I look at my watch, then at you. Go ahead, push my buttons. I flirt with my girlfriend, I wrestle her on the couch, we nuzzle and kiss and I whisper to her what I'm going to do to you when we get home. You know, don't you? You just sit with your friends and play cards, talk about work. And I watch your ass, watch how you lean into the wall as you talk, how you use your hands to describe things. You are so animated. You are so beautiful. It's almost hard to think of torturing you so.

Almost.

No, my wetness is not a mystery. As my girlfriend nibbles my neck and you laugh at me, calling me your confused little bi-babe (since I've never gone all the way, but I want to. Sometimes). Yes, you look at me like I am your little girl. So harmless, so cute. My skirt riding up my legs since my feet are up on the couch, my thigh high stockings peeking out. We are among our closest friends so it doesn't matter. And we won't be here much longer anyway.

Driving home you are quiet, humming to your music. And I say nothing. I look at you sideways. I glare. You would think I was a furious girlfriend about to break up with you.

You shoot a glance and then put a hand on my knee. I push it off. You put it back. I push it off again.

"You ok?" you ask. Always, even when we play, you are concerned. Just in case, perhaps, my coldness is not the first stage of our beginning scene, just in case you might have inadvertently done something to really upset me. You are priceless.

I smile. Cold. "No, I'm fine. Just thinking about what I'm going to do to you when we get home."

Both hands tight on the steering wheel, you stare forward. Intense. Watching the traffic signals. Expressionless.

"How I'm going to put on my thigh high boots, my latex gloves. How I'm going to strap you to the kitchen table, face down, and fuck you. First with my fingers, then with whatever else I can get my hands on. How I'm going to sit at the table with my legs up and make you watch me touch myself."

I see your breath quicken but you say nothing. I watch you breathe against the seatbelt. That alone does it to me. I recline my seat back, pull up my skirt, and ease out of my panties. I watch you drive, I watch the seatbelt, and I masturbate.

When you shoot a glance at me I hiss, “Don’t you fucking look at me.”

You move your eyes back to the road and I see how tightly you are holding the wheel. How carefully you are watching the road. I make loud sucking noises when I lick the wetness from my fingers. “mmm I taste good,” I announce to you. I feel like being the slut that makes your cock ache. This is the mood that terrifies you most.

Ruthless. Sinister. A whore, a bitch, and a sadist. This relentless creature that sees your cock as an instrument to be used and tortured. That is not affected by your big, beautiful eyes. No mercy.

I lean up and into you, forcing my tongue into your mouth as we sit idle at the traffic light. I use my tongue to force the taste from my cunt into your mouth, holding you by the chin, my fingers prying your mouth open. Your breath is shaking a little, my grip so tight that I know it hurts. This is not a kiss of affection. This is a warning.

“You are mine,” I whisper between kisses. “All night long I have been planning for this.”

When we arrive at home I make you walk in front of me with your hands on your head. Like I have a gun to you or something. I do it so I can watch your ass, the jeans. Your faded docs, how they look when you move up the steps. I shove you forward when you don’t walk fast enough.

I move you into our bedroom, forgetting about the dinner table threat. Instead, I lock your wrists into the chains hanging from the ceiling, and I take the panties that are still in my hand and shove them into your mouth. Deep. Wet from the night of teasing, wet from those looks you gave me. Wet from my thoughts of this exact moment.

You moan and throw your head back and grip the chains. You look beautiful.

I let you watch me change. I tell you not to take your eyes off of me as I go through the closet and lay my things out on the bed. Black lace panties. A latex corset. Garters. Thigh-high stockings. Elbow high latex gloves. A final touch, I toss my leather strap-on next to them, and start to undress.

As I undress, I watch you in your bonds. Still fully dressed, on your toes, you look inviting. You keep trying to win back my affection, rubbing your cheek against your shoulder, giving me the sweet eyes, but it doesn't work. I laugh as I pull the stockings up over my thighs, letting my fingers linger around my flesh, teasing.

I remove my bra and let my breasts fall free, cupping them and showing them to you. I walk over and taunt you, pressing them into your shirt. But you just whimper and look at me, my panties precariously in your mouth, but you know better than to spit them out, don't you?

My nipples are hard, I explain to you, I show you how erect they are. "These aren't the only things that are erect, are they?" I ask. You shake your head solemnly. You know. God, you know what I am going to do to you?

Will you forgive me this time?

I am distracted from changing and more interested in your cock now. Yes, yanking off your belt and fumbling with your zipper. I move like an animal looking for something to eat. I am breathing hard, and you know I am going to hurt you. You shift, you give me your best muffled, "noo…." but I shove my hand over your mouth, forcing the panties deeper until you gag.

I pull down your pants, your underwear, and take your hard cock with both hands as if I had never seen one before but it was the answer to my hunger. "Look at this thing!" I hiss, moving my hands down to your balls and gripping them tightly. You wince and throw your head back.

“Aww..does that..*hurt*?” I ask, and you nod. I kiss the tip of your cock sweetly and move my tongue around the tip, moaning softly in my throat. I move my hands to your hips and hold them, then guide you fully into my mouth.

Your knees shake a little and I hear the chains rattle.

I pull back, stand, and return to getting dressed. You moan miserably and I smile at you.

As I dress I watch you occasionally, this time my back to you, my head peering over my shoulder, letting my long hair hand down across my back. I bend over to put on the boots and lace them, my ass pointed at you. From this position I say quietly, “You know what you’re going to be doing to this sweet ass, don’t you?”

You moan. Precious.

Now, dressed, I survey myself in the mirror as I put on my gloves. The feel of the tight material only makes me wetter. The sounds of you struggling behind me make me ache. Nothing else matters. My night with you is just starting. I want nothing more than to have you shaking, whimpering, begging in my arms.

I pick up the leather strap-on harness and carry it over to you. I lean over and step into it casually as if just adding another piece of clothing. “Tomorrow,” I start quietly, “I’d really like to go out and buy a new dress, do you have a problem with that?” I ask, wiggling my hips to pull the harness up.

You look at me and shake your head. Your eyes wander down to the cock bobbing in front of me.

I reach around and pull the buckles tight. “I was thinking, you could come along, I want to buy you a new pair of boots. Knee-high, big black boots. Combat boots. They make me wet. You like to make me wet, don’t you?”

You nod again, this time watching me as I move my black-latex fingers up the length of my shaft. Absent-minded, as if massaging a cramp out of my leg. Just stroking it as I watch you.

"I saw you watching me and Annie," I smirk at you, walking around with my hands on my hips, watching you with your pants down around your ankles, your cock throbbing helplessly, just begging for attention.

"You'd like to see more than just me and Annie making out, wouldn't you? You want to see her tongue inside of me, in all my nasty places?"

I hear your breath coming in difficult gasps through your nose. I know this talk gets to you. I know the slut-dom side of me scares you and thrills you.

"Maybe I'll call her over right now. Save your ass the agony of my big cock and stick it in her instead. Make you watch. Then again, make you listen. Blindfold you. Helpless. See if you could tell who's lips were around your cock. Maybe I'd make her suck my cock while I suck yours."

You stare at me now, eye to eye. I think you've reached that point. You are in too much pain from arousal to deal with it anymore. You are furious, you want out, you want me, you want freedom. Deal with it, I smirk at you.

Where did the time go. What happened. Hours earlier we were playing cards and eating pretzels with our friends, watching bad movies. This was not in our plans. Yet, here you are. All because of the way your ass looked when you walked past me in the room. Something about the way you smiled bashfully once. And that time you took a slow drink and licked your lips. When Annie had her mouth at my neck and I was watching you, I knew it would come to this. My turn. You, helpless. Suffer.

I don’t understand the hunger, where it comes from. How it can be so far from me one minute, then consuming me the next. how I want nothing more than to dominate you for hours. How, when I have you so helpless before me, I think to myself, when I’m so high from it, “I don’t ever want to let you go. This is where I belong. this is me”. I have said it to you, in the heat of it, “I am going to never stop being like this. This is it for me, permanently, you are my slave forever, FOREVER.” And you nod, sweetly, eyes big with lust and fear. But you know I will come down. I always do. I could never have the energy to go on and on the way I threaten I will.

I ponder all of this as I pace, my cat hanging down between my legs, tickling my thighs with it. I’m thinking out loud now, thinking about the moment. “First the beating, then I’ll fuck you, then your tongue will search every crevice of my body until I have cum four times. Then..then perhaps you will sleep next to me in soft leather shackles. blindfolded.”

I stop and move to you, lifting my hands to your face, the whip still in my right hand. I touch your skin and you shut your eyes, leaning into my palm. “I’m going to hurt you. You know that, don’t you?”

You nod slowly, your eyes closed, your face peaceful. I reach over and pull the panties from your mouth and you take a breath, wet your lips, and say “thank you.”

I trace my finger up your cheekbone slowly and then down to your lips. The feel of your cock, hard, pressing against my thigh is distracting. “Are you ready?” I ask quietly.

You bite your lip and nod, eyes still closed, gripping the chains for leverage. You take a breath, throw your head back to get the hair out of your eyes, and stand firm.

I’m aching inside, aching with lust, desire, sympathy. The weight of the cat in my hand seems ominous. You’re the most priceless thing in my life, I whisper, but you can’t hear me. You are clearly in

another world, breathing deep, preparing yourself for the pain, preparing to give your body to me, preparing to be beaten, fucked, used and humiliated.

You are my world.

Now, all I need to do is find you.

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Special State of Mind

A Special State of Mind

While it was probably part of Elena's job to torture Nick, it really was also part of her livelihood. Nothing gave her more passion, energy and sexual satisfaction, at the core than seeing him totally vulnerable, suffering, shaking for her. So you could say they were indeed a match made in heaven.

Nick was an actor. He wasn't a very good actor, truth be told, but he earned somewhat of a living at it, doing the occasional theater work and sometimes capturing a small bit on a television show or in a film that went straight to DVD. He still had another job, as a bartender, but when he was acting, he was generally more pleasant to be around.

Elena was a historian of sorts and spent most of her time researching and reading books and writing papers. From the outside, no one would assume such a couple had an entirely explosive sex life, but they did. Because she was so unforgiving, cruel and relentless, and he was constantly looking for ways to suffer for her.

On February 14, Valentine's Day, he was working on the set of a small made-for-tv movie production and she was buried in his modest trailer proofreading her latest papers and napping. She was doing more napping than anything, because she was incredibly bored, as often happened on these long days on a set. Her presence there was a necessity though.

The director understood her and understood her relationship with Nick, but that's as far as it went. To everyone else on the set, she was an odd character, almost like a vampire, that lurked around from time to time, dark and mysterious, sexy and alluring. No one talked

to her or even tried to befriend her – it was as if her presence was somehow ominous but necessary.

On Valentine's Day, Nick entered the trailer with such a look of self dread and anxiety and such an intense vibe that Elena literally woke up from her catnap, squinting at him. "What's the matter with you?" she asked – but she already knew. She already knew that this was one of those times – and he was so full of angst and dread and self-doubt that the air was thick with it.

Nick was wearing jeans that were dirty and full of holes with a belt undone and hanging around his hips, his hair disheveled and wet, his face bruised and red with makeup that seemed so incredibly awful in the flesh but always appeared better on screen. He was breathing hard, just a little. "I'm so fucked. I can't do this."

"This," she knew, was whatever scene they were working on, and had been working on since 5:45 am when the sun came up. She didn't know what "this" really was, other than some stained, wrinkled pages on the script that was sitting in the trash can where he's deposited it the last time he came into the trailer to complain that he could not do it.

Elena stood up to console him but they both really knew what needed to happen, and she really wasn't in much of a mood for it, her head was in her work. If Nick was there, though, it was because the director ordered him to go back to his trailer and "get his head out of his ass and into the scene," while the crew sat idle being paid time and a half as the clock continued to tick.

"I have no time – I have, goddammit, I have ten minutes – I have less than ten minutes. I can't do it, Elena, I've totally fucked it all up." Nick was spinning.

She took him by the shoulders and then the face and tried to center him, to get him to stop and at least look at her. His face was pained, so full of emotion that the fake bruises almost seemed real for that

moment, the blood, smeared now on her fingertips, seemed to flow. It was mixed with sweat.

If they had time, really, she'd just spin him around and pin him to the wall of the trailer, pull his hair and reach between his legs to grab him by the crotch, hissing the right words, telling him what she'd be doing to him, before shackling him into an uncomfortable hogtie and doing what most would consider unspeakable acts, cruel acts, until he was a quivering, timid mess. Then she'd send him out of the trailer where he'd walk, like a zombie, the 25-second walk, his eyes straight forward, his chest still heaving, his head still there, so he could slip into the role he needed to be in and convey every last ounce of terrified vulnerability they wanted from him.

For at least ten minutes. Then he'd snap out of it, and come to grips with himself, ass still store, body aching, erection throbbing. But at least they'd have the scene; ten seconds, sometimes only five; whatever they were seeking at that moment, some essence of terror or fear or helplessness that the director absolutely needed to make his b-movie horror film masterpiece "complete." It was all garbage to Elena anyway.

"Why don't you just do romance movies," she'd tell Nick later when they fucked in the trailer, as he commented on the emotional hangover and his inability to even remember clearly what was so difficult about that emotion he could not bring to the surface was it not for her ability to rip through his outer protective wall as if using sharp fingernails to tear through weak cellophane.

But this time, they had no options. Nick had his eyes shut tight, breathing hard, and all they could hear were the voices of the crew assembling and milling around outside their door, the footsteps of the director and then the knocking on the door.

"Nick?" his voice came.

Nothing in response.

“Nick, man, we gotta do this. We have one more chance. Come on out.”

**

Elena walked with Nick through the set, and there was a hush. Some of the crew members whispered to one another. A few of the young, college girls, who worked as production assistants or interns, brought clipboards up to their lips to lean toward each other and speak in a hushed tone about what they were observing.

The mysterious, elusive Elena was a rare sight on the set – and her relationship with Nick was a mystery. Some said he was her “slave,” and others said she was a hypnotist. Still, others said she was a well-paid escort because she was so incredibly beautiful and often towered over Nick, who was somewhat forgettable, while ‘cute,” at a mere 5”7 with a lean build and understated ‘nice guy’ good looks.

Elena was nearly 6 ft in her high heels, always dressed spectacularly, even for a day spent inside a trailer reading. They were walking with the director, who knew what was going on, even though they didn’t talk about it. The set was well lit, with tons of fake light pouring down over a center area that was already well illuminated from natural light, which was rapidly decreasing as night drew near.

The director handed Elena a damaged, scribbled-on copy of the script, peeled open to one page with notes written all over it, but she just pushed it aside and looked at the wooden pole that seemed to be the center of the shooting.

Shirtless, wet, fake-bruised Nick turned around and stood up next to it, putting his hands behind it, while cameras were positioned and lights were adjusted, people milling around and making comments. Elena heard none of it, cared about none of it, just focused on him standing there. She soaked in his essence and stared to let it all sink in. The director had told her that all they were shooting was his face anyway, they’d completed everything else, but every time he

managed to get the lines right he didn't have the emotion, and whenever he had the emotion right he couldn't do the lines. That's all she needed to know.

"Take off your pants," she ordered Nick. It was loud enough that not only he heard her, but everyone on the set did. There was an uncomfortable silence.

Nick hesitated only briefly then removed his belt and went for the zipper on the tattered jeans he was wearing.

The director apparently was going to agree to anything, but still turned around and announced, "Clear the set!" obviously following some Hollywood protocol that protected the privacy and rights of the talent and also reduced the number of prying eyes.

"Don't clear anything," Elena turned. "They can stay. They won't be seeing anything, trust me. Everyone stay," she ordered, turning to make eye contact with a few of the crew who were picking up their things to leave. "Everyone. Stay."

Nick was now visibly uncomfortable, as he had every right to be, stripped down to nothing in front of peers, co-workers, and an assortment of interns and staffers who all were going to see just about anything they wanted of him. But he complied, dedicated to the task, trusting in her, and knowing, most of all, that he really had only one more shot before turning this project into a colossal disaster.

So he stood there, naked, as someone hustled over to collect his pants, belt and boxers and carry them off the set. He stood there naked as Elena walked up to him and just stared, mostly at his crotch, before reaching out and fondling him a little. It was entirely, incredibly inappropriate and uncomfortable for everything, but fortunately, she only did this for a moment.

“Tie him up,” she ordered. “Tie him up to this pole, it said in the script he was tied up.”

“We’re only shooting his face,” someone responded, “So he doesn’t need to –“

“Tie him up,” the director interrupted. “Do as she says. Just hurry it up. “

Nick looked at her, solemn, just standing there as a few production assistants moved behind him, muttering about where the rope went, trying to fumble through and get the job done. Elena stepped around to supervise their work, pointing at a few knots and having them tightened, reaching over to pinch Nick’s naked butt cheeks once for good measure.

When she moved around to face him, smiling every so slightly, he just stared back at her. It was as if no one else was even there any longer. That was all she needed.

**

No one was close enough to know what Elena said to him. But she whispered something into his ear and he was visibly uncomfortable, struggling just a little bit in the bonds. That seemed to amuse and entertain her, and then her hands were painfully in his hair, she was biting him somewhere on the shoulder, and the more he seemed to be uncomfortable, the more she seemed pleased.

It wasn’t until she turned to one of the young, petite female production assistants that anyone heard her speak. “Give me your panties,” she told the young lady.

Quite possibly it was the strangest thing anyone had ever heard, and as the young girl looked around for approval, for a response, anything, Elena just held out her hand and snapped her fingers. The young lady, probably terrified of missing her big break in Hollywood

by being seen as difficult, handed her clipboard to the lady next to her and leaned over, reaching under her skirt, shaking her hips as she eased down a little white thong.

Elena took the thong from the girl who seemed to reach over and almost on tiptoes hand it to her, trying to stay as far back as possible from the activity as if reaching into an animal cage. Elena promptly balled it up in her fist and took Nick by the chin, shoving it into his mouth. He responded with a groan of sorts, humiliated, uncomfortable, perhaps a little shocked. She reached out to a stagehand and said, "Tape."

The crew members seemed to respond in a zombie-like fashion, watching and participating in a sort of surreal train wreck, most of them shocked at what they were seeing and the rest wondering why a director would allow such a display to continue. But to Elena, it was clearly working, because Nick had his eyes shut tight and was visibly nearly torn down to that place he needed to be. She knew, deep down, that it would become very apparent when he was just right there – "there" being what the director needed – what the crew needed – and what he needed to be.

Tape was finally delivered to her and she tore a piece off to place it over his lips, then took the entire role and decided to wrap it all the way around his head, with each pass telling him how pathetic he looked, and asking him how those panties were tasting.

"Look at her," she ordered. "Open your eyes and look at the girl," Elena said this soft enough that no one else could hear, and her command was met with a ton of resistance. He had his eyes shut tight and was turning his head away. It took grabbing him by the chin, digging her nails into his flesh, and applying more and more pressure until he succumbed and opened his eyes, searching the group of strangers for the girl.

Elena didn't look to see what the girl's reaction was, as much as she wanted to (out of sheer curiosity) because her eyes were trained so firmly on his expression. She was reading the pain in his eyes, the vulnerability, the shame, the agony. It was always the eyes, she knew, that would tell her if she was almost there yet.

Or the shaking.

Nick was starting to shake – first in his shoulders and then in his chest, and she felt the shudders reverberating through her grip as she held him by the chin and he blinked, keeping his eyes trained where he was ordered until they started to well up with moisture.

"Aww, are you going to cry? You look like such a pussy in front of all these people. What's she going to think of you, such a pretty girl, with you crying here because you are so humiliated?"

He shut his eyes but she dug her nails in harder so he opened them again, breathing hard through his nose, his own sweat, and now tears, smearing the makeup and creating streaks of blue and pink down his face.

"He's ready," Elena said matter-of-factly, stepping out of the way and wiping her wet hands on her dress. "Do what you need to do with him."

They huddled around him and she looked over her shoulder as the crew assembled quickly, someone putting makeup back on him someone carefully removing the tape, a stagehand coming out awkwardly holding a balled-up white thong, seeming to be painfully unsure of which lady to hand the panties to – the one that demanded them or the one that gave them up?

Elena solved the problem by holding out her hand as he approached, noting the young lady surely would not be putting them back on. The greasy-looking fellow placed the panties in her palm and she made a fist around them as she watched Nick try to pull himself

together, ironically, as the last touches of makeup were put on his cheeks and he blinked the tears out of his eyes. She watched the monitor to her side to see the image they were capturing on screen, and he truly did look beautiful, and perfect. The vulnerability in his eyes was authentic. As she watched them capture the sixteen seconds of film she smiled.

**

Elena was back in the trailer when Nick returned sometime later, back in the torn jeans, his hair still wet and disheveled, his eyes slightly puffy. He didn't say anything when he walked in, and she looked up from her book just to watch him for a moment.

He was moving gingerly, carefully, appearing withdrawn, emotional. Elena smiled. "It looked very good," she complimented him.

Nick stopped and shut his eyes, pressing two thumbs to the corners near the bridge of his nose as if shutting out a terrible migraine. "I'm so…..humiliated."

His words were sharp – painful. He stopped and inhaled, his breath shaking, Elena stood up and walked to him, put her arms around him as if to comfort and console him, but immediately let them slide down to the front of his jeans. He was hard; visibly, physically hard.

"You loved it," she whispered. He was shaking again. "You loved every minute of it; being watched, being used, being naked, having those pretty girl's panties stuffed in your mouth, having to look at her. Everyone knowing what a pussy you are for me, how you will degrade yourself at the mere snap of my fingers…you love it – you love it more than acting itself…"

He was visibly uncomfortable by what Elena was saying but undeniably turned on. As she started to move her hands over his body and kiss his neck he resisted her advances, despite the obvious

arousal. "I can't right now…I'm so tired, I have to lay down for a little while Elena, please…"

But it was useless. She was coming onto him, wanting him, and her own sexual lust from watching his vulnerability unfold was too much for her to keep in check. Nick probably thought she was just going to make him fuck her or eat her out, but soon he realized she had something else entirely in mind.

Elena had pulled the all-too-familiar leather harness from her bag, and the slick, black dildo was already mounted in place. He pushed her aside as she made advances, urging her to reconsider. "Elena, please, I can't right now, people will be coming – people are going to wonder where I am – I –"

She slapped a hand tightly over his mouth, shoved him against the wall and whispered into his ear, "I got you where you needed to be. Now you need to get me where I need to be, Nick. Bend over."

Her tone was unforgiving, relentless. He cried out in pain when she dug her nails into his neck and bent him over a small countertop. When he reached around she slapped his hands away, pulling his pants down. In a matter of seconds she was shoving her fingers into his mouth to silence his protests, but to also make him suck on them – it was clear she wasn't going to use lube and was using his spit to coat the dildo that she'd strapped around her hips.

Soon she shoved the familiar panties back into his mouth, now dry, obviously no long fragrant and sweet-smelling as they had been when they were freshly removed from the cute young PA's crotch. Instead, he gagged on them, eyes shut down, bent over awkwardly, as the dildo, coated with traces of his own spit, pushed and prodded at his asshole. He knew that there was no sense in resisting, Elena always got what she wanted.

She was so hot – so turned on – that the resistance from his ass was simply a minor inconvenience. After a few painful, carefully directed

thrusts she pushed the head of the dildo through his hole and he cried out as best he could, his pleas muffled by the panties that he dare not spit out. She had him by the hips, hissing nasty words into his ear from behind as she wiggled her body to get the dildo firmly lodged all the way up inside him.

The thrusts got longer, deeper, and her moans of pleasure became louder, drowning out his muffled whimpers. His eyes were shut tight, watering, and he only opened them when she took him by a fistful of hair from behind and forced his head up, painfully and awkwardly, so he was facing the mirror, his face eventually smashed into it while she fucked him.

From behind, she looked at him in the mirror, at his bruised and bleeding face, holding his head back so she could see him more clearly, telling him she'd done that to him, she'd been the one to bruise and batter him for resisting her advances. Of course, she was only weaving a little fantasy out loud, but it got her wetter and wetter as he grimaced and groaned for her, opening his eyes on command and looking at her, blinking innocently when she started to cum through the thrusts.

The last few slams of the dildo into his ass were painful and degrading, but as always when she fucked him, all she needed to do is reach around and feel his crotch to find a hard, stiff cock. The motion, the lust, the feeling of the cock and the moans of her cumming were enough to keep him hard and horny, despite being exhausted and emotionally spent.

Elena finally let go of him, slid the cock out of his ass and comfortably slid back into the couch in his trailer, sighing contently. By the time he composed himself, pulled up his pants and turned around, wincing and moving gingerly, she was pretty much asleep. He stuffed his stiff cock into his boxers before zipping up his jeans and looked at himself in the mirror, unable to determine which marks were smeared makeup and which ones were fresh from his

encounter with Elena. With a bit of a grimace, he sighed and let out his breath at the same time. “Happy Valentine’s Day,” he said softly.

She was sound asleep.

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Twenty-One Days

Twenty-One Days

Twenty-one days led up to the moment I had him kneeling, head down, and saw that familiar slight twisting of the shoulders that marked discomfort.

“You were the one that told me it was ok to wait.”

Hesitation. His breathing shallow.

His chin felt warm in my hand. I lifted his head but he still wouldn’t open his eyes. His mouth was shut tight, teeth clenched. Everything in his face showed tension.

I kneeled down level with him and put my lips so close to his. “You wanted me to wait, and now you have to deal with the results. Do you understand?”

Nothing.

Twenty-one days. Perhaps several years ago that would not mean much, but this time, it did hit me hard. It hit me hard because I was used to something, even minor physical flirtation, about every 5 to 7 days.

Certainly, I had little fixes in between. But I purposely kept them tame.

The boy in the club, bangs down in his eyes. Body pressed up against a full-length mirror and I could see his fingers spread apart slowly. Palms against the glass. Breath fogging it. That song, beating, pounding. My hand was in his hair. “I want to take you home with me,” I hissed at him. “But I won’t.”

Twenty-one days.

One night about ten days ago I woke up and three in the morning and couldn't go back to sleep. I saw what looked like the moon outside my door, and it illuminated the phone next to my bed. One call. One call and my prince would be at my doorsteps. I could hear his voice in my head, Jesus Christ Akasha, why in the middle of the night, why? And he would come. Weary, like the times he submits with his eyes still closed in sleepiness, the only disturbance of his angelic gaze that slight little wince when the rubber slides between his teeth.

But, no. I rolled over. Put my head under my pillow. Let my hands roam. Thought of him some eleven days later in my clutches. It would be so sweet, his sacrifice. Bravery. Letting the beast grow her desire to the point of insatiability just to feed it for her.

Or was it just pure foolishness?

Twenty-one days.

Sitting in the club with my feet hanging over a ledge. Watching the little shadow crawler do his thing, thinking, hmm, yeah, maybe he would fit. Sideways. In an X-bar. But how long could he breathe in there?

Around day nineteen I almost drove into a bus stop when I saw a high school senior kneeling down to pick up a book for a girl. He was half balancing but just gave up and kneeled down all the way. What I would've done for a taste of that.

Around day ten I probably could have feasted upon some prey and still had markable energy and desire by day twenty-one again, but once that mark passed, it was too close to the date to risk it. I wouldn't dare risk dampening just one bit of passion set aside.

I guess it was about day eighteen when I started getting sick. Predictable, I know. I had forgotten though, since I have been so spoiled in the last few years, that not playing makes me sick. It's the combined result of lack of sleep and not eating right, both results of distraction in general. Unbelievable, I was able to work pretty well, staying quite focused on the job at hand, but unusually totally unable to write anything but dark, frustrated images of a victim at my feet.

Twenty-one days.

"Do you know how long it's been?" I whispered. It was the question, I suppose. The question that would start it, lead me off. Slide me into where I needed to be. To hear him say it, acknowledge it. To hear that voice, as if saying, "Guilty as charged."

I tightened my grip. He flinched. The flinch brought little shivers to my bones. Flinches didn't use to affect me that way, I had gotten used to those. It was like being a schoolgirl again. I shuddered, and I believe he could feel it in my hands as they were on his skin. I shuddered, and I thought, damn, if a mere flinch does that to me…

The flinch dissipated, and his eyes fluttered open. Finally. His eyes on mine, he just stared. I could see sparkles. Distance. Fear. Confusion. Boyish charm.

It all intoxicated me, infuriated me. "This would be much, much easier," I hissed as I leaned into him, "If I didn't adore you so much."

With a few swift, careful movements, I slid around him and found the blindfold. It went over his eyes with ease, and he didn't like that one bit. I was dehumanizing him. Not in a cruel way, not in a demeaning way. But he knew what I was doing; I was making him less real to me, so I could go through with it. Because I had to be removed from the side of me that still just wanted to cuddle.

“How LONG has it been?” I snapped again, coming around the front and having a much better time at it, taking his chin and whipping it up until his teeth chattered a little, fear and shock and dread perhaps.

“A few weeks -“

How dare he. Oh, I suppose it was perfect. It was what I needed to go where I had to be, it pushed me right into that dark, little evil space where I could torture him mercilessly and thrive on his struggling.

Because he patronized my wait. The word “few” did it to me. Few sounds so trivial. As if it was a short time. No. It was a long time. It was twenty-one days, twenty-one nights of sleepless restless slumber and twenty-one days of buying toys and nearly running into bus stops.

My fingers dug into his skin. I remember something strange about that moment, and it was that everything felt dangerous. It felt like there were so many things he could say that would enrage me, and it scared me that I wanted to be enraged.

I wanted to be sadistic. I wanted to use him, to bind him up so tight that he whimpered with every attempted move. I wanted his eyes to glisten because they were wet with tears, and I wanted to still hold up and push him down even more, because I had the strength and the will and wanted to have him so vulnerable that he would crawl to me, shaking, and wrap his arms around my ankles, sobbing.

It was like being a drug addict, and being off it for three years (yes it felt like years!) and deciding that the night I went back, I was going to get whacked to the point of oblivion.

Only, he was the one that was going to be oblivious.

But the only way I can describe the urges themselves is that they were very meticulous. I wasn't craving wide, overall domination. I was obsessed with his little movements and his every single breath. It thrilled me when one breath got caught on another, and I saw every move – even his rubbing two fingers together inadvertently – as a passionate little dance for me.

For the first time in play, I felt as if I was stronger than him, stronger than anyone. Physically. I didn't test it, but it made me want to snicker uncontrollably. Is that the same chemical in your body that makes it so that in moments of stress people have superhuman strength? Perhaps. As I said, I didn't test it. I felt though that I could wrap my hand around his throat and pin him up against the wall, his feet off the ground. Dragging him off his knees to the bed would have been easy, I'm sure. And he's much stronger than I am.

Twenty-one days – those three words – I promised myself would be forever on his lips when I was done with him. They would come across on command at once, and every time he'd know something was coming.

And what made it all so different — so beautifully different – was that the mindspace was so easy, so attainable, and so unshakable. I went there, and I stayed there. I stayed there because I was feasting on every little bit of him, from his lashes the way they fluttered to the way he bit his lip when he saw the gag – another one – and tried some other desperate way to get out of it. And failed every time.

He tried every trick in the book. And I can tell you, every one of them would have worked, any night but that night. Any one of them would have brought a little tear to my eye or made me shiver with lust and distracted me right out of that domspace and right into a safe haven for him, and he'd have succeeded.

The words, once he caught my ear by his lips when I was bending down, and he said them so earnestly, his words got caught on his breath and his whisper cracked, “Please, stop hurting me, please.”

Yes, looking back, in most cases that would have left me shivering and I would have had to struggle back into a mind frame remotely capable of doing harm to such an angel. Because his words were so real. So completely real.

But this time, I hesitated only briefly, then looked into eyes. Right into his eyes. And he hit me hard, he gave me everything he had. And for what seemed like a very long time we just looked at each other. I think he believed he had me, that he was chipping away at that dominant exterior and finding the real me down there. Chipping eagerly, innocently. Reaching for me. Wanting to be held. Wanting it to be done with so he could be taken care of.

And I will admit, I held his gaze to lead him on. I slid in close. I think I even felt that familiar gasp of relief, he thought I was coming to save him. The kiss that marked release. But instead, I slid in close to his body and put my nose against his.

“But,” I said softly, “I’m enjoying hurting you…”

There was the time that he had his back arched just right, and I felt his hips press against mine because I was straddling him to keep him still for the clamps. And he let out his breath, caught my gaze, and wet his lips. His eyes were dark, strangely dark, and he tilted his head. Seduction. He’d even managed to get his hair just right in his eyes. Must have done that when I wasn’t looking, by tossing his head this way and that way.

And I smiled and rubbed my body back at him. I slid down close to him and paused from my project with the clamps, letting him hold them between his teeth while I went away, down his body, and he looked at me eagerly thinking, again, that maybe he’d reached a part of me hidden down beyond that dark side and I was coming

back, coming back to make love, or hold him, or to be showered with sweet kisses.

But I just smiled, moving my mouth down his stomach and sliding my hands down his crotch. I teased him. I touched him, I pressed my body against his crotch and I said, staring at him with a smile, "I'm not even close to done yet."

No, nothing worked. But he was noble, and he tried. At times it infuriated me even more, once time bringing me to slap him so hard across the face that he fell over and cowered. And I'd never done such a thing – so sudden, so harsh. Usually…usually, at other times, that would have shaken me enough to snap me out of it for the moment.

But instead, I straddled him and pulled him up by the shirt collar, shaking him like a rag doll, and hissing into his eyes, "Don't you EVEN fuck with me!"

And he whimpered, eyes shut hard, and that's when the tears came.

I just held him there, my knuckles turning white, and neither of us moved. It must have been a few minutes, and I don't know where I got the strength to hold him up that long by the collar, but soon his tears were dripping down my fingers.

When I let go, he fell back with a thud and tried to curl up and hide, but the spreader bar locked his ankles to his wrists from behind and allowed no such freedom.

I paced. Weird, strange numbness in my veins. I looked into the only mirror in his place and I looked into my own eyes. I didn't even look the same to me. Time really had lost any meaning, and I checked the clock, realizing it had been three hours since we started. I knew, even in that detached mind frame, that he must've been completely exhausted.

But I wasn't fed. It wasn't over. And I could hear him, behind me. What sounded like little muffled sobs, his head down against his shoulder. I knew I was supposed to stop. I was supposed to stop at that point.

Twenty-one days. I clenched my fists. I shut my eyes. "I'm not done," I said to myself. I wasn't ready to hold him, or cry, or curl up and sleep.

I started shaking all over and it took me a minute to identify the emotion.

Fear.

I was afraid of myself.

Oh my god, I thought. What if I never go back?

"Please," he cried. It was a blur in the background.

I looked at my hands, my fingers. Who was I, anyway? What if I never went back? What if I was never finished? My ears were buzzing.

Somehow, I don't know how, he'd slid over to where I was, and his cheek was resting against my ankle.

I looked down at him, hands avoiding him, his hair. Holding them up out of the way, for some reason uneasy about touching him. I felt dampness around my feet, his tears.

I kneeled down and took his face in my hands and he flinched, tried to get away, but I held him. I looked at him. "Make me stop," I whispered, "You need to make me stop."

He looked at me, and he was desperate. He was desperate because he knew what I meant. He knew it had been too long, and that I

had used him for three hours, brought him to tears, been able to withstand his tugging at my guilt strings and seducing me from his bonds. Nothing was shaking me, and I wasn't wearing down. I was still deep in it. And he could tell I was scared.

I think he was trying to think of what to do, what to say, but he was flustered and scared. "Let..let me go, first.." he sniffed, struggling. "And I'll help you to stop, ok… ok Akasha?"

I shook my head. Trance-like. I wasn't going to let him go, not on his life.

He sobbed, half sobbed, his eyes were red. "Please, Akasha, please."

This was so foreign to me. Never had I seen someone so beautiful, someone I cared for so much, so broken down for me. He was so weary, he was tattered and weak, he was aching all over. I could feel it, I could sense just pain. Pain from his body and his soul was trampled on.

I moved my hand down his cheek and he turned to kiss it, kissing my palm and then my wrist, then nuzzled his cheek against my skin. So affectionately. So affectionately to this person who'd been torturing him for the past three hours.

But in my head were these images. Images of things I still wanted to do to him. I didn't want to stop. I didn't want a break. I wanted him even more vulnerable, weaker, more helpless.

He was still nuzzling me with his cheek, now down against my thigh, as if a replacement for being able to massage me with my hands had I let them go, to try to settle me down, make me sleepy, make me stop thinking about hurting him.

My hand was in his hair, and it was starting to tighten a little. And I think he knew what this meant. That was always a sign. A sign that I was starting again, starting to do something to him.

"Akasha–" he looked up, painfully, pulling against my hand.

I looked at him, waiting to hear what he had to say. In my mind, it was all set. Hogtie. Ballgag. Riding crop.

"*What*," I asked. It was more a statement, not even a question. Because what it was didn't really matter, but I was content to be amused with what he had to say.

The tears were starting to dry, but his eyes were stinging, red. "If.." he hesitated, then forced himself to look at me. "If I used the safeword, would you stop?" I could tell how hard it was for him to ask that.

Weird. Tremors. My body shook a little. I stared at him, expressionless. Weird. I could feel how firm my exterior was, how together I looked, but inside everything was melting. I felt actually melting like my body was collapsing on itself inside of me.

But I stared right into his eyes. "Why," I said, cooly. "Are you about to use it?"

And I could hear the way my tone was. It was that dominant I-don't-give-a-fuck-about-you tone. And I was scaring the hell out of myself for using that tone on such a subject, but at the same time I was asking myself the same question he was, and at the same time I was trying to figure out what that feeling was, the body collapsing feeling, and I was starting to wonder if I was having a fatal attack of some sort that required a doctor. My body felt sick inside.

He was shaking again, in my arms, and his words came across quite perfectly even though his voice was quivering a little, "I'm afraid to use it," he said.

"Why." I said. Still detached. I felt like I was outside of my own body, maybe trying to get away from it because it was melting down on

the inside. I felt like I hadn't eaten in five days and something was chewing me from the inside.

"I'm afraid you still won't stop," he said, and then he lowered his head and I think he started to cry again, I don't know. I just know that I let go of him, and I think he fell back down with a thud. I let go and I stumbled, tried to get up, and half walked, half crawled to the bathroom because I felt like I was going to be sick.

It was a weird, wretched feeling. My body was cold, I was sweating really hard, and I felt my teeth rattling so hard that I thought I was going to bite off my own tongue. It was sudden though, and indefinable. Food poisoning.

I knocked things off the counter in the bathroom and kneeled shaking over the toilet. I couldn't see, even though my eyes were open, I saw a lot of stars and sparkles and shapes.

He was calling my name, I heard him. Some rattling of chains. I knew he couldn't get to me, or at least it would take a long time. Sweat was dripping down off me from everywhere.

The shaking turned to sobs, and I never did get sick.

I just sat there on the floor for a few minutes, quivering all over, until his voice made me turn and look out the door where he was half laying, trying to peer into where I was and see if I was ok.

Of course, at that point I couldn't really talk, it all came out in half sobs and schoolgirl whimpers. He was saying, "Come here! C'mere! Get over here, Akasha!" and I was just looking at him.

Finally, I crawled out to him and curled up into a little ball next to his chest. He rattled when he moved and found my ear, "let me go, you have to let me go now…"

I think I was too weak to do anything, but when I finally wrapped my arms around him I pinned him the wrong way and he squealed in pain, a sound that felt like it shot physical knives into my soul and made me sob. It was the most awful, sickening sound I had ever heard. And my head was throbbing because I remembered just minutes before when I had done anything to elicit that same sound.

Getting him out of the shackles was hard because my eyes were blurred with tears and I had no memory. He had to tell me where the keys were, and I was too weak to move quickly. The sight of the marks on his wrists and ankles devastated me. I was mortified.

He had to carry me to the bed. I had a fever, I could tell, I felt like I had a temperature of 105. I was shaking so hard that I couldn't hear anything but my teeth rattling, and he was looking at me with a mixture of concern and need.

I could see the need in his eyes. He needed to be taken care of. It made me cry harder. I couldn't do anything, I felt helpless, because I was too sick and weird and screwed up to do anything but lay in a little ball. I imagined us both deteriorating into nothing because I couldn't help him, and without giving him back the strength he couldn't fix me either, and we both died laying together in the bed holding each other but unable to heal.

"I'm really screwed up," I managed to choke out.

"Do you have food poisoning?" he asked me, concerned but weak. I guess he noticed the similarity too.

I shook my head and slid closer to him, as close as I could physically get because his warmth felt like the only thing that was real to me.

It all happened slowly, terribly slowly. I think it took me an hour to come back to normal, and all night long I would not let go of him, even when he'd try to roll over I would hold him tighter. It was as if I wanted to heal him more than anything.

When we talked the next morning, it was apparent to me that I had forgotten many parts of what we'd done. He told me, and it made me shiver, and I didn't believe him a lot of the time. But I knew he wouldn't make it up.

We were both scared, I know it. He was terrified because he didn't think I would've stopped at many of the points. I was scared because I didn't think I was capable of going so strong for so long, and I saw what the result was, and what it did to my body and my emotions. And how unfair it was to him, how dangerous and ungracious.

"How can I make it up to you," I said to him. My eyes still hurt. I looked at him with painful eyes. But I kept looking.

He turned and looked at me and thought for a second. "Never wait twenty-one days again."

I held him, and promised.

Nov 15, 2021AkWeb

Domination Dining

I have a favorite restaurant that I always take my "slaves" to. It started as a bit of a joke but has grown into quite an experience. Whenever I drive past it, my panties get wet from all the fond memories there. And, for whatever the future holds.

The restaurant is called Jade, and it's similar to a Morton's or Chop House in quality and dining environment, but with absolutely exceptional service. It has long been a favorite place of mine, and it was a few years ago that I started turning it also into a favorite place of domination, believe it or not.

It happened when I was meeting a man named Marcus for dinner. He and I had played a few times and I was starting to become really attached to him. He was my age, sophisticated, a corporate type, very conservative and very charming. Sometimes, though, he was quite shy.

Since I had been dining at Jade regularly for a while, I knew most of the help there. There was a waitress there named Sandy who was super hot. She was a college student, about 5'6 with shoulder-length, dark brown hair and brown eyes. She was tanned and athletic, and always looked smashing in a short skirt and very high heels. She had amazing legs.

Sandy was also very easy-going, vivacious, charming. Her smile was electric.

The games all started quite on accident. That night, I was intent on getting a booth in her section and did. Then, all night, I sort of embarrassed and humiliated Marcus in front of Sandy. First I did things like drop my knife and wait for Marcus to get it. When Sandy said, "Let me get that," and started to move for it, I stopped her by touching her arm and said, "No. Let HIM get it."

Then, when he crouched down and picked it up, I looked at Sandy, smiling, and said, "See, he looks GOOD on the floor."

That got a bit of a look and a cautious chuckle from Sandy, but all I needed to do is keep with the jokes and innuendo, and when she finally responded in kind and I laughed approvingly, she got the clue in that it was ok to pick on poor Marcus.

Then, a huge tip at the end of the night sealed the deal. From then on, whenever I had gentlemen partners with me and she joined in my humiliation games, I tipped her 40% instead of my usual 25%, and she got the picture.

**

Sandy never flat out asked me what was up, or why I would arrive with new dates and they would sit there with varying levels of desperation or humiliation on their face. She had enough instinct to make sure they designated a special table for me which had a little more privacy, as she soon could tell I was up to dirty deeds under the table cloth.

I think she knew I was masturbating my dates with my shoe off, using my stockinged toe to push and prod their privates through their fine trousers. I would give them a sudden PUSH when they were ordering their dinner, and Sandy gradually learned how to play along – humiliating them even more by saying, "Is everything alright?" or sometimes just laughing at them.

I think Sandy also knew I was doing things like making them take a shot glass into the bathroom and cum into it, then return and drink it. She would always act like maybe she saw, or maybe she didn't. I would give her a knowing smile, and she'd sometimes come over and ask where the shot glass went. Of course, he had hidden it under the table because it had remnants of creamy white cum in it, and she would surely notice.

I laughed and said, “Oh, it will turn up, I’m sure!”

Sandy gave my date a long, curious stare, and then slowly walked away. It was then that I ordered him to take the shot glass and lick out every last drop until it was so clean it would not even need to go back into the dishwasher. Obediently, he did as told.

**

There were a few times when I brought a man there and had him wearing panties and pantyhose instead of socks. I commanded him to keep his legs crossed in a manner that Sandy might see the color of the tan pantyhose over his hairy legs as his ankle was sticking out. He was mortified.

Sandy nearly tripped over his leg and said, “Excuse me,” and did a double-take, then looked at me, then slowly at him, and smiled. She shook her head as she served us our plates and said, “Akasha, you never cease to amaze me.”

My date was mortified and embarrassed. Even more so when Sandy brought dessert, which he never heard me order so he knew it was an inside joke between her and me – it was two round balls of vanilla ice cream and a banana. Not a banana split at all, just a very clear depiction of a cock and balls. She said, “Thought you might like this.”

I was soaking wet from that and was horny the rest of the night. He got quite an ass fucking when we got home.

**

Sandy never questioned why my dates often spent long periods of time in the restroom, or walked slightly off balance, delicately, when they returned, their faces always flush with embarrassment.

She knew to only act like she maybe caught a glimpse when I handed the panties I had just stripped out of to my date and had him shuffling to stuff them into his pocket before it was noticed.

When I made my date wear a faint shade of lipstick, she did stare for a bit, act like she was going to ask a question, but then just turned to me, laughed a little, and asked what I would like to drink.

I think she started to look forward to my regular Saturday night ritual, and to this day she still beams when I come in the door with a man on my arm. She delights in participating in my torment of these men, and even she has started to push the envelope with me.

Sandy and I have never talked about it at all or collaborated or planned. It is just something we both seem to know and understand. Of course, the huge tips don't hurt, but I am sure she knows that I appreciate her making my games more interesting.

It's a great rush knowing I could humiliate a man in so many ways in front of her, and he has no idea. He believes this stunning college student is just a random waitress at an elite restaurant, and he is terrified about what she might think.

If he only knew she was in on it, and in fact, she was enjoying it too. I look forward to seeing how far we can take it in the new year.

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Dec 17, 2021Akasha

Taste It

Admiring the head of the thick, black shaft.

It's shining. Just from the lubricant. Menacing. I can sit here all day, just massaging the tip between my legs. I'm not admiring how well it looks as my new appendage, I'm admiring the immediate impact that it has on you. So subtle over there in the corner.

Cowering.

I sense your body when it shakes. I can feel your breathing as if it's touching my skin when that's absolutely impossible. I stroke the head of this shaft as if I am teasing it when this really cannot possibly have no physical impact on me, but I know it makes you ache inside with something.

Is that fear? Desperation? Desire? Shame?

Curled up in a ball. Are you trying to hide? It's as if you are in a tiny jail cell pushed into the farthest corner trying to disappear into the cool concrete yet there is nowhere to go. And I am just sitting here. Stroking and caressing. I can hear the distinct sound of the lubricant oozing into the cockhead. I almost wish it would seep into the actual thick black shaft, be absorbed so that I could ejaculate it into one glorious degrading orgasm all over your face.

"Get over here."

It really just takes one demand, doesn't it?

You know better than to lift up beyond kneeling level. As low to the ground as possible. Trained so well. Moving the way I like it, with shoulder blades alternating in time, your back exposed, wearing nothing but something tight, latex and uncomfortable over what is

left of your male parts. Parts that I could give two shits about. Really, all I care about is your mouth, your eyes, and the parts of your body I can dig fingers into and create gasps of pain, wincing, desperate moans.

Your eyes. I just watch them. It's all I want to do. The anticipation wells in me like my own orgasm building. Will he watch the glistening shaft of my strap on, or will he look up woefully into my eyes, or will he keep his eyes to the floor, bottom lip quivering? This is an exciting game for me. Which will it be? It's a lottery. I always win. I always win.

The breathing shows in his back. Heaving. With the movement, and with the fear. Who am I kidding though? The heaving is because he wants his mouth around my dick. I learned that when I was 21 years old. Oh, so, I wished he ached and breathed hard and gasped and moaned for the desire to surrender to me and suffer for me; ok, so in reality, he does all that for cock. Loves the cock. Needs the cock. Addicted to cock.

That's ok. I will take it. Besides, I like to wear the dick. I like the shaft. It feels good between my legs. Heavy. A nice extension. The harness presses my pussy in all the right places. I can pump my hips a little and watch it bounce and it makes him so uncomfortable. It all does. If he does all those juicy things with his body just because he wants my dick, so be it. I'll shove the cock in his mouth, I'll choke him with it, I'll wrap my fingers in his hair and wrench it back until his open mouth wail actually begs to be silenced with a shaft.

I will do – whatever it takes – to get my needs met.

"My property," I say. "I need complete obedience. Attention. Surrender. Suffering." Will he pass this test?

Is it – "blah blah blah Mistress oh yes Mistress blah blah Mistress your cock Mistress blah blah" – or, is it just a look, those eyes, lips slightly parted, a nod, and a quiet, "Of course, my lady," or, even

better, god forbid my name! Remarkable! To discard this notion of using an 'honorific" that gets tossed around and means nothing at this point or is attached to a name to basically demean it. And instead, just – simply – my name. And not just the name, but the eye contact, the pause, the breath, the fists clenched.

And there it is. Ache. It starts in my belly. Right at the base of my rib cage actually. Resonates down, down, until it circles my belly and goes down to my crotch, my pussy. The tingle, at the same time, hits the back of my neck and curls my toes. At the same time, my vision blurs for just a split second and I can almost hear a "ZZT" sound but that must be in my head.

Then it's in my clitoris. All of it. Pound. Pound. Pound. Ache. Ache. Moisture, warmth. This must be what men feel. And it's not that I want to "cum." I could give a fuck about an orgasm – Give me my rabbit and I will take care of that shit in 3 minutes.

I don't want to climax. I want to take. I want to take you. I want to own you. I want to fuck your mouth until you cry. I want to degrade you until I feel so guilty I must stop and hold your face in my hands and rebuild your ego. I want to make you beg me NOT to do something, and then see how fast I can make you beg me TO do it.

All the while, my hands never leave your body. At all. Physical contact is a must. Because even as your mouth is wrapped around my shaft, I can't feel the sucking, but when my hand is on your chest I can feel your breathing sucking it in, and it makes me so hot. When my hand is in your hair, I can feel your head moving. I can force your head down harder and faster. When I put my grip around your neck to playfully choke you, I can see innocence in your eyes.

I want to chain your wrists behind your back, put a collar and leash around your neck, use nipple clamps to provide motivation, and then make you bob your head up and down on my shaft as I pursue your

ultimate surrender. Until your eyes water, you choke, and you end up looking at me with tears and desperation.

And then, when I am satisfied, I want to insert an inflatable penis gag into your mouth, pump it up slowly, lock it into place and hogtie you. Leaving you at my feet. I'll have you on the floor while I'm in my chair, still wearing the black shaft in my strap-on harness, now glistening with your spit. Stroking it while watching you. Hair disheveled and wet with sweat. Just watching what is left of you.

This is when I cum. I will touch myself, making you watch. Or making you close your eyes. Using my foot, of all things, to put pressure on your neck. To stop your breathing. It's the final exam, really. Do you know how to use your eyes, your breathing, your body, to give me a "show" that will make me cum?

So many say they can do it.

So few actually can.

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Dec 31, 2021Akasha

Your Abduction

You aren't going to know what hit you. Is that why this idea amuses me so much? To really catch you off guard, to make you feel the edge, to wonder what's going on, to really think for that moment that maybe, just maybe I have finally gone too far. Or, even worse, that it is not even me.

You want to be kidnapped? You want to be abducted? I don't fuck around, you know that. When I do it, it will be real. The only thing I can promise you is that you aren't going to know that it's about to happen. It might be tomorrow. It might be next week. It might be three years from now.

It might be hours after I kissed you sweetly on the lips and told you to have a good day at work. It might be minutes after we made passionate love in the backseat of the car. Or maybe I'll be out of town on business and return early, and you'll never even know I was there.

There are a few minor details I need to work on, but you know I can be resourceful. I know you're going to fight, to resist, but I will be ready for you. Whether it means hiring people to hold you down, or finding a way to drug you safely, I will make sure your futile resistance is acknowledged. In fact, I look forward to it.

Nothing will please me more than to see that desperation. Knowing that your mind is wrestling with the thought, "Is this real?"

It might be a van. It might be a limousine. It might even be an ambulance. I'll catch you somewhere when you least expect it, I'll get you off-guard and before you can even react you'll find yourself strapped down, blindfolded. Maybe you'd recognize my gloves, my perfume, the smell of my hair. But I'm certain the element of

surprise will leave you so rattled that your mind is filled with nothing more than the need for escape.

And don't expect me to be sweet, my little plaything. This won't be one of my little happy-dom tricks that I do with a half-grin, Eskimo kisses and a sweet little kiss after you whimper just right. This will be full moon for me, all dominance, those times when I scare you and you see the look in my eyes, swallow hard, and think, "oh shit, she means it this time." Yes, the scary dom side, the one that freaks you out and terrifies you, the one that only creeps out when I have been pushed so far.

No mercy.

You know what I look for when I am in that mood, don't you? You know that I will be doing everything I can to terrify you, to make you beg, to show you true helplessness. I'll take such satisfaction as I tighten each strap and bring you closer to total restraint. I'll pry your mouth open with leather-clad fingers and force the gag down deep, holding you still by a fistful of hair and laughing if you even try to pull away.

When I get you back to my lair I might change into a latex catsuit, all black and shiny, but in your tight leather blindfold, the only thing you will know is how slick it feels against your skin when I brush past you.

The beauty of it is that I will take you somewhere foreign, foreign to both of us. I will know it only from my months of preparation, the purchasing of equipment, and the decorations in the room. Maybe it will be a cabin hidden in the mountains, maybe the basement of a rented house. I'll have my own little dungeon set up there, and the only clue you might ever have is the depletion in our savings account for months as I buy toys one by one.

And oh the things I will buy…the toys I had once told you, "I would never use something like that". All to lead you into confusion, to

make you wonder if it is really me, or perhaps I sold you to another dom for the weekend. All of the restraints will feel new on your skin, from the spreader bars and leg irons to the leather straitjacket and tight lace-up hood. The things I will try on you, one by one.

And what about the theme? the purpose of your abduction? Under what guise will I put it? My mind varies on this, my imagination reels with the possibilities. Maybe I will play the snubbed ex-girlfriend getting revenge. Perhaps the conniving business competitor looking for information. Or the undercover assassin that wants one last mindfuck from her most challenging nemesis before doing away with him forever.

Or maybe I will just be myself. Your loving, evil tormentress that has let this desire build and build, waiting for the perfect moment to live out my darkest fantasy. 72 hours in my clutches, the first two days you may never see my skin, only feel the cool, slick touch of my gloves as I fasten the devices to you, the tight grip of my hand in your hair and the soft, amused laugh you may hear when you demand an explanation.

Then on the last day, I may reveal myself to you, then maybe you would laugh in relief, joy, the realization that these sinister but somehow enjoyable tortures were executed by someone that loves you.

But the game would not end there. It would just progress to the next terrifying step when you can see what I am about to do to you when you can lay your eyes on my skin-tight catsuit and see the crop in my gloved hand, the way the high boots cling to my thighs and the laces hang down so far they near drag the floor.

And you know your sight is your worst enemy when I play up this leather-clad sweetly sinister bitch that scares you so much. Everything from the serious look in my eye when I masturbate with

the whip before I use it to the subtle smirk I give you when you scoff at my orders.

With only the moonlight illuminating the room, the sound of thunder outside, the drapes half drawn in my secret hideaway you may wonder how many days it has been, how many hours. Your body will ache in exhaustion and fear, anticipation and arousal. You will be left a disheveled mess of the man I still adore, and I will be the exhausted, deliriously satiated dom that both doesn't want the trip to end and is too tired to yield the whip once more.

And when it is finally over we will never speak a word of it to each other again, the silent understanding that leaving it an illusion will let it remain glorified. Just waiting for the next time.

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Apr 1, 2022Akasha

Fever

I think what finally motivated me to go to the doctor was my growing inability to have a truly normal day. The symptoms were nonspecific, random, and totally unpredictable.

A lot of anxiety. Restlessness. The inability to sleep. Being easily distracted. And coupled with all of that, a lot of strange aches and pains.

Being in a doctor's office felt quite out of place for me, and I found myself staring across the way in the waiting room at a boy.

It only took me a moment to realize I wanted him.

*

I shouldn't say boy. He was probably 19 or 20, flipping through a magazine with his elbows on his knees. His hair was mostly in his face so I couldn't even tell what color his eyes were.

But something about his feet. Yeah, it was his feet that did it to me. He was wearing heavy boots and black jeans. The boots had laces that were too long.

His hair was too long. When he lifted his head and caught my glance, he looked away at once.

Ohh, shy, I thought to myself. I stared, waiting for him to look up again. I was in a business suit since I had just come from the office, and I caught him looking at my legs and heels.

He cleared his throat and shifted in his chair, then went searching for another magazine. Definitely nervous.

And with that, it was simple. The way my mind wandered for that moment. Into what was in the next room. All the medical equipment I could use on him. About the straps that must exist in this place.

Staring at him. Thinking such nasty thoughts.

"Michael Thompson?" the receptionist called.

Michael Thompson sprung to his feet at once, eager to get out of the room. I wondered if he could read my thoughts, or was just intimidated by a woman gazing at him. When he walked past me, hands in his pockets, I heard the jingling of metal. Chains hanging some place off his body.

I peered after him, trying to see what was jingling, as such things fascinated me. But he was gone all too soon, swept into the back room, where all the medical tortures were waiting.

For the next ten or fifteen minutes, who knows, I was thinking about poor Michael Thompson in my clutches, in a medical office quite different. The Akasha medical office. Where I would treat him to my own version of a physical, probably keep him drugged and in captivity. And how he would look up at me, so pleadingly, but would never get any mercy.

My palms were sweating. A lot.

I blinked and looked at them, then at the clock. I cleared my throat and tried to find a magazine.

*

I guess my new job had kept me so busy that I had forgotten how long it had been since I'd had a good victim in my clutches. Granted, BDSM came in and out of my life almost on a daily basis, leaving its traces and giving me little lifts here and there.

But my new early hours prevented many late nights stalking with MissBlue, and my social calendar dwindled as I was so exhausted during my job training.

I made a mental note that I needed to go out and find me some pretty boy and have my way with him. Certainly, that would give me a little lift, and take my mind off things like random fits of anxiety for no reason.

*

"You're apparently going through withdrawal," the doctor said to me, staring at my chart and shaking his head a little. "You've got all the telltale signs."

I was shocked, to say the least. I think I even laughed. "How can I be going through withdrawal if I don't even use drugs?"

It seemed like he didn't hear me. Or, maybe, he thought I was in denial (how funny, I realized, no matter how much I denied it, he would say I was just in denial. I wondered for a moment if I could be committed against my will.).

"I'd say heroin," he asked, looking up, cautiously, sympathetically.

"Heroin??" I laughed. "I've never even smoked pot. I don't take drugs. I drink, but only when I go out, and even that is minimal."

He closed the folder, sighed, and looked at me. "I'm telling you what I see here. You can choose to get help, or not."

I realized denying it would get me nowhere. "Ok, then, say, hypothetically, it's not withdrawal. What symptoms LOOK like that?"

"It's withdrawal," he said.

*

So I found myself standing out in the hall as nurses gave me little leaflets on AA and drug rehab centers. I was standing next to Michael Thompson, who was holding the same flyers. I wondered if everyone who came into that place was suffering from withdrawal.

Sore throat? You must be addicted to crack. Broken ankle? Sounds like you need AA.

Then I wondered if I should go to the same rehab center as Michael, and see if he wanted to get to know me better.

My thoughts shifted, and I was looking at him. I said hello to him. He smiled shyly, stuffing his rehab literature into a backpack. A soft hello came from him, and I watched his mouth, the way his lips moved. I could see a trace of his tongue.

Then it hit me.

I was in withdrawal.

*

Like any good addict in withdrawal, my first course of action was to get a fix. So I called MissBlue.

I didn't go into the gory details of my condition with her, just told her I needed to go out. It had been one month. A month too long.

Being the sport she is, and that she could never turn down a good time on the prowl, she agreed.

I guess part of me wanted to laugh in the face of this so-called "withdrawal" theory. I still felt sick as ever as I drove out to Hollywood, probably too sick to be going out. Wouldn't an addict be charged up with the knowledge of the upcoming salvation?

Not me. I felt ill. It must be a vitamin deficiency, I thought to myself. And a night out at a club til 2am wouldn't do me any good.

But, I rationalized, maybe I would find some nice young thing to torment.

*

The first thing that hit me inside the club was the smell of dry ice.

It had been so long since I had been out that I forgot about that smell. And it brought back all the memories of that place. And how dark it was. Then I felt the music, and I saw bodies mulling around.

My palms were sweating again. I had to take my gloves off.

My drink was waiting at the bar for me by the time MissBlue and I made our way over there (a good bartender never forgets), but I had to push it across the counter, shaking my head. "I'm in withdrawal," I said.

The bartender looked at me, confused. MissBlue was already off talking to some friends. I didn't want to take the drink simply because I wanted a clear understanding of the feelings I was going through.

So I pushed it aside again, this time turning to see who was around.

There was a guy standing there. Tall. With spikey blonde hair. Some of which were hanging in his face. He was wearing a bondage collar. I slid my drink to him. He looked at me.

"Drink," I said.

He looked at it. "I see that."

"Drink it," I said.

Without a second thought, he picked it up and drank it.

At that point, I felt very lightheaded and immediately wanted to go outside.

Withdrawal, my ass, I thought. I went to the bathroom and threw up.

*

I was sitting on the floor in the bathroom as goth girls wandered in and out, and finally, MissBlue showed up. “What happened to you!?” she asked.

“I don’t feel well,” I said. Actually, I was feeling better at that point.

“Do you want to go home? Should we leave?” she asked, and I know she would have crouched down to assist me but she was wearing a killer corset so she had to stand there, gesturing with her arms that I should get up.

“I feel fine now,” I said, getting up to my feet again. I went to the sink to splash some cold water on my face.

“I have a surprise for you!” she said, taking my arm.

I knew what that meant. Oh god, from experience, I knew what that meant. And she knew my taste very well.

Too well.

*

There, in the dark lobby upstairs, she had a present waiting for me. A welcome back present, a get well present. All wrapped up, even with a bow around his neck. Where did she find the bow, I pondered. Only MissBlue.

He was kneeling with his head down. His legs were spread apart a little. His hands were behind his back, and I could not see if they were tied or not. I assumed not, considering we did not bring any such equipment.

But, being the MacGyver of dommes, hell, who knows. After all, she did find the ribbon.

"His name is Lucas. Isn't he as cute as a bug?" she asked, going over and standing behind him, taking his head between her two hands and with one swift motion tilting his head up to face me.

Oh, cute indeed. The biggest, most piercing blue eyes I had never seen. Dark, dark hair that was slicked back but now starting to hang in his face. Cheekbones to die for. Amazing lips, pursed just right, almost pouty. And his eyes shifted up to me with a solemn expression.

And as I walked toward him, every ache in my body disappeared. The fuzziness in my mind turned sharp and vibrant. My fingers came alive again, and I could feel my own blood coursing through my veins.

When my gloved hand found its way around his neck and he parted his lips, just a little, I felt stronger than I ever had before.

*

The next morning, I woke up with a tremendous hangover.

I was so exhausted, I could barely move. My mouth was dry and felt like I ate paste for dinner. My muscles ached.

Shutting off my alarm, I rubbed my eyes and realized I could not have a hangover because I didn't have anything to drink the night before.

Only Lucas.

Moaning, I rolled over and buried my face in the pillow. I could not face the day without retracing the events of the night before.

The beautiful boy.

*

Dry ice.

“Have you ever been gagged?”

“I don’t think I’d like that,” he said. Muffled, mumbled, head tilting a little, he was talking through my fingers which were invading his mouth. Looking up at me sideways from under his hair.

“You have a gorgeous mouth,” I told him, crouching down, still holding his mouth open with my fingers. “I could spend all night in this mouth.”

He was watching me, a bit uneasy, but transfixed. I could feel his pulse, somewhere, I think some of my fingers were under his chin.

Hand in his hair. So dark, thick. It fell through my fingers and felt like silk. Closing my eyes. Luxuriating in it. Burying my face in it. Smelling it.

All the scent of Lucas.

Somehow we had him there, laying on his back on the floor. His arms were outstretched far over his head and MissBlue was playfully sitting on them to keep him still as I straddled him.

Thinking back, it was like watching it from above, from the ceiling. How his hair spilled out all over the ground, how he tilted his head slowly from side to side as I nuzzled his neck, kissing, then finally sinking my teeth into his flesh.

And my whole body moved with the gasp that came from his chest, and I could feel him lifting a leg up, or a knee perhaps. Then a twist from his hips, he let out his breath, and he said one word.

“Please.”

Then it was over.

*

In bed, reflecting back as I hit my snooze button for the fourth time, I realized I had only gotten halfway there. Which is always how it is in a club, because there is only so much you can do with a stranger, and only so much you can do in public.

It felt good. Oh yeah, it felt very good. In fact, during the whole experience, I didn’t think once about my aches and pains, my hot flashes, my non specific anxiety and restlessness.

But it was back in the morning. Back so bad that I called in sick to work.

And that worried me.

*

I don’t know if I had a fever or not, but I had feverish sleep all day. I called my mother. She brought me soup, and I was so weak I barely had the energy to kick the “Bitches with Whips” magazines under the bed so she wouldn’t see.

She said I didn’t have a fever. After leaving me some magazines to read (her kind, not mine), she left.

Later that night, MissBlue came over to see me (and bring me magazines to read. My kind, not my mother’s).

We watched a movie on television and I fell asleep before she left, woke up the next day, and called in sick again.

*

Somehow, on the third day, I managed the energy to go to the bookstore. I didn't want to read any more magazines, of any variety, but I did want to read some books on withdrawal.

And with all that time on my hands, as day four came and went, I found myself agreeing with the doctor. It sounded like withdrawal.

But that left me with an even more perplexing challenge. Whether or not to go to a rehab center and confess I was addicted to tying up men.

*

Instead of going to rehab, I just slept. I slept most of the time, and when I wasn't sleeping, I was watching bad television and reading the same magazines over and over again. I never left the house because I felt too sick to get up.

My mother threatened to take me to the hospital.

It was three in the morning one night, I don't remember which night when I was on the phone with MissBlue. I think I was telling her I was on my deathbed and was going to will all of my bondage gear to her. Even the chair.

She laughed, laughed with me that is, and she was talking about the books laying around my room, I guess she had been reading them too since she'd been over a few times. I guess she had some idea what I was going through.

"It's all in your head, I think," she said. "You just think you are addicted. Subconsciously. Go write something like you used to, to

get it out of your system. Then you'll feel fine."

"I can't get up to write," I said. Tired, already, from talking. "I need to go back to sleep."

She said something else to me, I don't remember, but I slept the entire next day until I awoke to pounding on the door.

*

Unfortunately, I couldn't even get up to get it. I figured whoever it was would leave me alone at some point. My bedsheets were wet with sweat, I knew I must have a fever. Or, I had slept through the heat of the day and never thought to turn on the air conditioner.

More pounding. The clock read 12:22. But I didn't know if it was AM or PM because my room shows no light, and my sleeping schedule had been so screwed up.

I heard the key in the door. That meant it must be my mother, MissBlue, or a stalker who had a key to my apartment. None of them got a rise out of me. I was already falling asleep.

Until I heard a crash in my living room, the door slamming, and MissBlue's voice.

"Calm the FUCK down!" she was saying.

I heard grunting. I heard a table turning over. I heard chains.

"MISS Akasha, I have a present for you!"

I sat up in bed, what little I could, squinting at the light pouring in from the next room. She was standing there, still in club clothes (I wondered what night it was, and what I missed) and in her hands, being delivered to me, was a blob of a person.

Shadows mostly. I squinted. All black clothing. Handcuffs on his wrists, behind his back. Ankles chained together. Small frame – small victim, she had picked him small, maybe, because he would be easier to handle. Or fit into her trunk or something.

And a black canvas hood over his head. She patted the hood. "I knew you would like this."

"What is that?"

"This is your present!"

He struggled now, sprawled at her feet. I slid up in bed a little to see him down there on my floor. "Is it Lucas?" I asked. Wondering if she had gotten him to agree to come over. Or maybe it was one of her friends. Or someone she paid. Who knows.

"Oh, no" she shook her head, her hands on her hips. She looked damn proud. So proud, I was scared for a minute. She laughed, that laugh. The laugh that told me she had outdone herself.

I was trembling.

"Do you want to see?" she asked.

I was afraid. I was afraid to see. Oh god, it was Leonardo Dicaprio. Yeah, he was small. No, it was TREY from the office, oh god!

"I …I don't know if I want to see," I said.

"I think he wants you to see, he's been stuck in this hood all night! Don't you want that hood off, boy?" she asked, giving the back of his head a shove.

There was a definite nod from the victim.

Back to the sweating palms. I felt dizzy. I wondered how long it had been since I'd eaten.

I wondered who was under that hood.

“Take it off,” I finally said, staring, solemn. And I watched her as she grinned at me, taking her time to remove the material that covered his face from me.

*

I guess it never should have surprised me that MissBlue delivered to me the man I had wanted for 3 years but never quite captured.

And he was captured alright, his black hair stuck all over his face, a big red ball gag in his mouth. Apparently for a long time, as his chin was covered with messy drool. He looked simply pathetic, and I melted for him at that moment.

I was about to say his name, but MissBlue corrected me. “His name is SHADOW. That’s what we call him tonight.”

“That sounds like a dog name,” I said, and Shadow’s eyes glared up at me. Oh, those eyes, I don’t think I had ever had such intense eye contact with him.

“Alright, then can you tell me how you got j – I mean, Shadow – over here?”

“In my trunk!” she said, and off she went to my closet to get my toys.

So I sat there, all sweaty and disgusting in my bed in a t-shirt, looking at him, sprawled on my floor, covered with drool and sweat.

He looked gorgeous.

*

“Take out the gag,” I said, “I want to hear his voice.”

I was the commanding one, from the comfort of my own bed, as MissBlue wrestled to get Shadow out of the handcuffs and into my X-Bar without injuring him or herself.

“He doesn’t need the gag out, he needs to be beat-en!”. The Philly accent was back. I could tell she was in quite a mood. “I want to have him whimpering for you, Miss Akasha, so you will feel better!”

Feel better. I realized, then, that I was sick. Or supposed to be sick. But I was sitting up in bed now, feeling quite alert Then again, I think anyone would be alert after seeing a bound and gagged little industrial club kid on your floor at 1 am.

Out came the big red ball, and Shadow started coughing and sputtering and holding his head down, trying to find someplace to hide in the floor. “You’re HURTING ME!” he said, and his voice – it cracked. He was hoarse. He was hoarse from screaming.

I was shaking all over at this point. Mesmerized. Intoxicated. His head came up, and I saw his eyes through all those bangs. MissBlue was behind him, fidgeting with some shackles.

His eyes were red. Red from crying. He was breathing hard through his nose, and he was staring right at me. I almost expect him to say, “Damn, you look like shit.”

But he didn’t. He said, “Let me go.”

He said it to me. And I was the one sitting in the bed watching. MissBlue was the one who locked him into god-knows-what device. And I saw it, in his eyes, flinching, then shutting them tight, so tight from the pain, tilting his head back and gasping, “Ahhhh—“

I cringed. It looked like it hurt. He looked like he hurt.

And with his head back like that, his mouth open in a gasp of pain, MissBlue did what any good dom would do, and took that

opportunity to shove a new gag into his mouth.

I slid closer to the edge of the bed. To see more.

*

The new gag seemed to irritate him just as much, but at least it was inside his mouth so he wouldn't be drooling anymore. MissBlue was behind him, now holding his head back with a fistful of hair right off the top so he was facing me.

"See that, Miss Akasha? Look at those eyes!"

I could barely speak. "His eyes are closed," I said. It came out in a soft whisper almost. I was in a daze, looking at him, wondering, now wait a minute, is he acting, did she pay him for this, how did this all come about? Surely she couldn't overpower him…

She did something to him, something from behind which I couldn't see, something which apparently caused him a lot of pain because he let out a muffled yelp that made me jump, then his eyes shot open at once to look at me.

"Is he looking now?"

"Oh yes," I said. I slid even closer. Slowly. I wanted to touch his face to see if he was real.

He edged backward a little. Away from me. Yet, I had not done a thing to him. "Why is he so afraid of me? You're the mean one," I said, playing on my inside joke with MissBlue and her more direct, sadistic approach.

She was bouncing a little behind him, still apparently holding him in some device that kept him kneeling, his chest out. "I told him on the way over just how cruel you were. I told him what you were going

to do to him. How he earned it! I told him about your TOYS Miss Akasha!"

I reached out, slowly, and his eyes shot to my hand. Watching intensely. Then backing up a little. Terrified, almost.

"I'm not going to hurt you," I said as if talking to a small animal. In a soothing voice.

MissBlue laughed. The evil laugh, the laugh that said, "Yeah, right!"

My hand touched his cheek. He flinched.

His skin was wet. Hot. I started pushing back wet clumps of hair, one at a time. MissBlue held him still. His face was frozen, his eyes shut tight. Breathing hard through his nose.

I looked at that face, and thought back to all the times I had looked at him before. How I never dreamed I would have him this close to me. In chains. Helpless. A gift to me. From MissBlue.

As I got to the last few strands of hair, placing them so carefully as if they each had a specific place to be on his head, he tilted his cheek to my palm.

I froze.

His eyes opened, finally, and he looked at me. He was nuzzling my hand, apparently. He was – he was kissing up to me.

"Oh, please!" MissBlue observed. "He just wants you to take the gag out."

I looked at him. He nodded.

I shook my head.

MissBlue laughed.

And for the first time in days, I stood up out of my bed. “Where are my things?”

*

Strangely enough, it never occurred to me, after that point, to ask whether or not it was consensual. And maybe that was the addiction talking.

It was the S&M version of denial. It was easy as one-two-three. She was smaller than him. He had friends with him. She could have never gotten him into the handcuffs alone. She would never risk everything by committing a felony.

Done. Where are my whips?

Feeling the handle of a flogger in my hand again was invigorating. Standing there in nothing but a long t-shirt, I still felt as powerful as ever. Barefeet on the carpet, stepping right over the thigh high boots that were on the floor, over the hanging latex gloves and outfits.

I grabbed the nipple clamps. I grabbed two floggers. I grabbed a big dildo for some humiliation. A grabbed a riding crop. I felt like a kid in a candy store.

And in the next room, I could hear MissBlue lecturing Shadow. She was locking him down across my bed now, face down. He was stripped of his shirt.

All that flesh was mine.

“Now it’s my turn to watch,” MissBlue smiled, getting comfy in my big chair.

His eyes followed me around the room, and he had to turn his head all the way around to keep up with me because of the position he

was in. And he tested the bonds, pulling on the chains that held his wrists down at the corners of the bed, his ankles at the foot of it.

"I can't do this with him looking at me like that," I said.

MissBlue stood up, and he saw her stand up, and he immediately turned his head and buried his face in the pillow. She sat back down.

I looked at her in awe.

"Happy Birthday, Miss Akasha."

"Is today my birthday?" I asked her.

She laughed. "This is birthday and Christmas all combined. This is your get well present."

Holding the flogger in my hand, I looked at it to ponder for a moment.

Oh yeah, I thought, I am sick, aren't I?

*

Shadow marked beautifully.

I don't know how long I was at it, and I had no idea where I got the strength, considering I had been in bed all week. All I knew was that I felt I could do anything.

And his face, when I held it in my hands after finishing with his beating (which he deserved, and he nodded, yes, he deserved it, especially after MissBlue stood up to come over and see what his answer was), was glistening with sweat, and tears, and snot.

He was beautiful.

“How can you look so bad, ” I commented out loud to him, once again pushing the mess of hair out of his face, “But still look so good?”

Apparently, the compliment got to him, because he started sobbing in my hands.

“Uh oh,” I said, turning to MissBlue for help.

She walked over, hands on hips. “Did you break him? Don’t break your toys, Miss Akasha!”

“I don’t think he’s broken..” I said, watching her as she unfastened the locks that held him to the bed. When his wrists came free he curled himself up into a little ball, right next to me on the bed.

His hands were over his face. The shackles were still around his wrists. His shoulders were trembling.

He was shaking with sobs, they were kind of loud sobs, and I felt such tremendous guilt rushing over me, I didn’t know what to do. Of course, he hated me. I knew this to be true.

Still, somehow I got the courage to put my hand on the back of his head, maybe just to hold him still, and in response, he slid over and put his face in my lap. Then his arms around my waist. And he cried.

I smoothed his hair back a little, looking down at what he had become, totally lost in the chain of events and how the hell did he end up crying and holding me in my lap like a lost puppy. How did HE end up there, of all people?

It didn’t take much, probably just realization, before I turned weak all over, but a different kind of weak from my fever. A weakness of exhaustion, contentment. I just wanted to sleep. I wanted to keep him curled up on my lap and sleep just like that.

I wanted to cry, and I wanted to take care of the marks on his back, the marks on his wrists. The little bruises at the corners of his mouth from being gagged too long.

But apparently, he was asleep, and MissBlue had left the room to get a glass of water, and as soon as I reclined back on the pillow, I, too, was asleep.

*

I awoke much later, reaching around under me, near me, trying to find the little tuft of hair that would be Shadow. But he was gone, and all recollection of him being taken away was gone as well.

I vaguely remembered MissBlue scooping him up off the bed until he got to his feet, mumbling, and ushering him to the door. I could hear his voice, deep, a little scratchy, as it trailed off into the next room. Then voices in the next room. They were talking to each other. Nicely. Like two friends. I could swear I even heard him chuckling about something. They were both keeping their voices down. As if not to disturb me.

And then when the door shut, I awoke once, with a start, and fell back asleep just as quickly.

*

It must have been the next day when this all came back to me. My head hurt, but it was a different kind of hurt. I heard my mother's voice in the next room and I was mortified. I was sure there were chains still attached to the bed, gags laying around. And the nipple clamps, floggers.

I sat up, gasping in shock, looking around quickly, but it was too late, she was entering my bedroom.

"How're you feeling?" she asked. She felt my forehead.

MissBlue came in behind her. In normal clothes, this time. As she tended to not wear fetish gear in front of my mother, obviously. I gave MissBlue a worried look, but she seemed oblivious. She was asking how I felt, too.

"I feel –" I thought about it for a second. "I feel fine. I feel really good, actually.' I looked at MissBlue. I wanted to say, "Of course, I feel good, you gave me Shadow last night, and I got it all out of my system!"

"You had a virus," my mother said. "You don't even remember going to the hospital, I bet."

"When was I in the hospital?" I asked.

"Until this morning," MissBlue said. I thought for a second. No, wait. That wasn't possible.

"At least they figured out what it was. Your fever finally broke. " my mother added.

I looked at MissBlue again. Now I was really confused because she was smiling at me knowingly. Or maybe she was just happy I was alive. I had no idea.

"You still need to rest," my mother said, in a typical mother way, and tucked me back into bed. She left to get me some soup, then upon realizing I had none, excused herself to make a trip to the store.

Alone with MissBlue, finally, I just looked at her.

I didn't know where to start.

*

"Did anything happen last night?" I asked.

She was already distracted, running out into the next room. “I was dying because I couldn’t talk about this in front of your mother! We have to do this quick before she gets back.”

“So it really did happen?”

She rushed back into my room with a package. It was wrapped. “I have a present for you.”

I looked at the package. It was much to small to contain Shadow, or even Leonardo Dicaprio. I shook it anyway, just to be sure.

“Hurry, before she gets back,” MissBlue grinned. “This will get you back on your feet in no time.”

As I opened it, weakly, with clumsy fingers, I asked again, “Did you come over and visit me with a present the other night?”

She didn’t answer, but I don’t think she heard, she was totally fixated on my opening the present. And when I lifted the lid off the box, I saw the most amazing black hood.

“Just what you need, isn’t it? For KIDNAPPING!” She said, holding it up for me to see. Canvas, maybe. Black. A little worn, maybe. Totally familiar.

She immediately took it from my hands, laughing that evil MissBlue laugh as she disappeared into my closet to hide it with the rest of my toys.

And I still have no idea what really happened.

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Chance

After a major social revolution in 2034, pretty much all forms of sexually deviant behavior were outlawed. Ironically, society went along with this for the most part, and everything took on a hideously puritanical slant. For my family, I will admit, this was a good thing. Perhaps in the bigger cities, things were worse, with underground drinking, drugs and crime, but we did not hear much We kept to ourselves.

But I was one of the unlucky ones, I guess because I grew up feasting regularly on my sexual passions, many of which are now considered highly anti-social, deviant, and punishable by time in prison. Needless to say, it put a damper on my play. But I dealt with it, as everyone did.

Men seemed strangely in favor of this new change, and society for the most part was driven and fueled by the working-class fathers. Women stayed at home and raised children.

Tendencies like mine were not only frowned upon but were illegal. If anyone knew, I would be shamed and probably put in jail. No one even talked about it anymore. I kept it out of my head, most of the time, but I will admit, sometimes I could not help it.

I simply had to accept it.

There was a winter evening, I remember, when I took a taxi into the city. Traffic was heavy, even though it was snowing. I walked in my long wool coat and gloves to the corner, that same corner I had visited months before. The corner that I always feared would be gone, but it never was.

He was standing there, leaning against a wall, his hands in his pockets. He looked much older now, cynical. I had twelve hundred

dollars in cash in my pocket and was terrified. Last time it had been one thousand, but I brought extra, fearing his price had gone up like everything else in the past months.

I don't think he recognized me. I wondered how many women he saw like this, a night, how many transactions like this went on. I wondered how many of my friends were doing the same thing, if any.

Since my kink of choice was one of the rarest, it was one of the most expensive. I wanted to own a man. To control him. To hurt him. To humiliate him. And to use him for my pleasure. In a society driven by men and the pride of men, this was considered one of the worst crimes against society. I really didn't care, it wasn't a social issue for me, it was just a primal need. I needed the flesh, the sounds, the tastes.

The men that offered their bodies for this were usually young street kids or prostitutes. They lived in ghettos and slums and used the money to eat or buy illegal books and music. I had never seen the same boy twice in my half dozen or so visits to that corner.

I whispered to the man that I was looking for a boy, for an hour, and that I would pay cash. He just nodded and fumbled in his pocket for some keys, picked up his cellular phone and turned his back to me to make some calls.

And I waited. Those minutes of waiting are the worst because there were times that I had been turned away, put back into my taxi and sent home unfed. And each of those times I returned to the corner the next night.

My mouth was dry and my head was spinning. At that point, the hunger becomes unbearable because relief seems just in grasp. He was on the phone with my boy, I could hear him talking softly, and soon I would have this delicate piece of flesh in my arms to do with as I pleased.

He tapped me on the shoulder and I turned. I must have looked like such a desperate woman. He told me it would be eleven hundred dollars so I paid him and he handed me a key and a slip of paper with an address. “His name is Chance, and he’s waiting for you.”

“How old is he?” I asked reflexively, not wanting to break any more laws than I already had.

The man turned away from me and muttered, “Old enough.”

The taxi ride to see Chance seemed to take forever. My clothes seemed heavy, and hot, and my body was already aching for release. His name was not familiar, as I had predicted, and I knew nothing about him other than that he was going to be mine for an hour. Mine to do all the illegal things I had pent up for months.

The apartment building was old and dark. I made my way up the spiral staircase, waiting to see the number “347” on one of the old wooden doors. Everything was quiet and still, haunted. I wasn’t scared, as women weren’t usually in danger or preyed upon like they used to be, I was tenser with anticipation.

I took off my gloves so I could get the key into the lock because my hands were shaking. The door opened slowly and I peered inside but saw nothing but a very old and empty room. The room had a single bed with an old white mattress and a strong-back wooden chair. I saw a faint light coming from the bathroom on the far side of the room.

I closed the door and it clicked loudly. I just stood there, paralyzed for a minute, my heart pounding with the realization that I might just have been duped. I fought the fear and slid out of my trench coat slowly, dropping it into a pile on the floor.

The light flickered in the bathroom and slowly he peered around, peeking his head around to see who was there. In the semi-

darkness I couldn't really see his face. "Are you my Lady?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," I said quietly and just stood there, waiting for him to come to me.

He disappeared back into the bathroom for a moment then came out, walking slowly. His jeans were torn and dirty, his boots had buckles that were hanging loose from them. As he walked over he lowered his head, and when he arrived in front of me moved down onto both knees.

I was breathing hard, my eyes wandering down at him, trying to hold back all the urges at once. Telling me, yes, yes, he is yours. You have an hour, take your time.

Slowly, cautiously, he raised both hands to me, wrists together, and held them up. A gift. His sacrifice. The symbol that yes, he was mine.

My hands were shaking a little when I took his wrists, held them together, watching him intertwine his fingers and clench them together. I leaned down, eyes closed, and started kissing his knuckles, tasting his flesh.

> From my standing position I was pulling him up by the arms but he remained on his knees, wrists together, as I held him as if suspending him and moving my mouth down his wrists.

His breathing was shaking, his skin was cool. I slowly let go of his wrists and moved my fingers over the flesh, opening my eyes and looking at his skin. His wrists were bruised, perhaps scarred, some of the marks still recent. Probably from cuffs too tight, or being suspended unsafely.

I reached down and put my hand under his chin and lifted it, then had to carefully push all the dark hair out of his face. His eyes were closed solemnly, his lips barely parted. There was a light bruise on

his left cheek. When I lifted my hand to touch it, he recoiled and started shaking.

It occurred to me that whoever had been using him, or perhaps many of who had used him, were not careful, not caring, nor concerned with his body. The thought made me want to cry, but at the same time, I felt tremendous guilt, for I, too, had come for the same thing.

But had I really?

I must have had this really blank look on my face as these thoughts were racing through my mind because he just stared up at me, waiting for me to move, perhaps slap him, degrade him, or make him lick my boots.

My own identity was a muddled mess in my head, wondering if I was just like these other women who beat and abused and tortured Chance then walk out the door and never see him again. If I was just such filth with no regard for human dignity or pain. I started to cry.

Chance searched my face and looked confused, but afraid to speak. Finally, he said, "Am I not what you wanted?" he asked, timid, insecure.

I half laughed and reached up, putting a hand to his face. "Oh god no, you are beautiful," I said to him, admiring his cheekbones, his delicate skin. "I just can't believe anyone would hurt such a beautiful creature."

I must have appeared psychotic to him, this woman standing there who had just paid over a thousand dollars to use him in just the ways I was condemning. But it was making sense to me, somehow, that what I wanted was different. Still, I started shaking with fear and disgust as thoughts crept into my head that maybe I was justifying it.

Chance said softly, “May I stand?” and I nodded, not looking at him. He walked across the room slowly and disappeared into the bathroom. I heard the jingling of metal for a moment then he returned and walked back to me, kneeled down and lifted his hands to me.

In them he held old, fading leather shackles, the buckles were worn. They were long, somewhat tattered. The sight of them made my heart pound. I was afraid to touch them. The hunger was coming back, pushing away the guilt. All I felt was need. I wanted to cry.

When I took them he raised his wrists again to me, together, his head down.

Holding them in my hands made me ache with desire. I closed my eyes and brought them to my lips, absorbed the scent of the leather, and felt the cold buckles against my cheek. The wetness between my legs was so strong, so overwhelming. I needed it so bad.

I wrapped the first strap around his wrist securely but not so tight as to rub against his fresh wounds, sliding the leather through the buckle and locking it. He kept his fingers intertwined, his head down.

“There are more things…” he said softly, not raising his head, “In the next room, if you want them. I am at your command.”

I turned and touched his cheek again softly as I made my way into the bathroom, leaving him kneeling there with his head down, his bound wrists brought now close to his chest.

The bathroom was dirty and unkept, and laying across the counter was a wide range of things I had not seen since before the revolution. Paddles, canes, floggers, chastity devices, gags, hoods, chains. I fingered them, smelled them, and held them close to my body. I undressed slowly and stood there in bra and panties, taking one of the long leather whips and running it down between my legs.

I pleasured myself with the whip for some time, imagining more what I could do with it than what I would do with it. The thought that the boy was out kneeling for me, leaving these items for my use, was more arousing than anything. Even though I had no intention of drawing his blood, leaving bruises on his soft flesh, or humiliating him to the point of tears. That he was out there, waiting for that, made me shiver.

I took a handful of things with me and left the bathroom, returning to him. I stood behind him as he knelt with his head down and bound wrists held close to his chest. When I leaned down and lifted his shirt he tensed and started shaking a little, turning toward the whip I had dropped on the floor next to him with a muzzle and cane.

The shirt was thin and I considered tearing it off of him, but instead just lifted it over his head, pulling it down to his bound wrists and telling him to hold it there. He nodded, his head down, and held it close to his stomach.

When I stepped back and saw his back in the light I let out a gasp, eyeing the marks, the deep gashes, the bruises. Long, red streaks from fingernails were trailing down his flesh, some marks old and faded some scars, and some as fresh that they were still healing.

"Who would do this to you!" I hissed.

He was shaking, leaning over a little.

I moved around and kneeled down with him, taking his chin in my hand. When I lifted his head he had tears in his eyes and he was shaking.

"I'm NOT going to hurt you like that, Chance. I want to possess you, not torture you. Didn't they stop when you told them you'd had enough? What about your limits? What about the limits of humanity?"

"I have no limits, my lady," he said softly.

"*I* have limits," I snapped in a heavy whisper.

He lowered his eyes and said, softly, "You can do anything to me. You bought my body. It is yours."

"I don't want your body, I want your soul. I want to connect with you passionately, not beat you out of hatred for men or spite. You are beautiful, and sweet, and innocent, like an angel."

He shook his head slowly. "I am not innocent. I deserve this, my lady. This is what is best for me. Please, do whatever you want for me. I can take it."

I muttered at him and lifted the muzzle to his mouth. This startled him, I think because I had been so soft to him until then. He took it into his mouth and moaned a little as I snapped it into place, holding it into his mouth, and leaning up nose to nose with him.

"Look at me," I growled.

He opened his eyes slowly, his lashes wet. He looked at me.

"I don't care what they do to you for money. I don't care what happened to you to make you think you deserve pain. I don't care that you think the pain you submit to will free you from the pain inside of you. It won't. "

The look he had in his eyes was a combination of fear and realization.

"I am here to own you. You'll do what I say. But I'm not here to hurt you for the sake of inflicting pain. And you're not here to accept pain for the sake of accepting it."

I leaned forward and slid my hand up into his hair, gripping it securely, tightening my fist until he shut his eyes tightly in discomfort. I started to ache again.

I let my breath out and leaned to his ear, whispering, "That is all I need from you, Chance. The smallest sacrifice means more to me than welts in your back or blood pouring from your skin."

Everything was a jumbled mess in my mind, at that point, as a million thoughts hit me at once. It was true I had beaten my lovers until they had bled when play was still legal. But I did it because pain to them was an element of passion, not torture. And that's what it took to bring them to sacrifice, to the point we both wanted. I had also had lovers that were tender, and timid, and merely securing their wrists and ankles to the bed as I dragged my long hair down their naked body was enough to make them writhe and beg for release. The passion was still the same. The level of pain was relative to the soul of my lover, and worked with him, not against him.

I tried to figure out how to put this into words for Chance, but I couldn't. I tried to explain to him that I did not want or need to make him bleed, to bring him to tears. I just wanted him to sacrifice, to submit, and merely having my hand tightly in his hair was enough. He was in enough pain already, I could see. The pain was inside. The smallest physical discomfort brought it to the surface, and allowed him to release it.

I wanted to cry at that point because the biggest tragedy for him was that a beating was probably good for him. Welts on his back probably could help him more than anything, when delivered to him by someone who loved him, who wanted to see him release that pain so he could be free. Someone that held him as he sobbed in her arms, who told him that the pain was ok, that the pain inside needed to come out. Someone that made love to him delicately, carefully, and did not use him as he had been used before. He

needed someone that took his pain as a gift and gave it back to him in the way of release and comfort, not someone that purchased his flesh for money and used it as something to be trashed and discarded.

I wanted to cry because I knew I could never be that person for Chance, and seeing him where he was made me feel like he never would have that from anyone.

And Chance just looked at me as the tears came, and I reached out to wrap my arms around him.

I whispered into his ear what I could about what I was feeling. The biggest irony of it all was that I needed him, now more than ever, no matter how much my other side wanted to bathe him and wrap him up in warm towels and put him to bed.

I released his wrists from the restraints and muzzle and told him to get undressed and kneel back down. He did so quietly, solemnly, without question or hesitation. When he was finished, I secured his wrists again, this time behind his back. I blindfolded him with a long silk scarf and for the first time kissed him, carefully, gently, but holding his head securely in my hands. He parted his lips willingly for me, accepting my tongue into his mouth.

"If you need me to stop," I whispered, "just say one word, say 'salvation', and I will stop. And you need to promise me that, Chance, or else I can't lay a hand on you without worrying."

He nodded slowly but did not speak, lowered his head a little, his long bangs hanging down over the silk that covered his eyes.

I prodded him back toward the wall and then had him sit, his legs down and open. I pinned him carefully against the wall and slid out of my lingerie, moved my naked body close to his, and held his head once more as I kissed him, down his neck, his chest, his collarbone. I possessed his body with my tongue, I took time moving my hands

and lips over him as he sat still, shaking occasionally, his breathing the only sound he made.

When I took him fully into my mouth he just arched his back a little and tensed. His taste was sweet, his skin hot. My hands held him still by the hips as I used my tongue and lips to coax feeling from him, the reaction from his body. He shook a little with my touch and bit his lip, lifting his head up and breathing carefully.

I shut my eyes and concentrated on the feel of him in my mouth, how his body surrendered finally to my advances. Holding him steady by the hips made me want him even more. Eventually, I moved them, toward me, slowly, and guided his movements. I controlled his body, the depth, the sensation. I expected a quiver, a gasp, but he remained silent, the only reaction a slight shaking in his body.

I felt a wave of passion come over me as I lifted my eyes to him and saw him there, his head up, the cloth covering his eyes. His lips were barely parted, and his hair was slightly damp with sweat. Part of me wanted to reach down and pleasure myself, but I was enraptured with him, my hands tightly around his hipbones.

There was no warning when he came, or perhaps I was too lost in the moment to notice it was building. He just let out his breath and shuddered slightly, inhaling deeply. I tightened my grip around his waist to hold him steady, to take him in, pulling up slowly and swallowing.

His head was down, he was breathing softly. I leaned up and slid the silk away from his eyes, which were closed. I kissed him at the side of his mouth and listened to him breathing, his eyes shut tight. I could sense he was feeling a wave of emotions, even more so than I.

I just held him, and touched his hair. He was shaking, silent. I think he wanted to cry but couldn’t. I suspected he was confused and

spent, tired. His wrists were still bound together but he didn't ask for release.

I think I held him there for five minutes or so, then reached down and unfastened the buckle, freeing his wrists, expecting him to reach up and hold me, but he didn't. He pulled his hands up and crossed them over his chest, bringing his knees up close to him, his head down.

"Are you ok, Chance?" I asked softly, touching his bangs.

He nodded slowly but said nothing.

I sat there for a few minutes and he finally leaned over and put his head against me but said nothing. I wanted to cry but didn't. I wanted to cry because I knew I would never see him again. I wanted to cry because I knew he needed to heal, he needed to heal what was inside of him much more than what was covering his skin. I knew he was blindly looking for pain to release him from pain, and that there were plenty of people ready to give him that.

It had been over an hour and I knew I needed to go. My family would be wondering where I was. I took the extra hundred dollar bill I had and gave it to him, told him to buy some warm clothes. I kissed him on the head and he looked up slowly as I stood to get my clothes.

I got dressed and put his things back, then went to the door. Chance was still sitting against the wall, his knees up against his chest, his arms around them. He looked like he wanted to say something but couldn't.

There was nothing I could do but leave, even though it killed me to do it. "Please be careful, Chance," I said to him.

He nodded and said, "Thank you," as I left the room. I closed the door behind me and it clicked, and I left still shaking a little bit. It

was a different kind of guilt, it was a deep sadness for something I could never have. I wanted to be the one for him, I wanted to rescue him, but I knew that was not my place. I knew no one could protect him.

When I made my way to the stairs I heard high heels coming up toward me. I looked up and saw a woman, like me, in a long winter coat. She looked at me and me at her, and she smiled. It gave me a chill.

She moved past me with a quiet “Excuse me” and I stopped, looking up over my shoulder as she approached the closed door to his room. Her hand reached out to the door and I saw long, red painted nails, sharpened to a distinct point.

I turned, rushed back down the stairs to the waiting taxi, and cried the entire way home.

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Ten Fingers

He’s on his knees again.

Sometimes, I just don’t know what to do. Really. I’ve simply lost my mind again. It’s the ache. I want to curl up into a tiny ball and stay that way and simply exist at this moment and make my life so basic again.

Why can’t it just be that way?

Ten fingers in long thick hair. I’ll wear the gloves again. It will only hurt a little. When he gasps in pain, it will be real. Real, because he’s shocked at my ability to hurt with just ten fingers. He looks at me, and the look isn’t really pain; it’s a look of startle.

He’s startled that I did it.

That’s the first expression I remember ever feeling from him. Really feeling. That he was startled I would actually hurt him.

No. That he was startled that I would actually hurt him, and then smile after I hurt him.

It was ten fingers in his hair, and then him wincing, and then me smiling.

And then the ache.

He’s on his knees again. And it hurts. Everywhere.

**

He never tells me that he’s tired of being in a kneeling position, but I know he is. So many men tell me they are sick of being on their knees; “It hurts.”

“Can I get up now?”

“My legs are getting tired.”

“My feet went to sleep.”

“Do you want me to get up now?”

He’s always moving, shifting, anyway. I don’t mind that the other men need to move after being on their knees. Honestly. I’m not complaining. He stays on his knees because he’s probably thinking about the ten fingers in his hair, and how much they hurt, and what comes next.

I use all ten, with him, because there’s simply so much of it. I can hurt him better that way. I wrench his head back, he winces, and when his eyes are screwed shut tight I can imagine this is what he must look like when the shaft of my cock is pressed firmly against his lips the first time he’s prepared to resist. As if he had a choice.

“Does it hurt?” I always ask the stupid questions.

He doesn’t answer right away, because he thinks hard to make sure he’s going to offer up the best possible answer. To help with the ache.

“You’re hurting me.”

He always does it. The best. Possible. Answer.

I stick my fingers in his mouth. One. Then two. Then three. Wearing gloves. Black latex gloves. Simply satisfied to watch him fight to keep up with me. Violating his lips unceremoniously. No rhyme or reason. His eyes shut tight as if there were mirrors there (there aren’t).

“Keep up.” My instructions are simple. I could just as easily be stuffing panties into his mouth. One. Then two. Then three. He knows about my oral “fascinations.” He knows this is more than just a whimsical game. He knows this is extremely, intensely important to me.

In fact, he knows my other hand is actually between my thighs. He knows that my other hands is, indeed, just as wet as the one being shoved relentlessly into his mouth, prying around ridiculously. Finally, ending, by taking him by the chin, tilting it up, and placing my lips so close to his.

“You want to taste my other fingers?”

“Yes.” Oh, it’s all he can say. The first simple words of self indulgence. The first words he has ever said to me. Ever. Ever in his life. The first words that had any kind of request that hinted at wanting anything from me sexually, sensually, or otherwise.

“Eyes shut.” My demand is pretty clear, but I still love how he takes everything so seriously; he doesn’t just close them so I can admire his long, beautiful dark eyelashes. He ratchets them shut so tight I swear those long lashes make indentations on his cheeks. As if he doesn’t want to spoil his chances by blowing the command.

I peel off my other creamy wet glove slowly and deliberately and order him to open wide and he complies. Then I shove it into his mouth. It’s a nice thick glove. It fits. Like a glove. He takes it, with an appropriate groan of pleasure and displeasure, and I use my hand behind his head to tighten a fist in his hair (painfully, very painfully) to inspire a muffled yelp, reminding him that the displeasure is much more to my liking.

“Don’t get greedy,” I remind him. “Whore.”

**

Duct tape.

**

He's on his knees again.

Bent over. With his hands, this time, over the back of his head, fingers intertwined so I can see them, behind his hair. This time, though, I'm making him wear gloves. Black latex. Or rubber. I can't remember.

And handcuffs. Just so I can look at them. It's not like I expect him to go anywhere.

"Happy birthday to me," I say, lubing up the shaft of my favorite, long, thick black strap-on cock.

"Happy, happy birthday indeed."

There are no sounds from him. Just his fingers. Moving. A little.

"I would have you sing it. But. Well. You know."

There's duct tape over his mouth. My glove. So wet. In his mouth, I'm sure the juices are quite nice. And distracting. Just as his ass – presenting itself to me. His legs are spread. He is holding very still now. I can see his breathing in his back. I can watch his hands in the gloves.

What I am wearing is inconsequential to the story. But it makes me feel very sexy. I feel amazing. I did put on other gloves, however. Tight ones. Because I like to masturbate in them. I like how they feel on my nipples. I like how they feel on the shaft of my cock with the lube. I like how they feel on his hips and over his ass. The mixture of the lubricant, the cock, and his skin.

I take my time.

I take my time because I like every sound he attempts to make, fruitlessly, when my gloved, lubricated fingers touch his body. Sliding down the crack of his ass. Circling his asshole. When I spread his ass cheeks, and then bend over and press my hard nipples onto his back.

When I move my gloved hands down his frame, over his hipbones, and under his body and belly, pulling him up, and then reach down and take the shaft of my cock, and start to slide it up his thigh. Just to watch his breathing change. Seeing that his cock is actually, honestly, starting to drip.

"I would make you beg," I say to him, "If you could speak."

There's no sound from him.

"Instead, you'll have to beg with your body," I mock him. "And don't think I am not capable of getting up and walking away from you right now. And leaving you here. In a pathetic puddle. Not before making you lick it up. Of course."

Watching his body tense in despair is delightful enough, almost. For a moment I consider going around and making him suck my cock for a while, just as a diversion. But that would require undoing all the work with the duct tape. His hips, meanwhile, move so hungrily, I do believe the sincerity in his body.

He is, indeed, hungry to be violated. And his movements make me ache.

But will the penetration be enough?

**

My birthday "present" is delivered with promise; he surrenders entirely, albeit with some expected (and exquisite) tightness at the start. Like his mouth, I resort to a violation with my fingers at first.

One, then two, then three, then the head of my shaft. It would seem so large at first until his muffled, desperate groans dissipate.

In the end, though, what makes me cum are his two fists clenched in his own hair periodically, alternating between one another and occasionally outstretching a finger or two or straining in the cuffs, pulling at the chain links, or prying at the shackles. I don't even think it is for my benefit; I think he is honestly struggling. I feel my own orgasm build at the moment that he gave up, I think, resigned to accept his own penetration, his hands shaking a bit.

I reach over to grab him with one hand by the hair, in my fist, clenching it tightly. If he could speak, at that moment, I would make him tell me "Happy birthday."

Instead, I have to settle, simply whispering, "You belong to me.'

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Seduction & Lust: Burning Inside

It was the day I woke up and was burning inside. That hunger, that drive. Too angry and frustrated to leave my room, too bored and impatient to even bring forth the effort anymore.

Just bring one to me, I told my Angela, just bring me one you know I will like.

And I slept. The hours passed, ten, then eleven, soon after midnight. It was raining hard and I was in my room, the lights off but the windows open. Listening to the rain, watching the moon. Hungry.

I cried in desperation, my whole body hurt with the burning. I contemplated getting up and going out, looking myself. But I had faith in my Angela. Please, hurry, I sighed. Patience was never one of my best traits.

I had drifted to sleep shortly after three when I heard the lock on my door. Rubbing my eyes a little I slid up in my sheets, silk, pulling them close to my naked breasts.

"It's me, " she peeked in.

I gasped. She was alone. No, I thought, no this can't be.

She slid inside and closed the door, I could only see her frame as she approached in a long black dress, black lace gloves But I could see she was smiling, she was pleased with herself, I noticed as she approached.

"He is beautiful," she said, sitting on the edge of my bed. I let the sheets fall away from my body and leaned closer to her, eager.

“But I have to warn you, ” she looked at me, her eyes sparkling a little – I knew she felt the excitement I did even though she could not relate. “He is a little bit afraid. You should be gentle with him.”

I smiled, my heart pounding. If I were a beast I know saliva would be forming at my fangs. Perhaps it was. I had to swallow a few times just to bring myself back into focus.

Angela stood to leave the room, to retrieve my prize, as I slid slowly from the bed, wrapping the light sheet around my body, hugging it to my breasts. I walked carefully on bare feet across the cool wood floor, to the full length mirror. My hair was hanging down in my face, over my naked shoulders. My lipstick was still faint, my eyes sleepy. But it didn’t matter.

The door creaked open a little and I saw her behind him, nudging him forward. And he took such careful steps, I could hear the jingling of metal against metal as the buckles on his boots rattled with each step. His hands were in his pockets, his hair in his face hiding everything.

Angela stepped back and closed the door, locking it, and he turned toward the distinct sound of the “click” as if it startled him.

I moved toward him and he just stared, perhaps in disbelief. As I approached him I saw his features more clearly, and I sighed in hunger as Angela had done so well. His eyes were big, prominent, and very dark. His lashes were long, everything hidden a bit under long locks of dark brown hair that hung down in his face, even past his chin.

His flesh looked soft, his lips feminine. He blinked at me and his eyes moved down my body, hidden in a long silk sheet that dragged behind me. He looked at my bare feet, his head still down when I reached out and touched his hair.

He was shaking.

“Are you afraid of what I am going to do to you?”

I could barely hear him as he kept his head down, but he whispered, “yes..”

“Kneel down,” I ordered, a hand pushing down on his shoulder. He moved slowly, gracefully, down onto his knees with hesitation. It seemed difficult for him, he shifted his weight from one to the other.

I took my bare foot, lifting it from behind the sheet, sliding it up his thigh. The sheet fell away from my thigh, my flesh, and I could see his breath coming in shaking half-gasps as his eyes peered up from under bangs toward my wetness, which I’m sure was obvious.

I ordered him to close his eyes and he did, then I lifted his head by the chin and very gently, slowly pushed each strand of dark hair from his face. Angela had not lied; he was beautiful. I moved my finger down each of his cheekbones and he inhaled each time I came in contact with his flesh. He flinched almost, as if he was about to be hit.

“It’s ok,” I said softly as I let the sheet drop from around me, leaving me naked before him. “I’m not going to hurt you,” I told him, and he seemed to let out a soft sigh in relief, his eyes still shut for me, “At least not yet, angel.”

He bit his lip and swallowed, he swallowed hard.

I eased down and picked up my sheet and wrapped it around his shoulders as if to warm him and stop his shivering, even though the room was comfortable. I took him by the back of the neck and pulled his head forward, guiding his barely parted lips to my naked flesh, my collar bone.

He kissed softly in response, parting his lips slightly more, using just the tip of his tongue. I left out my breath in release, shutting my eyes, lost for a minute in the delicate way he moved his mouth.

As he trailed down toward my breasts I lifted a hand and put it on his chin, prodding his head up and putting my lips on his very briefly. I stood slowly and left him kneeling there, wrapped in my sheet.

His eyes moved up to mine, over my naked body. I smiled softly as I held his head up by the chin. "I didn't tell you to open your eyes. You'll learn better than that soon."

He shut them at once and hissed softly, "I'm sorry – "

"Take off all your clothes, " I cut him off, turning to walk toward my closet. "And then kneel back down and wait for me."

*****

As I slid into my clothes he slid out of his. Ironic, beautiful, passionate. I listened to the jingling of his boots as he pulled them off, listened to him folding everything and setting it on the floor at his side. I listened as I slid into thigh high stockings and lace corset, fastening my garters, sliding into heels that would make me taller than him.

I put on long black latex gloves, carefully, slowly, the smell of rubber filling me. I pulled my hair up out of my face and clipped it, then re-applied lipstick in the mirror slowly, seeing his reflection across the room kneeling, his head down. Waiting.

I picked up leather shackles and chains, collar and leash, gags and blindfolds. I carried them with me as I walked to him, my heels now loud on the wooden floor. I moved slowly, like a cat, one foot deliberately in front of the other. Just the sight of him kneeling there, waiting, was making me wet. I was burning inside.

As I laid my things out on the bed I saw his eyes move over each of them, his breathing increase. He didn't hide his fear, at least he wasn't able to. When I laid a beautiful leather hand whip across the sheets he shut his eyes and let out his breath.

When my gloved hand touched his chin he jumped and nearly fell backward.

"You're so jumpy," I said softly.

"I'm scared," he replied without hesitation, his head moving up toward me. He looked at me, so amazing, with a soft pleading in his eyes. "Angela told me about you, about what you would do to me,"

I listened carefully, my eyes on his him intently as I moved my finger across his mouth, savoring the outline of his lips. "Then why did you come?" I asked, not taking my eyes off his mouth.

He hesitated, searching for words, breathing still a bit shaky. "I…I don't know, I want to…I want to please you, I guess, I mean I know I do..I want to please you."

"You want to be the cause of my most intense pleasure," I repeated back to him, watching him close his eyes and breathe deep, getting lost in the hypnotic feel of latex against his lips and chin.

"Yes.." he replied softly, "Yes, I do…"

"Even if, " I started slowly, carefully, prodding his mouth open by pushing down softly on his bottom teeth."Even if it means suffering a little."

He tensed and was about to speak but found I wouldn't let him move his mouth to even start, one finger securely planted on his bottom teeth, the other on his top, holding it open.

"Even if it means," I leaned over close, my mouth right next to his, my lips a fraction of an inch from his, "Crying tears of pain for me."

His eyes were shut now, his breath slowly and careful, as if not to offend me. I moved my tongue into his mouth and found his, softly, carefully, still holding his mouth open with my hand. He did not

respond to my probing, just sat still as I prodded, sliding my tongue deeper, finally letting go of his mouth and pulling him to me.

We kissed for a long time, hungry, and I felt his shaking of fear cease slowly and transpire into shaking of lust. I moved my hands down his body and found his wrists, pulling them behind his back and holding them together, moving for my straps.

I felt the tension in his mouth with the restraints were locked around his wrists, as I fastened them together with silver fishhooks I felt him testing the slack, twisting against him.

I moved my hands over his shoulders, his neck, pulling back from the kiss and looking into his eyes for a moment. He looked at me, his eyes down a little, then back up.

Finally I slid back up onto the bed and turned him toward me, opening my legs and holding him still as he remained on his knees. I took a fistful of his hair and pulled his head back until he gasped in discomfort, then started moving my teeth down his neck, his shoulders.

Every time he winced I bit harder, and every time he reflexively shifted away I pulled him closer. When he whimpered I put a hand over his mouth, sealing it, tightening my grip so he could barely breathe.

I had him pinned there, holding him in my grasp, my teeth in his flesh, my hand over his mouth so all he could do was let out an occasional muffled gasp or whimper. I moaned in response, taking him more, and soon I felt his hard cock pressing against my wet panties. I bit harder.

The chains rattled behind his back and he was half choking on his gasps, trying to wiggle his head free from my hand, but I held tight. I bit, I sucked, I used the other hand in his hair to pull the hair at

the back of his head, tighter, tighter, until his whimpers became distinct pleading.

I let go and we both gasped. He pulled back, shaking, shifting at his shoulders and lowering his head, breathing, breathing, breathing. He swallowed hard and shuddered. He rattled his wrists behind his back some more and twisted his shoulder slowly again.

I lifted him by the chin and ordered, "Let's see those eyes."

His eyes moved up to mine and he tossed his head so the hair was thrown out of his face, then his gaze fell slowly on the leather gag I held in my hand.

I fingered it slowly, looking at it myself, admiring it. How soft it was, how I loved what I did. Knowing by experience how the fine texture felt between my naked fingers, how it felt down my naked body. It was my favorite, the straps soft and flexible, the most evil aspect of it the smooth latex protrusion that would fill his mouth, silence him, hold his tongue down and make breathing from his mouth impossible.

He stared at it, just watched me finger it. He shifted his shoulders again, slid down on his ankles more as kneeling was probably becoming painful.

"Open your mouth," I ordered, reaching back and putting a hand behind his head for leverage.

He lowered his head more and shook it ever so slightly, as if wanting so bad to scream "NO!" but at the same time wanting to please me.

"Do it," I ordered again, prodding his head up by the chin. His eyes were shut hard when his head came up, his mouth closed and his breath coming shaky from his nose.

I tightened my grip under his chin and prodded downward but he shook it a little.

“Don’t upset me, ” I lowered my voice, talking sternly by gently.

He shut his eyes even tighter and I could feel him shaking again. Finally, he opened his mouth, wide, accepting.

“Perfect, “I whispered to him as I lifted the gag to his mouth. When the latex touched his lips he shook and pulled back, turning his head away abruptly as if the mere touch of it were poison.

I pulled his head back and tightened my grip in his hair, pulling back hard, snapping, “KEEP it open,”

He gasped in pain, his eyes still screwed shut tight in discomfort. He looked simply beautiful, letting out almost a half sob as he forced his mouth open again. When the latex slid into his mouth he choked softly, trying to pull back again but much more delicately, unable to resist against my grip this time.

“Good,” I whispered softly as he shook with every breath. The device seemed to make him almost shudder as I pulled his head down to find the buckle, to lock it tightly against his dark hair.

When I slid back and lifted him by the chin his eyes were still shut securely, he was shaking visibly. I took a moment to push the hair back out of his face and finally said, “That isn’t so bad is it?” stroking his face gently as I did.

He started to shake his head slowly, as if entranced, then stopped himself and nodded firmly.

I half smiled, holding him by the chin as I reached for a leather collar. He didn’t open his eyes at all as I locked it around his neck, perhaps in silent acceptance, perhaps trying to get used to how the device felt lodged tightly in his mouth.

I locked the collar and moved around him as he remained kneeling, naked, moving my hands over his body briefly to admire him once more, to remind myself that yes, he was mine. The morning had just started, it was raining outside, and he was mine.

I locked shackles around his ankles, pinning them together tightly, pulling a strap up and locking it to his wrists, then his wrists to his ankles. This left him in that forced kneeling position that looked so beautiful.

When I slid back into my position on the bed, with him leaning up against my open legs, I saw his eyes were open again. He was looking down at the bed through damp bangs, the discomfort almost gone from his face and replaced with delicate helplessness.

I prodded him to look up at me and his eyes were alive, but soft and tranquil. "You feel that?" I asked softly, tracing a finger down his face, over the soft leather gag that covered his mouth. "That numbness over your body, that tingling in your soul? The hardness in your cock that doesn't match the shaking inside? The fear of pain, the need for release, the desperation to please me, the one who has put you here?"

He just looked at me, he blinked slowly but his eyes stayed on mine, he was transfixed.

"You're burning inside," I whispered, leaning forward and taking his head in my hands, burying it against my breasts. I moved my hands down his back and felt him again shaking slightly as I kissed his neck, his ear. I whispered, "I'm burning inside, too."

I felt his breath on my shoulder as I held him, and felt him listening. Listening intently. Cautious. Afraid.

"Your suffering is going to free us both," I whispered.

For a moment I didn't speak, just held him close to me and fingered his hair softly, intertwining my fingers in it slowly and sliding my hand through it in slow, gentle strokes.

Finally, I knew it was time. "Nod if you are ready," I whispered, kissing him once more gently on the ear.

His breath was warm against my breast, his shaking had nearly ceased. Slowly, barely, I felt a slow nod against my skin.

*****

It took only a few moments to change his position and re-bind him as he moved carefully as commanded and without resistance, his eyes down, sometimes closed.

I moved him to the foot of the bed and had him kneel there, freed his wrists and pulled his arms out past him, forcing him to lay down face forward on the bed, arms outstretched.

I used long straps and chains to lock his wrists to the bedposts that were several feet away, leaving him kneeling with his naked back, his naked ass exposed to me. I removed the gag from his mouth and placed it on the counter next to the bed, listening to his gracious breathing.

His hands were clenched into tight fists, his head buried in the sheets, hiding, pressing hard and harder. He was shaking as if sobbing and I hadn't even touched him yet.

I picked up the leather whip and kissed him once at the small of the back, making him shudder in response. "You're going to be ok," I said softly, easing slowly out of my panties.

"I want you to know something before I start," I told him as I eased my second foot out of the silk, kicking it slowly aside. I moved my

naked wetness to the small of his back and laid into him, pressing gently, hearing him gasp as my heat touched his flesh.

"I'm burning inside," I whispered, pressing my cunt into his naked skin, smearing my juices over his flesh. "This is from my desire for your gift."

He shook a little, grasped the chains that held his wrists in place, lifting his head so his mouth was free, "Please," he said, shaking, "Take it."

I shut my eyes and slid my index finger inside of me, slowly and with ease, withdrawing it and bringing it around to his lips. "Lick, " I whispered softly and he parted his lips.

He sucked slowly and carefully as I pressed into him again, listening to his shaking moans of hunger and fear as he tasted my wetness before slowly withdrawing my finger.

I stepped back and picked up the flogger again, feeling the leather tails between my fingers slowly as I stared upon his innocent flesh one last time, at how delicate how it looked, how untouched but for a small bite mark left at the back of his shoulder.

He shifted what he could and buried his head further into the sheets, tensing and untensing every muscle that was exposed in his back, his shoulder blades prominent, the small of his back glistening with my wetness.

When the leather bit into his skin for the first time he shook, hard, pulling back on the chains so hard that the bed rattled against the wall. I pulled back and struck him again, harder, my eyes on fire as I watched the way he writhed against the pain.

I was lost in it for that time, striking him with slow deliberation, decorating his skin with precious marks that illuminated beautifully against the darkness in the room.

His breathing came in ragged gasps, he buried his face deeper and deeper into the sheets, his shuddering eventually turning into whimpering, and the whimpering eventually turning into yelps of pain.

He gripped the chains so hard with his hands that his knuckles turned white. His breathing came in loud, ragged gasps and he half sobbed against the sheets as I continued, farther, farther.

My wetness filled me, I felt it inside me, against me, against my thighs. My burning intensified, I shut my eyes and kneeling behind him. I leaned down, eyes closed, placing my hands on his back.

He gasped in pain and I felt the burning, burning on his flesh. I moaned, lowered my head, unclipping my long hair and letting it fall in soft strands over the pain in his back.

He cried out and shook, lifting his head and gasping in pain as I slid my hair slowly over his back, over the long red streaks until the burning stopped, the heat was no longer against my face, against my palms, inside of me.

His shaking turned to shuddering by the time I reached up to release his wrists. He fell into my arms, his tears against my breasts as I held him by the back of the head.

I kissed the back of his ear as he cried into my arms, kissed his cheek and finally his lips between his shaking breaths. “Thank you,” I whispered as I held him, reaching to the floor and picking up the long silk sheet I had discarded there earlier.

I wrapped it around him, around me, and held him close until his shaking stopped and I realized by his breathing that he was asleep in my arms.

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Akasha’s Trip

Akasha’s Trip: part 1

No one can tell me I’m not the spontaneous type.

Just a week ago, my kinky girlfriend, Jackie told me that I needed to lighten up – that it was obvious I had too much “pent-up femdom lust” under my skin and it was making me crabby. Worse than PMS, even.

Maybe she was right. But I’m married, and I can’t just go out and start dominating every hot corporate executive I gaze at across the boardroom, or go to clubs and pick up unsuspecting “victims” like I used to. Times are different, and I am different, and I certainly can’t do anything that would cause any scandal.

That’s when Jackie told me we were taking a “trip.” She did not say where or for how long, just that she cleared it with my schedule and my personal ties, and then gave me a list of what to pack. Oh, and I had to get some vaccines.

“Just where the hell are we going?” I asked her, unable to read her mischievous smirk.

“Think of it as…the Femdom Disneyland.”

“And I need a Typhoid vaccination for that?”

She just shrugged, handed me my itinerary (with the dates and cities blank, of course) and said, “Don’t forget your passport.”

**

On the way to “femdom Disneyland” – or, at least, Los Angeles International Airport – we made a stop at Costco.

Jackie was spinning like a top, obviously very excited about our trip, and I had just been astonished at how little she packed. For a femdom vacation, she sure did not bring much in the way of clothes – or toys.

"I told you, don't bother with the kinky toys," she reminded me as she went down the long cavernous aisles of Costco when I mused that I was missing my favorite restraints and harnesses for the trip. She was loading flats of Coca-Cola into her cart. "Too much of a hassle, and we can get all of that there anyway."

I was trying to get more information from her, but she was locked up tight. She was picking up some clothes but made some weird excuses, and I had no idea why she would buy it in bulk anyway, and finally, an Xbox and some games. She gave me some lip service about dropping those off at the airport for someone who was coming to pick them up, but I couldn't believe her about anything at that point.

"Can you at least tell me what the climate is like where we are going?" I asked her.

She smiled. A big, hungry grin. "Hot," she replied.

**

Jackie was hot, for sure. The plane ride over, well, that wasn't too hot. We spent some time with our Cosmo magazines and gossip rags but that got olfantasyd fast. I knew by then we were going to Heathrow but she said that was not our final destination, and she recommended I take a sleeping pill and forget about it.

We had some 28 hours of travel she told me, with two connections (and I think she said something about an elephant, but it's all a blur now), and since I had to surrender my cell phone and blackberry to my kinky friend, really, there was no turning back.

So I went to sleep. I'm not a big fan of travel, and this long flight did suck; but I had sweet, sexy dreams of Femdom Disneyland, and it included rides with strapons, a lot of very interesting safety restraints and body worship sessions that made me wake up in a hot, sexy mess.

Uncomfortable, cramped, aching in my pussy, I grumbled before going back to sleep and had a few momentary fits of frustration and even a little resentment. What was I doing here anyway? I should have just gone on a cruise.

It occurred to me like a lightning bolt that Jackie was probably taking me to one of those "slave farms" that were advertised so heavily among the Internet porn nowadays – academies and places that promised a real femdom lifestyle, blah blah, but from the pictures it looked like a few pro femdoms in hot latex outfits and some odd men who were paying big bucks to be poked, prodded and made fun of.

Oh god, no, I thought to myself! Was she taking me on this very long trip just to be another pay-for-play Barbie doll for rich businessmen who'd grown bored with the pro scenes in Los Angeles and Manhattan!?

Femdom Disneyland, indeed. Only these places clearly were the amusement park for male subs, and the femdoms were but fixtures and accessories. Unless, of course, you came as a couple.

But Jackie had not stuffed a boytoy into my luggage – not that she could fit one in between all the cases of Coca-Cola, Levis and X-Box console.

**

Moldova.

I could barely spell it right, couldn't pronounce it, and would be unable to point to it on a map if you asked me to. But that's where we ended up, after two more connections, a train ride, a hair-raising cab ride and then another train.

No elephant, at least.

This was no tropical paradise and no femdom Disneyland, as far as I could tell. I didn't speak the language and neither did Jackie – a language which sounded Eastern European, and that's about all I could get out of it.

We had some nice guy following us around with our luggage on a pull-cart that looked like it came from Costco, too. He understood English but did not speak it, and Jackie was waving some papers at him, pointing at a map, and I got a sense that things were falling apart quickly.

I'm a glass-half-full type, though, and I was so tired it didn't matter. I just wanted to find a bed and go to sleep, even though it was the early afternoon in Moldova. I figured once I got some sleep under my belt I could be better equipped to handle the situation – and hopefully find out what Jackie had in mind.

Or if she'd been promised something and was sold a bad bill of goods. I could tell Jackie looked pretty stressed.

A little younger than me, Jackie was a huge head turner. Tall, blonde, with big boobs, all the Moldovians (?) were kind of checking her out. I have no idea how or why she was wearing spiked heels on uneven concrete. I was in my most comfortable jeans, tennis shoes and my hair in a ponytail. No makeup. We were just on a plane, and Jackie looked like a supermodel.

It shouldn't have surprised me. For as long as I have known Jackie, she's been the type to walk into a room and make men swoon – both submissives and vanillas. Hell, she'd even converted a few

"Masters" with a simple gaze, eventually getting them down on their knees by the end of a crowded play party, as their submissives watched in horror while "Daddy Dom" sucked her thick latex strap-on cock.

Jackie was the queen of the dildo, I called her. She is the one that really taught me the finer points of strap-on play and facesitting. She wasn't a pro femdom, although she'd dabbled in it in college, but she could get a man wrapped up into a submissive frenzy in a matter of moments simply by sauntering into a room wearing her black latex cock.

She'd stroke it, shift her hips, smile, all looking so natural, literally sapping up the boyish, desperate energy that came oozing from the men who quivered at the sight of her and wanted so bad to be violated.

She could make men beg for the nastiest things. It was almost like a talent for hypnosis. So few women I had ever encountered had this kind of energy, and I envied Jackie for it. It made me want desperately to be around her because the men just seemed to fall in line. I was gleefully happy to pick up her "leftovers" as I called them – all the men who were whipped into such a frantic, desperate state that they were already "pre-tenderized," I called it.

So it should have come to no surprise that the locals were smitten with her at once, even as we wound our way up an outdoor spiral set of stairs. I watched the men gaze lovingly up at her ass as she made her way up with some sense of glamour in those high heels, her expensive handbag over her shoulder. Not a care in the world – meanwhile, I was clutching my purse a little, cautious still, as I didn't know much about these Moldovians.

Delirious with lack of sleep, I wondered, why did it sound so much like another planet. Had she just plucked me into another dimension and this was some surreal sci-fi adventure?

The bed looked so inviting. It was a blur getting to it. The accommodations were nice but somewhat simple and plain. We appeared to be in a suite of some kind but it wasn't a hotel.

Jackie was settling up with the guy who brought our luggage (I guess there was an elevator – somewhere), and I was already dozing, fully clothed, on top of the bed. My shoes were still on. I heard a lot of voices, it sounded like a party downstairs.

Resigned to deal with it all after sleep, I started to drift off, even as Jackie was unpacking on the other side of the room, whistling, humming, obviously too excited to sleep. Then the voice, more voices, male voices – in my half slumber, I reckoned they were delicious male voices – in our room.

The scent of cologne. Youth, a very bright smile, and someone was taking off my tennis shoes and socks and then massaging my feet gently. As talented and attentive as the best spa, I had been to in my lifetime, but I was too tired to take note.

In my half sleep, I imagined it was probably Jackie until I felt soft lips on my toes. I slept, somehow, through this amazing foot massage, waking up now and then to feel gentle lips, the pressing of his thumbs, and such attention to detail that I clearly felt the precise relation of my third toe on my left foot receiving the attention it had never known.

In the morning, or I guess it was evening, when I woke up, he was still kneeling next to the bed. Who delivered a male model to me in the middle of Moldova?

**

In the morning, I finally had answers.

Not that I could process them, because I kept thinking I was dreaming. Jackie and I were inside of our suite, which actually was

more like small two-bedroom apartment/loft, with our "translator" and my male model/foot masseuse (I think his name was Artem, but our translator said to me, "Call him whatever you want. Name him and he will remember it trust me.").

Our translator, an older and distinguished looking fellow who went by "Sonny" (or, maybe, Sunny), spoke with a heavy Russian-type accent. His English was pretty good, and from what I could tell, Jackie was negotiating with him over French Toast – which, apparently, my male model Boytoy (which I named him, and he nodded, and said with a thick, sexy accent, "Sure.") whipped up.

What Jackie was negotiating with Sonny was quite simply how many "attendants" we wanted. These men (they assured me, they were all of legal age) were at our disposal, apparently – to do with them what we desired, whatever our whims were.

For a moment, this was a dark reality to me. I was not that naïve. I knew what they were – they were prostitutes! Male prostitutes! But as they filled up our suite (Jackie did the equivalent of being a rich snob ordering room service for the first time – "Bring me one of anything, I will send back what doesn't taste good!"), I realized, these were mostly college-aged youth who earned money from rich American women (and men) because they lived in poverty, and it was the best hope they had for paying for an education.

At least, that's what I told myself to make myself feel ok about it; that, and that they were, verifiable, all legal. Jackie even shooed away the ones under 21, despite the legal age of consent in Moldova being much younger.

So the X-box and Coca-Cola made sense, as our loft soon turned into what seemed like a Fraternity House, with loud music and video games and youthful, energetic men who couldn't speak English but knew the most important rule:

Do what the ladies want. No matter what.

**

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Allen

This one is from my 1996 journal:

I'd love to say one of my more recent BDSM relationships started with a
kidnapping and I had to break him down slowly with mind-altering drugs.

Sure, I'd love to say it was a result of my catsuit and riding crop that he
finally gave into me, kneeling at my feet and showering my boots with wet
kisses and pleadings for mercy.

Or maybe that I had three girlfriends and I get together and seduce him at a
bar, then tie him up in a van and take turns using him, often all at once,
making him pass little tests and enjoying his constant begging for release.
Finally breaking him, and then by the end of the night he would forever call
me "Mistress" and be my ultimate slave. And that he is doing my laundry
right now.

Well, in reality, it's Sunday night, and I am doing my own laundry. In fact, he has never even been near my dirty laundry. He is probably at home
right now reading a book. And we had a pleasant conversation last night
where he did not once call me "Mistress". And he wasn't on his knees. And
he made me giggle a lot, and we admitted like schoolkids with

crushes that
we missed each other.

He's taken me out to dinner. I've taken him out to dinner. I've also tied
him up, gagged him, and taught him to beg with his eyes. I've dressed him
up, I've made him remain on his knees until he told me, with big brown eyes,
that it was getting uncomfortable.

This is a reality. This is a relationship. Two people with desires and no
one person is the ultimate dom. While it is true there are relationships
that have a total power structure, generally, I have found, relationships at
least start out to be a balance.

Stories can be quite hot. Yes, I have had my share of kidnappings. Hell, I
have pulled off some pretty intense kidnappings. I have had those -first-meetings after a long net.relationship that turned instantly into intense BDSM sessions that lasted hours. But more often than not, a relationship starts off slowly, just like all relationships do, with both partners easing into it.

This is especially true with a novice. When Allen (I will call him that for
this piece..) and I first met, he knew nothing about BDSM. Well, maybe a
little. But I'll tell the story from the beginning- this is how a real female dom seduces, by the way. This may not be as hot as a kidnapping, but
it certainly has pushed my blood pressure over the top more than a

few times
as we have grown closer.

******

When I saw Allen for the first time, it was around Halloween at the club I
go to regularly. I was just in "one of those moods". Sarah wasn't with me
that night (too much schoolwork) but MissBlue was, and I remember sitting up
against the bar staring out toward the dancefloor and telling her, "You
know, I really need someone. I just have that urge.". I wasn't talking about
sexual desires – I was talking about domination.

Miss Blue and I ended up dancing sometime later, I was enjoying that in
itself (I love to dance) and I saw him. Cute. Boyish. Looked young-maybe
21 or 22. Maybe a little familiar – but I couldn't tell for sure. Most of
all, I liked the way he danced. That is usually the first thing I notice
about a guy.

After some across-the-dance-floor flirting, he passed my test. He responded
to my flirtation unsure – looking around. Shy. Wondering if I was really
looking at him. Too nervous to really approach me, but definitely returning
the eye contact. I made my way toward him slowly, and soon I was close
enough to him that he felt my body.

Dressed in tight PVC (a dress, I think, or might have been a skirt that night) and gloves and boots, I tend to dance pretty forward when I am flirting with someone. He was a gentleman but danced aggressively enough with me that I knew he was interested. Wrapping my arms around his neck, lips close to his but not touching, I just smiled.

Soon, I left, because I didn't like the song. MissBlue and I went to the bar to talk. Sure enough, he appeared a few moments later and poised himself near me.

I smiled at him and he smiled back but lowered his head. Definitely shy. But not socially paralyzed – after all, he came over to me. He also said hello first, and asked my name. I told him. He didn't ask to buy me a drink (good thing, I hate come on lines) but said that I looked nice. He liked my outfit.

MissBlue smiled at me and I said "Isn't he cute?", loud enough for him to hear. He blushed. She agreed, and we went into our Domme-gang-up routine. A little harsh start, I knew, but I figured it would be sink or swim for him.

The two of us, both flirting dommishly with a guy, tends to be a bit overbearing. In a matter of moments, MissBlue had a keychain (I have no idea

where she got this thing) locked around the tight silver necklace he was
wearing. He blushed and just kept looking at me with a "you aren't going to
embarrass me are you?" look.

I just smiled, drank my water, and soon told him I wanted to go upstairs.

****

Upstairs is a more quiet area of the club. I had him sit down, and MissBlue
went off to talk to her friends. I played with his hair, straddled him on
the chair. Still your-basic-club-flirting. We talked a lot. He admitted he had seen me there many times but was afraid to talk to me. I realized at
that point he was tiny, very tiny. Not short – he was at least 5'11 or so,
but he was thin. I could feel his hipbones against my skin when I got close to him, and I love that.

"I'm too skinny," he said shyly when he noticed I was feeling his hipbones.
I could tell he was insecure about that – most men are. But I don't mind
them unusually thin. In fact, I find it kind of sexy.

The dominant urges were much more distracting now. I ordered him to resist
my kisses, and he did. The little struggles that resulted got me so hot that
I could feel a distinct aching in my cunt. His breath in my mouth, the soft
"no's" that I could feel but not hear – yes, I was getting into it. And

he
could tell.

When I pulled his hair, he winced. Soon, I had him get down on his knees.

“Here?” he asked.

“Here.” I nodded, pointing to the floor. He looked around. Most people were
gone, and others were half sleeping in corners or just passing through.
Allen got down on his knees with little hesitation.

I like this one, I thought to myself, running my fingers through his hair.
He closed his eyes against my touch and nudged closer for more.

Yes, I definitely liked him.

*****

Our first night was a series of little games. The kissing game, the kneeling. Tests I gave him – how much would he do for me, how weird the
command. Making him kiss a full-length mirror. “With tongue,” I ordered,
and I got wet watching him make out with an imaginary person of the same
sex.

Frisking him. Pressed up against the wall, my breasts against his back.
Hands around that tiny waist.

Making him breathe hard – pant – into my mouth on command.

When he kissed the palm of my hand lovingly, affectionately, I responded by pressing my palm firmly to his nose and mouth and holding the back of his head, making it impossible for him to breathe. Until he shook away, moments later, and I met his mouth with a deep, intense kiss.

Yes, he was a keeper.

*****

When we said our goodbyes that night I only explained with one line, "Look," I said with my head half down. "I'm a little weird tonight. I was in the mood for that stuff. But it isn't all I am."

He looked at me, smiling.

"I mean," I smiled back, correcting myself. "I am like that. But I am also pretty normal."

"Double life," He nodded.

"Exactly."

We kissed goodnight, and I told him to be there next week. He commented that he was always there.

*****

The next two months were sporadic. I saw him at the club a lot, and we played more games. He met Sarah – hell, he submitted to her by

way of me,
kneeling while she gave him a nice deep kiss (I share everything). He
learned to come to me when I called him with my finger, but give me my space
otherwise. He learned to lower his head when I wanted it, and follow behind
me, two steps, wrists crossed behind back.

He learned that not only did I like to see him kneel, I liked to see him
kneel with his forehead to the floor. And he would do it. "I like to do things that make you happy," he said.

I took him home, for the first time, several weeks later. He knew, by then,
that I was into bondage and S&M, but we hadn't talked much about it. I knew
he was a bondage virgin, had no idea what his pain threshold was.

While I was getting ready for bed (it was 3 am already, and we both had to
work the next day) I heard him say, "Hooks."

He saw the hooks on my ceiling, and I had never mentioned them to him. I
came out of the bathroom in a long t-shirt (yes, very casual) and sat on his
lap, putting my arms around his neck. "yes," I said between kisses, "I have
hooks in my ceiling."

"You're for real," he said, eyes closed.

I could tell he was scared. It was real to him. Not just games, that I was
into this stuff. That I had the equipment. That I was capable of

hurting beyond
some light hair pulling and biting his neck, that I was capable of humiliating him beyond just making him kneel down in a semi-public place.

"We'll go slow," I kissed him on the neck. "And you'll always have a way to
tell me to stop."

I could feel his breath. Deep. A combination of arousal because our bodies
were close, and fear because of what he knew I was into.

"Tonight, we're just going to cuddle," I told him. "Rub my back, kiss me
softly, tell me a bedtime story. No bondage."

"I can do that," he nodded.

And we had a pleasant, quiet night. Talking, exchanging stories. Stroking
his hair. His caresses escalated, by my own prodding not his, and by the
end of the night, I was sound asleep in his arms thanks to a wonderful
orgasm. We didn't have sex, I didn't tie him up. In the morning he kissed
me on the head and told me I was beautiful, then we didn't talk again until
the next time at the club.

*****

Our games at the club remained pretty much on the same level. He was great
at playing kissing-resistance games, and I loved the way he winced when I

clawed or bit him. He kneeled when I ordered it, and kissed whichever
friends I ordered him too. He danced for me when I commanded it, so I could
sit back and enjoy him from a distance.

But he had limits. If his friends were lurking, he said no. One time he
wasn't in a very good mood, and he said to my ear, "Can we just be..normal..please..for now? I want to make you happy but –"

And I stopped him with a finger to his lips and nothing else was said. I
held him, we danced, and I held him closely before saying goodnight.

He asked me out to dinner, and I agreed. Our dinner date was as vanilla as
they come – a nice restaurant, a lot of great conversation. A kiss goodnight on the porch step.

The next week, I told him I wanted him to spend the night at the club,
and take the next day off with me. He agreed.

That night, I tied him up for the first time. He was scared, very scared. I
explained to him what a safeword was and how to use it. He listened,
nervous, and agreed.

Some light bondage. A blindfold, which terrified him. A paddle – to his
ass, that made him bite his lip and jump, twist to get out of the way. My
fingertips to my pussy then to his lips. He tasted. "See what this

does to
me?” I whispered.

He let out his breath. He was shaking. Gripping the chains that hung from
me ceiling. His bangs were hanging down over the leather blindfold. He was
biting his lip again. Torn.

I rubbed the paddle up and down his thigh. He twisted slowly.

“Do you want me to stop?” I asked.

Pause.

“N….no…” he sputtered out. I put fingers in his mouth. One, then two.
Suck, I ordered. His tongue went to work. He took them all the way in.

I removed my fingers to finish the paddling and had a hand over his mouth
to keep his yelps down to a minimum.

*****

Afterward, we were cuddling and I was still lingering in domme-space when I
heard him call me “my lady” at the end of a sentence. I purred and told him
I liked that. He kissed me on the head.

“You also should call me Mistress,” I told him. “When you see me getting
into that mind frame.”

He was silent for a moment. “I have a hard time sometimes knowing which
mind frame you are in.”

“I do switch back and forth, at the club, but don’t worry..when I really am
into it, like tonight, you will know.”

We talked for a long time about the feelings it made him have. I was probing
to find out if any bad memories were drummed up, but he was fine with what I
had done. Scared. Did not like the pain. But, as he summed it up, “I get a
real rush seeing you enjoy things.”. Beautiful. A true submissive, and he
didn’t even know it yet.

“Tomorrow I am taking you shopping,” I told him.

*****

I dragged Allen all over Melrose for the afternoon. I made him try on clothes, I made him lift his head up so I could hold up collars to him.

I was going through a rack of PVC skirts when he came out of a dressing room
dressed in the outfit I had selected. PVC pants, mesh shirt. It made him
look thin – very thin. His waist was tiny. I walked up to him and put my
hands around him. “I like this.”

He looked in the mirror. “I look too skinny,” he complained.

I stood behind him. “You look beautiful. You just need a belt.”

He pouted.

I put my chin on his shoulder. “You’ll wear this for me at the club. And
when your friends ask you what’s with the new look, what will you tell
them?”

He smiled. “That you like it, and that’s all that matters?”

“That your MISTRESS likes it, and that’s all that matters.”

“Yes, my lady.”

*****

I located a bondage belt that I liked for him, which wasn’t easy since his
waist was so tiny. Bondage bracelets were added to the outfit, and finally,
last but not least, I found a black patent leather collar with a big silver
D-ring.

He felt the ring with his fingers. “Wow.”

“Don’t you feel owned now?” I asked him as he looked in the mirror.

“Yeah,” he nodded.

I moved my hands down his sides, over that waist I adored so much. “Now
it’s real. Doesn’t it feel official?”

“Yeah,” he smiled. “I even have a password.”

“Safeword,” I corrected.

“Yeah, that too.” he blushed.

*****

Nearly two hundred dollars later, Allen had the perfect outfit in my eyes.
The money didn’t matter to me – I get off on showering my slaves with such
affection. As soon as we got home, I made him try it all on together, then
locked him up in my chains, standing with arms above head, and snapped
pictures with my QuickCam so I would have something to look at later.

Afterward, I locked his wrists behind his back, gagged him with a scarf and
just admired how beautiful he looked.

With big brown eyes, he assaulted me with what he learned worked –
desperation. Communicating to me that he was indeed helpless.

I stroked his hair back and smiled. “I’ll be the envy of all the women at
the club. You look beautiful.”

*****

Still, to this day, when I enter the club and see him lurking in a corner in
his outfit, my heart rate quickens. He holds me tight and we kiss, and my
hand finds its way to his hair. He is always shy, cautious at first, nervous to offend me. He calls me Mistress, or My Lady, and lingers behind
me on command, head slightly lowered.

And when we cuddle, wordlessly, he still turns his head toward my palm when
I stoke his cheek. And as much as he hates it, as he has told me, he lifts
his hands and presses my palm tightly to his nose and mouth, holds it there,
because he knows how much I enjoy seeing him so helpless, unable to breathe.

Until he lifts his eyes to me, and nothing else exists in this loud place but his look. "I am yours."

And I know it's real – the feelings – when they hit me so bittersweet. The
adoration and affection, right alongside the desire to see him suffer at my
hand. "I don't know whether I want to make love to you," I tell him, "Or
tie you up and make you beg me for mercy."

He just kisses my fingers gently and replies, "Whatever you want."

So I do both.

May 31, 2018Akasha

Angel Dust

For those that have never been to an industrial dance club, it is a little

difficult to describe. There is a feeling there that I don't quite think

there are words for. Perhaps it is an energy, or maybe it's just that the

bass is so loud it makes your bones vibrate.

At any rate, this is where I feel at home. Very loud, angry, dark.

It's not a small, crowded little hole in the wall pick-up place. It's a

large, spacious and cool throbbing place full of energy and people there to

dance.

And it is no secret that I do my stalking there. Not stalking in its most

ominous form, but stalking in that I watch, lurk, seduce, conquer and

overpower A little game that sometimes takes an hour, sometimes takes

several weeks, as the same people tend to attend week after week.

And my prey seems to fit a certain category. Maybe in a past life, I had a

dark lover that consumed me like no other, and I am on an eternal search to

find him. First, it's the bangs I notice, and his head is usually down

because he's looking at the floor as he dances. When he lifts his head I

see the reflection of the light off his cheekbones. Thin, feminine. Quite

pretty.

Sometimes, in fact, I have gotten halfway through my stalking before I

realized he was a she. Androgyny runs rampant. Exciting. Passionate. And

besides, women kiss better than men, I have found. Usually.

Then there was the night he was there. I saw him coming down the stairs

because I was standing at the bar having a drink, watching the mirrors,

watching to see if anyone was coming in that I knew.

Oh yes, I knew him.

I turned and he saw me at once, and he was smirking. A knowing smirk. And

he was wearing jeans, a blue shirt, and tennis shoes.

A little goth girl gave him a half look as she pushed toward the stairs,

then did a double take as she disappeared. A mass of dyed black hair and

piercings, I don't think she'd seen a man of his type in many years.

Perhaps not since high school. One of her teachers.

And I just stood there. I'm not usually dumbfounded, but I was. When he

stopped next to me and stood there, the bartender looked at me, and then at

him. Yes, the bartender was used to seeing me force-feed a helpless little

industrial boy a glass of juice at the bar while my friends held his hands

behind his back, giggling. Silly club games.

He was definitely not used to me standing next to a man nearly twenty years

my senior.

"I thought I'd find you here," is what he said to me. He was standing,

waiting for a drink, but of course, being ignored. Prep boys and yuppies

were often ignored by the regulars and the workers there. I think the

first impression is that these outsiders are there to look at us like we are

circus freaks in our PVC and genderless gear.

I drank my drink and stared forward. I could smell his cologne. Damn him,

something about just standing next to him did something to me. Maybe it was

the age, maybe it was that I couldn't quite put a finger on what it was

about him that made me want to…

Confidence.

Even in such an ominous place. I sensed no discomfort from him, he was

leaning on the bar now and talking to the bartender. He was making him

laugh about something. So soon at ease. The very somber bartender was

giggling at something he had said.

His body was very apparent to me. Fit. Very lean, and again assertive. A

swimmer's build, the subtle traces of his frame shining through. And a

great ass.

Something occurred to me at that moment when we were standing next to each

other and he was sipping his beer. He knew the music.

No, maybe not. I had to watch out of the corner of my eye, but I saw his

hand on the bar, and by the way, he drummed his fingers, I realized he knew

the music. It was a very specific song, with a particularly strange beat.

He had either picked it up immediately or heard it before.

I was about to turn to him to have a conversation, to say something, to stop

the tension that I was feeling (and he was obviously not) when I found

myself at a total loss for words.

He looked at me, expectantly, tipping the bottle again at his lips and never

taking his eyes off mine. That expectant, comfortable gaze.

Angeldust

"I need to go dance," I said, the first words that came to my head when I

heard the song starts. A good long intro.

He tilted his bottle toward the dance floor. "Have at it. I'll talk to you

later."

How strange. He was staying. Not a rite of passage. Not a test. In fact,

he turned comfortably away from me and immediately starting chatting with

the girl standing next to him waiting for her drink. I saw her turn, look

up at him, blink at him, and sort of gaze with a look like she didn't know

where he wandered in from. She wore black lipstick and had dyed

burgundy hair and a nose ring. I had seen her there before; she was

beautiful.

Angeldust

I left. Walking sort of hard, and my heart was pounding. The smell of dry

ice was almost comforting. Drugged, delirious. Or was it hunger? I heard

myself hissing, "What the fuck is the matter with you."

My eyes were closed when I danced, and at some point, I felt a soft, warm

body next to me. I didn't look, I just responded. Breasts were against

mine, long thin fingers were on my hips. I could smell her scent, and I

needed her close. We kissed, long, sensual, and my hands found their way

happily into her long dark hair.

At some point, she said into my ear, “How are you?”

And I replied, “I’m having a weird night.”

“There’s an older guy at the bar,” she said out of the blue.

“I know. I know him.”

“He’s pretty cute.”

So she agreed. We kissed again for sometime, tongues interwining and

leaving me in a state of content bliss, forgetting for the time being that I

was really distracted, cunt undeniably aching. Strange desires indeed.

*****

Back at the bar, he was missing for a bit, but I spotted him in a corner

talking to two girls. They seemed to be rather taken with him, looking up

at him with schoolgirl gazes like they had some sort of wordless crush.

For the first time, I really felt a hunger I’d thought reserved for boyish

types with big innocent eyes. Innocent he was not. Much older than me,

much more experienced, he had obviously been through much more than I simply

based on the math alone.

Not a traditional attraction, no. More a quest. To conquer all – control,

passion, cockiness – and age. My hands still longed to be in that hair,

even though it was not long locks of dyed black innocence.

Innocent he was not.

Headhunter

*****

There comes a point in the night where I sort of lose all touch with

anything other than sweat. It covers my body. PVC tends to soak it all in

and just hold it against you. But it almost keeps you cool, because of the

dampness. It's like the opposite affect of a wetsuit.

My hair drips though, and I have no choice but to wrap it all up in a rubber

band into a high ponytail, bangs and all, to keep it out of my eyes and

face. Even at the gym, I do not sweat so much.

And there he was. Still at the bar, with a different pair of girls this

time. It had been twenty minutes, maybe thirty. His second beer was nearly

exhausted and he looked at me from across the way and gave me a half nod.

My girlfriend was behind me. She wrapped her hands around my waist from

behind and watched, her chin on my shoulder. “You want that guy, don’t

you?”

“I want to hurt him,” I replied back.

She giggled and kissed my neck. “Lucky guy. Don’t you want to hurt me?”

she asked. Playful, my sweet little girlslave. I had to twitch and giggle

because her kisses tickled me as much as her words.

“You know I want to hurt you,” I spun around and teased her, pinning her

wrists behind her back and forcing a kiss upon her that silenced her.

When we parted I whispered, eyes closed, “We’ll take him together.”

“Mmmmm” she cooed into my ear, and I could tell she was smiling over at him.

Holding her in my arms, I imagined his fate.

Bound. Helpless, perhaps in a situation he had never seen or imagined

before. Blindfolded so we could mock him. All those years of experience

meant nothing.

“It means shit to you,” I’d hiss. “All you know means nothing here.”

Silence.

Fear, maybe. The rise and fall of his chest against the bonds. Those

ankles twisting in the chains as Sarah tests the bonds under my command.

“Gag him.”

She moves like a sweet serpent, her body is entrancing the way it flows.

Everything about her always seems so choreographed because she is nothing

less than elegant.

Struggling.

Oh, it doesn’t even matter anymore. Gloved fingers prying open experienced

lips, the irony is simply staggering.

Maybe the real irony is that while I thought it was strange to take him

because of my youth, the ages of Sarah and I combined were close to his.

“You’ve met your match.” I whisper.

Sarah looks simply priceless batting her eyelashes at me as she pulls out a

pair of nipple clamps and hangs them from her pinkies.

“Don’t get to comfy,” I grin at her, “You’ll be next to him soon.”

Yes, she’s timid about this one. Used to being trussed up and tortured next

to my sweet slave is one thing – as lovers and friends, they can collaborate

and commiserate. But next to this stranger, no matter how alluring, she

shivers and feels helpless and alone. Relying on him — a stranger.

It falls together beautifully.

*****

In the Night

I snapped out of my daydream when I heard the song, and in my dazed and wet

state, we went to dance.

My energy had returned. Something about the scenario in my head gave me

energy again, as if the acceptance that he would be mine, like the others,

and I realized then he was no different from the others.

No different at all.

“Can you come home with me tonight,” I asked her as we danced.

She smiled at me and didn't answer for a long time. Finally. "You and

who?"

My hand found its way under her skirt as I held her close to my body. The

heat was apparent, her panties were damp and warm. "With him."

We fell into a kiss that felt wonderful. My nipples were getting hard,

pressed against the inside of my pvc dress, and I just wanted out of that

place. It was indeed time.

I took her by the hand and returned to the bar to fetch my prey.

Of course, he was gone.

*****

Leaning against the bar, arms folded, my sweet angel looked at me and tried

giving me schoolgirl grins to cheer me up. Never had timing been so cruel to

me.

My drink arrived on its own, as my presence at the bar tended to get the

bartender to give me my usual without even having to ask. I was done, but I

drank it anyway. "You're driving," I told Sarah matter-of-factly as I

downed it.

She had her hands behind her back, head tilted. “O-kay.”

*****

I took her by the hand and we left together, stopping at coat-check to get

my pvc jacket and her long coat. When we emerged from the club the cool air

felt wonderful, and I felt the familiar buzz associated with returning to

reality after a several hour trip.

Reality.

Without command ,the bouncer followed behind us as our weekly walk to my car,

holding her hand as he lurked a few paces behind to see that we met with no

harm.

As I got into my car he waved, turned, and headed back to his place at the

entranceway of the club. Sarah took my keys and slid into the driver’s seat

as I reclined all the way back to sleep on the way home.

I barely noticed what she was doing, a sleeply little blur it was, as she

reached over and pulled club flyers from behind the windshield wiper and

tossed them into my lap where they remained for most of the ride home.

I guess it wasn't until about half way home, when I woke up after my catnap,

stretching and picking up the pieces, when I found the slip of paper.

Plain white, with black ink. Must have been stuck in between the club

fliers.

His name and phone number.

The simple words: "Tonight. Should you want it."

"Sarah," I said, staring at the paper."

"Yes?"

"Get off the freeway, now."

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

Burning Inside

It was the day I woke up and was burning inside. That hunger, that drive. Too angry and frustrated to leave my room, too bored and impatient to even bring forth the effort anymore.

Just bring one to me, I told my Angela, just bring me one you know I will like.

And I slept. The hours passed, ten, then eleven, soon after midnight. It was raining hard and I was in my room, the lights off but the windows open. Listening to the rain, watching the moon. Hungry.

I cried in desperation, my whole body hurt with the burning. I contemplated getting up and going out, looking myself. But I had faith in my Angela. Please, hurry, I sighed. Patience was never one of my best traits.

I had drifted to sleep shortly after three when I heard the lock on my door. Rubbing my eyes a little I slid up in my sheets, silk, pulling them close to my naked breasts.

"It's me, " she peeked in.

I gasped. She was alone. No, I thought, no this can't be.

She slid inside and closed the door, I could only see her frame as she approached in a long black dress, black lace gloves But I could see she was smiling, she was pleased with herself, I noticed as she approached.

"He is beautiful," she said, sitting on the edge of my bed. I let the sheets fall away from my body and leaned closer to her, eager.

“But I have to warn you, ” she looked at me, her eyes sparkling a little – I knew she felt the excitement I did even though she could not relate. “He is a little bit afraid. You should be gentle with him.”

I smiled, my heart pounding. If I were a beast I know saliva would be forming at my fangs. Perhaps it was. I had to swallow a few times just to bring myself back into focus.

Angela stood to leave the room, to retrieve my prize, as I slid slowly from the bed, wrapping the light sheet around my body, hugging it to my breasts. I walked carefully on bare feet across the cool wood floor, to the full length mirror. My hair was hanging down in my face, over my naked shoulders. My lipstick was still faint, my eyes sleepy. But it didn’t matter.

The door creaked open a little and I saw her behind him, nudging him forward. And he took such careful steps, I could hear the jingling of metal against metal as the buckles on his boots rattled with each step. His hands were in his pockets, his hair in his face hiding everything.

Angela stepped back and closed the door, locking it, and he turned toward the distinct sound of the “click” as if it startled him.

I moved toward him and he just stared, perhaps in disbelief. As I approached him I saw his features more clearly, and I sighed in hunger as Angela had done so well. His eyes were big, prominent, and very dark. His lashes were long, everything is hidden a bit under long locks of dark brown hair that hung down in his face, even past his chin.

His flesh looked soft, his lips feminine. He blinked at me and his eyes moved down my body, hidden in a long silk sheet that dragged behind me. He looked at my bare feet, his head still down when I reached out and touched his hair.

He was shaking.

“Are you afraid of what I am going to do to you?”

I could barely hear him as he kept his head down, but he whispered, “yes..”

“Kneel down,” I ordered, a hand pushing down on his shoulder. He moved slowly, gracefully, down onto his knees with hesitation. It seemed difficult for him, he shifted his weight from one to the other.

I took my barefoot, lifting it from behind the sheet, sliding it up his thigh. The sheet fell away from my thigh, my flesh, and I could see his breath coming in shaking half-gasps as his eyes peered up from under bangs toward my wetness, which I’m sure was obvious.

I ordered him to close his eyes and he did, then I lifted his head by the chin and very gently, slowly pushed each strand of dark hair from his face. Angela had not lied; he was beautiful. I moved my finger down each of his cheekbones and he inhaled each time I came in contact with his flesh. He flinched almost as if he was about to be hit.

“It’s ok,” I said softly as I let the sheet drop from around me, leaving me naked before him. “I’m not going to hurt you,” I told him, and he seemed to let out a soft sigh in relief, his eyes still shut for me, “At least not yet, angel.”

He bit his lip and swallowed, he swallowed hard.

I eased down and picked up my sheet and wrapped it around his shoulders as if to warm him and stop his shivering, even though the room was comfortable. I took him by the back of the neck and pulled his head forward, guiding his barely parted lips to my naked flesh, my collarbone.

He kissed softly in response, parting his lips slightly more, using just the tip of his tongue. I let out my breath in a release, shutting my eyes, lost for a minute in the delicate way he moved his mouth.

As he trailed down toward my breasts I lifted a hand and put it on his chin, prodding his head up and putting my lips on his very briefly. I stood slowly and left him kneeling there, wrapped in my sheet.

His eyes moved up to mine, over my naked body. I smiled softly as I held his head up by the chin. "I didn't tell you to open your eyes. You'll learn better than that soon."

He shut them at once and hissed softly, "I'm sorry – "

"Take off all your clothes, " I cut him off, turning to walk toward my closet. "And then kneel back down and wait for me."

*****

As I slid into my clothes he slid out of his. Ironic, beautiful, passionate. I listened to the jingling of his boots as he pulled them off, listened to him folding everything and setting it on the floor at his side. I listened as I slid into thigh high stockings and lace corset, fastening my garters, sliding into heels that would make me taller than him.

I put on long black latex gloves, carefully, slowly, the smell of rubber filling me. I pulled my hair up out of my face and clipped it, then re-applied lipstick in the mirror slowly, seeing his reflection across the room kneeling, his head down. Waiting.

I picked up leather shackles and chains, collar and leash, gags and blindfolds. I carried them with me as I walked to him, my heels now loud on the wooden floor. I moved slowly, like a cat, one foot deliberately in front of the other. Just the sight of him kneeling there, waiting, was making me wet. I was burning inside.

As I laid my things out on the bed I saw his eyes move over each of them, his breathing increase. He didn't hide his fear, at least he wasn't able to. When I laid a beautiful leather hand whip across the sheets he shut his eyes and let out his breath.

When my gloved hand touched his chin he jumped and nearly fell backward.

"You're so jumpy," I said softly.

"I'm scared," he replied without hesitation, his head moving up toward me. He looked at me, so amazing, with a soft pleading in his eyes. "Angela told me about you, about what you would do to me,"

I listened carefully, my eyes on his him intently as I moved my finger across his mouth, savoring the outline of his lips. "Then why did you come?" I asked, not taking my eyes off his mouth.

He hesitated, searching for words, breathing still a bit shaky. "I…I don't know, I want to…I want to please you, I guess, I mean I know I do..I want to please you."

"You want to be the cause of my most intense pleasure," I repeated back to him, watching him close his eyes and breathe deep, getting lost in the hypnotic feel of latex against his lips and chin.

"Yes.." he replied softly, "Yes, I do…"

"Even if, " I started slowly, carefully, prodding his mouth open by pushing down softly on his bottom teeth."Even if it means suffering a little."

He tensed and was about to speak but found I wouldn't let him move his mouth to even start, one finger securely planted on his bottom teeth, the other on his top, holding it open.

"Even if it means," I leaned over close, my mouth right next to his, my lips a fraction of an inch from his, "Crying tears of pain for me."

His eyes were shut now, his breath slowly and carefully, as if not to offend me. I moved my tongue into his mouth and found his, softly, carefully, still holding his mouth open with my hand. He did not

respond to my probing, just sat still as I prodded, sliding my tongue deeper, finally letting go of his mouth and pulling him to me.

We kissed for a long time, hungry, and I felt his shaking of fear cease slowly and transpire into shaking of lust. I moved my hands down his body and found his wrists, pulling them behind his back and holding them together, moving for my straps.

I felt the tension in his mouth with the restraints were locked around his wrists, as I fastened them together with silver fishhooks I felt him testing the slack, twisting against him.

I moved my hands over his shoulders, his neck, pulling back from the kiss and looking into his eyes for a moment. He looked at me, his eyes down a little, then back up.

Finally, I slid back up onto the bed and turned him toward me, opening my legs and holding him still as he remained on his knees. I took a fistful of his hair and pulled his head back until he gasped in discomfort, then started moving my teeth down his neck, his shoulders.

Every time he winced I bit harder, and every time he reflexively shifted away I pulled him closer. When he whimpered I put a hand over his mouth, sealing it, tightening my grip so he could barely breathe.

I had him pinned there, holding him in my grasp, my teeth in his flesh, my hand over his mouth so all he could do was let out an occasional muffled gasp or whimper. I moaned in response, taking him more, and soon I felt his hard cock pressing against my wet panties. I bit harder.

The chains rattled behind his back and he was half choking on his gasps, trying to wiggle his head free from my hand, but I held tight. I bit, I sucked, I used the other hand in his hair to pull the hair at

the back of his head, tighter, tighter until his whimpers became distinct pleading.

I let go and we both gasped. He pulled back, shaking, shifting at his shoulders and lowering his head, breathing, breathing, breathing. He swallowed hard and shuddered. He rattled his wrists behind his back some more and twisted his shoulder slowly again.

I lifted him by the chin and ordered, "Let's see those eyes."

His eyes moved up to mine and he tossed his head so the hair was thrown out of his face, then his gaze fell slowly on the leather gag I held in my hand.

I fingered it slowly, looking at it myself, admiring it. How soft it was, how I loved what I did. Knowing by experience how the fine texture felt between my naked fingers, how it felt down my naked body. It was my favorite, the straps soft and flexible, the evilest aspect of it the smooth latex protrusion that would fill his mouth, silence him, hold his tongue down and make breathing from his mouth impossible.

He stared at it, just watched me finger it. He shifted his shoulders again, slid down on his ankles more as kneeling was probably becoming painful.

"Open your mouth," I ordered, reaching back and putting a hand behind his head for leverage.

He lowered his head more and shook it ever so slightly as if wanting so bad to scream "NO!" but at the same time wanting to please me.

"Do it," I ordered again, prodding his head up by the chin. His eyes were shut hard when his head came up, his mouth closed and his breath coming shakily from his nose.

I tightened my grip under his chin and prodded downward but he shook it a little.

“Don’t upset me, ” I lowered my voice, talking sternly by gently.

He shut his eyes even tighter and I could feel him shaking again. Finally, he opened his mouth, wide, accepting.

“Perfect, “I whispered to him as I lifted the gag to his mouth. When the latex touched his lips he shook and pulled back, turning his head away abruptly as if the mere touch of it were poison.

I pulled his head back and tightened my grip on his hair, pulling back hard, snapping, “KEEP it open,”

He gasped in pain, his eyes still screwed shut tight in discomfort. He looked simply beautiful, letting out almost a half sob as he forced his mouth open again. When the latex slid into his mouth he choked softly, trying to pull back again but much more delicately, unable to resist against my grip this time.

“Good,” I whispered softly as he shook with every breath. The device seemed to make him almost shudder as I pulled his head down to find the buckle, to lock it tightly against his dark hair.

When I slid back and lifted him by the chin his eyes were still shut securely, he was shaking visibly. I took a moment to push the hair back out of his face and finally said, “That isn’t so bad is it?” stroking his face gently as I did.

He started to shake his head slowly, as if entranced, then stopped himself and nodded firmly.

I half smiled, holding him by the chin as I reached for a leather collar. He didn’t open his eyes at all as I locked it around his neck, perhaps in silent acceptance, perhaps trying to get used to how the device felt lodged tightly in his mouth.

I locked the collar and moved around him as he remained kneeling, naked, moving my hands over his body briefly to admire him once more, to remind myself that yes, he was mine. The morning had just started, it was raining outside, and he was mine.

I locked shackles around his ankles, pinning them together tightly, pulling a strap up and locking it to his wrists, then his wrists to his ankles. This left him in that forced kneeling position that looked so beautiful.

When I slid back into my position on the bed, with him leaning up against my open legs, I saw his eyes were open again. He was looking down at the bed through damp bangs, the discomfort almost gone from his face and replaced with delicate helplessness.

I prodded him to look up at me and his eyes were alive but soft and tranquil. "You feel that?" I asked softly, tracing a finger down his face, over the soft leather gag that covered his mouth. "That numbness over your body, that tingling in your soul? The hardness in your cock that doesn't match the shaking inside? The fear of pain, the need for release, the desperation to please me, the one who has put you here?"

He just looked at me, he blinked slowly but his eyes stayed on mine, he was transfixed.

"You're burning inside," I whispered, leaning forward and taking his head in my hands, burying it against my breasts. I moved my hands down his back and felt him again shaking slightly as I kissed his neck, his ear. I whispered, "I'm burning inside, too."

I felt his breath on my shoulder as I held him, and felt him listening. Listening intently. Cautious. Afraid.

"Your suffering is going to free us both," I whispered.

For a moment I didn't speak, just held him close to me and fingered his hair softly, intertwining my fingers in it slowly and sliding my hand through it in slow, gentle strokes.

Finally, I knew it was time. "Nod if you are ready," I whispered, kissing him once more gently on the ear.

His breath was warm against my breast, his shaking had nearly ceased. Slowly, barely, I felt a slow nod against my skin.

*****

It took only a few moments to change his position and re-bind him as he moved carefully as commanded and without resistance, his eyes down, sometimes closed.

I moved him to the foot of the bed and had him kneel there, freed his wrists and pulled his arms out past him, forcing him to lay down face forward on the bed, arms outstretched.

I used long straps and chains to lock his wrists to the bedposts that were several feet away, leaving him kneeling with his naked back, his naked ass exposed to me. I removed the gag from his mouth and placed it on the counter next to the bed, listening to his gracious breathing.

His hands were clenched into tight fists, his head buried in the sheets, hiding, pressing hard and harder. He was shaking as if sobbing and I hadn't even touched him yet.

I picked up the leather whip and kissed him once at the small of the back, making him shudder in response. "You're going to be ok," I said softly, easing slowly out of my panties.

"I want you to know something before I start," I told him as I eased my second foot out of the silk, kicking it slowly aside. I moved my

naked wetness to the small of his back and laid into him, pressing gently, hearing him gasp as my heat touched his flesh.

"I'm burning inside," I whispered, pressing my cunt into his naked skin, smearing my juices over his flesh. "This is from my desire for your gift."

He shook a little, grasped the chains that held his wrists in place, lifting his head so his mouth was free, "Please," he said, shaking, "Take it."

I shut my eyes and slid my index finger inside of me, slowly and with ease, withdrawing it and bringing it around to his lips. "Lick, " I whispered softly and he parted his lips.

He sucked slowly and carefully as I pressed into him again, listening to his shaking moans of hunger and fear as he tasted my wetness before slowly withdrawing my finger.

I stepped back and picked up the flogger again, feeling the leather tails between my fingers slowly as I stared upon his innocent flesh one last time, at how delicate how it looked, how untouched but for a small bite mark left at the back of his shoulder.

He shifted what he could and buried his head further into the sheets, tensing and releasing every muscle that was exposed in his back, his shoulder blades prominent, the small of his back glistening with my wetness.

When the leather bit into his skin for the first time he shook, hard, pulling back on the chains so hard that the bed rattled against the wall. I pulled back and struck him again, harder, my eyes on fire as I watched the way he writhed against the pain.

I was lost in it for that time, striking him with slow deliberation, decorating his skin with precious marks that illuminated beautifully against the darkness in the room.

His breathing came in ragged gasps, he buried his face deeper and deeper into the sheets, his shuddering eventually turning into whimpering, and the whimpering eventually turning into yelps of pain.

He gripped the chains so hard with his hands that his knuckles turned white. His breathing came in loud, ragged gasps and he half sobbed against the sheets as I continued, farther, farther.

My wetness filled me, I felt it inside me, against me, against my thighs. My burning intensified, I shut my eyes and kneeling behind him. I leaned down, eyes closed, placing my hands on his back.

He gasped in pain and I felt the burning, burning on his flesh. I moaned, lowered my head, unclipping my long hair and letting it fall in soft strands over the pain in his back.

He cried out and shook, lifting his head and gasping in pain as I slid my hair slowly over his back, over the long red streaks until the burning stopped, the heat was no longer against my face, against my palms, inside of me.

His shaking turned to shudder by the time I reached up to release his wrists. He fell into my arms, his tears against my breasts as I held him by the back of the head.

I kissed the back of his ear as he cried into my arms, kissed his cheek and finally his lips between his shaking breaths. “Thank you,” I whispered as I held him, reaching to the floor and picking up the long silk sheet I had discarded there earlier.

I wrapped it around him, around me, and held him close until his shaking stopped and I realized by his breathing that he was asleep in my arms.

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

Dark Desires

I think it has been some time since the desire hit me so hard.

When I catch the scent of a man – his cologne, his sweat – I stop. I can sense it. I taste it. I know what I need.

This is what it is like to be who I am.

Right now, I am actively planning, plotting, and developing the complete torture of a man. My thoughts – what time I have for them – are devoted to the creation of a situation of complete helplessness for a man.

People often ask me what the desire feels like.

This is it.

I see men, random men, and I want to have them. I am predatory. I want to seduce. I could so easily dress in something nasty and go out to a club, find a man, some shy innocent creature, and turn his world upside down.

I crave the taste of new submission.

New submission is that experience of a man enduring for me – a man who has never done it before. He is so terrified. He may be older than me, wiser than me, but he is still afraid of me.

I see his body strapped down, straining against the bonds, big … begging eyes. Wetting his lips. Thrashing against the leather straps that held him down. I can think and talk about these images for hours.

I was tormented over the weekend of images.

Images of big, pleading eyes.

He is strapped to a steel metal chair.

Big, leather black boots.

He's so strong to me. So strong and unbreakable.

But the straps are so tight around his chest. I see it in his eyes, I see the thoughts – "how could I let myself get into this?"

I like thorough restraint at times like this. I see straps around his chest, his lap, his thighs, shins, ankles, wrists, and arms. He cannot move. I watch him even try – and that gets me wet.

I had these visions. Visions of chocolate brown eyes and long, oh-so long eyelashes and bangs hanging down, just a bit, these big, beautiful lips. A mouth I want so bad to possess. The ability to make him beg to taste my mouth. To taste my pussy.

It's a big, nasty, evil latex inflatable gag.

"If you cry, you won't be able to breathe," I tell him.

Such terror in his eyes. That's it – the climax for me. It is true terror.

He fights the tears.

It's all about rubber and mouths and sex and bodies.

The sound of latex against latex. Of leather against flesh. The chains rattle against the chair. Just sitting on his lap, I get so wet.

I make him open his mouth. Endure the tears, learn to hold your breath. He's mine.

**

And then, there are the more domestic thoughts.

Locking him on a leash. Shoving his face into a dog bowl. Right now, I want to be pleased. I want a dog slut, a slave, a torture toy to use and force to please me.

A humiliating series of dog training courses.

Heel.

Fetch.

Roll over.

Play dead.

Lick my pussy.

Head locked between tight thighs, grinding pussy against suffocating face.

I want a man who can endure it all.

He arrives with roses, and ends the night smothered in wetness, wearing a leash and drinking from a dog bowl.

Just because watching it makes me wet.

I like to masturbate in front of my slaves.

But…I digress…

**

It is late now. I have to work tomorrow. Do you want to know what it is like for a femdom, a real femdom, not a fictional character from a story? You see, I don't have a mansion with houseboys and a man rubbing my feet right now (oh god, does that sound good).

I have a disheveled place and a big work day tomorrow. My mind is muddied with thoughts of men I know that I want to see in painful situations. Objects of lust are distracting me in a very serious way.

During the day I see men and I cannot help but imagine them on all fours for me.

I am a predator.

I want to stalk, hunt, capture and dominate a man. He will beg to please me. I want to see it in his eyes.

But now, I just need sleep.

I do know that I must get my “fix” in the next 24 hours. Because at work I am distracted, I find myself wanting to do nasty phone calls, set up meetings and write stories about men being tortured for me.

I just have not decided yet what I am hungry for.

At least..not yet.

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

A Dark Letter of Desire

I want you wearing my collar.

I want to leash you and drag you toward me, watching you crawl on your hands and knees for me. I want to use that leash to guide your face where it belongs – between my legs, under my ass.

I am in such a cruel, relentless mood. This is your only warning. You remember what I told you earlier this week, don't you?

Well, I was right.

It is worse.

This collar I have for you – it is a special one. It is a locking collar and one that cannot be removed. It has two additional steel D-rings on the side of it – I had them added at the leather crafter. These will lock you tightly into my pussy collar. Because I have something so sinister in mind.

So sinister that I feel the need to warn you. I want to warn you because I want to hear it in your voice when I call you. I want to hear how scared you are, I want to hear you beg me to reconsider.

As I write this, I feel the heat between my legs increase. I feel myself getting wet for you. Wet as I imagine the look in your eyes when I locked that collar into place and put the small gold padlock on it. I picked out a special lock for you.

The leash will be locked on the center O-ring of the collar, and I'll use that leash to guide you. This evening, when you arrive, you are to never get up past your knees unless I tell you to. And I can promise you that will not happen, unless it is to put you into my bondage chair to or to chain your wrists above your head.

You've smirked at my collars before. You've smirked at how stereotypical they are, and the time I made you wear a leash, you told me you felt silly.

You will not feel silly anymore.

Soon you'll understand the purpose of this collar. It is to make you feel completely possessed. From now on, when I put it on you (which will be often), your place will be at my feet (on the floor while I watch television, perhaps), or locked into my pussy collar.

In fact, I can imagine how hard you'll be when you are in the special collar and you know I'm wearing the pussy harness…but I have not told you yet whether or not you will be locked into it. Or for how long.

I imagine your cock will grow hard and you will squirm uncontrollably.

But I'll be too busy to notice.

I want to wrap the leash slowly and tightly around my gloved hand, watching your eyes as I reel you in closer to me. You are my property, my slave, my possession. You belong to me.

Don't ever forget that.

**

So, lately, as you can tell, I am in this sort of surreal, bizarre huntress/protector mode. I am feeling a combination of very intense feelings. And they will continue to exist until the weekend, so consider this your warning.

The huntress side of me wants to toss my heaviest shackles into my trunk and hunt you like an animal. To find you, net you, trap you. I

want to bind you quickly and ruthlessly with duct tape and a big velvet blindfold.

Thoughts of bondage rule my mind.

You could tell today because everything you said seemed to scream "bondage" to me. You are asking for it, aren't you? But you are clever; you know what you are doing, you leave me feeling wet and hungry for you, you make me want to sit down and plan just how I will bind you, just how long I will shove your face between my legs and smother you with my juices.

You'll be put through your paces soon.

For now, I am savoring the desire I feel for you.

I just hope you can handle what I want to give.

**

I have this certain fascination that comes and goes.

It is back again.

Tight leather bondage, inescapable. Dark room, some candles, and your eyes – only your eyes – able to communicate to me just how much you are suffering for me.

Know now that the cruel things I intend to do to you come from my lust for you as a person and the way you make me feel. No matter how cruel I appear to be, understand that it is because I desire you so much, and I want to fully own you, I want to see the extent of your commitment and adoration for me. I want you to be brave for me, to endure for me.

I don't want you to submit to please yourself. You must do it for me. And it will hurt, and you will cry, and I will break you down until you

are shaking and terrified of me.

But I will take care of you afterward.

Only — and only — after you make me cum, give me what I need, and show me just how much you can take.

Tight leather bondage.

My gear, as you know, is mostly leather. All leather bondage for you, accented with one very evil piece of latex.

I see you — my beautiful angel — hair hanging down just over your left eye, bothering you so you have to shake it out of your face. Dark eyes, those soft lips. I see your beautiful face and you know what I have in store for you.

Kneeling for me, your ankles and thighs bound together with strong leather straps. The ones with the big heavy silver buckles.

But best of all is my latest fascination. The all leather straitjacket. Brand new, it makes the entire room smell like leather. So tight that you can barely breathe, and the buckles jingle with your struggling.

I may just have to take a break and lock your pussy collar between my thighs, only to force your mouth open with my new dental clamp and order you to only use your tongue. You have a time limit again. See how cruel I can be?

And as for breathing..well…that takes a back seat.

**

Tight leather bondage is what I have in store for you. I have yet to locate the leather straitjacket but I can replace it, possibly, with my pvc one. We'll see if my fascination with the new piece of bondage gear overwhelms me and I end up getting it…

Can you tell I have spent most of the day imagining how I am going to tie you up and torment you?

After the straitjacket is in place I will lock you into my bondage chair. I may use leather straps across your chest, or I might attach metal clasps to the buckles on the straitjacket. Either way, you will be locked with your back tightly to the chair and you will be more helpless than ever.

I'll even strap your forehead back against the metal frame. Not even your eyes can get you out of this one.

Are you going to beg this time? Or are you just going to take it? I shiver a little thinking about how you'll try to get out of this one. Trust me, there is no way out.

I have waited to long to get my fix…this time, it will be intense.

And you're my prey. Do you feel hunted?

**

Sweet tears form at your eyelashes when you see what I am holding.

"If you cry," I warn you. "It will only make it worse."

This time it is the latex gag. The one that grows larger and larger. The inflatable gag that straps tightest around your face, the one that nearly suffocates you. You know you will not even be able to breathe through your mouth – not at all.

I can see you trying to regain your composure before the gag goes into place. You know that if you cry, it will be much worse.

But you can't help it.

I still show no mercy.

The vibrator is in my other hand.

Do you know what is in store for you?

**

I don't mean to scare you with emails like this. I just want you to be fully aware of what you are getting yourself into. When I want someone, I express my desire for them in often very dark ways.

I want to get a leather straitjacket, and I want to strap you tightly into it. I want to see such fear in your eyes that I have no choice but to bring myself to climax right in front of you, torturing you with denial.

I want you to wear this collar that you cannot take off until I am ready to have it off, and I want to smother you between my thighs until your tongue is raw and your face is drenched with my juices. I'll then perhaps lick them off slowly, savoring my own scent, watching you shaking uncontrollably right in front of me.

This is my week. You have to submit to me, you have to give me what I need. Consider this your warning for my behavior. Consider this warning to anyone, for that matter, who interacts with me until the end of this weekend.

Make my week special. Be brave. Entice me. Provoke me. Make me wet in the middle of the day. Leave me voicemails that make me want to kidnap you. Keep your hair slicked back the way I like it. Wear tight belts that show of your thin waist.

Or are you afraid to push me even more?

I'm going to take a long bath and think of you, my slave. The collar is on the nightstand next to my bed. It's my prized possession.

I cannot wait to see it around your neck.

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

Double Vision

Frustration, hunger, lack of sleep. The fog. Wearing boots and PVC, wrapped up in a big shining cloak to block the wind. All I can think is that I want to be home, home with my shackles and toys, home with an innocent, naive victim. Someone who's never seen a pair of handcuffs except for the plastic ones he played with as a kid.

But wait. What am I thinking? Just so damn distracting, it's like getting it in your head you want something to eat, and it must be that. Only that. And looking around at them standing in line to get into the club, like looking over a menu. I'll take you, you, you, and you. And you over there, you'll be dessert.

I laugh at myself, my own delusions. Waiting for my friends to meet me at the door. Leaning against the bouncer for warmth. He knows me now. "Why are you so cold, you're wrapped up in that plastic, you should be warm." he teases me. "I bet it's because you're wearing very little under there."

"You know it," I say, teeth chattering. They start to let people in. I stand off to the side of the door to watch them frisk. Subtle pleasures. How some turn and put their palms to the wall, how others just nonchalantly raise their arms and wait. I could watch this for hours. Assembly line frisking. I want to slide in next to the bouncer and say, "Here, let *me* show you how it's done". Palms to the wall, ankles spread, bend over, hey don't fuck with me kid, what's this in your pocket?

Giggling. To myself. Jumping a little to stay warm. Goddamn, why are they always so late.

Finally, just to get inside that place. It's darker than usual, they're using a lot of dry ice. It stings my eyes. It's impossible to see. How the fuck can I look for prey if I can't even see?

I check my coat, I decide to just dance it out of my system. There will be no flirting this night, no hair between my fingers, no unsuspecting victims. Definitely no quick fixes. I can't even see four feet in front of me to identify who I find attractive, let alone pursue someone.

Then, he's there. Blonde, young, sweet. Shy, almost. "You didn't think we'd come," he says to me. No, I didn't. I had no idea. I look for the other one. Yes, there he is. The same, but different. Identical twins. I check my pulse. I want to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. Well, ok, that's not true, I want to pinch him to make sure I'm not dreaming.

Double vision. When all else fails, dance. It's a blessing; not only are they beautiful and identical twins, they can dance. They are more alluring than they had been during our brief encounter on Saturday when I first laid eyes on them and thought, "Jesus Christ, two of them."

His hair feels wonderful between my fingers. I'm already kissing him. Damn woman, back off, I tell myself, you're going to scare this one off. I wonder, in a daze, since I'm kissing this one, I guess that means this is the one I stay with?

They were very at ease with each other. Enough so that it was natural to kiss the other. But I wasn't so much interested in dancefloor flirtations, I wanted to see them together. No, not sexually (I'm not THAT sick). Just standing next to each other. I get a thrill just watching them talk to each other, I wonder what identical twins say to each other.

My girlfriend arrives and I turn and whisper to her, "Look what I got, twins." She is laughing at me. I give her one of them. They get together. I don't know who's who anymore, but it doesn't matter. I just want to tie them up, kidnap them, take them home. Roleplay. The evil spy that wanted him and didn't know he had a twin, found

them both and had to take them both. Making them talk. Threatening one with the other. Protective. Which one is younger?

“I’m three hours older,” he says to me, proud.

“Are you protective of him?”

“Yeah, well we both are, of each other.”

“Did you used to fight as kids, wrestle?”

“A little, but we’ve always been pretty close.”

Yes, they are. It’s a bit too much for me, I fall into the arms of my girlfriend and we start kissing. I don’t know why, maybe for escape from the twins, I can’t bear to even look at them anymore. And it’s not so much that I don’t want to make a move, it’s that I’m scared. I usually have no fear on the dance floor, after all, it’s just a game. But these are twins. I don’t want to fuck this up. I’d be content just to stare at them.

I find comfort in the warmth of her mouth for some time. The twins are lurking around behind us, talking I think, half dancing. One of them is wearing a leather collar. The other one tells me later, “I want one too, but I want one with a ring on the front, for a leash.” I just stare, blink. Nod. I had told him about different kinds of collars during our brief meeting on Saturday.

As the night goes on, I get more bold. More hungry. We’re standing all together near the wall talking and kissing. My fingers are in his hair, I’m feeling his breath in my ear. “You really are dominant, aren’t you? You’re for real.” he says when he feels my fingers tighten in his hair and my soft moan from his wince.

“Yeah,” I say back, “In fact, if you were to get down on your knees right now, I’d probably lose it.”

He smiles but shakes his head. Some guys just don't kneel in public. Funny, his brother didn't have a problem with it earlier in the night when we were dancing.

I turn to his twin and say into his ear, "Your brother won't kneel for me."

He laughs and looks at him.

"Make him. For me." I say. The mere thought makes my blood pulse. Something about it.

"I can't do that," he says, " You need to make him yourself. I'm sure you can find a way."

I fold my arms and look at the stubborn twin. He's smiling proudly. I turn to the other twin and say, "Ok, later. But hold his arms behind his back for me. I want to do something."

He smirks at me and moves over next to the other, who looks at him suspiciously. The moment is golden. The twin hesitates and looks at me.

I reach over and take his brother's wrist and hold it out to him. "Go ahead, put it behind his back."

His brother does not resist. That's the beauty in it. He is laughing a little, he's probably thinking, "This must really be getting her hot".

He pins his brother's hands behind his back for me and they both are smirking. My girlfriend is giggling behind me, she knows the way I think. I lean up and put my hands around his waist and he writhes a little under my touch. When I lean up to his mouth to kiss him I see both of them there, they both have the same smirk. Identical. Double vision. When I kiss him, it's like a small victory.

His brother lets go and they both laugh to each other.

It's late. My legs are sore, I'm tired. I'm sensually overloaded from a night with identical twins, and I have enough fuel for fantasies to last a long time. But standing next to him with his arms around me is comforting, warm. Just watching people dance. Watching his brother talk to my girlfriend. Make out with my girlfriend.

Watching the little goth boys do their thing. I can see now, there's more light, and the dry ice has evaporated. There they are. Even the one I'd spend many a night imagining at my feet. But they don't matter anymore. Identical twins.

"You still have my number, right?" he says into my ear.

Of course, I do. Not that I would use it, but I do have it.

"I come here every Monday," I tell him as I wrap my arms around his neck to say goodbye. "You know where to find me."

He smiles and his brother moves next to him so they can leave. There they are again, standing next to each other. I look at them both and my girlfriend puts her arms around me from behind. We wave at them.

They leave and she says to me, "Are you going to call him?"

"No," I say back. "Probably not."

This morning, today, I'm half asleep as usual. Typical for a Tuesday. I was going through my purse looking for change when I found the slip of paper with his phone number on it.

Of course, there's that part of me that wants to call. But this is too much like it has been with the one I watch from time to time at the club. Taking it further isn't worth it. I don't want that. What I have already is more than enough.

Then I wonder, though, maybe this time is different.

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

First Kiss

The first kiss is always the most primal.

Holding his chin, up, so his face catches a little glimmer of the moonlight.

His eyes are shut tight, there is a strain, a tension in his neck. I can see it. I can see him swallow. His eyes are still shut tight, in anticipation.

My fingers dig into his skin. I turn his head to the side, a little, slowly, so I can look at him. Looking at his face, how the light catches it. Admiring him. Evaluating him. Owning him.

The other hand around his neck to hold him in place. To feel every time he swallows.

I can hear his breathing.

My fingers move up a little, around his jaw. They pry at his mouth a little. Then more forceful. "Open."

His lips part a little, and with it, a soft exhale. Eyes still shut tight. I see his hands on his lap, two tight fists.

The seatbelt, tight, over his chest.

Our first kiss.

So very romantic.

*

And yes, it is, to me, romantic.

Because he is frozen there, like an animal paralyzed with fear. This is much better than standing on a porchstep awkwardly after a date, wondering who will make the first move.

He has no idea what I am going to do. He probably anticipates this is the first kiss, but he cannot know for sure.

He just knows I am touching him. His face.

Looking at him. Watching his every move.

With his mouth pried open a little, I move my fingers around his teeth. I pry his mouth open more. He tenses. His back arches. The seatbelt strains against his chest. I can see his breathing.

My heart, by now, is throbbing so hard in my chest. Something primal is alive in me at this point.

And now, my finger slides into his mouth and touches his tongue. If he tries to lick or suck my finger, I prevent it by pushing his tongue back down into his mouth (there is plenty of time for sucking of fingers later, I know).

More anxiety. He tenses. Afraid he might gag if I slide my finger in any deeper. Perhaps a soft sound from him, the first sound of distress. Of fear.

"Shhhh" I say. Tightening my grip around his neck to hold him still.

Moving my finger now over his bottom lip. His lips still parted. When he swallows, now, I can see his tongue move. Eyes still shut tight (such a good boy).

And now, it is time to move in closer.

*

I let him feel my breath on his cheek. The faintest dab of my tongue against his cheek to let him know I am there. I feel his breathing now. I smell his scent now. I am close enough to kiss him, but I let it linger.

Holding his mouth open with my index finger as I move my lips down his cheek, under his chin. Not really kisses. No. They are more like – soft little caresses of my lips to taste his skin.

"Open," I order, which is a strange request in itself because his lips are already parted for me, my finger holding his mouth open by placing slight pressure on his bottom teeth.

But he obeys, opening his mouth even wider, now awkwardly so. Head back all the way against the headrest of the car.

The creaking of leather seats as I maneuver closer to his body. Holding his chin just right where I want it. Turning it toward me. Just looking at that face with the little shadows. The way his mouth is held open for me. Feeling his breath now, right in my face.

I shut my eyes and feel it. Feel the rhythm of it. I feel his pulse now, pounding between my fingers as I still grip his neck gently with my other hand.

I feel one with him.

Ready to make him mine.

*

Sometimes I may get diverted at this point. Diverted to his neck, to play the game of biting his tender flesh to feel him arch his back, hold back a yelp of pain. With my finger in his mouth, making him resist biting down even the slightest bit.

Or a hand clasped tightly over his nose and mouth just to feel the struggle to inhale as my teeth dig into him, making him twist beneath me. Helpless. Enduring.

But other times, I go straight for what I am craving.

His mouth.

First, placing a soft, out-of-place kiss on his bottom lip. Lingering there. Brushing back and forth a little. Any moves from him to respond in kind result in my tightening my grip around his neck to ward him off and keep him in place.

He is just to sit there. And take it. This is the learning process.

Fishing his tongue out of his mouth with mine. Soft at first, then more demanding, his lips still parted. Catching his tongue between my front teeth and holding it there, for a second at first (which he may find kind of interesting and erotic), until it becomes uncomfortable for him, and his natural reaction is to try to pull free.

Like all things. A lesson he must learn.

I don't let go.

And when he tries to pull away, I bite down harder. Just hard enough to show him what I want, and he freezes in fear. The pain, while subtle, is unfamiliar enough to cause caution.

And if I have to, I might stop, grab him by the chin, and hiss to him that he must sit still and endure.

Then it is time for me to explore his mouth with my tongue. And he must sit there and accept the violation, holding still, letting me do my exploring without engaging me in a mutual kiss.

There is much to explore in his mouth.

I take my time.

*

I suppose I enjoy this so much because it is like the first true violation of him. It is me, entering his body, while he must sit and accept it, and let me take what I want.

From an act that he is used to being mutual, if not controlled by him.

Now I am the one in control.

And if there is a way to rape a man with my tongue, I have learned to do it.

And I thrive on it.

*

What is most intoxicating about the violating kiss is the way his entire body responds to it. Usually, tensing his entire body under me. His breathing, more rapid now, and I can feel it against my face as he remains there, lips parted, mouth open, accepting my penetration.

Here is where I find out if I like his taste. Like the way his mouth feels on the inside. Like the touch of his tongue as I explore it with my own.

And I part from him, just slightly, his mouth still open and accepting. Replacing my tongue with my index finger. My head so close to his that I may rest it against his brow, staring down to watch his mouth accept my flesh.

Pushing my finger into his mouth a little. This time, whispering, “Lick.”

And now, I get to watch what he does with his tongue. To decide whether or not I want that tongue, for now, inside of my mouth.

And, for later, everywhere else.

*

Sometimes I watch only for a few brief seconds. Other times, I watch for quite some time, transfixed with the display.

Usually, though, when I finally withdraw my index finger from his mouth, I place it in my own. I don't know where this ritual came from, but I find it hard to resist. To feel the warmth, to taste his saliva. To bring us even closer to that point when our tongues will become totally intertwined.

Licking my lips. Watching now as he breathes, lips still parted, swallowing, still, with some discomfort.

"Make me want to kiss you," I order.

By now, hopefully, he should know what it takes. What to do.

But, if not, we start all over again. This time, with less patience.

*

After watching his display, I ease in closer. Hungry for a real kiss. A kiss that brings us together. Where I allow him to move with me, to touch me.

When I find out what his posture will be. If he has learned his place. If he will maintain the tempo. The mood.

Because, simply, after a half hour of such preparation, it is unlikely he will shove his tongue down my throat like a hungry teenager or lust driven fool. He knows about sensuality. He knows what I like. He knows to approach me cautiously. Carefully.

Respectfully.

The first kiss is smooth now. My lips on his, now prodding his chin up so he can close his mouth a little (finally, and I am sure his jaw is aching). Kissing his lips only at first, leaning into him, so he feels my body (comforting) close to him.

My hand finally leaves its threatening posture around his neck.

The chains, essentially, removed.

Leaving him free to respond.

Always, at first, his tongue is delicate, careful. Taking its first venture into my mouth with extreme caution and care.

And I welcome him, holding his chin, putting the other hand behind his head to pull him toward me, but kissing him with a deep, yet never sloppy, passion.

Occasionally pulling back, briefly, to tilt my head just so, but he knows, now, it is to stop to feel his breath on my lips. As he, hopefully, had figured that out from our little ritual. That I like the way that feels.

He keeps his hands down. On his lap. Two tight fists, still.

And even though he responds eagerly – passionately — he does not control the kiss. He follows my lead.

He responds in kind. He allows me to enjoy his mouth. His tongue – his teeth – his lips.

The kiss is a symbol of what will eventually become what we are.

We kiss for a long time. Sometimes, hours.

I never tire of it.

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

Heat of the Femdom Moment

The heat of the (femdom) moment

Lately, it has been very hot here. No surprise, since it is summer, but there is something about the heat that adds to my already distracting femdom lust of late. Maybe it has something to do with walking around the house naked in the middle of the day or lounging only in panties. Or the feeling of suntan lotion on my skin and basking in the sun. Or, the fact that summers for me have strong memories of long days on the beach watching the men in their wetsuits. Even as a young pre-teen, I was fascinated with wetsuits.

Because they were tight. I could see every tiny detail of the male body. And their hair was wet. It is no wonder that I became fascinated with the young California surfer guys as a teenager. They were the ones that caught my eye on the beach. Many of my early fantasies about kidnappings and men in my clutches, it's no surprise, were men in wetsuits. Surfers. Scuba Divers. James Bond.

Now, it is hot again, just in time for the latest femdom lust that has been occupying my mind. Last night my fantasies were about consensual abductions and kidnappings that require planning and toys that even I can't have. Like an ambulance, for example. My medical fantasies have been running wild. How would you like to be the man strapped down helplessly in my femdom ambulance? Knowing I was in this mood, and also seeing me in tight, white latex nurse outfit and those menacing elbow high gloves. Don't forget all the tools available to me – the ones that delight me. I could tie you up with rubber tubing and muffle your protests with an oxygen mask, then force you into (make believe) unconsciousness with drugs only to have you wake up later in bondage even more inescapable.

Right between my thighs.

It is no surprise to those who visit me in my chatroom that I have been trolling for prey. It's like the days when I first discovered chatting on the Internet and my phone bills were in the hundreds, because I was an insatiable phone femdom who never trusted anyone to give them my phone number, but wanted to hear a man submit to me on the phone night after night. I'd fall for someone online and private message them with the simple demand, "Give me your phone number." All this led down the same dark path. I'd want to hear him whimper for me, and take him to a place to ensure that happened.

I wanted to make him hold his breath for me while I pleasured myself, and to submit himself to an interrogation with questions that seemed out of the ordinary and seemed to make no sense. "What if…." questions, and "What would you feel like if I…." — oh, just hearing the responses, and his tentative breathing. I'd fall hard for these anonymous men, sometimes taking phone calls into the hours.

Or, sometimes rather quickly, like rushed fucking in the bathroom at a crowded party. Just. Wanting. Release.

Regardless — I knew what I wanted. And it is like that again, often, lately. I delighted recently by changing my outgoing voicemail on my phone and having my visitors in my chatroom call to hear the new message, and leave one of their own for me. In one message I described the sheer nightie I was wearing and the status of my panties.

I remember, once, years ago, I had a slut whose voice on the phone thrilled me so much that I used to make him call and leave me voicemails and I'd give him a list of words or phrases to say, with specific directions how. And he knew that the reason I did this was so that I could call back and listen to it not once, but over and over again, so I could masturbate to his voice.

Somehow, he didn't mind doing that for me. I guess he liked to please me. I guess he didn't care that what I was asking him to do wasn't anything that turned him on; in fact, sometimes it was downright silly to him — but, he knew it got me off. He knew that I'd have my fingers inside of me, my panties pulled down just enough so I could pleasure myself.

I remember I did this a few times at work when I was in a corporate office. Dangerous, I know. But in those days, I had moods like this as well — and it didn't matter, I could NOT concentrate often unless I had that "itch" scratched in the middle of the day — just to get me through to the end when I could go home and get my release in person.

I'd have him leave a voicemail on my phone at work so I could call back and listen to it. And I'd get wet. Soaking wet. But I couldn't do anything about it right then, because I was in an office. It was just a little taste, something to hold me over until I got home. See, even femdoms can have lust, and distracting desire — ACHE, as they call it — while at work. Perhaps this was when I started wanting revenge of sorts, and the seed was planted in my head. That's when the idea of the Corporate Slut was born. I, too, could make someone crazy with desire while in an office, without anyone else knowing what moisture, what throbbing, what aching was unfolding.

It's times like these where I sit and fantasize about actually owning a dungeon, being a professional dominatrix (purely for the access to all those toys and to be able to play, relentlessly, all day long with my own desires), or having a stable of slaves. The term "biting off more than you can chew" is a perfect way to put it, because from experience I have learned that this insatiable state WILL be satisfied and I'll soon be in a position of exhaustion, bliss and contentment — and go back to normal levels of desire.

Still, that doesn't stop me from thinking about having that 24/7 slut living in a cage in my closet, having an errand boy on the side,

having a full time sissy/slut whore who was my personal shopper and would be at my beck and call for humiliating trips to the mall, to Victoria's Secret. And then there's my full-time slut masseuse who wearing a CB-3000 and bathes me while blindfolded, his pathetic cock and balls to be beaten afterward for bulging in the device inappropriately. Then there's the man that fans me on the patio and applies the suntan lotion, and the sissy maid that prepares my cold drink and hobbles out in the heat to deliver it to me — while wearing a hobble skirt and 5-inch stiletto heels. A stable? More like a harem.

I am sure a lot of submissives have had similar fantasies when their hunger is peaking. Do you ever feel like no matter what, it would not be enough? That you would want more and have the energy for more?

And, there's nothing bad about feeling this way. I don't hate it, and I don't wish it would go away. I enjoy it, even though it's almost painful at times. The build-up of lust and desire and the feeling of satisfaction is almost not attainable makes it more exciting, and draws me to it more. I enjoy satisfying it one delicious bit at a time. Sending surprise packages to my long distance sluts who I keep in chastity on and off, finding a random, new stranger on the net and challenging his nerve to accept a late night phone call from me. Tasting new blood, hearing the voice of a timid novice. Feasting on the passion of hearing the surrender of a virgin on some levels; one who has never whimpered, never held his breath for me, never been penetrated, never felt the soft, tight sensation of satin panties around his cock and balls.

I have a one-track mind. All I want to do right now is write about desire, buy more toys, and plan more domination. All in preparation for the big release, knowing that it will be better than all the ones before.

For those that cross my path, by email or in my chatroom, consider yourself warned. Yes, I have been trolling a bit for a potential victim,

but I rely on my instincts and impulses to pick who, and when, and for what. I listen to that femdom lust inside of me. For those others that simply want to do something to make me smile, the answer is simply chocolate or a book. Especially if you have never done something to show your appreciation for this free website.

You also are encouraged to email me or visit my chatroom. But I can’t tell what might or might not happen…especially in this heat.

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

My Mystery Slave

I met Dirk on the Internet about 2 months ago.

Now, I must admit, he is my total whore. And we have never met.

Dirk is my Internet slave, my phone slave. But I have total control over him, and this works for me because my desire is so spontaneous and so outrageous that I need someone like him to keep up with me. We write daily, we talk on the phone once a week, and I spend hours masturbating about him and the things I want to do with him.

With Dirk, I can be myself.

**

I am not quite sure "Dirk" is his real name.

After all, I only have an email address and phone number. We whisper sometimes on the phone at work, but he always calls me, so I have no idea where his work is.

I make him slut himself out for me — right in the middle of his day — which makes me wet more than anything. I plan it out in my head the night before and send him an email telling him when to call and what to be wearing.

Then, when the phone rings, my heart stops.

"Akasha," he says.

"Hello Dirk," I say.

Then we engage in the raunchiest, nastiest phone sex you could imagine. I have made him suck dildos on the phone, I have made

him wear a thong panty under his trousers and parade around the office, I have made him fuck himself with a vibrating butt plug while I rub my panties under my skirt, phone pressed tight under my chin, until my stifled orgasm explodes in a muffled squeal.

I've spent time in the ladies' room with my high heels pressed up high against the closed doors, using my fingers to pry my panties to the side and push, prod, rub and squeeze my sex until I cum imagining his face pressed mercilessly between my thighs.

The only thing I wish I could experience is that. His face pressed under my pussy, my ass. Riding him and using him, smearing my juices on his face until his fingers dig so deeply into the mahogany of his desk that he gets splinters under his nails.

The man makes me so wet.

***

Dirk calls me and puts on this soft, sensual, unassuming tone. "Hello Akasha," he says, and immediately I feel my thighs press together and my panties heat up. It's because I want to use him, humiliate him, make him beg and whimper.

He starts out so confident. But I reduce him, each time, to a pathetic, begging sissy boy.

Here I am, in a big office, in a tight-fitting tailored suit, nothing too revealing but my thigh high stockings and garters (I like to flash them from time to time), my too-high heels (five inches). I tell Dirk about how I'd treat him if he was my pathetic office boy.

"I'd tie you up with my stockings," I say, "Then mount your face, open my thighs and make you work your tongue into me, but only while I reach back and squeeze your balls until you beg for mercy."

I make Dirk torture his cock and balls while I tell him this. He has to kneel down, strip from his power suit down to his frilly panties and bra, and then pull the panties down and apply clothespins, ben gay, or sometimes worse. His dick bulges and turns colors, his balls shrivel.

When I hear him breathing hard, I get wet. That's all it takes to get me going, I begin using my fingers, rubbing my pussy and then slowly sliding them inside of me one at a time. Listening to him gasp in pain as the ben gay soaks into his skin, his dick and balls are on fire and he can barely stand it.

Then I slowly, deliberately, make him open the plastic sealed envelope I sent him and remove the soiled panties. I make him ball them up in his hands, reminding him how I masturbated into them, fucked myself with them. Then I make him lick the crotch, pressing it against his face, sometimes I make him duct tape them in place.

And I tell him what a pathetic little piss-slave he is.

***

Dirk has a thing about toilet slavery. It is the ultimate submission for him; he wants to be used as a human toilet for a woman he adores. He wants to clean her pussy and serve as her toilet whenever she needs it.

I find this really, really erotic. Because what else demonstrates such total devotion? Still, I think of it more as a tactic for humiliation and control.

I call him on the phone and refer to him as "Toilet boy."

His voice cracks, I hear his breath catch and he says, "Yes Akasha."

"Toilet boy," I say, sitting back in my big leather chair, legs crossed, dangling a high heeled shoe from my right foot, pen to my mouth.

“Your Mistress requires an immediate servicing. Report to my office, assume the position and be prepared to accept my fluid.”

Oh, I hear him scramble. And I hear him stroking.

“Hands off MY DICK, slave” I say without warning.

See, Dirk is not allowed to even touch himself without my permission. I totally own his cock. That is what makes our relationship so passionate and intense, even though we have never met.

**

Dirk’s cock has been mine for the last several weeks. He wears a pink ribbon a few days a week, he wears my locking cock cage the rest of the days. Sometimes he wears a super tight latex sheath that keeps him hard all day.

I dress up, own, and totally possess Dirk’s manhood. I humiliate him about his size (he’s a meager 5 inches), I make him squeeze the head and work himself to the edge but not let him cum, only to degrade him for his horniness and make him get the ben gay for an application.

I make him wear frilly, nasty panties every day. He has a wardrobe he got for me, and I pick out each day what he presses against that manhood that belongs to me. Sometimes I make him wear french cut nasty panties, sometimes I make him wear a thong. Sometimes I make him wear my panties or panties I send him. He has a very hot, slender build.

And then, there is his ass. And I own that too.

**

I have made Dirk shove all sorts of things into his pussy hole (as I call it). Usually while I listen. I developed a "dildo seat " that he can place in his office chair and sit on, mounting it, then ride while I command him on tempo and depth. This humiliates him more than anything as he feels it open his ass and fill him with each thrust.

And he fucks himself while I listen, masturbating, telling him how hot he is making me.

"You like it when I fuck your tight ass, don't you?" I tell him.

Just the sounds of his breathing get me going. He is so affected, so humiliated yet so turned on . I love it more than anything.

Dirk sucks dick for me, sometimes, before he even shoves it into his ass. I have a big, black latex dick, complete with balls, that I make him go down on. I listen to him slurping, sucking, gasping.

And then he gets to hear me cum.

**

Sometimes, Dirk and I have incredibly normal conversations. And I treasure them. I treasure him, because he does not always require or expect me to be bitch-from-hell, he also enjoys me for the person that I am.

"My boss is being an ass," I can say to him. And he will listen and provide a sympathetic ear, expecting nothing in return.

"Tell me a story," I can say, and he will.

He'll weave a tail to entertain and amuse me, and sometimes, only sometimes, I'll make it to the end without finding my fingers between my legs, chair reclined, eyes closed. Lost in his voice.

**

It all comes down to the voice.

Dirk has a great voice. He is just a voice to me. But I imagine him quite often — dark hair, medium build. Great dark eyes, small mouth. He has a great smile, I imagine, and when we go arm in arm into a dinner party I can think of nothing else but owning him later.

"Why can't we meet," I say to him on the phone from time to time.

Tapping away at his keyboard. I can hear him smiling; I can really hear it. "You wouldn't like that," he smiles. "It is better this way."

But I want to meet him. I want to meet Dirk. I can say, honestly, there are times I want to order him to a hotel and tell him to be prepared to meet up with a box and note. To read the note, open the box, assume the position, put on the restraints and blindfold.

Then in I would come, tight black dress hiding 8-inch strap-on dick, ready to possess my Dirk, body and soul. All night ass-fucking, humiliation, face sitting. His tongue up my ass, his lips on my toes. Fucking his face, making him finger me to orgasm then lick me to twelve more.

"Let's meet in New Orleans," I say.

But he just laughs. And we never meet.

**

Dirk makes me wet.

That's why I continue to talk to him, even though I want to meet him for more yet he denies me each time. Maybe it is because he is secretly married; maybe it is because he is afraid of me.

But I still jump when the phone rings and I know it is him. I still lick my lips in eager anticipation and part my legs just as I lift the

receiver and place it to my ear.

I close my eyes, I whisper his name.

I imagine all the things I could do to him if he would trust me just a little more.

He is my ultimate phone slave and my best far-away lover. He can make me cum in a matter of minutes, and is willing to dress up in high heels, thigh high stockings and bend over his own desk to take a dildo up his ass while I listen to his breathing.

For that, he is irreplaceable.

He is my most prized mystery slave.

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

Nightclub Kidnapping

The first glimpse she gets of him he is on his knees. On the floor, at her feet. His arms are crossed over his chest, his eyes shut tightly in pain. She turns and nearly stumbles over him, but he is oblivious. He lowers himself back the ground, his nose to the floor, his arms behind his back, his wrists crossed.

She squints at him and stands still. She is the only one not moving on the dance floor now. He reduces his movement also as the song comes to a close. he lifts his head and lets out his breath, moves slowly to stand, and she just stares at him, this beautiful creature.

When he stands he is right in front of her, but not looking at her, just looking past her at someone. She says simply, "hello."

His response is, "hey," but he looks just past her again, moving around her to someone that is calling him. No eye contact. Oblivious.

She looks over her shoulder at him as he greets his friend and leaves the dance floor. A man approaches her as the next song comes on full swing, saying bashfully, "hey, dance?"

"Go away," she mutters, pushing past him. She follows the boy off the dance floor, to the bar, leans against it and then fingers for her

driver to come to her.

“get the car ready,” she says to her chauffeur. “bring it around to the back, and tell them..” she pauses for a second, then lifts a finger and points, “tell them I want that one.”

She points at the boy, still oblivious, as he is drinking from a plastic cup of water and laughing at his friend, stopping only to run a hand through his hair and set the cup down. He is dressed in black fishnets and black shorts, a mesh black top over his chest, his hair dark brown and hanging down so far his face was almost totally hidden. His boots are black and pointy, his fingers hidden in black velvet gloves. Yes, he is the one. At least for the night.

*****

She sits in the back of her limousine waiting, her only company the sound of the windshield wipers from the front. Time drags, she waits. She takes out her compact and re-applies her lipstick, hears a shuffle from outside and then holds still. The door opens and she hears his beautiful struggle, watches as her men force him into the car.

The boy is as gorgeous as ever, his eyes now hidden behind a black velvet blindfold, his arms chained behind his back. They pin him face down into the seat and chain his legs together while she watches, silent.

Oh, his struggle is so noble, he kicks and screams at them and she just wants to reach over and stroke his hair, comfort him, perhaps stuff a rag into his mouth. To be gentle, to be cruel, what difference does it make?

She says quietly, “X-bar,” and her men nod to her, reaching into the back and pulling a steel bar, holding the boy in place for a painful hogtie as she watches, sipping her wine, crossing her legs, sitting back and preparing herself for her night with her new captor.

****

The drive is thirty-seven minutes, she knows it well. Alone in the back with him, she watches his struggle, but he does not know she is there. He is blindfolded, hogtied, and how perfect his pointy boots look as he tries to reach around with his hands to find a way out.

So fiesty, she thinks to herself, so strong and full of energy, but so feminine. How sweet indeed, her new pet, she smiles as he tries to rub the blindfold off of his eyes, how he whines out loud, thinking no one can hear him. Music to her ears, she sighs, setting down her glass and sliding down into her seat, her legs crossing and uncrossing, shifting her thighs together in arousal, feeling the aching grow inside.

****

Her men are well trained. She goes into her house alone and freshens up, listening to them bring her prisoner into her lush home, bringing them into her room and unfastening the X-bar, putting the boy where ordered so he could wait for her.

She waits to give them time to finish and give the boy time to settle, then she walks slowly into the dimly lit room and sits in her chair facing him.

His eyes follow her and he blinks. He looks at her. He says, "I know you."

She crosses her legs and looks at him in his little corner, exactly how she had ordered her men. His legs tucked under him so he was effectively kneeling, his velvet gloves removed and replaced with elbow high, tight black PVC gloves, his wrists together in front, chained with black shackles. A leather collar around his neck is locked in the back, a chain holding it in place and locking it to the wall so he cant get up or move much more than what slack allows — about 6 inches.

He is parallel with her crossed legs and she notices he looks at them, then up at her again. He shifts against his bonds and winces, muttering, and then looking up at her with a glare.

She stands and stretches in front of him, moves slowly, deliberately, walking toward him and watching as he watches her. “You are quite a tease,” she says.

With a bit of a scoff, he looks up at her and says, “this is a joke, right?”

She looks down at him, how his eyes look up at her through his bangs, how innocent he looks, how he tries to look so brave and unaffected but his chest rises and falls somewhat desperately.

“Some joke,” she mutters, turns, and walks away. She moves to her cabinet and takes out a handful of things, moves back to him quickly and eases down to his level. Her latex jumpsuit creaks almost, her tight leggings hug her thighs and the material reflects the light with a shine.

The boy’s eyes wander to the devices in her hands and she sees him turn away then back, shifting, his eyes starting to register anxiety.

First, the black latex gag, the largest one she has, she holds it up and looks at it with such admiration. She sighs and hisses at him but he cant hear her, he shifts around and softly, “come on, just let me go, ok?”

She stands with the gag and it almost seems to match her black shining outfit, “Let me hear you talk dirty to me, slut.”

With a laugh he looks up, “what?” he says, watching her as she moves the gag down her body, blinking at it.

His discomfort is so obvious that she revels in it, stripping in front of him, leaving herself in a black corset and stockings, moving the gag down her body and then bringing it to him, ordering “open your mouth, my little pet.”

The struggle is such poetry that she hesitates and lets him win for a bit, moving with him as he turns his head back and fort coaxing him, until finally she tires of the game and takes him hard by a fistful of hair, holding him still, forcing it deep until he whimpers in pain.

His whimpers affect her and she stifles a moan in pleasure, comforting him as she pulls the buckle tight and locks it, listening to his breathing as it comes in shaking gasps through his nose, how his eyes struggle to look up at her with a combination of fear and hatred.

Oh how his bounds wrists fight the chains, he tries to reach up to her but they are locked by a chain to the belt around his waist, his fingers so shiny and passionate, she can’t resist but to take one hard, force it into her mouth, and slide it in deep.

When he resists with his hands she bites down on his finger til he cries out what he can, then she resumes with her licking and sucking, going down on his finger, pressing her body into his, holding his head back against the wall with her other hand. His moans and whimpers drive her even more, she finds herself pressing into his knee, rubbing into it, imagining his finger is his cock, how sweet and slick the latex feels.

Finally, she stops and pulls back, slow, letting his finger slide from her lips with her eyes on his. His bangs are now damp with sweat, against his face, down to his chin.

She smiles. "But…now..anyway..what I have brought you here, for, I'm sure you're wondering..so we shall get on with it."

His eyes follow her as she stands, he pulls his hands close to his chest, his fingers intertwined, he almost looks as if he is praying. God, he looks so beautiful there on the floor so helpless, she knows she could sit down right in front of him and bring herself to orgasm at the mere sight of him.

She is gone only briefly, to the next room, where she wakes her sleeping slave and he murmurs in his state, opening his arms to her when he sees her, giving her his wrists, asking her, "Mistress what is it?"

She hisses at him to shut up, locks his collar on and he moans, rubbing his eyes, he wets his lips and squints around the room, then stumbles at the tug when the leash is attached and she orders him to move.

He keeps his head down, his eyes lowered, his soft blonde hair hangs in his face and he moves with his wrists behind his back so sweetly, she slaps his ass to keep him moving and ushers him into her room.

Her slave sees the victim there but does not dare look, he kneels obediently at her feet when she points to the floor and stays still, his eyes down, his hands on his lap.

The tormentress drops her slave's leash and moves to her victim, crouching down and taking him by the chin, turning his head toward her kneeling one. "See that?"

The victim lets out a muffled reply, trying to pull his head away but he can't escape her grip.

She is so hot now, she can't contain her patience any longer, she is unfastening her victim's trousers at once, despite his shifting and pulling at the chain around his neck, trying to sit up, trying to reach up with bound hands to push her away. His muffled, "no…no…" distracts her until she reaches up so suddenly and slams a hand over his gagged mouth and nose,

“LISTEN” she hisses, glaring so angrily at him, moving closer, holding him so tight that he cant breathe. He shifts and whimpers and she shushes him. “Not a sound from you, my little slut, understand that?”

“Slave,” she calls over his shoulder. “Come here.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

The captive starts to struggle and she takes his head by both hands, holding it still, blocking the view from beyond her. “Easy now, my sweet angel of misery, you just hold still and let my baby take care of you.”

He whimpers and twists, his eyes now shut tight, his struggles in vain.

“Slave,” she says, still looking at her captive, “You will suck his cock, and you will finger me. You will make us cum at the same time, or you will be beaten.”

His “yes mistress” is almost drowned out by the captives futile protests behind the gag, but she holds his head still with a firm yank and glares at him, his eyes still closed.

He sweats and shakes as her slave takes his cock into his mouth, and she watches half turned with such adoration at her little pet, how slow and deliberate he is, how he moves his free hand up her thigh, between her legs, back over her wetness and behind to her ass, so perfectly, so delicately.

She shuts her eyes and takes in the sounds, the breathing of resistance from her captive, the deep moans of pleasure from her slave, soaking in the feeling of his fingers alternating inside her, watching then how the hard cock looks in his mouth as he savors the taste of her victim.

When she turns to look at the prisoner his eyes are shut tight, his brows are down, the sweat pours from him. His resistance has been replaced with a combination of stifled pain and pleasure, oh how her slave knows how to please a man. She reaches up and unfastens the gag and removes it, listening to his gasp and watching him wet his lips, then without hesitation she leans to him and takes him by the chin, kissing him deeply.

He returns the kiss eagerly as she holds his head in her hands, moving her tongue deep, pressing herself into her slave's fingers, moving with his rhythm, breathing hard now as she feels herself close to climax.

She reaches down with her finger and slides it into her, then reaches down and her slave moves back so she can move her finger over the

top of her prisoner’s cock, taking his precum and mixing it with her juices.

She lifts her damp finger to her captive’s lips and says softly, “lick, my new pet.”

he shuts his eyes and leans forward, taking her finger so eagerly now, sucking, taking it deep. She moans and shuts her eyes, grinding her hips, moving deeper onto the fingers of her slave, watching her captive writhe as he is brought closer, how hard his cock looks, how deep he is being taken.

She leans into her prisoner’s face and whispers, “I’m cumming, angel, cum with me my little slut” and he gasps, arching his back. She cums to the sound of her slave moaning deep with pleasure as the fluid fills his mouth, as the captive thrusts deeper into him.

Her fists clenched into her prisoner’s hair, her back arched as she shakes and trembles with orgasm, she moans deeply into the ear of her prey, placing a gentle kiss on his neck, collapsing on his lap.

For a moment she catches her breath, eying her slave as he is kneeling there, proud almost but hiding it, his head lowered, his lips still glistening.

She sighs and closes her eyes. “Go run me a bath,” she says softly. “And I’ll be with you in a few minutes.”

“Yes Mistress,” her slave answers, standing.

“Wait,” she reaches up weakly. “First, give my prisoner a kiss. Where are your manners?”

She feels the prisoner tense below her, she rolls over onto her back on his lap and watches as her slave leans down with parted lips. She finds herself with her hand on the boy’s cock as he lifts his head and shuts his eyes, so obviously uneasy, but aroused, opening his mouth so slight, letting her slave kiss him deeply.

She moans and shifts a little, her hand tightening around the boy’s cock, sighing, “Make that a bath for two, slave.”

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

Blue Moon

Once in a blue moon…

I had really been looking forward to the blue moon. The moon, in general, is fascinating to me — just to look at it, at least — I am not fanatical about it, but I always look forward to it. Whether or not it has to do with my femdom hunger cycles, I'm not sure. It's probably my own power of suggestion.

Another large stretch of a relentless work schedule led to lack of sleep, intense stress and self-inflicted drama. All ingredients for what I consider the most intense sort of dominant hunger. I first recognized this in college; always, always, right after finals, it would hit me. It was almost a ritual; sell my college textbooks back after the last exam and then go out and torment my beau at the time — I'd set aside at least a few days for nothing but feeding my desires.

Bondage was the main element; I'd go out and spoil myself with some new restraints, masturbating just thinking about how I would use them. Planning a time to get together was part of it also. I was tremendously impatient and if I had to wait more than a day, I would become cranky and restless. I had a hard time being told "no" or having to wait.

After three or more glorious days of self-indulgence, all would be well in my world. Peaceful sleep, wonderful bliss and an amazing connection with my partner were inevitable. Pure heaven.

Now, things are not much different. I can see it coming from a mile away. This time, it hit me, and at the same time, I was left without an outlet. Why are the femdoms gods doing this to me? Once again, I have to wait. And I hate having to wait. Masturbation doesn't do it. Masturbation plus fantasy doesn't do it. Writing makes me want more. I plan, and I plan, and I plan. I buy more toys and more

outfits, getting aroused just looking at PVC and latex skirts and dresses, trying to justify why I need one more pair of black patent leather boots.

If I could wear a sign it would say, “Beware of femdom.”

I turn my attention online and to my long distance options, pondering the possibilities of my casting call challenge and my latest online training idea. Planning, planning, planning. Always in the back of my mind thinking of the ownership of cock. The teasing and denial. The most important aspect of it is that it is on my terms.

For my pleasure.

When I want it, how I want it, and what I want.

Not for him, but for me.

Wanting to essentially say, “You want to submit to me? Then submit. On your knees, unconditionally, and show me what you are really made of.”

The most prominent twinge, though, is something I used to feel a lot in college and my first years in the corporate world. That is — “new blood.” Like a vampire, of sorts. The taste of something new. That’s why I used to delight in the innocent novice who was timid but curious, wanting to dip his toe in the water. I wanted to be that femdom, and I was intoxicated with his reactions to things he had never experienced in his life. The sincere shivering, the timid voice, eyes that were afraid to look at mine. Like fine, fine chocolate — only a nibble was enough to make me tingle all over.

There is something very arousing to me about shocking someone with my ideas, my ability to be cruel (and get wet by it), being demanding and be sexually completely open with what I want and how I want it. Be demanding pleasure. Making a man please me, regardless of what he thought of the acts he had to perform.

Discomfort. Fear. Humiliation. But his willingness to do it, just to make me wet, to hopefully get a taste of how wet I was, to see me pleasure myself in front of him. Blindfolding him and masturbating while sitting on his face, making him whimper because that's what it would take to get me off that third time.

Making him feel objectified — that his entire purpose was to please me, and he was an object, a tool for me, just like my vibrator. That his arousal was not so relevant to me; in fact, that his arousal should be painful or humiliating if anything. Keeping his attention on me at all times. But doing it playfully sometimes, cruelly passionate, amused. Combining affection at with cruelty at just the right times.

Making him play games which he could not win because I made the rules and could change them at my whim. The smallest things like that, with the unassuming novice, delight me to no end. Because he's never been duped in my sadistic game before; he doesn't know that when I offer him a choice between gags, I'm actually doing it to find out which one he fears more so I can not only use it on him but make him beg me to use it on him.

There is nothing like making a man beg for me to do something to him that he dreads. He is not begging for the act. He is begging for the reward of seeing me get off on it. Of seeing me wet. If he is lucky — of licking my wet fingers clean.

Now, so many years later, right after the blue moon, without the outlet and release, I depend on, I find myself looking at the unassuming novice. I would snatch them up in a moment if I could. Who knows, I still might. I know what I need; I need to feed this hunger by preying on a willing, eager to please being who truly is in it for my pleasure, not his own.

The rest comes later. The first time I strip him naked and look him over, fondling him in an almost clinical way. Putting him in a pair of red panties because they are tight and show off his helpless

erection. Clamping his nipples or strapping on a cock and ball harness, randomly all the while making him suck my fingers — whorishly. Telling him how deep to go, and that he's not making the right sounds for me. I like being demanding, and it's just never enough for me.

Bending him over a couch and quite purposefully making sure he sees the array of tools I have placed out. Leather harnesses with large dildos, my ruthless set of gags and my favorite rubber straitjacket.

Tell him, simple, "You are in for a long, long night."

My thoughts are a mish-mash of hunger, desire, planning, and lust. Not quite knowing when I am going to satisfy it, all I can do is channel that energy into more productive things. And plan. Plan. Plot.

So, that's what I will do.

Jun 3, 2018Akasha

Open Letter to a Monday Night Goth

How many Mondays has it been now?

A year and a half, oh I don't know, you do the math. But it hasn't been every Monday.

The first time Miss Blue and I went to the club I noticed you, but nothing really stood out except that you appeared to be on drugs. All too much energy and nothing to do with it. You nearly ran into me a couple of times and when I caught a glimpse of your face I thought, "my, that boy doesn't look old enough to be here.". It almost seemed as if you were alone, you didn't talk to anyone. You danced until you dripped with sweat, you stumbled a lot, but it looked almost choreographed. I was amused.

We went again and again to this place, the music was tolerable, the men weren't obnoxious, and for a dollar can you go wrong? And again and again you were there, dressed so plainly in a black t-shirt and pants, boots, again never leaving the dance floor but for a glass of water, ending the night in a pile of sweat somewhere.

About two months later your hair had grown out from that spiky black mess into something interesting, and I think you spiked it on purpose, or perhaps it was the sweat. That was the first time I started noticing your wrists, they became very apparent to me when you would run your hands, both of them, up through your hair as you danced. Keeping it out of your eyes, yes, I know, but I was just looking at the wrists. I thought, damn, all that energy in that boy, and those wrists. You stared forward when you did this, at me but right through me, and our eye contact was always oblivious, or just on drugs. Or maybe even arrogant.

A few weeks later you came in a skirt, and at first I thought you must have lost a bet. But it suited you, even though I wondered when you would trip on it as you thrashed about in your typical angry way, hair dripping, those wrists again, I can see the stamp on your hand. Sometimes it was as if you went and put your head under the sink, but you never left the dance floor. And I think this is when you noticed that I noticed you.

The skirt remained with you the next few Mondays, it started to become a regular thing perhaps, but then others were wearing skirts as well. You were looking paler, or was that makeup? And the eyeliner, yes, you started with the eyeliner. My girlfriend and I joked that you were experimenting with your mother's makeup, you looked so young sometimes. But so angry. And that energy. And those wrists.

A few nights I didn't hide that I was looking at you. I didn't hide that it amused me to see you on the floor when you kneeled down for the music. I smirked, I looked into your eyes, but you were oblivious. I made it so obvious, yes, I see you on the ground there, and yes, you look so good down there. When you got up, I looked away. When you got down, I smiled in approval. And you watched me, but you looked right through me. Drugs, arrogance, ignorance. It didn't matter.

To enchant you, yes, maybe. Who knows. Times I would ignore you, times I would be enthralled with you. Nights that I was particularly hungry I would dance with a stranger and stare you down, taking his hair painfully between my fingers and bringing him to the ground, staring at you, yes, can you read my mind? This should be you. On the ground. At my feet.

And you danced, oblivious. The eyeliner, the skirt. The hair now, thick, spiked. And now the black lipstick. That pouty look. So serious, how you sang, how you swore, how you were so fucking pissed off at the world. People stood back from you because you

were a mess, everywhere, I can't count the number of times your sweat splashed my face when you moved past me. But I just brushed it aside and look at you, thinking about how good you'd look with a glove stuffed in your mouth.

And then you teased. What was this, the 6th or 7th month? Confidence got the best of you. People knew you now. You were quite the little goth celebrity, with the gothlings following you with their metal coffin purses. You sat out many songs, just watching. But I still danced, and maybe this time you watched me. And you always made it a point to show up at some point, there on the ground, writhing about. How many times I nearly tripped over you.

And time and time again, of all the places you chose to fall to the floor in angst, it was close enough that I could trip over you. And how you would rise up and look at me but through me. With your eyes closed. You did everything but hand me your fucking wrists. Those wrists. Is this your idea of a game?

Overcome just a few times, I admit. The one time I took my girlfriend in my arms right in front of you and started kissing her deeply, showing you that yes, you creating such lust in me, parting from her and pulling her head to my shoulder and staring at you, right at you, serious. And you looked back. Oblivious. Drugs, arrogance, ignorance – again, it didn't matter. I don't claim to even have a vague idea what you are saying to me.

My birthday, last November. It fell on a Monday, and I took the next day off. It was probably a full moon too, who knows. You were dressed like a pretty boy that night, you were like a fucking package waiting to be opened. You were wearing more makeup than I was, you were wearing velvet and lace, gloves and boots. You danced only twice, you probably didn't want to ruin the beautiful picture that you were. And yes, I stared. I didn't give a damn at that point. But don't let it go to your head. I wasn't imagining what it would be like to take you in my arms and kiss you. I was imagining how you'd look

in a ballgag, I was imagining how you would like standing on your toes with your wrists suspended over your head. I was picturing a collar tightly around your neck, you eating scraps of dinner from the palm of my hand.

And when I stepped closer, you stepped back. You stared at me. Miss Blue's hand on my arm, nudging me, maybe she thought I would have done something foolish in that state. But you stared, and I stared back, and I shook my head. And I laughed. And you started dancing like the slut that you are with your boyfriend, and yes, I liked it. Was that my birthday present?

With the frustration in me that night I made someone you know get down on the floor and lick my boots. Do you remember that? I know you saw, you were sitting in the darkest corner with your back to the wall, and I could see one leg hanging over. He might have even told you about it later, how I made him do both of them. That boy still looks at me shyly to this day.

After that, Miss Blue and I didn't return to the club until after Christmas. She was busy with finals, and I had too much work to do. And when we came back in January, you were still there. But without the makeup again, and so much more tranquil. And still, no matter what, you managed to throw yourself to the floor near my feet at least once a night for the next three months. A token, a tease. A gentle reminder that you're entertained by the way I look at you.

But do you really know what I think about? Do you know how I have looked in my trunk and wondered if you would fit? How I have brought an ex-boyfriend who's three times your size and asked him, "hypothetically", if he could manage to get a person of your size and energy out of that club against his will and into my car, into chains without security noticing?

Do you know how many times I have considered walking up to you and asking you to walk outside to show you something, only to seduce you into something you weren't sure about, to get you into my car before you knew what was going on?

Do you know how I have plotted with Miss Blue into thinking we were going to take you home for a threesome, only to get you into restraint so I could do what I really had in mind?

Oh, my arrogant little pet…I do love to watch you play, and I appreciate your self-confidence, your passion, and that energy you have. And when you look at me with those eyes, when you continually tease me with this game, I hope you know that I am not like the little black-lace clad angst-filled gothlings that follow you around like you are God. I don't dream of fucking you. I don't dream of your tongue between my legs. I don't even dream of kissing you.

I dream of restraining you, making you sweat like that but for me, seeing that pain in your eyes for real. I dream of you on the floor at my feet for another purpose, my little angel of misery. To see my boots up close. And in case you have wondered, that's why I conveniently shove them under your nose when you kneel with your head down on the dance floor. I smile, and I think, get used to it.

Perhaps you think it's silly that I think of such things. Just as I think it's silly if you think I would ever want anything more from you.

And now, another Monday. One night, when the moon is in the right cycle, when I am hungry enough, when you are looking at me with those eyes just one too many times, I just might act. But until then, I am content to just look at you, at your wrists, and fondly think of what could be.

—

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Jul 9, 2018Akasha

Remember Me

Remember Me?

Remember Me?

You didn't actually think I forgot about you, did you?

Oh, not in your wildest dreams. You will always be a part of me. It's just a matter of time, they say. I'm always there, waiting. I'm watching you. You don't even know who I am.

As I browse the most evil shops for implements to use on your flesh, sometimes I feel a twinge of hesitation, remorse, guilt. Only briefly. Because I need only reflect back to your image, your taunting eyes and cocky smile. And I know it's what's best for you.

Because, you don't understand this now, but you need to be taught a lesson. You need to realize that your place is at my feet, that your world will one day be the shiny reflection off my boots. You'll learn the feel of a collar tight around your neck, your shoulders aching from the strain of your wrists pulled tight behind your back.

And I put you there for a few reasons. Not only because the mere sight of you in bonds makes me ache with desire. Not only because the leather looks so hot against your skin. Not only because your eyes will sparkle when they look at me with true helplessness.

It's because I want to take care of you. To protect you. To possess you.

I'm not all about cruelty and pain, no. But I don't deny that I'll have to put you through that to respect me, to care for me, to realize that I am the one that can show you both sides.

I don’t deny that I’m going to enjoy taking you down. Your resistance, I know, will be noble. But you can’t overpower me. I will seduce you before you realize what you’ve gotten yourself into. I’ll have the bonds tight against your limbs before you can move to escape. My most ominous gag will be secure in your mouth, relentless, to prevent you from talking me out of it. My soft velvet blindfold will hide your piercing eyes should you try to work your charm on me.

Then, as I slip my gloves on tightly, watching how you breathe, shift in discomfort and fear, I will know your time has come. My latex touch on your naked flesh will symbolize your new birth. Whether you thrash, or sob, or choke on your own breath, it will be for me.

I haven’t forgotten about you. I’m patient. It’s just a matter of time.

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Jul 9, 2018Akasha

Stories - Space Age Love Song

Space Age Love Song – Part One

Do you want to know how the mind of a 15 year old femdom works?

Well, here it is. An updated version of it, at least. Between the ages of 15 and 17 I wrote on and off in a story to be later called "Space Age Love Song". Some may catch the reference. Who knows, maybe I will painstakingly type in some of the actual text from it one day; it's all scribbled in notebooks, barely legible. I'm surprised I had the patience to write because it took so long (the days before computers for me!).

It's a love story, of sorts, about a female alien and a musician. I'll jump around a bit, but you'll get the idea, I'm sure.

She was around the age of 18 and her name was Tanya. Very petite, with long straight blonde hair and green eyes. She wore only very tight fitting military-type uniforms, black, with knee-high boots and black leather gloves. Standing only about 5'5 at the most, she did not appear very menacing, but her job was in military intelligence.

Her job was to interrogate men and find out military information. Codes, locations, plans, etc. Probably an odd job for a petite little blonde, but being an alien, she had a special talent.

In most cases, she could destroy a man with her eyes; just looking at him, direct eye contact, she could often read minds, but more often just cause a great deal of discomfort through the power of suggestion. Sort of like being a natural, instant hypnotist without having to learn anything. She could say things like, "Stop breathing," or "Go to sleep," and her suggestion would be impossible to ignore.

Obviously, this made her a valuable tool for the evil group she was working for; some futuristic band of military freaks led by a psychobitch named Katrina.

Katrina was a true evil sadist, she used to just like to sit and watch Tanya rip men apart, and she'd also instilled many man-hating virtues into the young girl. Katrina was in her early 30s, more built, tough, with dark brown hair and brown eyes. Reflecting back, Katrina may have been a lesbian. At the very least, she was a supremacist and a man-hater.

Katrina would take great pleasure in showing random cruelty to men; slapping them for no reason, degrading them, telling them they were worthless shit right in front of Tanya. The young, impressionable girl, still a child in many ways, would listen quietly, often intimidated by her superior.

Of course, Katrina didn't have the talent that Tanya did, with the eyes, so deep down Katrina knew that Tanya would need to be kept under close watch; Katrina feared that when Tanya grew up, she might revolt, leave the colony, or want to take it over herself. So Katrina mindfucked the young girl a lot, used fear tactics, made her insecure and ruled her world with a tight fist.

It was a cool winter night when Tanya was summoned into the prisoner block; apparently, they had come across a group of men they thought to be the military intelligence of the enemy, and they were trying to get them questioned, processed and executed as soon as possible.

The young girl was sleepy and exhausted; she had just spent an entire week breaking down an entire fleet of military soldiers; they had been strong, trained to resist, and extremely challenging for her. Solid, defiant, bold. Katrina had a tremendous amount of venom for these men and the week had been ruthless, full of bloodshed, druggings, brutality, and sinister tortures. Tanya was starting to get immune to all of it.

But her eyes burned with exhaustion, her body was sore, and she felt almost like she was stuck in a machine, churning out the same

results over and over again. As she slid her entry card into the slight for clearance and the door opened, she took a breath and pulled herself together for what she assumed would be another solid three or four hours of a battle of wills.

Often men would recognize her type, but the way her eyes caught the light, and they'd shut their eyes so tight and look away. The assistants would have to pry them open with a little set of medical tongs, hold them open, put their head in a locked harness, tilt the chair all the way back and keep them strapped down so they couldn't even move.

She expected this again.

But what she found was something entirely different.

**

His name was Jay. He was the original brit pop star type, charmingly English. He was doing that endearing nervous-stammer thing long before Hugh Grant made it fashionable, and it was for real.

He was the lanky type, tall, but strapped down as he was in a big leather chair, she had no idea of his height. She found his clothes to be odd, his shoes especially, and his dress to be militaristic but in an oddly camp way.

She noticed, at first, his big hands, how they twisted around under their straps and grasped at the loose ends of the leather, tugging, pulling. He was breathing hard, very hard, and immediately she sensed this man had zero resistance training. She picked up the clipboard and read the computer display with his age, background, military associations, and the information required, then she sat on a stool next to the half reclined chair, put her hand on his forehead, and watched him jump and turn to her.

A mop of hair hid his eyes, hair she pushed back and reached over to pin out of the way, holding him in place as the assistants began with the straps that would hold his head in place.

Instead of being met with shut eyes, military rank and number, she saw him almost collapse into her gaze willingly, eagerly, pleadingly.

“You have to get me out of here,” he said to her, and his accent was something she had never heard before. Almost melodic. Sincere. Every time one of the assistants would touch him, he’d flinch, even though they were just applying the sensors and readers.

The door slid open and Katrina walked in, and Tanya saw Jay’s whole body tense under the restraints at her mere presence; it was apparent the two already knew each other.

“Finish him off quick, Tanya,” Katrina ordered. “He’s military shit, a liar, and a fraud. Don’t let him try to charm you.”

When Tanya put her gloved finger under his chin his eyes went back to hers willingly, and she started with what she does, and locked into his look so he could not turn away, even if he tried.

“Give him an injection of Andriol,” Katrina said, moving to the other side of the chair. When the assistants moved to comply, Tanya shook her head slightly, eyes still on his.

“No,” she said. “He’s fine. Let me do it clean.”

“Are you the expert now, young Tanya?” Katrina snapped.

The blonde just stared into this man’s eyes, getting a tremendous sense of something she had not felt before in a man under the lights. Fear. Vulnerability. Desperation. Trust.
It tickled her inside, in a way she had never felt before.

“Please,” he said. It was odd that he could speak, she noted, as most men were so locked into try to break out of the gaze that they’d lose the ability to put sounds together.

He gave in to her. Willingly, openly, at once.

And she found his eyes to be very beautiful.

**

Meanwhile, Katrina was unusually eager to get this one out of the chair and back to his cell, and lined up for execution at once. Tanya found her cattiness at an unusual high with this one, and like a child with a new toy, Tanya was intrigued by him, wanted to hear that strange accent again, wanted to ask him why he so willingly fell into her gaze while so obviously thrust into a military interrogation.

“Who do you work for?” she asked him.

He started to speak, but Katrina slammed the computer clipboard on the table and tools rattled, falling on the floor, making the prisoner jump what he could under the tightly confining restraints. “That question is NOT on the list, Tanya. ”

His eyes were tearing from being locked in place and unable to blink, so Tanya took a light cloth and dabbed the corners of them, keeping them clean so he could see. She lowered her voice. “Tell me who you work for, Jay.”

“I don’t know,” he stammered. It appeared that he started to realize he was under some influence by her, that he could not look away, then he started to try harder, try to avert his gaze, swallowing hard. She saw him make two big fists, and he rubbed his feet together over and over again, almost removing his shoes as a result.

“I’m afraid,” he said.

She touched the corners of his eyes again with the cloth. “What are you afraid of?”

“You,” he said.

Tanya heard Katrina over her shoulder, felt the older woman’s hand clench her arm, tightly. “Are you purposely disobeying my orders?”

Tanya turned away from Jay to face her boss, hearing him let out his breath at finally being released from her eyes, then immediately become aware of just how tightly he was strapped down, and once again aware of his situation; previously, it was as if nothing existed but her green eyes.

Tanya lowered her voice and scowled at her boss, hissing that she had been up for three days with no sleep, no pool (another story, to be explained later) and no breaks. That she was on edge, overworked and needed to be cut some slack.

The older woman raised a gloved finger at her, shook it, and hissed, “I’ll be back in thirty minutes. Have him broken, deposed, and signed off for execution. Then, we’ll meet in my office.”

With that, the booted older bitch queen turned on a heel and left the room.

Tanya sighed, rubbed her eyes, turned back around, and this time, he knew better.

Jay lowered his eyes away, licked his lips, and said, “Please don’t do that again.”

**

Tanya took some time reflecting on her notes, pondering the drugs available to her for the prisoner, not really listening to him anymore. One of the more softspoken assistants had volunteered to her,

quietly and in a foreign tongue so the prisoner would not hear, that he had observed military tactics like his; strong overtones of innocence, an attempt to charm, a veiled sense of total purity that lowered the guard of the interrogator while the prisoner built up his inner defenses until they were almost indestructible.

"You're probably right," she said softly, picked up a hypodermic needle, a pair of eye clamps and her handheld computer screen.

When she turned back to Jay, he was still averting his eyes, and she found he was sweating terribly under the lights. He was biting his bottom lip, so hard it nearly bled. The heart monitor was racing, and when she touched his chin it seemed to nearly stop, flutter, then even increase.

It was then, she decided, to take him to the pool.

**

It was beyond all logic, of course, and she knew Katrina would have her ass if she found out. But it was a decision she made on a whim, one that would change the course of her relationship with Jay tremendously.

You see, Tanya not only had this talent with her eyes, but as an alien, she was also a water creature. She could breathe under water, and spent most of her leisure time in the water, quite often including sleep. She had the strength of ten men when she was in water, and knew instinctively how to use that to her advantage.

When she did not spend enough time in the water she would become drained, despondent, weak. That was why she had been especially bitter with Katrina; her being overworked had seriously cut into her time in the water, and she was starting to feel the effects.

So she told the guards to take Jay out back to the pool. They of course obeyed without question, but found it odd, and Tanya slipped

out of the room to change while they took the time to remove the wires, sensors, and straps from the prisoner.

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Tanya changed into a skintight, almost transparent sheath that would protect her sensitive skin from the cool temperatures of the water in the night air, pinned her hair back and moved out onto the covered balcony where the dark pool resided.

She was standing about to enter the water when they emerged with Jay, pulling him toward her with both his arms pinned behind his back.

It was the first time she saw him standing, and she was thrown off, intimidated, and backed up at once. She had not seen someone so tall before, and his height bothered her.

"Down," she pointed, and they forced him to his knees. That made her feel more comfortable.

She walked over and put her hands on his face, for the first time without gloves, feeling his skin. His eyes were searching all over but not looking at her, and he was still breathing hard. "Can you breathe under water?" she asked him. It was a serious question, but it came across as a threat.

"I swear, I don't know anything," he said. His voice was a little more together now, out and away from under those bright lights. He had taken the question to be a threat, apparently. "If I look at you, and I tell you, will you believe me, believe what I say," he said.

His face felt delicate in her hands. She had never seen a man quite like this; he was so tall, his shoulders broad, but his face, and especially eyes, showed such innocence and purity. He had cheekbones much like her own, and his lips were full, and soft. She found herself feeling them with her finger tips.

Again, something stirred inside of her. An aching. Something she had never felt before. It troubled and scared her, but it felt good at the same time.

Jay did not turn away from her light touch this time, instead he shut his eyes, pursed his lips together and placed them on her fingers in response. She recoiled, threw her hands behind her back, and felt an aching oddly between her legs, her heart pounding.

"Put him in the water," She said at once.

***

He flailed like a terrified child, but the men held him firm. Still in full uniform, they pulled him into the depths of the water until it was chest-level on him, and his teeth chattered, his breath fogging the air before his face. It was too cold to even struggle, so he held firm, staring forward, solemn now.

Meanwhile, Tanya was off somewhere, underwater, thinking. For some time she remained there, in the far dark corners of the pool, evaluating the aching from her belly and her fascination with lips, his voice, and the way he gave his eyes to her.

When she emerged, minutes later, he was terribly cold, shaking visibly. His eyes found her and he seemed a little perplexed at where she had gone and how she had returned, but his thoughts slipped away when she moved up to him, wrapped her legs around him, her arms hanging around his neck.

He did not know it, then, but in the water, the strength of her legs could easily break him in two. He did not know it, either, that she could hold his head under water with one hand until he drowned.

"How long can you remain safely under the water, Jay?" she asked him,

His eyes searched her face for sincerity, for emotion. When his eyes were on hers she locked onto them, and asked again, asked in a tone that demanded an honest answer.

He heard himself say it. “I guess a minute. I don’t know.”

She reached up and put a hand on his forehead and pushed back, forcing him backwards and under.

The men had trouble holding his arms, but she leveraged her weight on their shoulders and easily held his frame under water with her thighs.

And she counted off, in her mind, one minute.

When she let him up he coughed, choked, gagged on water and had to flail his head around to get the hair out of his face.

“The hair must go,” she said, and she was smiling, for the first time. Smiling, for some reason, at how the water decorated his face. Water made everything more beautiful to her, and he was indeed beautiful. That was what she had been perplexed about him before, that was what it was.

He was beautiful.

She reached up with both hands and he flinched when she touched him, but welcomed the warm touch of her hands when he felt how her skin glowed. She pushed the hair and water all back and away from his face, then used two thumbs to rub the water from his lashes and out from under his eyes.

“You are a very pretty looking man,” she said to him.

He regarded her for a moment, and some sort of recognition came over him, a realization, a hope perhaps. Yes, as if this man had used

his beauty and innocence before, or at least known it could sometimes be used in his favor. “Thank you,” he said.

“Do you want to kiss me?” she asked.

Now, this was an odd question for Tanya, as she had never even kissed a man. But she had read about it, and she had read about that line in a book before, and before she could resist, she had said it. She was reacting to the feeling in her belly, the awareness that her thighs brought of the form and feel of his hips.

She watched him lick his lips, look at her face, then he said, barely, so softly, “Yes.”

Tanya reached up, ignoring the bemused, curious looks of the guards holding Jay’s arms, and she wrapped both arms around his head and put her mouth on his. Inadvertently, as she leaned into him, she lowered him back down in the water, and as she was lost in the wonderful feel of his warm mouth and tongue she did not realize what she was doing.

When he was submerged he panicked, tried to turn his head away, but she held him, and kept kissing him, a deep, underwater kiss, better than even the one in air, and she pressed her small body against his frame and felt the overwhelming need to merge fully with him.

It was unlike anything she had ever felt.

When his body twisted and bubbles filled her mouth she snapped out of it and let him up, hearing him choke and gasp and shake.

She was looking at his eyes, but again had to reach up with two thumbs and clear the water from his lashes for him.

“You aren’t a spy, are you?” she asked, but she already knew the answer.

“No. I’m a mus….mus…” his teeth were chattering again. She put her warm hands on his cheeks, and the warmth filled him. “Musician,” he finally said.

She wanted to never let go of him. Something about him was rare to her, and priceless, and not only did she believe him, she wanted to kiss him again.

“Miss Tanya,” one of the guards interrupted. “It’s nearly 11. Miss Katrina will be expecting her report.”

Tanya stared into Jay’s eyes, and he looked at her, hopeful, turning his head slightly toward the touch of her warm hand.

“I’ll go see her now. Take him back to his…” she stopped, looked at him. “Take him to my quarters. Secure him there.”

Jay looked at her, without any real expression, as the cold and nearly drowning twice seemed to overwhelm him. He was just obviously pleased to be escaping the cold of the water, and his eyes glazed over in a sense of surreal disbelief as he watched her lithe form seem to almost fly through the water, with little effort, and eject her from the pool so she could walk back through the double doors.

**

“Have you gone insane, young Tanya?” Katrina mocked. She slammed the report onto the desk, looking at the soaking wet girl before her, watching her drip water onto the floor, something she detested. “You’ve actually lost your head because of some teenage puppy love for a deranged, military traitor who has seriously fucked your little girl head up.”

Tanya seethed with anger. It was not often that she felt this much fury, but Katrina’s words this time really grated her. “I have a right to my opinion,” she said. “And per my contract, I have a right to demands. I demand this man be released into my custody, and I

demand to take full responsibility for his debriefing and investigation."

Katrina sat back in her big leather chair, hands behind her head. The woman, many times, impressed Tanya with her power. She looked up to her a lot, and often wanted to be like her. So cold and unapproachable – so strong. Unbreakable.

A semi-smile crossed over Katrina's face. "Alright. I'll tell you what. You can keep your little plaything. Have your way with him. I knew it was only a matter of time before your hormones kicked in and you wanted to explore your sexuality. You take him, you fuck him, you use him. Do what you want with him. But I don't want him released, I don't want him getting into your little head and I don't want him interfering with your work, is that clear?"

"This isn't about sex," Tanya snapped.

"Grow up, my dear. Don't tell me what I do and do not know. You, my teenager prodigy, are needing to mate. I have seen it before. Don't confuse the need for procreation with honest emotions. Do not fall in love with that man. Medicate yourself so you don't get pregnant, tie him down, and fuck him. You'll tire of him soon. You'll tire of them all."

Tanya scoffed at her, shook her head, and turned to leave.

"If you break any of those rules, " Katrina reminded her. "I'll have him terminated immediately."

When the door was closed Katrina picked up her report again, muttering. "Two days. Then he's history."

**

Tanya returned to her quarters to find him bound to a chair at the backside of her open-space facility. He was still a little wet, shaking a

lot, and his uniform was starting to fray.

She went through her computer mail, pressed a button to start the process of dinner, then walked over and regarded him for a minute, her hands on her hips. "I had you released to my custody."

"Thank you," he said, his lips shivering from the cold.

"You'll be allowed to live if you don't cause me any trouble," she added. "But I'm going to continue your debriefing. If you don't cooperate, we can just as easily take it back to the lab and do it in the chair."

"I'll cooperate," he said.

She looked at him. Something was strangely arousing about the sight of him there; such a large man, bound to her chair (quite efficiently, she noted, the men had done a good job), and he had those eyes.

"I'm very cold," he told her, lowering his eyes a little.

She nodded, adjusted the heat controls in the room, as air temperature never really affected her either way. The change in room temperature was almost immediate, and he sighed in relief, shook the half-dry hair out of his face, struggled just a bit in the chair to find a comfortable position, then sighed – a long, exhausted sigh.

Tanya removed her dinner and sat down at the table across from him, started to eat, and said, "So tell me, from the start, how you got here and who you are."

**

She listened, for a good fifteen minutes, to him explain the abduction of he and his "mates"(his friends), a loss of time on his

part, some brutality, a lot of confusion. The place he said he was from sounded odd to her, and was not part of the military operation. Of course, she noted, it could all be invented, and she had heard better stories than that before.

He explained to her that he created music, and she scoffed at him and said, “People don’t create music. Computers do.”

He seemed to be watching her eat as he talked, each lift of the spoon.

Finally, he said, “Can I have a glass of water?”

She nodded, got up, went to get a glass, and said, “So if you aren’t part of any military alliance, what were you doing in the sector?”

He lowered his head, shaking it a little. “I have no idea what any of that means, or what you are talking about. I’m not be confrontational, I just don’t know what you mean.” Tanya knew what he meant; he’d obviously had some conversations with Katrina before he was brought to her, where saying “I don’t know” was taken as a challenge and met with a slap across the face, as evidenced by the still evident bruises on his cheek.

Tanya returned with the glass of water and he lifted his head, parted his lips, and leaned over.

She poured it over his head.

Startled, he shook, trembled, spit, and said, “What the fuck!”

Tanya blinked at him, looking at the glass, then at him. And she said, in all honesty, “You mean, you wanted to drink it?”

**

After talking, nearly two hours of talking, he convinced her to track down his "gear" and bring it to him, so he could explain some things to her. Even as she made her way down to military storage she knew she was being gullible, and although she figured part of his storage could be weapons, something compelled her to do it.

She kept her gun at her side, though, and when she returned with a large crate he looked at it eagerly.

"Can you untie me?" he asked hopefully. "You trust me now, don't you? Look at my eyes, look at me, you know I am not lying, don't you?"

She found him so easy to believe. She nodded.

"I'll untie you." She said. "But I don't want you standing. You must always keep your hands behind your back or on your head. And if you make any sudden moves, I'm putting you back in restraints."

He nodded. "Trust me. I know you are a lot stronger than you look," he said.

Tanya nodded; he obviously remembered the strength she demonstrated in the pool. Apparently, though, he was not aware that she only possessed that strength in the water.

Tanya released him and he stood and stretched. She immediately drew her gun and pointed it at him.

"Oh, shit," he said, holding up his hands in defense, then sliding back into the chair. "I forgot, I'm sorry. Why can't I stand up?"

She opened the release on the gun, putting it into ready-mode, her eyes wide as she backed up a little. "I don't like your size. Ease down on the floor."

“Ok, it’s ok Tanya, I’m not going to do anything,” he said, slowly sliding out of the chair and onto the floor on his knees, two big palms facing her. Damn, she pondered, even his hands looked huge. “I didn’t come all this way only to get shot for standing up. I’ll do as you say, I trust you.”

“I’m going to find some restraints to keep you in but give you mobility,” she said. “You get what you wanted to find out of the trunk, but I’ll be watching you,” she warned.

**

She watched him sort of slither over to his things, moving slowly and cautiously as to not startle her, and even something about the way he moved low to the ground was intriguing to her. She reholstered her gun and went into her back room, fishing through her military shackles for a set of restraints she remembered owning for a pet she once had.

When she returned to the main room she found him lifting a large, odd shaped case from the storage unit, and he had, for the first time, a smile on his face. It made his eyes sparkle, and he seemed to glow from it. It warmed her.

He set the case on the floor, opened the buckles, opened it, and lifted what appeared to be a weapon. At once she dropped the handful of restraints, withdrew her gun again, and said, “STOP”.

Jay froze, half holding the large device, looking at her, wide-eyed. “It’s not a gun. It’s a guitar. Look.”

She eased over slowly, cautiously, gun still trained on him. She crouched down half way there to grab the restraints she’d found, and then made her way to him.

**

Oddly, he seemed oblivious to anything as he fished the instrument out its case, tweaked some of the knobs on it, shook it a little, peeking inside. Tanya was locking a band around each of his wrists, the gun pointed at the back of his head, telling him that this restraint system would make her feel more comfortable around him.

"I can't believe it's here," he said, as the buckles snapped into place around his left wrist. When she finished with it he rubbed his palm over the sleek wood of the instrument, then lifted it toward his lips affectionately.

The other band snapped into place around his wrist, then when she reached around, under his chin and toward his neck, he raised his hands abruptly in self defense. His sudden movement startled her, and she pressed her gun to the back of his head. "Hold still."

"What are you doing?" he asked, his voice shaking just a little.

"It's for your neck," she said, watching him grip the guitar tightly, his knuckles turning white. "It won't be tight."

She wrapped it around his skin and fastened it behind his neck. He seemed to be holding the guitar for security, pulling it closer to his chest.

When she finished, she slid around to face him, taking his wrists and moving them together until the clasps automatically locked into one another, giving him about two inches between them.

He looked up at her, slowly, solemn. He looked sad. "Do I have to wear these?" he asked her.

"I'm afraid so," she said, standing upright.

He lowered his head again, silent for a moment, then lifted his head and said, "Can you give me just…just five minutes without them? I promise, I'll let you put them back on."

She took him by the chin and looked into his eyes. He so willingly looked at her, she was not used to that. She blinked once slowly, then trapped his gaze with hers, and felt his body tense. Apparently he had forgotten what it felt like to be in her control.

"You will have five minutes," she said. "And if you try anything, anything at all, I will send you back to your cell for the night."

"I promise I won't try anything," he said, staring up at her with that look again, the vulnerable look.

Reaching down, she inserted a key into the clasp on the restraints and they snapped apart, freeing his wrists. She turned away and his body slumped, he let out his breath. "Shit," he breathed. "How the fuck do you do that."

"It's a gift," she muttered, picking up her glass of juice and sipping it slowly. She heard him shift around, then she heard music, and she turned at once, wondering where he'd gotten the music box.

**

Tanya had never seen anyone play an instrument before, as music in their world was supplied by computers and music boxes, not people. She found the entire thing a little mesmerizing, so she slid down and observed from the corner of the room.

He apparently was not even all that aware of her, just into having his hands on an instrument again, not really playing anything, but just messing around with a few segments and bits of things.

"That's very beautiful," she said when he stopped. He smiled softly, putting it back in the case and closing it.

"Thanks," he said. "It would mean a lot to me if you'd keep an eye on this, I would hate for it to be taken away."

When he finished putting it away he held his wrists out toward her, together, so she could do whatever she needed to do. They were auto-locking, though, so with a click they snapped together, he blinked, looked at them, then said, incredulously, “Clever.”

Then he went to get up, propping himself up on a knee, and she shook his head, sipping her drink. He went back down, then leaned against the couch, and remained there.

**

Meanwhile, Katrina was doing a little interrogating of her own.

She had one of Jay’s “mates” – a cocky man by the name of Sander – and she was giving him an old-fashioned kind of interrogation. One where her guards held the man down on his knees and she used her bare hands for a bit, backhanding him in leather gloves until he spit blood.

“You aren’t so pretty anymore,” she scowled at him.

“I had more to work with,” he hissed, “Than you.”

She held him by the shoulders and delivered a solid kick to the groin, making him double over. “Strap him to the chair,” she ordered the men. “Strip him down. Spread his legs. I’m turning this man into a woman.”

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Jun 1, 2018Akasha

Space Age Love Song – Part Two

Tanya lost her virginity that night with Jay.

Maybe deep down, she planned it that way. He wordlessly did not question, resist, or hesitate when she led him down the long corridor of her room to the indoor heated sunken tub, and he held his shackled wrists up and out of the way when she reached down to undo the buttons of his shirt.

He'd gotten quite used to the crawling, actually, and being led by her with a finger under the leather collar around his neck.

"Into the water," she ordered.

He precariously stepped in, lowering his naked body into the blue colored water. It was much warmer, luckily, and this time his teeth didn't chatter wildly and his body didn't shake.

She'd unlocked the shackles on his wrists long enough to remove the shirt then locked them back in place, then positioned him in the water, on his back, so she could climb on top of him.

It was her intent only to kiss, to feel his wet hair against her skin and to share underwater intimacy with him, for him to trust her enough to let himself be half-drowned, should it please her.

But one thing led to another, and even though she kept pushing his bound hands away as they grappled to touch her, hold her, she found herself pinning them over his head with one hand and positioning her body over his, staring down at his eyes.

"Are you still afraid of me?" she asked him, holding his eyes with much more ease, realizing, for the first time, that the surge of sexual energy actually made her gift more powerful.

“No,” he whispered, eyes on hers, looking up at her in awe, awe of her beauty, the sheer strength of her tiny, feminine body.

For some reason, this angered her. She liked him better when he was afraid, and vulnerable. He seemed so much more endearing to her when he was that way. So she didn’t even consciously do it, it was just the frown that she gave him, the frown that communicated something dark to him, that made him start visibly trembling.

It was the mere thought in her head, “I could drown you with one hand right now,” that somehow made it through the non-verbal communication and sunk right into his soul, terrifying him. The clear, succinct, pre-meditated nature of her thought terrified him, because it was as if she played out in her head, then downloaded it to his as if to say, “This is what I am capable of,”

“I’m so sorry,” he said, his lips trembling. “What did I do..how did I upset you.”

“You don’t take me seriously,” she said softly, still glaring at him. His eyes, now, seemed to want to escape. He swallowed, arched his back, and she felt his sex between her legs, not rigid anymore. He was trying to snap away from her gaze. How futile, she thought.

In fact, he was so helpless to the look, he was the type that couldn’t even blink, let alone look away, so it made his eyes burn, and water. She found herself wiping the tears out from under his eyes again.

“Blink,” she ordered. “Wet those eyes of yours. Then we’ll continue this talk.”

He probably thought blinking would give him a chance to escape her look, but it didn’t. He blinked two times then found himself looking right back at her.

“Kiss my fingers,” she ordered. And he did so, when she placed them on his lips. She smiled, and her smiled seemed to soothe him, it

seemed like it was peace for him, peace and safety. He kissed her fingers and watched her eyes for more warmth.

“See, I’m not always so evil,” she said. “Am I pretty?”

“You are pretty and terrifying,” he said softly. “Like a poisonous flower.”

Tanya liked that. In fact, she had never been romanced before, but she always imagined what it must feel like. She smiled down at him again, and once again, her warmth poured over him and comforted him, and he visibly relaxed a tiny bit more.

She leaned down and kissed him, and that broke the gaze so he let out his breath in relief just as her mouth found his. The kiss was warm and deep, and she pushed his head down in the water. He struggled when he was submerged.

She let him up to breathe, then did it again. Repeating this cycle a few times, she found herself holding him tightly by the neck, controlling just when and how much he could breathe, all the while her body sliding closer and closer to his, until finally he was pressing into her, threatening to enter her.

It was strangely vulnerable to her. She didn’t like the feeling. But she wanted it badly, her body wanted it so bad it burned in her. So she gripped his neck harder, pushed his face under water and held it there while she slid him into her, gasping.

He struggled, but her eyes were closed, and she was lost in the feeling. When she let him up he choked some water and she kissed him. He was half trying to regain composure, half fumbling with chained wrists and all the while trying to position his body to somehow control the penetration.

But she would not let him. She found a position that pleased her immensely, holding him by the neck at a just water level so his head

was barely above water, then thrusting into him forward in deep, steady motion so the water shifted back and forth with each thrust, making waves that covered his face again and again.

This was beautiful. But as she neared climax, she tightened her grip inadvertently around his neck until he gasped for freedom, opened his eyes wide and pleaded, wordlessly, for her to ease up.

She came, and she let go, and he gasped for air.

Then she collapsed on top of him, holding him tightly, shaking herself.

It was all he could do to keep his head above water.

**

Jay slept next to her bed that night. She opted to sleep out of the water to be close to him, and she made him kneel next to the bed with his bound hands up next to her. Holding his clasped hands in her own, she fell asleep while watching the outline of his face, his chin resting on the bed side.

She'd asked him if it was too uncomfortable to sleep; he'd weakly smiled and said it was worlds better than the cold dirt floor of the prison cell. He'd even reached up to stroke the hair out of her face affectionately, fumbling slightly as he had to do it with two hands.

Tanya slept better than she had in a long time. She woke up a few times to see his face there, sleeping with it resting on her bed, worn from the day's activities.

In the morning she was startled awake by a distinct "click" and she opened her eyes to find him missing.

**

She sat up slowly in bed, blinking and looking around, then reaching over to turn on the light. She saw his shadow in the hall, moving slowly. He was standing; even his shadow looked taller.

“Jay?” she called. “What are you doing?”

He did not reply. The shadow moved a little. She rolled over and reached into the drawer for her gun.

It was gone.

Her heart was pounding in her chest. She turned back to the shadow and traced it with her eyes. He was holding the gun. She reached over again to the bedside table and hit the silent alarm, her soul burning from betrayal.

Her eyes stung, and she felt the tears coming on. She cursed herself, shut them tightly, and willed them to stay back. Tears meant she wouldn’t be able to use her eyes. Tears were not good. She took a breath. She hated him. Hatred never caused tears, so she clung to it. Hate.

But for some reason, hatred brought tears in this case.

“Tanya,” his voice came from the hall. It was cautious. “I’m going to come out, I have your gun…I want you to put your hands over your eyes.”

She scoffed, shaking her head, sniffling. “Fuck you. It doesn’t matter anyway. I’m crying. I can’t use them when I’m crying. You bastard, I hate you.”

He peered out from the hall, looking at her carefully, but turning his head when she lifted her eyes. Looking away, he shakily revealed the gun. “I’m not going to hurt you, I just need to get out of here. I need to find my mates, and I want to go home. You have to help me.”

Tanya stared forward, shook her head slowly, and cursed herself for ever trusting this man. For falling for it.

It was the moment that he took eye contact with her, lowering the hand with the gun because he could not believe what he saw, the way the tears turned her eyes from glowing green to near black, when the door flew open and a band of guards appeared, guns drawn.

His eyes were still on her, mouth slightly open, a look of bewilderment, confusion, sympathy, until he blinked, saw what he was up against, raised his weapon weakly and realized he was outnumbered.

"Take him to his cell," Tanya sniffed, arms folded tightly over his chest. "Tell Katrina to have him executed, I'm finished debriefing him."

His eyes widened and he lunged toward her, to his knees, when they grabbed him and shackled his wrists. "Tanya, PLEASE, I didn't hurt you, I was just trying to save my friends!"

Her eyes burned so painfully she covered them with her hands. "Get him out of my sight. Torture him. Put him through the worst of it. Record his screams for me. I hate him. I HATE YOU!"

"Wait," he howled, digging his ankles into the ground and fighting desperately to not be led away. "I was just asking for your HELP, Tanya, PLEASE."

She heard him yelling her name all the way down the hall until it finally faded to nothingness.

Then her intercom rang, and she pushed the button, to be met with Katrina's voice.

“Well, well well, ” Katrina mocked. “I heard your little boytoy already revolted on you.”

Tanya bit her lips, kept her eyes down. She breathed deep, trying to regain her composure.

“Is it true you want the boy terminated?”

“Yes,” she said solemnly.

“You don’t want to go one more round with him before ending his life? Sometimes when they fuck like they think it might save their life, they do a half way decent job.”

“I don’t want him near me.”

There was a silence. Tanya could hear the creaking of Katrina’s chair as she reclined in it, thinking. “As you wish, little one. I do hate to see your heart broken though. Trust me, you’ll carry that pain around with you a long time unless you take care of it.”

Tanya felt that pain. She felt unthinkable pain. A pain she had never felt before. “Take are of it how?” she asked.

Katrina’s chair creaked again. “Meet me in cell block 17 in an hour. I’ll show you how.”

Tanya turned off the intercom and curled up in a ball. The stinging in her eyes returned.

It was a pain unlike anything she had ever felt.

**

Katrina sat there, looking at Jay with a half smirk. He was bound to the interrogation chair wearing nothing but his trousers this time, and he kept his mouth shut, refusing to acknowledge or look at her.

“You know, it’s not a good idea to break young girl’s hearts, Jay,” she lectured. “Tanya is a unique creature. She deals with and expresses hatred in a very unique..very colorful way.”

He was breathing hard through his nose, trying to level his emotions.

“She’s going to look into those pretty brown eyes of yours and shut your body down from the inside out. It won’t be pretty.”

“She loves me,” he finally spat out. “What happened was a misunderstanding. She cares deeply for me. I can see it in her eyes. She’ll understand me when I explain it to her. She’s not the coldhearted bitch you are, Katrina.”

Katrina laughed, pacing in her boots, her hands behind her back militaristically. “Oh Jay. You know so little. I raised that little girl since she was a toddler. I trained her myself. Her little bout with puppy love was a fluke, and she sees now you were using her, and were a threat to her, and undermined her. You used her like garbage, manipulated her, and broke her little heart.”

Jay continued to breathe through his nose, thinking. He tested the bonds again but found no slack.

Katrina leaned over close to the chair and he turned, glaring at her, eye to eye.

“She’ll forgive me when I explain,” he hissed. “You fill her head with lies.”

Katrina raised her eyebrows, lifting up a black scarf. “You’ll explain nothing, Jay. Not that your words would make a difference, but just to be sure…”

When Katrina went to gag him, he fought ruthlessly. He knew words were his only hope with Tanya, but Katrina was strong, and he was

restrained, and it was only a matter of minutes before the cloth was shoved painfully into his mouth and a piece of building tape was placed firmly over his lips.

He hissed breath through his nose, arched his back against the chair and fought what he could, his moans muffled.

The sweat started to come over him, and he felt panic.

Then she arrived. Back in uniform, her hair tied back once again, her eyes, again, glowing green and on fire, this time, with hatred.

***

Jay was in a hopeless situation, and Katrina knew it. Not being able to speak meant he could only plead with his eyes, and looking into those venom-eyes would be certain death for him.

He had his eyes squeezed shut so tight, was whimpering slightly, making fists with his hands, struggling, trying desperately to figure a way out, all the while having to listen to the two of them.

“He’s afraid to look at you now, Tanya,” Katrina said. “After betraying you like that. He did it knowingly, and he knows the consequences will be harsh.”

He listened to the pairs of boots walking around the room. Finally, Tanya’s voice, but it was solemn, still laced with hurt.

“Do you have the clamps for his eyes,” she asked, softly. It was obvious she didn’t even want to go through with it.

He tried helplessly to twist his arms up and lean his head over to reach for that tape that prevented him from talking, but Katrina gave his chest a shove back then gripped his head painfully by the hair, holding it back.

“Open your eyes, Jay. You deserve to give her that respect after what you did to her. If you don’t, I’ll have them fetch the clamps and brace, and you won’t have a choice.”

Again, he twisted his hands up toward his body as best he could, groaning.

“I think he wants to say something,” Tanya observed softly.

He shot his eyes open and looked at her, and he nodded, he nodded and looked right at her, at her eyes.

She didn’t take him that time, just shook her head and looked away. “See what he has to say Katrina. I need to put some eyedrops in, anyway.” Tanya stepped into the next room and Katrina looked at him, smirking.

He blinked at her expectantly.

She shook her head. “Not going to happen. Say goodbye, loverboy.”

**

Tanya returned, drying her eyes with a towel. She walked slowly over and he looked at her, again trying his best to lift his hands, but she seemed to have totally forgotten about removing the gag. Instead she leaned down just a little, put hand on his forehead to hold his hair back and keep his head still, and said softly, “I was stupid for ever trusting you.”

He pleaded with her using his eyes, he showed such begging that he thought for sure she would see it, and he so willingly looked right at her, ready to endure anything, that he figured she must see it, see something in him.

But she was immune to it all. She seemed to be having some trouble, though, looking at his eyes, and she kept blinking, her eyes

burning from the eyedrops apparently. She sniffled, pushed some loose strands of hair out of her face, then took eye contact with him again.

This time, though, it shot through him like electricity. And it hurt.

Katrina was pacing behind her. “Think of what he did to you, Tanya. Think of how he betrayed you.”

She inhaled, and it seemed to give her strength, and the strength caused him more pain, and he let out an audible whimper, slinking back into the chair, turning his head but not his eyes, helplessly trying to get away.

“Oh come on, Tanya, you are going easy on him. After you gave him your virginity, he betrays you?”

This time, somehow, he managed to pry his gaze away, let out his breath, then shut his eyes tightly, terrified.

Tanya blinked and shook her head, rubbing her eyes. “My concentration is all fucked up Katrina. I need to go rest, I need to swim. I can’t do this now. Just …just execute him.”

“You need closure.”

“I need sleep.”

They argued, and he listened, his eyes shut so tightly they burned. He felt her hands on his face turning his head back. He tried to curl up his body under the restraints, he tried to turn his head away. He even tried leaning closer to her, burying his face against her arm and shoulder.

She could hear muffled, but audible pleading, he was saying, “No, no, please…PLEASE.”

“Get the clamps,” Tanya said solemnly to Katrina. He heard the door open and close.

He opened his eyes and looked at her pleadingly. They were alone now. He begged with his eyes, he tried desperately to communicate his desire to speak, to say one thing to her.

She emotionlessly reached up with a cloth and dabbed at the tears under his eyes, these ones, though, were real, and not just a reaction to the lights. Strangely, she had always been able to tell the difference between real tears and reactionary tears. But, to be sure, she touched one with her index finger and brought it to her lips to taste it, the real way to find out.

It was, indeed, a tear from emotion.

She observed him for a moment, now his eyes wide open and giving to her, tears flowing pretty steadily.

The door slid open. Katrina approached, and Jay turned his head the other way.

“Oh dear, what did you do to him?” Katrina asked, turning his chin toward her and looking at his tear-stained face.

“I just looked at him,” Tanya said solemnly, staring forward. “And didn’t do anything.”

Katrina scoffed, reaching up and lowering the head harness down to lock it in place, the device that would eventually pin his face in position and be fitted with clamps to keep his eyes open. He struggled with her and whimpered. “He’s crying because he is afraid then, and he knows you’re going to hurt him for what he did to you.”

Tanya continued to daze a little, thinking.

Katrina locked the device to the chair, then tightened the clamps to hold his head still. His whole body started to shake.

Tanya finally turned, as Katrina was leaning over with the tiny steel clamps for his eyes. “Wait,” she said. “I want to hear what he has to say.”

“Don’t be silly,” Katrina snapped.

Tanya felt his hand, suddenly, digging into her jacket. He had caught hold of it and was using his fingers to pull her closer and closer, because he could not lift his head again to look at her, it was locked in place.

He was tugging hard.

Tanya pushed Katrina to the side a bit, saying, “hold off on the clamps for now, let me see for a second.”

She reached for the tape. The tears were causing him to choke back on his breathing.

“Don’t do it, Tanya. You’re acting weak,” Katrina snapped.

“He can’t breathe,” she responded. “You don’t want him to pass out before I torture him, do you?”

She peeled off the tape and he opened his mouth eagerly, letting her fish out the cloth that had been wedged between his teeth. He coughed, and gagged a little, then said, quickly, “Please let me say something first, please.”

“Go ahead,” she said, solemn again, just standing there, moving into his line of view. He looked up at her, into her eyes, and blinked the tears away.

“I never meant to hurt you,” he said.

“He’s lying,” Katrina snapped.

Tanya just looked at him. He swallowed, fumbling for words, blinking, stuttering a little. “I..I could’ve, I could’ve done anything, y-yknow, I just wanted to ask you for your help, and I was afraid..you’d..I was scared, I…”

“He’s stalling, Tanya.”

She again ignored Katrina, and just looked at him, searched his eyes for truth.

“I’m sorry, Tanya, I am so sorry..” he finally said, and he shut his eyes tight, and sobbed.

“Oh please,” Katrina grumbled, and she leaned over took the cloth, and started to shove it back into his mouth.

This time, though, he didn’t resist, he opened his mouth to take it, apparently having said all he thought he could, and he choked his tears back into it and kept his eyes shut tight.

“Let’s get this over with,” Tanya muttered, positioning his chair under her so she could have a direct line of sight down to his eyes, with Katrina hovering over her like a pleased queen bee.

He opened his eyes willingly, blinking to get the remainder of the tears away, and then looked at Tanya, his eyes red. She reached down with a cloth to dab the wetness away from his lashes, and when she took eye contact with him to start she felt his hand find hers, against the chair, and he squeezed it.

His eyes communicated the rest to her at that moment; that he was wrong, and deserved it, and that’s why he wasn’t going to fight. While his hand, in hers, communicated the need for comfort, safety, and warmth from her.

There was a long, painful silence in the room.

Tanya felt her body weaken under her, when she took a breath, his fingers dug painfully into her palm, fearing the start of his torture, and then she saw droplets on his face. One on his cheek, then his eye.

He blinked and looked at her, searched her face, then she was only aware of his breathing, but acutely aware of fire in her own eyes.

"I don't fucking believe this," Katrina hissed.

Tanya looked up at her, and then felt the tears running down her cheeks. She lost focus as the tears clouded her vision, and her ability to use her eyes was shot for another ten or fifteen minutes, at least.

"What the hell is the matter with you? Why do you feel sympathy for this man? Are you losing your edge? Go back to your quarters, you're pathetic!"

Tanya was angry now, and hurt. She pried her hand out of Jay's and grabbed her jacket, heading out the door.

When it shut, Katrina turned back to Jay, who was strapped down, helpless, but visually appeared relieved to escape Tanya's wrath.

But he hadn't escaped Katrina. And she was furious.

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Space Age Love Song – Part Three

Chapter Three: Allen's Demise

**

Katrina was enjoying her interrogation of the third prisoner. His name was Allen, and he was a handsome, well-built man with short dark hair, piercing blue eyes and a rather large penis.

Her interrogations often were sexual in nature; even though she detested men, she found them sexually exciting and often used them sexually as a way to break their pride. Sometimes, she found, with especially masculine men, they could be broken down to tears in a matter of a few hours through sexual torture and humiliation, while standard interrogations with drugs and pain instruments could take days.

This one, Allen, she had strapped down on the low table, and she was straddling his face in her high riding boots. She was wearing her zip-up black latex interrogation uniform, and the material seemed to be almost painted onto her well-rounded ass as it pressed alternately on his face, cutting off his air from time to time.

The prisoner struggled, but held back, as to not give her so much satisfaction.

But this just got her off more. Katrina felt herself getting hot inside the uniform, the familiar sweat building between her thighs, heat rising through her pussy. The little struggles he gave when he tried to turn his head only excited her more, and she mocked him as she unzipped his trousers.

“You’re a wimpy little man, Allen,” she announced, leaning forward, lifting her ass off his face to hear him gasp for a breath and mutter some obscenities at her. She pulled his semi-erect penis from his pants and admired it for a moment, letting it slide around in her gloved hands.

Reaching over, she placed lubricant on her fingers, a lubricant that would heat up with her stroking, and continue to do so, actually, until she stopped. She had literally burned the skin off of men before with it. But with Allen, she intended to just torture him a little.

When her hand slid up and down the length of his shaft she felt him moaning under her ass, and she pondered unzipping her crotch zipper soon to start the suffocation process. Instead, she kept her hand pumping up and down on his shaft and could see his skin tingle, his member heat up.

His moans turned to whimpers in a matter of minutes. “That doesn’t feel so good anymore, does it?” she teased.

She stopped stroking and leaned over, pursuing her ruby red lips and blowing on the tip of his penis. He wailed in pain under her ass, and she lifted her bottom up just to make sure he could be heard.

“Why are you even doing this to me,” he hissed.

She leaned down and flicked her tongue over the tip of his cock. “Because I like it.”

He struggled under her, but the straps were so tight that his body could barely move. She had done an expert job earlier, strapping his wrists and ankles down, then his chest, but telling him she would leave the face strap off because she wanted his head to be thrashing about under her ass when she suffocated him.

Katrina reached into the side drawer and pulled out a metal clamp kit for Allen’s balls. She opened the bottom panel of the

interrogation table so his balls would hang down through it thanks to gravity, then she started screwing the metal clamp into place, tightening the skin around his balls slowly.

Meanwhile, his erect cock was cooling down finally, and glistening drops of pre-cum shimmered under the bright interrogation lights. His breathing had also settled and she could feel him shifting under her thighs, her ass now just an inch over his face as she was still crouched right on top of him.

"This clamp will hold your balls in place," she told him, "And I'll begin attaching weights to them, one at a time. Your balls will be pulled to the floor a little each time, and each time you do not give me the right answer, I'll add more."

Katrina lifted a leg and finally dismounted Allen, walking around the table, her boots clicking on the floor. She moved a hand over his chest, up to his neck. He was sweating like mad, his hair kind of spiked now from the sweat after being under her ass for so long.

"You find me attractive," she told him, smiling. Of course, she knew this to be true; Katrina was a stunning woman, with a shapely body. She had dark hair that hung past her shoulders, beautiful lips, and a curved form that was deadly. Her ass was rounded, her thighs were athletic and powerful. In her high heels, she stood nearly 6 ft tall, and she was stronger than him.

"I think you're a bitch," he hissed, not looking at her.

She had her hands casually behind her back as she made her way around the table, to his balls, where she attached the first metal weight and watched his sac drop a fraction of an inch. He hissed in pain. She adjusted an overhead mirror and said "So you can watch."

"Fuck you," he said.

“I can’t have you speaking to me that way,” she said, and she was walking around him again, this time unzipping the front of her latex outfit. Her breasts were nearly visible now, but she only went down a little. Next she lifted a leg and reached for the zipper at her crotch, slowly moving it from the front all the way back to her ass.

“Let’s put that mouth of yours to work, Allen. You’ll either tell me what I want to know, or drown in my cunt. All the while, I’ll stroke your dick to motivate you. Do you remember what that felt like?”

Allen turned his head to protest, but she lowered herself onto his face with ease, holding herself up with her strong legs, pressing her now exposed pussy to his face. He turned his head both ways but she tightened her thighs and put an end to that, and ordered, sternly, “Lick.”

He did not comply.

She leaned over, took his cock in her gloved hand, and started pumping again. This time, faster, and it took only seconds for the ointment to heat up to an excruciating level, and his whimpers vibrated against her thighs.

She moaned. Katrina was a sadist, and nothing thrilled her more than the sounds of a man moaning in pain between her legs. She squeezed her thighs inadvertently and nearly crushed his head, then loosened up and started slowly moving her hips in circles, rubbing her pussy round and round on his face.

“If I don’t feel any tongue,” she warned, a little breathless already, “I’ll give you five more strokes. I think you’ll find that five times more hot…”

Then, she felt it. And his tongue was so strong, she was pleasantly surprised. “You’ve done this before, haven’t you Allen?”

He kept licking, in slow circles at first, then pressed his tongue against her clit, and finally inside. This she liked, and she held his cock tightly in her fist as she started slowly moving up and down, ordering him to hold the position until she ordered him to move.

Her hair bounced in her face, her hand tightened on his cock painfully but she did not stroke. Meanwhile, because of the movement, his balls were swinging with the weights, slowly back and forth, painfully making him aware of their predicament.

Katrina almost forgot her questions. In fact, she was only aware of his talented tongue pressing against her pussy. When she ordered him to suck, he did so quite well, and she re-positioned herself with her ass on his face, spreading her cheeks for him.

But he turned away and said, "No."

And she was livid.

***

Moments later, she was attaching two electrodes to his stretched balls, and he lifted his head, gasping. "I…I don't know what you're doing."

"I'm about to generate volts of electricity through your balls, then to a catheter, I will insert into the head of your penis," she said, taking out a rob and lubricating it in front of him. She was all business now.

His eyes widened. "Wait…Katrina…I just –"

"You DARE deny my ass? Do you know what you are? Do you know how pathetic you are, that you are a bug that I can squash under my heel at any time? Do you realize that your TONGUE was the only thing keeping you alive?"

He stammered a little. His face was glistening with her juices; she realized, looking at him, that he must have been even better than she imagined because his face was soaked. She leaned in close, partially so he could see the size of the rod in her hand.

Moving in, she could smell her own scent on his face. She smiled, and parted her lips, then slowly licked his face one time. "Mmmmm…." She said.

"Please," he begged.

"Oh, so now you want to stick your tongue up my ass? You want to suck it now, don't you?" She moved to his cock with the rod.

He lifted his head what he could, gasping at her, "I'll do it…I swear."

She stopped, regarded him for a moment, then licked her lips slowly. "Hmmm.."

He raised his eyebrows and whispered, "please." In fact, she realized, he actually looked rather sweet in a boyish way, his face all wet, his lips pink.

When she remounted his face, she felt only momentary hesitation, then she used her hands to spread her ass cheeks and said, "Let's have it, Allen."

And he did quite an impressive job.

**

Moments later Katrina was almost unaware that the interrogation did need to be finished. Instead, she was consumed with the long, even strokes of his tongue up and down her ass crack, and the way his lips felt when he pressed them against her hole and kissed.

“I think I might have some use for you,” she moaned, pressing her cheeks down on his face to briefly cut off his hair. She did so until the table rattled with his struggling, then let up and felt his gasp.

“I want your tongue back in my pussy, ” she ordered, sliding back upright on his face. “And we’ll begin with the questioning. The weights are ready.”

Thanks to modern technology, Katrina was able to add weights remotely so she did not have to dismount from Allen’s face, forcing him to lick and suck her pussy while she read the list of questions to him, and pressed the button to add the first weight to his swinging ballsac.

He whimpered into her pussy and she eased up off his face, hearing him gasp, and she said firmly, “Your answer?”

“I don’t — ”

Before he could finish, she lowered herself back down and said, “Not the appropriate response,” and pushed the button. Magnetically at the other side of the table another weight was attached to the clamp, and she observed in the overhead mirror. The clamp was pulling down on his ballsac so hard that it was turning blue. She shook her head sympathetically. “I’ve seen men lose the whole sac,” she said. “the clamp is rather tight, and it won’t give way.”

He was whimpering, and his tongue was losing stamina. This disappointed Katrina, and she feared he was close to broken, and would soon lose the ability to even lick. And it was such a painfully short ride, she sighed.

“I’ve wasted too much time with you, Allen,” she said, fingering the controller in her hand and punching in the coordinates to prepare not one more weight, but four.

“I’ll give you one chance now, since your tongue is failing, to tell me what I need to know.”

When she lifted up off of him he whimpered to her, sounding terrified (but oh so sexy), but he gave her no answers.

This time, when she pressed her pussy back down on his face, she did it hard enough to muffle what she knew would be unprecedented wails from him. The weights would stretch his balls back down to the floor almost.

Indeed, when she pressed the button, his entire body arched in pain and he howled up into her cunt, but the vibrations against her thighs were heavenly. She pressed back down harder and pumped, slowly, rubbing against his nose, and she came on his face, listening to his muffled cries of pain mixed with her cries of sheer pleasure.

***

Katrina sent Allen to the medical center after his interrogation; he was unconscious from the pain, but she expected a full recovery, and was so pleased with his performance that she wanted to spare his life for another round.

She showered quickly and slipped into her more casual interrogation uniform, because she did have one more man on her list that day – the fourth and final comrade of dear Jay, and this one, she sighed, better be quick and easy.

This last one, a cute, young blonde boy name Jacob, was bound to a simple wooden chair when she entered the room. He bit his lip and looked at her, watching her put on her gloves.

“That friend of yours, Allen, has a very good tongue,” she told him.

Jacob swallowed.

She leaned over and took him by the chin, straddling his lap. She felt a bulge in his pants already. Definitely a younger man. She smiled.

“So what am I going to do with you?” she wondered out loud.

And it was so obvious, to her, what would break this 22 year old in an instant.

It was her leather harness. The one with 8 inches of latex shaft. It had been a few weeks since she deflowered a virgin, and his pouty pink lips seemed to be inviting it. She moved her thumb over his bottom lip and it quivered a little. She already was imagining him on all fours on the penetration rack, his tender ass cheeks opened for her, the large head of her latex penis pushing painfully into his sweet, tight hole.

“You’ll be good for me, won’t you, Jacob?” she smiled.

He nodded eagerly.

She slowly got up off of his lap and said, “Good. I’m moving you to the next room. The men there will lower you face down over a large table and secure your arms and legs there. Cooperate with them, and I will be with you soon.”

She placed a light kiss on his lips, and felt his breath shaking.

Already wet with the thought of it, she smiled and went to the next room to change into her gear.

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Space Age Love Song – Part Four

Chapter Four: Deflowering a Virgin

Katrina was changing in the next room when there was a timid knock on the door.

"Enter," she ordered.

The door slid open and a petite strawberry blonde girl entered the room, her hands behind her back. "Miss Katrina, my name is Jessica Chatsworth. Today is my first day."

Katrina was lacing up her boots when the young girl entered, so she turned and looked over her shoulder. The girl was innocent looking, very young, probably just of legal age that month. She has a small frame, only stood about 5'4 and had very pretty, long blonde hair with just a touch of red. This girl, she mused, looked about as threatening as a mouse. How she got assigned to interrogation was a mystery.

"I see. Well, come in. You can join me on my next case. A young guy, about your age. This may work out well. Have you finished your training?"

"I graduated with honors, Miss Katrina."

"Good. Well, get yourself into a uniform. You're about to have your first lesson in the real world."

**

Jessica was looking at the leather harness in her hands with some discomfort on her face. She moved it around and around in her

hands, wondering which end was which, and curious about the phallic looking latex protrusion.

Katrina was buckling her harness in place, positioning a black glossy dick between her legs so it pointed outward. She smirked at the young girl. "Men," she explained, "Are very simple creatures. For years, we tried interrogating them with drugs, pain, torture. All along, it was obvious – women, as interrogators, were more effective. Because we have a capacity for cruelty far more than men. And men are terrified of us."

Jessica nodded, looking at the strapon harness Katrina was in. In her all black sheer jumpsuit the black straps and cock almost looked like part of her – it was smooth, elegant. Very menacing.

"You take a man, you shove a dick into his mouth, or you sit on his face and nearly take his life away with that scent he used to found addictive – it fucks their minds so thoroughly that they become putty in your hands."

Jessica nodded, listening.

"Or, you crush their balls in a vice, or with the heel of your boot, and they burst into tears like little boys. You ejaculate them onto their own face or mouth, and their pride is destroyed. Their egos, Jessica, are their weakness. Fragile, pathetic little boys."

Jessica licked her lips nervously as Katrina stepped over to help the young girl into her harness. She told her to lift her leg, and she slide the harness up around her hips. She pressed the base of the dildo into the younger girls crotch and tightened it into place. Feeling Katrina's breath on her face, the girl's cheeks flushed.

"Don't be ashamed if you get sexually excited by this," Katrina smiled. "No one said you couldn't like your job, Jessica."

"Alright," she replied softly.

Katrina turned the girl by her shoulders and made her face the wall mirror. “Stand up straight now. Don’t you like it?”

Jessica found herself strangely aroused at the sight of herself in the new harness; the dick was glistening, and seemed almost a part of her. She was still a virgin herself, but the thought of pushing that penis into a man’s mouth or ass was exciting to her. But it made her blush.

**

Jacob was face down on this large, uncomfortable steel frame that spread his arms out over his head, and opened his legs up wide. They had removed all of his clothes and he felt terribly vulnerable in the cold room, and was shivering in no time as he watched the men place a variety of tools and gels on a metal table in front of him.

The table was slightly low to the ground and his wrists and ankles were in metal shackles that gave no slack. His flaccid penis was positioned inside of a small hole in the base of the table.

When the door slid open he tried to lift his head but couldn’t see anything from his position.

He heard two sets of boots and saw a glimpse of the two women, not recognizing the sweet petite blonde girl. When his eyes met hers, he let his mouth open a little. She was beautiful.

Indeed, when Jessica looked at Jacob she felt the same – and instantly felt some sadness for the man. This was a man she was there to break, destroy, then send to be executed.

Katrina walked in front of Jacob at once, and his eyes fell to the stiff member that now protruded from her crotch. “You ever sucked dick, Jacob?”

“No,” he said softly.

“Jessica, come here. Put your cock in his mouth.”

It was all very sudden for Jessica, and she did not have time to adjust. But she walked right over and averted her eyes from the pleading man’s gaze. When he tried to turn his head Katrina leaned over and held it in place.

There were muffled noises and gagging sounds as Jessica pushed her member into Jacob’s mouth. Through the sheer material of her uniform she could feel his breath coming from his nose, right against her crotch, and it felt good.

“Ease back and forth, Jessica. It’s ok. You won’t choke him.”

Indeed, she did choke him though, his eyes watered and tears were streaming down his face in no time, but she kept pumping. She moved her fine hips back and forth slowly, holding his head with her hands when Katrina let go and walked around to the other side of the table.

“Keep pumping,” Katrina ordered, squeezing lubricant onto her fingers and moving to the man’s vulnerable ass.

He had no idea she was back there; he was too consumed with not choking, his eyes shut tight as Jessica held his face now in her hands, delicately pushing strands of hair out of his eyes. She was now mesmerized with the sight of all 8 inches of her black latex cock pushing in and out of his mouth. He had opened his mouth wider now to give her less resistance, and opened his throat as to not gag. His pink cheeks sucked in and out with each shove of the cock, and he was moaning softly.

Then, suddenly, he jumped, the table rattled, and the cock popped out of his mouth and he screamed, “AHHHH!!!’

Jessica looked up to see Katrina smiling, her hand somewhere between his legs.

“This boy is tight,” she commented out loud, her index finger pushing through the walls of his tiny asshole. “Shut him up, Jessica.”

Jessica nodded and pushed her cock back into his mouth, and he kept sucking, gasping at the same time though, twisting as Katrina’s hand moved back and forth. First one finger, then two, wiggling them around a bit, turning them, then making it three.

“He’ll be just fine. You’re about to fuck a man for the first time, Jessica. Once you deflower a man with your cock, you own a part of him forever.”

Jacob’s eyes were now open, and he was looking up at her, begging her with his gaze. She found him to be so beautiful, but she was so turned on by how humiliated he was. The tears had stopped but his eyes still begged, and he let her pump her cock in and out of his mouth with ease.

“Come around here, Jessica. I’ve prepared his hole for you.”

There was a distinct “pop” when her cock came out of Jacob’s mouth, and he lifted his head, gasping, and said, “Please..wait…”

Jessica smiled at him but moved out of his line of vision. With both women behind him where he could not see, Jacob struggled on the table in vain.

“Look at the way his ass moves back and forth,” Katrina said to Jessica. “Learn to enjoy watching them writhe and try to get away.”

“I do enjoy it,” Jessica said. “I earned high marks in the academy because my natural leanings toward sadism were so high. I had lost virtually no points for compassion, even in the hardest virtual reality tests.”

“You don’t feel sorry for this man?” Katrina asked.

“No, Miss Katrina. Not at all.”

Jacob gasped, turned his head what he could. “Please, I’m begging you, I told you I will do anything you want. You know I will cooperate with you.”

“Entertain us with your ass cheeks, then, Jacob. Let’s see them wiggle around for us.” Katrina smiled at Jessica.

Jessica smirked, and watched the boy jiggle his ass cheeks, his face now buried down to hide himself. Without warning, Jessica gave his right ass cheek a firm open hand slap that echoed throughout the room and made him gasp in pain.

“Tighten them up, boy!” Jessica snapped, in a tone Katrina had never heard, and one that impressed her.

He tightened his cheeks together and Jessica put lubricant on her finger, then with ease spread his cheeks open and pushed it in, causing him to wail in pain.

“That’s not very tight!” she scolded. “I want to feel you gripping my finger. Pump. Squeeze it.”

Katrina snickered and paced around, watching Jessica with amusement. Jacob was grunting and shifting back and forth as he tried vainly to please the young blonde.

“He’s got a strong ass,” Jessica told Katrina, taking out her finger and wiping it on a cloth. “Can I take him now, Miss?”

“By all means,” Katrina waved toward her with approval. “Just position yourself solidly behind him, and go slow at first. Let the head of your cock pop through the asshole, then slide it in, letting it find its way until he has accommodated you all. Then hold his hips, and ride him. After he’s lose, you can fuck him pretty hard.”

Jessica's eyes lit up. Jacob was whimpering to himself, apparently in disbelief over what was about to happen.

Katrina walked over to him to pet his hair. "Isn't this sweet? Two virgins?"

Jacob gasped in pain, eyes shut tight.

"It won't go in," Jessica complained.

Jacob wailed, and Katrina, without hesitation, slid her cock into his mouth to shut him up. She looked at Jessica. "Add more lubrication to your cock. Now, Jacob," she turned to him. "You have to relax, or it will hurt more. Trust me. Loosen your muscles like a good boy for Jessica. She's knew at this and isn't as graceful as you may like."

Tears were once again streaming down his face.

"Ok," Jessica grunted a little, then sighed as the head of the cock popped through, and she found the length of the shaft to disappear slowly but easily into his creamy cheeks. The sight of it was fascinating to her, and she slowly, carefully slid it back out almost all the way. Then, in again.

Meanwhile, Katrina was holding his head in place and watching her young protégé at work. Smiling, she asked, "Does it turn you on, Jessica?"

"Oh, yes!" she sighed, watching the cock pump in and out of the man's tight ass. She held him by the hips and started pulling him back on her when she pushed forward, and he whimpered in pain.

"It looks so slick.." she said, licking her lips. Her hair was falling in her face now, her cheeks flushed.

"You are a very beautiful young woman, " Katrina said to her, watching the young girl glow with passion as she took the man from

behind.

“Thank you, Miss Katrina,” she smiled, “can I keep going? Can I go faster?”

Katrina slid her own cock out of Jacob’s mouth and he gasped in pain, drooling now, the saliva dripping to the floor. He lowered his head weakly and just moaned. Katrina walked over to the young girl and observed her activity.

“Yes, keep going. You’ve got it now.” She smiled from behind her, watching the young girl’s passionate enthusiasm. From behind, she saw the petite blonde’s ass as she rode it and out of the pinned prisoner, and she slowly reached up and put both palms on her cheeks, feeling her rhythm as she fucked the man.

Jessica was holding his hips as she pumped in and out of him, aware and aroused at the feel of Katrina’s hands kneading into her round ass cheeks. She felt the woman’s breath at the back of her neck, and felt the distinct feel of the latex cock she was wearing push up against her crotch. It felt good.

Next, she felt two hands slide around her jumpsuit and cup her breasts, and then she was on fire. She was pumping faster, her eyes closed, and she felt the two strong hands massage her nipples to hardness with ease, and then a warm mouth on her neck.

She found herself squeezing her thighs around the cock that was now between her legs, rubbing it in against her pussy. The man’s moans were music to her ears, and soon she turned her head over her shoulder, opened her mouth and accepted the woman’s tongue early.

For some time they remained this way; Jessica fucking the man slowly, with deep, accurate thrusts as she held his hips; Katrina standing behind her, both hands cupping the younger girl’s breasts

from behind and massaging her nipples, and her own cock pushing at the crotch of her jumpsuit.

And they were kissing; full lips, eager tongues, and the young girl tasted sweet to Katrina, she was a hungry kisser, her mouth small and delicate.

Jessica found herself letting go of the prisoner's hips to reach down to the crotch zipper of her jumpsuit, unzipping it as she still took Katrina's tongue eagerly into her mouth. Her fingers found her wet pussy and went to work, massaging and rubbing herself to near climax in a matter of minutes.

She found herself reaching under and grabbing the tip of Katrina's latex cock and pulling it toward her, straddling it, aching to have it inside of her.

Breaking the kiss, Katrina smiled, whispering to the young girl, "You want to be fucked right now, this way, for your first time?"

Jessica let out her breath, "Yes."

The younger girl kept her eyes closed; she was mesmerized by the sensations of the moment, from having her cock inside of the tight young man to feeling Katrina unzip her jumpsuit and start massaging her breasts from the inside. She gasped at the feel of her cool latex gloves against her naked erect nipples, and suddenly was aware of a sharp penetrating thrust between her legs.

Katrina reached down and used her hand to guide her cock into Jessica's tight pussy, and listened to the girl's gasp as it entered her. She buckled and went over the prisoner's ass, still holding her cock tightly inside of him, now laying over his backside.

Jacob, half delirious with pain and humiliation, was only vaguely aware that the young girl was being fucked from behind as she slumped over his naked body; he heard he cries of orgasmic pain

and felt a shock wave through him every time she was pumped by Katrina as it shoved Jessica's cock further into him.

He was vaguely aware of anything but the final removal of the cock from his ass, and the sounds of the two women sucking each other's nipples, going down on one another and ultimately cumming. In fact, he thought that was just a dream, really, a surreal bizarre twist of reality as his ass continued to pulsate painfully long after the cock had been removed.

Jacob even dozed, exhausted, and was awakened by the scent of wet, hot pussy and suddenly in darkness. He sensed it was the younger girl, and her scent was sweet, he felt suddenly safe between her thighs, and his tongue willingly and eagerly because to explore the walls of her pussy.

Then he heard Katrina's voice, from behind, say, "My turn to fuck him, you tell me if he isn't licking well enough, Jessica."

Then pain shot through him as a new cock was shoved deep into his tight asshole, and he cried out in pain but it was muffled by the younger girl's thighs. She squeeze his face with her legs and said, "Keep licking."

With every thrust at his ass his face was pushed deeper into Jessica's pussy, until finally she gave an exasperated sigh and stepped off of him. He blinked at her and saw she was naked – and so amazingly beautiful – he wanted to crawl into her arms and be held by her, she looked so delicate and innocent.

Smiling at him, she turned around, bent over, and spread her ass cheeks close to his face. Katrina shoved her dick in harder, pushing him forward, ordering, "Tongue her hole. I'm watching."

Hesitantly, he let his tongue out of his mouth and tried to position it on her asshole, but the thrusts kept him off balance. Jessica looked over her shoulder impatiently. "Stick it IN!"

Katrina pumped him deeper, so deep that pain shot through him, and he gasped in pain and pushed forward what he could on the table and pressed his tongue delicately into the young girl's ass. She spread her ass cheeks for him and backed up a little, pressing her ass into his face.

"There you go," she said.

Katrina pumped harder, and with each thrust his nose was pushed deep into the warm crack of her ass as he vainly tried to move his tongue and find the hole. When he did, he bit back his disgust at the act and pressed inside, feeling her asshole give way and allow him to enter.

Then, thankfully, he fell unconscious.

***

After the prisoner had been sent to his cell, barely conscious still, Katrina brought the young girl into her office and had her sit down. Jessica's cheeks were still flushed, and she had pulled her long hair back into a clip.

"You have a tremendous amount of potential, young lady," Katrina smiled.

"Thank you, Miss Katrina," she replied.

Katrina sat back in her chair pondering the girl for a moment. "I have a unique case for you. There is a man I had earlier today, a friend of young Jacob's. His name is Allen, and I was unable to break him. Together, I think we could."

"Show me the way, I'm ready," Jessica smiled.

Katrina grinned at Jessica's eagerness. "Easy now. He's resting, and his balls are going to be quite sore for some time. I think we'll give

him a day or two to recover before unleashing you on him."

Jessica smiled.

"But I think we may be able to break him with some deep anal training and torture, some masculinity re-programming and perhaps something even more sadistic."

Jessica was still beaming. "I can't wait, Miss Katrina."

Katrina stood. "Excellent. Then I'll call on you when we're ready. You did a good job today."

Jessica nodded and excused herself.

When she had left, Katrina sat back in her chair, arms behind her head. Yes, it had been a good day.

But the next day would be even better. She had some plans for Allen. Plans indeed.

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Space Age Love Song – Part Five

Chapter Five: Anthony on the Open Market

***

Of the captured men, Anthony was probably the most strong, silent of the group.

Perhaps that's why Katrina saved him for last. She had devious plans for the mature, handsome man. As he paced in his cell she watched him on her monitor, sitting back in her high-back leather chair, rubbing her gloved fingers together in deep thought.

"How to break this one," she pondered out loud. She admired his broad shoulders through the small monitor, admired the way his body moved when he paced. He was silent and thoughtful.

It was then she realized she'd sell him on the slave market. But only after getting some use out of himself first.

**

She had Anthony brought to her personal chambers at 9pm that night. He was shackled and blindfolded, and immediately she took notice of how the blindfold brought out the more sensual features of his mouth. Indeed, he had a gorgeous mouth.

"Lock him over the table," she ordered her soldiers, and his head turned her direction at the sound of a distinctly female voice.

"Where are they?" he immediately asked, sternly, obviously concerned for the fate of his missing friends.

Katrina smiled and enjoyed watching him being restrained. She did not answer but instead watched his fists clench as they locked his wrists into steel shackles, positioning him on his back on a large table. His legs were spread by the men in uniform and he tried, earnestly, to lift his knees and pull free, but soon his ankles were locked down in place. Steel shackles covered black leather boots. Katrina liked what she saw.

She ran a single hand down his chest as she excused the guards, and as soon as the door was closed she let the sound of his breathing sink into her. He was breathing deeply, hard, his head up as much as he could get it, his ears searching for some sound in the room.

Her finger toyed with one of the buttons of his shirt. She watched, amused, as he licked his lips slowly. That mouth again. She lifted a finger to his lips and as soon as she made contact, he threw his head to the side and said, “Don’t touch me.”

And that really made her chuckle.

**

Next, her hand was possessively at his crotch. With his legs held open, spread wide apart, he could do nothing to get away. He arched his back slowly as she gripped her gloved hand possessively into his pants, feeling around with her fingers until she recognized what felt like his testicles. She knew how to affect men like Anthony.

So she squeezed. Slowly, this time purring into his ear as she did, watching a strained wince come over his face. “Ooh yes, that does hurt, doesn’t it?” she cooed. She had amazing strength in her hands — obviously unlike anything he had experienced. When she locked her fingers down, twisting into his trousers, she clearly could have torn his balls right from his body.

He arched his back more, gasping for air, his knuckles white from clenching his own fists. Air hissed from his clenched teeth and he was about to let out a yell, but she let go and he gasped in relief, then was left a panting mess on the table.

Slowly, deliberately, she reached up and slid the black blindfold away from his eyes, watching him blink to adjust to the light in the room, then turn his attention to her. He was sweating already, his dark hair pressed slightly against his face. Again, he licked his lips. Then he said to her, "I don't know who you are, or what you want with us."

That made her smile.

"But I am not afraid to hurt you, if I have to."

Katrina ran a gloved finger down the side of his face, smirking when he pulled away. "That makes two of us."

**

She rolled over her tray of "toys" and adjusted the light. Anthony was fumbling with the shackles, trying to get his wrists loose, but they were pinned sufficiently out at his sides, away from his body, and there was no way they would budge. He saw instruments — his eyes scanned them, then went to her.

She had what looked like a vice, or a nutcracker, in her hand. "Is this some sort of interrogation?" he demanded.

Katrina smiled softly, admiring the tool in her gloved hand, watching the light reflect off of it. "No, Anthony. This is just me enjoying myself. Enjoying your body. Just as you wish you could enjoy mine."

"You're hallucinating," he scoffed.

All she needed to do was lean down, unzip her tight jumpsuit a little and press her breasts against his face, her hand rubbing his crotch

before she felt the erection grow in his trousers. “Oh really? That’s some reaction for a woman who’s hallucinating.”

He scoffed again, this time muffled against her warm skin as she had her chest pressed into his face. She held him firmly by the back of the head and pulled him closer, listening to the rattling of his body against the shackles as she cut off his access to air. She pressed his head so hard against her breasts that she could feel him almost breathing them in, feel his muffled gasps for air.

Her other hand rested between her legs, her eyes closed, as she said softly to him, “I could kill you right now, right here.”

His fingers dug into the edges of the table.

“But if I’m going to suffocate you,” she said, “I’d much rather sit on your face.”

**

As Anthony caught his breath, regarding Katrina a little more seriously, the evil seductress squeezed some clear ointment onto her fingers. She’s already cut through his trousers and shorts and left him naked from the waist down, his exposed cock now flaccid and his balls hidden.

When she began to rub the ointment onto his cock he gasped — it was cool and slick. She cupped his entire manhood easily in her hand and massaged the ointment thoroughly into it, rubbing it into the head without missing a fraction of his flesh. Immediately his cock started to stiffen in her hand.

“This chemical,” she told him casually, “Will produce an uncontrollable erection in your that will last three to four hours, coupled with intense, agonizing pain in your testicles.”

He was breathing hard. She was delighted.

“Also, it will make your other erogenous zones VERY sensitive,” she continued, reaching up and very lightly touching his left nipple through his shirt, making him gasp in pain, arch his back, and twist his entire body.

“Oh god,” he moaned. “What the hell are you!?”

She leaned down, pursed her red lips and blew air lightly onto his throbbing cock.

He screamed.

**

Next, Katrina took some time to just watch and enjoy Anthony’s struggling, begging and thrashing on the table. His body pulsed, covered with a thin film of sweat. His cock was bobbing up and down, totally engorged. It made her consider mounting him and fucking him; after all, the erection would remain for hours, regardless.

Most impressive to her, though, was the way he looked at her. Much different, already. He regarded her with a terrified sense of awe now, his body trembling slightly. His forehead was coated with perspiration and his fingers trembled slightly as he gripped the edges of the table.

“Please,” he finally said. “Make it stop.”

Katrina stood from her chair slowly and made her way to him. She leaned down when she reached his bound body and took his cock into her hand. He let out his breath in relieve. Her strokes were long, deliberate. He shut his eyes. momentarily relieved, momentarily lost in some pleasure among all the pain.

“I’ll stop,” she threatened (there was a soft “no” from him, his lips barely moving), “Unless you open your mouth and kiss me. Stick

your tongue all the way into my mouth and suck me. Kiss me the way you kiss those women you like, Anthony."

Without words, without hesitation, without even opening his eyes, he lifted his head and parted his lips, finding her chin first then moving up to her lips, which were curled into a content smile. His tongue eagerly found her lips and mouth, and she purred at the way his mouth hungrily met hers, his breath shaking.

So she kept rubbing, kissing and rubbing and rubbing and kissing until her strokes turned to pumping and soon his body shook all over, warm milky fluid shooting all over his chest.

Then when she scooped it onto her fingers to make him eat it, he fought like a beast.

**

"I see you'll need to be broken," she purred at him. She stopped to once again blow lightly on his flaccid penis, and immediately it regained form and shape, and he was moaning, and thrashing and gasping, amazed at how soon the pain returned.

She scooped up all the cum from his chest, slowly, carefully, until her fingers were all coated. "I'm selling you at the Open Market tonight, Anthony," she warned. "You are a handsome man, well endowed. I will get good money for you. But not before you go through inspection. Your mouth. Your ball sac. Your penis. Your asshole. Every part of you will be probed, opened, inspected. In front of a committee of four women."

She was toying with the cum, smearing it over his lips as he held firm, glaring at her, trying not to whimper from the pain. He held so still, lips pressed shut tight, now glistening with the film of cum over them.

When she finished, she slid her index finger into her mouth and sucked it off slowly, withdrawing it suggestively from her pursed lips. "Now, lick it up, Anthony."

He just remained still, blinking.

Katrina turned without an ounce of frustration or impatience. She turned and picked up a silver probe and started to lubricate it, lubricating it in plain view. It was phallic in shape and was attached to three wires and a control box. "I have ways to train a man to drink it. To drink it all. You could have had it easy."

Next, she was unlocking his ankles. He tried to fight, but she was much stronger, and in no time she had his ankles locked to beams up high, over his head, bending him over himself almost so his erection bobbed just inches from his face.

His ass cheeks were right in the air and he was totally exposed and vulnerable.

She started with one finger and he gasped in pain, and humiliation, feeling it push through his hole and penetrate him. Without any hesitation she wiggled it around, turning it, then inserting a second. He thrashed against her but it did no good. She actually seemed to be enjoying it.

Next, he felt the cool, steel head of the device popping him open and sliding into his ass. It seemed to grow, and go deeper, and deeper, until he was gasping, eyes shut tight.

"Just wait until I turn it on, " she warned, peeling off her soiled gloves now that that device was fully lubricated and inserted all the way into his ass.

It was difficult for him to breathe. He shut his eyes in anticipation, but she was not near the control box, she was back around at his head. She was strapping his head down. First with a leather strap

over the forehead, then with a strap under his chin, prying his mouth open slightly.

"We'll start slow the first time," she smiled at him, and if he would open his eyes he'd see what almost appeared to be a caring woman, her long dark hair hanging in thick curls around her shoulders, her jumpsuit unzipped half way to reveal beautiful, full breasts and a flat stomach.

But he kept his eyes shut tight, breathing strained, ass she appeared to take his hard cock and hold it still, to stop it's throbbing and bobbing.

"Here we go,": she said, almost cheerfully, and then he heard the flip of a switch, felt a jolt of electricity rack his entire body and shoot through his anus and suddenly, without any control at all, he was cumming fiercely again.

This time, right down into his own face, and half of it into his mouth. He came so much that it started to hurt; his body was still convulsing with orgasms even though there was no cum left. He was dry-cumming, and it hurt so bad it made him scream, until finally the humming of the electrodes stopped and the pulsing orgasms stopped and he could hear her pouring a liquid into a small cup.

"Unfortunately you men don't produce enough semen," she sighed. "But this drug will increase semen production by tenfold in a few hours. So we won't have this problem again."

He was not about to let her force feed him, but with his mouth pried open halfway, and with the cup she held having a metal nozzle to pry between his teeth, there was little he could do.

It was thick, and creamy, and tasted as bad as the cum itself. She literally pumped it into his mouth then cupped his lips with her hand to prevent him from spitting it out.

“You’ll get more attention on the open market when you can shoot limitlessly,” Katrina smiled. She smiled at him almost affectionately — she was really starting to like this one. “I might even be sad to see you go…”

****

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Space Age Love Song – Part Six

Chapter Six: The Milking of Darian

Katrina sat in her interrogation uniform, thumbing through the files of her current prisoners. Allen and Jacob had been delightful to tease and torture, but she was craving a new challenge.

It was then that she came across the file on Darian L. Helton, soldier on the first level. He had been captive for nearly three weeks and had not been cracked. And by his photos, even though his cheeks were bruised and his lip was slightly bloody, he was absolutely stunning.

Katrina reclined in her chair, putting a boot up on the desk, stretching out her long legs one over the other. She held the photo up to the light, smiling, and then reached over to her intercom.

"I'd like to take a shot at Mr. Darian Helton," she smiled, browsing through his file. "I think I know exactly what this man needs."

"And what is that, ma'am?" the formal voice came on the other side of the intercom.

"Long-term behavior modification. To break the man, you must first break his spirit, and make him worship all that he used to find disgusting," Katrina said confidently.

She disconnected from the intercom and then leaned over briefly, pondering what tools she would use to torture, humiliate and break this solid, 38-year-old soldier.

**

Katrina was impressed with Darian's solid frame. He was 6'2 easily, with broad shoulders and a very defined face. He had a strong jaw,

nice, steady eyes and a very fine ass.

The guards brought him in and she took her time walking around him, looking him up and down. He was in the prisoner garb – loose-fitting sweat pants and a tight fitting white t-shirt. Katrina did not hesitate reaching over and feeling his crotch through his sweatpants.

He hissed at her and pulled away, glaring down at her a bit. She pondered putting on her highest heeled terror boots to put her at eye level with him, but knew he would so soon be strapped into the device, that it would not matter.

"Do you wish to give me a confession before I begin?" she asked him formally.

He said nothing. Darian just stood there, firm, upright, solid. He was indeed a strong willed man. She enjoyed that.

"Very well, then," she smiled. "But let me tell you, I will not be asking for your information tonight, or even tomorrow. Or even next week. The process that I have selected to – remold you – will take three weeks. And at the end of the three weeks, I will ask you again."

This did not seem to shake Darian at all. In fact, he wasn't even looking at her, he was just staring forward. Katrina found that kind of solid defiance to be incredibly sexy, especially since she knew that eventually he would be crying tears in her hands and pleading for mercy, and also turned into what he despised most – a pathetic, cum drinking whore.

"And at the end of those three weeks, you will be a completely different man, Darian Helton," the tall brunette said casually, walking around close enough to him to brush her breasts around his back as the guards held him firmly in place.

“Put him in the machine,” she ordered. She said those words with a clear diabolical flair, and that was the first time his eyes shifted to give her even a glance, and she saw a sparkle of what made her ache in her pussy.

Fear.

**

As the men unlocked the restraints on the device at the center of the room, Katrina lit a long cigarette and ordered the men to strip the prisoner naked. She knew it would take at least ten minutes to lock him into the milking machine, and that would give her plenty of time to enjoy her cigarette and watch the show.

She did so while sitting on the edge of the desk nearby, her legs crossed, thigh high boots crossed before him.

“Very nice build you have, Darian,” she commented as she saw the shirt and sweat pants stripped from the man. He resisted only a bit; after three weeks in captivity, he knew better than to try to get away.

“Before you lock him into the device, bring him to me, I want to see his cock,” she said possessively, pausing to take a long, deliberate drag on the cigarette.

This time, he did resist a little. In fact, she found that amusing most of all, because it was as if this man was shy.

Oddly, his penis size was not as large as she had hoped. She reached out and took it in her gloved hand. It was limp. She squeezed it a little, looking at it carefully, as the prisoner started to struggle and resist.

“Disappointing,” she said. “But the milking procedure tends to enlarge the shaft at least two inches over time. Consider that an

added bonus," she smiled.

Darian hissed at her, "Don't touch me."

Katrina laughed, lifted her cigarette to her lips and then said, "Turn him around and bend him over. Spread his cheeks. Let me see what he has down there."

This, of course, humiliated him even more. He fought hard this time, and a third guard had to move into help hold his head down as they bent him over, the guards on either side placing a hand on his ass cheeks and spreading them so Katrina could lean in and see up close.

"Very nice. A virgin, I see?" She observed out loud. She had seen enough asses to know what to look for.

He was breathing hard, fighting, but did not respond.

"Strap him in," she ordered, giving his ass a light slap of disregard. "And make sure his balls are in the crusher."

**

Of course, this led to more struggling from Darian. Katrina watched, inside burning with hot passion for the large man, as he was forced face down into the large, leather and steel device.

The device consisted of a bench that he had to straddle, with each of his ankles strapped down behind him slightly, up off the ground by a few feet. He was then forced over forward, bent down, so his wrists could be stretched down in front and shackled into place.

This left his ass slightly elevated, his head pointed slightly down, and his crotch pressed into a large box.

The guards immediately went to open the box that held his manhood, but Katrina stood and said, “Let me put him into the milking tube.”

Darian was struggling hard now, but his ankles and wrists were locked into reinforced steel and leather shackles. There was little he could do. His chin was pressed down on the leather padding, blood rushing slightly to his head at this point. His jaw clenched tightly, he hissed breath through his teeth and was starting to sweat.

Katrina reached first for his testicles, clenching them in her gloved hand until he gasped in pain. “I’m placing your balls in a vice,” she said matter-of-factly. “The purpose of the vice isn’t to aid in the milking, but to make you behave if you resist the milking process. Is that clear?”

Of course, Darian ignored her.

Katrina expected as much, so she wrapped the holding band around the base of his ballsac and then twisted the manual lever until his balls were squeezed tightly between two steel metal plates. And then she cranked it one more level, until he gasped in pain, and she said, “Is that clear?”

Oddly, he did not answer again. She smirked, and inside her belly she felt a tingling; this one would be one that needed to be used in a huge way, and that excited her to no end.

She turned the crank again, and saw his balls flattened to just a short space, and this time, he let out a clear yelp in pain, and hissed, “OK!”

Katrina smiled in approval. He had a fine, fine ass she noted, but had to turn away and go back to the box where his limp penis was waiting for its torment. “I’m going to introduce you to a device we use here for procreation purposes. It allows us to milk men that we

find superior in their gene pool, without giving them any sexual satisfaction."

Katrina used both hands, delicately, to position Darian's lifeless cock into a clear metal tube. She pulled the tube up close to his crotch to make sure there was a tight seal, and then locked it down into place.

"The sharp pain you feel at the base of your cock is temporary," she commented, almost methodical in her tone. "It's an electrode that will completely eliminate your ability to ejaculate naturally, regardless of the stimulation you feel."

Darian did little more than whimper, softly, and she heard him try to hide it. She was in heaven. She could see his face thanks to carefully placed mirrors, and his eyes were shut tightly, his lips pressed together to hold back any sounds.

"Now, I will have to do something about that limp, lifelessly and sadly small cock," she smiled. She slowly lowered a lever and there was soft, rhythmic humming from the box, as the tube slowly compressed and started to pump at Darian's penis.

This was her favorite part, of course. Because no matter how strong he tried to be, no matter how much he shut it all out of his head, Darian was no match for the machine. In a matter of ten seconds, his cock was fully erect, precum dripping from the tip, and pumping inside the clear tube for all to see.

Then, he started to struggle.

**

"You know, you can't get away," Katrina smiled, walking around to front finally, holding his face in her gloved hands. "Look at me. Look at me, now, or I will let the vice crush your balls more. The next level is dangerous."

Darian opened his eyes, half choking on his own gasps of frustrated arousal. He was blinking, half delirious at what he was feeling.

"I know it feels good," she smiled. "But that won't last long. Because you can't cum. Your body won't let you. I can leave you here, feeling it pump, and pump, and pump on your cock, and you will never, ever ejaculate."

Katrina leaned even closer, so her beautiful red lips were close to his mouth. "It's like getting the world's best blow job, but never being allowed release. Or feeling the walls of a tight, virgin pussy just squeezing and milking at you, only you never lose your erection, and you never get to cum. Maddening, isn't it?"

Darian tried to choke back his breath, tried to focus, to do anything, but it was obvious that the machine was getting to him.

"This machine will milk you eight times a day, my prisoner," Katrina said affectionately, stroking his cheek. "And each time, you will be forced to produce the cum that is building inside of you, but not through ejaculation. Instead, it will be milked from you. You have no idea how painful it is to release your cum without actually ejaculating, Darian. I can promise you that."

"Please," he said. He was already begging. Katrina felt her heart start to pound. Three weeks of this glorious torture were before her! Three weeks of breaking him down and turning him into her own personal toy.

"And best of all," she smiled, running one long, red fingernail down his cheek. "You will consume every last drop of your own ejaculate. As part of your training."

The mere thought of it seemed to make the soldier gag. He choked back his breath. He was struggling to speak, to plead.

Katrina looked up to the guards that were standing at duty. “Bring me the anal probe.”

**

Darian soon realized his torture had only begun.

Katrina next checked his cock in the milking machine. Indeed, it was fully enlarged, gorging, looking twice the size it should be. The machine pumped and tugged at it, and she took a few minutes toying with the controls to increase and decrease the rhythm and intensity of the suction, just to watch him writhe and shudder against the frame of the machine, helpless to do anything at all.

“Based on the amount of precum you have already produced,” she said, again, with amusement, looking at the milky fluid that was filling the tube already to about a quarter inch at the base. “I think you must be quite an ejaculator. You shoot quite a load from that substandard dick, don’t you, soldier?”

Katrina waved a hand to have the guards stand by with the large, metal probe that was on a rolling cart. Instead of taking it, she stood behind Darian, where his ass was slightly elevated and exposed, and placed her gloved hands on his firm, round cheeks. “Oooh, now THIS is a fine, fine ass.”

She began kneading and massaging Darian’s asscheeks, while the only sound in the room was his rhythmic whimpers in time with the slow, deliberate pumping of the machine. His back was covered with a thin film of sweat.

Katrina enjoyed toying with his fine ass for a few minutes. She indeed loved a man’s ass most of all, and she had no qualms massaging and kneading his flesh for her own indulgence as the guards stood ready with the probe that would soon be inserted deep into his hole.

“Lubricant,” she finally ordered, holding out her hand.

Darian whimpered.

“Go around and insert the large gag into his mouth,” she ordered as she squeezed clear lubricant onto her fingers. “Use the model four, cock shaped gag with sucking control on it.”

There was a brief silence. Until Katrina slid a finger into Darian’s ass, and he gasped in pain.

“You ever sucked cock, Darian?”

**

Katrina enjoyed watching the guards work the cock shaped rubber, flexible gag into the prisoner’s mouth as she lubricated, opened, and loosened up his ass with her fingers one at a time.

The gag was strapped onto his head, and then a long tube that came from it was pressed into a control panel a few feet away. A monitor illuminated nearby.

“That screen tells me just how hard you are sucking on that cock in your mouth, Darian,” she smiled. “And right now, it tells me you aren’t sucking at all. And I don’t like that. I want you to be sucking on it like a good, good little whore.”

Darian didn’t suck. In fact, he was almost lifeless. Perhaps in some self-induced trance, or meditation.

Katrina leaned over, fingertips glistening with lube, and flipped the lever on the vice controls. They snapped forward one more notch, and the walls closed in on his precious balls, and his entire body jerked, his back arched and he let out a terrified, muffled scream in the gag.

“Suck on it,” she ordered. “It will take your mind off of the metal probe I am about to shove down your ass to massage your prostate.”

And, indeed, the soldier began sucking.

The monitor blinked to life, and she watched the readings, and saw that he was sucking quite hard on the cock, sending the needle up to the red line already. “If it drops below the red line,” she said calmly, “I will tighten the vice.”

Darian’s eyes, weary, humiliated, remained fixed on that screen, showing him just how hard he was sucking on the large, penis shaped bulb that filled his mouth.

**

Katrina slowly, carefully inserted the round, thick metal rod into Darian’s asshole. His body tensed at first, his sucking dropped off and the monitor beeped a warning, but he immediately started sucking harder with a cautious whimper.

She smiled, watching the large rod disappear, inch by inch, into his ass. “You are about to feel something most men never get to feel,” she said. “And are grateful for that.”

Katrina pondered taking a break at that point – taking a break before flipping the switch that would expand the metal rod, make it hum, and ultimately send Darian’s body into a series of convulsions as the semen squirted desperately from his bulging cock, sending him into a wave a pain that could be considered a true anti-orgasm.

She considered taking a break to walk around, strip out of her bodysuit and take the position at the upper deck of the device. There was a place, up high, where she could sit, sliding right down to make a tight seal against his face, then recline back, and make

him service her orally while his torture continued. Or, she could do it face down, with her ass pressed right to his nose and tongue.

This was a heavy option for Katrina; she was soaking wet with desire for him. Yet, she knew he was weak, and she was not in a hurry to take the dildo from his mouth as he was showing tremendous potential for long-term sucking.

She knew there would be other times. In fact, later on, that day, during his second round of the procedure.

So instead, she masturbated slightly, opening the flaps under her jumpsuit and using two fingers, which was all it took, to rub and rotate against her hard clit and wet pussy. She did this as she watched proudly the monitor that recorded his desperate sucking on the cock in his mouth.

"This is going to hurt," she warned him. Then she turned a black knob slowly, the knob that controlled the steel rod that was inserted deeply into his ass. The device hummed a little, and he whimpered loudly in pain. It was expanding slightly in his ass, pushing forward, pressing into his prostate. Then, she flipped a switch, and an electrical impulse shot through the rod, into his ass, and like clockwork, his body spasmed and the little red light came on to indicate that the pumping tube was now being flooded with semen.

Katrina leaned over to watch her favorite part; the oozing, squirting of the cum shooting from the head of his swollen penis, which was now turning slightly purple in color from the relentless pumping. It shot much harder than a normal orgasm, because of the electrical charge, and as she predicted, he filled the tube nearly to the top as his body convulsed and he whimpered loudly, painful. Sounds that made her pussy ache even more. What a strong, helpless prize he was!

The tube was full of clear, milky fluid. Even as his body twitched, his eyes shut, sweat dripping down his face and the monitor screaming

warnings that he had stopped sucking altogether, she gleefully went for the tube.

She detached it, ooing at how full it was, and then complimented the soldier on what a good job he did. He was slowly coming back to consciousness, his body still twitching in the bonds.

Katrina carried the tube of cum to the monitor that was attached to the cock gag in his mouth, and he watched, wearily, his eyes heavy with fear and exhaustion.

"You'll like this part," she smiled, opening the top valve on the monitor and slowly pouring the cum into it opening. "You are going to suck your own cum through that dick in your mouth. So get it back up to the levels you were at before. You are going to have to suck pretty hard."

"No — " his protests were muffled, but clearly there.

Katrina had no intent to turn away from the machine as she poured the cum into the valve, watching it fill to the highest levels. "Gentleman, tighten the vice on Mr. Helton's testicles. One notch every fifteen seconds, until he starts sucking this down."

The men shuffled into place, and Darian pleaded, what he could, through the gag.

Katrina turned to look at him, sealing the lid of the valve, his cum now in the tube that connected the machine to the gag in his mouth. "Oh, how I look forward to getting to know you," she said.

It only took one level on the vice before he started sucking. One level of the guards tightening the crank, so that his balls were now pressed between two pieces of steel just a fraction of an inch apart, now also pulling downward on his sac to add additional pressure.

Darian started to suck. He shut his eyes tight, and Katrina watched, two fingers massaging her pussy through the opening on the jumpsuit, as the milky cum traveled throughthe clear tubing and eventually into the gag in his mouth.

He choked on it at first, sputtering, gagging. But the minute she turned to the guards, as if to ask for a tightening of the vice, he sucked again, harder, and soon he was milking the fluid eagerly from the tube, over and over again, until he was left sucking air alone.

It took nearly ten minutes to complete and for him to drink it all, but he did.

When she detached the gag from his face, he still had traces of cum on his lips. His eyes were closed; he was unconscious from exhaustion, emotional torture. Katrina placed to wet fingers to his lips, smearing her pussy juices with his cum and then working two fingers into his mouth.

She smiled affectionately. “I will see you in two hours for your next milking.”

And then, she had the guards release him and drag him away.

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Space Age Love Song – Part Seven

Chapter Seven: The Continued Torture of Darian

Darian was brought into the interrogation room promptly two hours later for his next milking. Katrina was ready, still in her slick interrogation outfit, high boots and black gloves. And was she ready for him. She had been thinking about it the entire time, thinking about how this time he would not only be milked into helplessness but this time, he would please her with his tongue as well.

When Darian saw the machine, this time, he struggled. He was dressed only in tight black shorts, shorts designed to stimulate his penis and encourage the increased production of more sperm for his next milking. He was unconscious most of the time, or perhaps he would have tried to shed them. Later, obviously, he would be strapped down while in them, helpless to do anything while they pressed tightly against his erection, keeping him firm, massaging his testicles.

Katrina eyed the soldier hungrily. She adored his body; firm, solid, and quite large. His features were so masculine, she imagined that when she finished his milking procedures, she'd send him down to the lab and have him transformed into a true she-male for her pleasure. All of the hair shaved from his firm body, hormones hyper-injected into his cock to shrivel it to mere non-existence and others into his tits to make them bulge and grow almost hourly.

Oh, yes, the full transformation of Darian would be a delight. And to see those long, strong legs in high heels, stockings and garters. The thought made Katrina crème in her thong panties under her leather jumpsuit. Indeed, it was a project to consider.

Yes, Darian would finish his three weeks of cum-drinking behavior mod, then be sent for a total transformation procedure, with a ball-

snipping ceremony at the end, his penis left to be tucked into pink, lace panties for a lifetime.

What a perfect fate for this strong, built man, Katrina noted.

“Put him in the device,” she ordered. This time, he looked at her with what was a combination of helplessness and anger.

“This isn’t necessary,” he hissed. But the men did not listen to him, nor did Katrina. In fact, she was busy fancying the idea of making him suck off one of the guards right there; it was another very effective means of breaking a man, she had found. She eyed one of the guards — a tall, thin, feminine looking blonde with darling locks and sweet cheeks. He looked quite pretty, indeed.

She was lost, for a few moments, thinking of Darian having to suck that guard’s dick while she watched, the other men holding him on his knees while she swatted the guard’s ass and told him, with authority, “Pump faster. Fuck his face. Come on, shoot it all over his face for me!”

And because he was inferior, the poor blondie would have to obey without question.

Oh, Katrina was in a mood. She blushed slightly at her own thoughts, turned back toward the machine, and loved what she saw.

The men were pulling down Darian’s training “panties” and pushing his crotch into the box.

**

“You can put his penis in the tube,” she told the men. “And go ahead and place his balls in the vice, just to make sure he behaves.”

Katrina was walking around leisurely this time. She had already unzipped her jumpsuit and was reaching down into her cleavage.

She had no qualms masturbating in front of the guards; they were all wearing training bolts on their privates, which mean not only could they not touch themselves to indulge in her behavior, they couldn't even get hard without feeling metal spikes pierce into their privates. They had learned, after months of training, to not even look at a senior officer when she decided to play with her own nipples or start massaging her pussy.

Katrina peeled down a bit of her black bra, playing with one of her nipples, smiling, softly, at the sweet prisoner fumbling, hissing, grunting as he was force face down over the horse-like contraption, his privates shoved into the metal box and his wrists and ankles secured.

The vice was applied to his balls, but only tightened to the first level. His eyes, already, were closed tight and he was breathing hard.

"Start the milking process," Katrina ordered. She walked over and put a hand to Darian's face. "You have very pretty eyes, my soldier slave."

"Why are you doing this to me," he hissed. His voice jerked once when the machine was flipped on, and his cock was sucked into the tube and the pumping began.

"Because it is my job," she said. "Because you refused to cooperate. And I have never failed to break a man. You will endure three weeks of this, and then you will confess everything, and tell us what we need to know. And then, when we have no use for you, I will send you to our lab, and have you turned into a woman for me."

He hissed, breath escaping his teeth, eyes still shut tight. The words came out in short sputters, his body jerking with the pumping of the machine that milking mercilessly at his cock. "You…Have…to …Be kidding. Me."

Katrina smiled, reaching down and unzipping the long zipper of her jumpsuit that went from belly button to ass. The one that opened up access to her pussy and asshole. “Oh, I am completely serious, my pretty one.”

And without hesitation, Katrina went around and stepped up onto the machine, around to where Darian’s head was positioned, and lifted one leg over to straddle the seat that was above his face.

With the rocking of the entire device distracting him, Darian opened his eyes, looked up at her, and saw her smiling down at him as she peeled back the layers of her uniform, used one painted fingernail to peel back the crotch of her panties and reveal her closely shaved pussy. “Let’s see that tongue of yours, now, my slave.”

And then she slid down to him, making a tight seal against his face with her pussy.

**

Katrina liked this part most of all, because she could recline comfortably back against the chair and play with her nipples, listening to the quiet, rhythmic pumping of the machine at the prisoner’s cock, and with her heels planted into the footrests at the top of the device, she was able to control the pressure on his face at her leisure.

At first, Darian just kept his mouth shut tight, and even tried to turn away. Katrina expected as much. But she merely closed her eyes, arched her back to stretch and get more comfortable, and ordered the guards, “Tighten the vice on his ball three notches.”

That was enough to get Darian’s attention. She smiled, and reached down and fingered his thick dark hair, and she said, “You stick that military tongue of your right up into my pussy, and wiggle it all around. Keep me entertained, my prisoner. The longer you keep me amused, the more chances you have for some mercy.”

Then, Darian started to lick. And Katrina had to grip the edges of the chair, because he was amazing. He licked at her pussy with eagerness, and talent, something she had not seen in some time along these parts.

In fact, he was almost instinctual about it. He could feel her thighs tense and twitch, and knew when to add pressure and when to ease off. He licked her as if he loved her!

"Ohh, god," she cooed, writhing in her reclined position, pumping against his face with the rhythm of his tongue. He moaned to her, softly, whimpered almost inside of her, as if to say, "please, please stop hurting me. Let me please you. I can please you."

Katrina saw stars. In fact, she saw more than stars. She saw moons, and suns, and the lights of heaven. She came so hard, so loud that she startled one of the guards and he jumped and overturned a medical tray that clanged loudly on the floor.

That distracted her only momentarily. She blinked back to reality, sat up just a bit, her hair coming out of clips and pins, her chest heaving with her affected breathing.

And he knew to back off – no, Darian didn't keep licking. He heard the orgasm, he knew, and he just kissed, delicately, at her pussy, once to her clit, and then to each of her thighs. Even as his cock was being mercilessly pumped, expanded to twice its size, with no hope of cumming naturally.

Katrina dismounted. She did so with a bit of a fumbling move, but regained composure immediately. She turned to him, re-adjusting her jumpsuit, but he was looking away, eyes closed. His face was covered with a slick, wet film – yes she had soaked him. Soaked him thoroughly. He licked his lips, she saw, not with disgust, but not with lust. More with a sense of dignity, completion.

Reaching for a glass of water, blinking everything back into focus, Katrina cleared her throat. “Go ahead and insert the probe. Milk the semen.”

Darian just clenched his fists, kept his eyes shut, held back a scream through clenched teeth and never even looked at her as they completed the procedure of using the anal probe to stimulate his prostrate, force the cum from him and fill the clear tube with semen.

He was breathing hard, exhausted, in pain, when the guard presented Katrina with a clear tube of milky fluid.

She waved it away, staring at him with intrigue, intrigue she had not felt in some time.

“Freeze it,” she ordered. “Take him back to his room. I want him back here in 90 minutes.”

Katrina watched them release him, struggle to put him back into his training shorts. He was weak, delirious, and only once did he look her way, his face still glistening with wetness. And his eyes were beautiful, and he had surrender in them.

But all Katrina could think of was that tongue.

And how she would use it the next time.

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Space Age Love Song – Part Eight

Space Age Love Song: Chapter Eight – Darian's Ultimate Humiliation

Katrina spent a long time pondering Darian's tongue and how good his servicing felt. In fact, it had been some time since she had been rocked so hard by an orgasm, and the fact that he was tonguing her while being anally probed and violated only made him more intriguing.

The next day, as Katrina reviewed her daily briefs, she could not stop thinking about him. She had milked him four times total the day before. She just kept making the guards bring him back, milking him until literally no more cum would squirt from his cock, even though his body twitched painfully from the milking.

She essentially dried him up for the day.

Katrina knew that he would need a few days to recover. She was receiving pressure from her superiors to hurry his interrogation, break him, and get the information they needed; but she knew it would take complete behavior modification before he'd break.

Darian would not confess and provide the information until he was nothing but a quivering, little, cum-drinking panty boy slave. Reduced to a sissy – removed of everything masculine about him.

The thought thrilled Katrina.

It thrilled her so much that she locked the door of her office that day, propped her boots up on the desk and unzipped her jumpsuit crotch, peeled her panties to the side and pulled her small vibrator from her briefcase.

She teased and massaged her clit that day thinking of Darian. Thinking of him bucking against the machine, his milk filling the tube as she rode his face and his talented tongue, feeling the strength and pressure of his licks not even affected by the violation.

Katrina came once again with his name on her lips.

**

The next day things got a little more interesting.

Katrina was in her office (missing Darian, of course, but he was in his cell; the guards said he had slept nearly nonstop for 48 hours, waking only to plow through his meal like a starving child. He was, indeed, exhausted by her — physically and mentally).

At around noon, the guards brought in a feisty little treat. She could not see much of him because he was thrashing about in his manacles, the chains rattling loudly as the guards pinned him to the floor and one of them reached up to hand her the paperwork.

Not even looking at the prisoner, Katrina read out loud. "Brandon. That's all we have? Brandon?"

"He's from Quadra Nineteen," one of the guards responded.

Katrina turned, raising an eyebrow. That was the same ship Darian had come from. "Let me see him," she ordered.

The guards shuffled around, until finally they had the prisoner pinned on his knees, with one pulling his head back by his long, dark locks. His bangs were covering his face, but she could still see vibrant blue eyes piercing through them. He looked to be about 23. Lean. Not much of a soldier, she pondered.

But what she found out later was even more interesting.

**

Apparently not only was Brandon from the same ship as Darian – they were associates. Brandon was Darian's youngest reporting officer. And Brandon was less than a year into his service, so he was green.

Very green.

Katrina found this delightful. Evil thoughts possessed her mind for hours. She sat pondering the most evil scenarios to best take advantage of the bait that had fallen into her lap, and of course she selected the one that made her pussy ache most of all.

She would see her strong soldier, Darian Helton, with his mouth wrapped around the cock of young Brandon.

And this would be his first lesson in servicing the male.

She could not wait.

**

Katrina started by buckling into her leather strap-on harness, wearing her 8-inch monster dick, as Darian watched, strapped down over the low horse.

There were no guards present. She excused them once they had him securely strapped over the device, face down. He was in a position that left his mouth and ass both level with Katrina's large latex penis.

She wore black latex and black gloves this time, with thigh high boots. Her fine body was accented to the core; her long hair was hanging down. She indeed looked deadly, serious, and horribly aroused by her helpless strong prisoner.

He rarely looked at her eyes. He just kept his eyes down, thinking, contemplating. Possibly pleased to at least not be strapped into the milking device again. His ass – probably sore, raw, and weary from the previous violation.

"Do you like the look of my dick, Darian?" Katrina asked, sort of sauntering around him, sliding her hand up and down the length of her shaft teasingly.

He did not look her way. He said nothing.

"Answer me. Answer my questions, before I stick a steel electrical rod up your ass and start toying with a control box," Katrina said coolly, as if not ready to deal with any bullshit or stalling.

"No. I don't like it," he said.

She put it right in his face, and pumped more with her hand, making suggestive thrusting motions with her hips to periodically let it slap his cheek. "Are you sure? I think you like to see a big dick like mine. I think you like to look at dicks. I think you want to suck it."

Darian chuckled, eyes half closed. It was the first time Katrina had seen him do the cocky, arrogant chuckle in some time. In fact, it kind of turned her on.

In response, she shoved the cock into his face. She shoved it right into his mouth, then grabbed his head with both gloved hands and used the sheer power of her hips to push it in. It nearly gagged him. It nearly split his gums, and he choked on it, unable to move, to react fact enough to deal with the large member filling his mouth.

"You will learn to like IT," she hissed, starting immediately with a slow, rhythmic motion of the hips to work it into his mouth a little at a time. Already she was getting hot with the images in her mind; images of being behind him, fucking and pumping his ass, as she

watched him suck a real cock right before her eyes. Oh, the humiliation!

She wanted to savor the moment, though. Like all sensual sadists, she wanted to enjoy the sweet, muffled sounds he was making, the twitching of his body, the vain, desperate prying at the leather shackles by his fingers. All of it so useless, so sweetly innocent.

And he just kept gagging on it.

Again, and again. With every thrust, he choked, and his eyes watered. It was apparent, Katrina reckoned, that studly Darian Helton had never sucked dick before.

She wondered just how well he would do later. Sucking Brandon's virgin dick.

**

Katrina first made Darian lick her asshole.

Once she was satisfied with his ability to take her cock full in his mouth, she let it slide out and then slowly unzipped the crotch zipper of her latex jumpsuit, peeled it back, bent over in front of him, spread her asscheeks and said, "I've been thinking about your tongue all day. But today, this is all you get to lick. So start licking."

At first, Darian resisted. But when she made it clear he had a choice between her fucking his mouth with 8 inches of huge latex dick or licking her ass crack, he softly acknowledged that he'd do the best he could.

And Katrina, being the sensualist she was, just backed right up on his face, spread her cheeks wide and commanded, "Stick it all the way in, pig."

Then for a good half-hour, Darian serviced her anally. Granted, he was not as enthusiastic or passionate as he had been before – but he was adequate. Adequate enough that Katrina licked her fingers and slid them down the front of her jumpsuit, going for her pussy at once, inserting them in and pumping them with the thrusts of her ass to his face.

**

When Katrina was exhausted from her ass worship, she moved immediately to the inflatable dildo harness for Darian's mouth. He resisted having the latex pressed into his mouth, partially because of the phallic look, partially because he was unsure of what was next on her nasty agenda.

She made sure the dildo harness was locked onto his face, inflated in his mouth to the point that it was visibly uncomfortable, noted by his watering eyes and straining against the bonds. The only sounds that came from him were muffled grunts.

And then, she told the guards to bring her guest into the room. And she savored that moment, the moment when Darian would see young, innocent Brandon.

In fact, she wondered what her own urges would bring. Would she immediately make the older, stronger prisoner suck the young man's dick while she watched? Or would she torture the younger soldier in front of him, until he begged her to stop, willing to endure anything to save him.

Regardless, she knew one thing for certain.

She'd cure that aching in her cunt. She'd cum – not once, not twice, but multiple times. Using both of them.

When the door lock clicked and they proceeded to enter, Katrina realized she had never been wetter.

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Space Age Love Song- Chapter 9

Space Age Love Song- Chapter 9 : The New Recruits

When the group told Katrina they were shipping out a new batch of interrogators, she had no idea the competition would be so ruthless. And, so young.

First, there was Dania – a gorgeous auburn-haired beauty with some streaks of red in her hair, a body to kill for, and a flair that was more confident than even Katrina. And she was only 20 years old.

Then, there was Zenith, a dark, short-haired woman with a bob haircut, probably only 23 years old, and she carried a whip with her "for fun." These two ladies entered the room with attitude and flair.

In her veteran mind frame, Katrina saw them as "kids" who thought "playtime" was tying up and beating men for fun. They knew nothing about actual interrogation or the breaking of a man's spirit. Or did they?

She was cool to them at first. Then, when she saw them in their first session, she was, to say the least, speechless.

**

Katrina sat quietly with a clipboard, her assignment only to watch and observe the two young vixens, one of a batch that had been sent over for her approval. Their first case was a headstrong man, in his mid-30s, who had been captured recently but refused to reveal any information about his mission or purpose. In fact, he refused to say just about anything. He also had refused to eat.

"Well, you are just going to wither away," Zenith mocked as the men kept their pistols trained on the soldier, allowing Dania the freedom

to strap him down securely into the long, reclining leather chair. All sorts of devices were around it; things certainly the soldier Shane had never seen before.

Of course, they had stripped him naked, and Zenith had already completely shaved his cock and balls, and the hair between his ass cheeks. This was all done with an electrical prod at his cock and balls to keep him from moving or resisting, and the slightest twitch was cruelly painful to him. He learned quickly.

"How do you work this fucking thing," Dania mumbled, using her black patent leather boots to fiddle with the levers at the base of the chair. She was trying to lower it, to put their victim down lower, waist level, with the two ladies.

Katrina stood to assist, but Dania found the right lever in time, and waved her off with a gloved. "Got it, sister. You just relax. Let's show this pussy twit what we can do to him."

She turned, to Katrina, without hesitation, and said, "I want your enema gear. I want a toilet funnel. I want an electrical prod measuring 6 inches by 1 inch diameter lubed, and ready. You have that?'

With a smirk, Katrina stood. Katrina could feel the soldier's eyes following her. Now, he was strapped down so tight, he could barely breathe. His legs were spread wide open, ass propped up under a lever, his hole exposed. He said, in a whisper, almost. "Miss."

Katrina turned.

He said, looking at her, "Can I have a word with you. In private?"

Both Dania and Zenith broke into soft giggles. "Don't tell me the pussy is giving in already? We haven't even had a chance to play."

Katrina eyed the soldier, who was looking at her with big, somewhat innocent eyes. Certainly, he was weak from refusing food for two days; but he was also scared. It might have had something to do with the fact that Zenith already had two lubricated fingers worked well up into his asshole. She was preparing him for the probe. And with every push, he winced. And as much as he tried to move his legs, he had little freedom.

Katrina looked at him, then the two novices, and said, "I'll talk with you later. I have some things to get."

And with that, she left.

"Let's shove a cock into his mouth," Zenith said.

"Yours or mine?" Dania chuckled.

A muffled whimper from him, then a click of the door. He was, indeed, doomed.

**

After delivering the enema, toilet and ass gear the ladies required, Katrina decided to stop into room 7609 – where a new prisoner was being interrogated by another one of the new ladies. Her name was Trish, and she was 18 years old. 18! Katrina found this hard to believe. Where were all these young women coming from? And where did they learn these sadistic skills that she had taken year to perfect?

In 7609 was a gorgeous young thing. And Katrina was not referring to Trish – she was referring to the young soldier, who was probably not more than 21 himself. Dark, dark hair, brooding eyes. Soft lips. He was built solid, but not big. Maybe 5'10, his body straining already against the bonds. Ropes, this young Trish had used.

And she made him into more of a decoration, than anything. She had him bound on a bench of sorts, pressed up against a vertical backing. His wrists were wrapped around the vinyl cushion and bound together. His ankles were trussed each to feet of the bench itself. His chest was adorned with more ropes, crisscrossed. As was his waist.

In fact, when Katrina entered, he was looking toward the door, helplessly, as if, also, wondering why this woman Trish was spending so much time choosing carefully where each rope went. Round, and round his body. Humming to herself.

"Oh," she said. "Hello, Madame Katrina. I am just finishing up with the pig."

"How long did it take you do to this to him?" Katrina asked, pacing around the handiwork.

"About a half hour," Trish responded. Now, she was wrapping rope around his neck. Over, and over, crossed, then back behind, then around his belly. "I guess I just get lost in it sometimes," she said.

This woman, Katrina noted, was as ominous as a kitten. She was playful, sweet. She was, actually, smiling. She gave the solider a sweet tap on the cheek. "Almost done. You look good enough to eat."

The soldier, his name was Nash, looked at her, solemn. He did look, in some ways, scared. Katrina guessed he was a rookie. Got lost in it all somehow. This was the first time he'd ever been in enemy hands, to be sure. Poor thing. She almost felt sorry for him. Almost.

"Look at this," Trish said, reaching down with a gloved hand to take his cock into her palm. He winced, and straightened up. "Have you seen meat like this? Look at him, look at that. Look at how he responds? Shame we have to waste this pig."

Katrina gave his cock a mere glance. “You will see a lot of them, Trish. Don’t worry.”

“If you will have a seat, Madame, I don’t want to waste your time. I am ready to start with him.”

“Certainly,” Katrina said, and she took a seat to observe.

Then, Trish said to her guards, “Bring me the cunt.”

**

“The cunt,” Nash would soon see, was a shy, innocent woman of about 20 years old. Sweet looking, Asian, talking in a different language. Not of his army, but dressed in army gear. She was, indeed, terrified, and trying to get free.

Trish barked at the soldiers and in response they gave the petite Asian a few slaps across the face. Nash visibly tightened, winced, and turned to Trish. “I don’t know this woman.”

“Oh, you will.” Trish smiled. “Put her in place,” she ordered the men.

Nash was confused, it was obvious. They plopped this young Asian, who was in chains, onto his lap, facing him, and started to bind her wrists bind him, in his place. She was naked except for a thong panty, so her nipples pressed into his naked chest. She said something to him in a foreign language. She was crying.

“I don’t understand you,” he said, bewildered. He turned to Trish. “This is not right. You can’t get this woman involved. She has nothing to do with me. I have cooperated with you, have I not? I let you TIE ME UP like this!”

“Shut up, pig,” Trish said, looking at her nails. “Bind the cunt, lock her throat. Bitch boy, pig boy has a few minutes to decide if he is going to cooperate.”

They wrapped rope around her neck, then bound her to his chest. So close, he could feel her tears on his nipples, her chest heaving against him. He strained to pull his wrists away from the bonds, to hold her, but there was nothing he could do. She was sobbing. "You are…you are ruthless, and this is not fair," he said to Trish. He looked to Katrina. "I never said I would not talk to you."

Katrina shrugged.

Trish got up, and went to Nash, and took his head by a fistful of hair. "In a moment, she's going to die on your lap. Suffocate. Take her last breath."

With that she looked up, as if she did, somehow, understand those words. His eyes met hers, and in her pools of tears, he saw her. All he could say was, "Shh. It's ok."

The guards tightened the ropes. And she gasped. And she let out a yelp.

Nash let out a stream of obscenities and struggled, and with that, every bond on her body tightened; Trish had set it up this way. The connection points on the ropes were tied to the ones holding him, so if he struggled, they tightened.

"Oh," Trish smirked. "So it is YOU that is the one killing her? Look at this. When you move, she strangles herself. So now she will die in your arms, and die because of you. You like that, arrogant soldier?"

Nash looked up at her, this time, serious. "Let her go. I told you. I have not been difficult for you. She has no part of this."

The sweet Asian girl was choking, softly, against his chest. Her hands, which were bound behind his back, found his way to his arm and were digging into his flesh, desperately, making him wince.

“Take Mikki off of him,” Trish smirked. “We’ll save her for leftovers. I might want a stab at her later. Hurry, before she expires. I think pussy boy here is ready to talk.”

Nash looked at her, cautiously, carefully, as they released the ropes. She gasped for air, and when her hands came free she touched his face, her eyes watering with tears. Rope burns covered her delicate flesh from her struggling.

“Now,” Trish said. “You will position yourself in the device you see at the corner of the room. We call this the Milker. You are going to be milked, and then violated, and surrender your ego to the women of this room. Is that clear?”

“I don’t understand,” he said, as the guards began the task of removing the elegant rope work. “I told you, I am not hiding anything.”

Trish walked up to him. With large breasts, a low cut catsuit, elbow high gloves and stiletto heels. She took his chin into her palm and smiled down at him. A hungry, sinister smile. “I’m not doing this to make you talk, ” she said. “I’m doing this because I enjoy it. Call it… a perk of the job.”

She spun around, lifted a hand, and said “Strap him down.”

**

Nash soon found him in a very uncomfortable position.

He was on his back on a table with his ankles suspended above him, locked in shackles that were remote controlled to raise or lower his legs at the discretion of the ladies in the room.

A sheath was placed around his half-hard cock, which, once turned on, began lubricating and pumping him, so much so that he could not resist it at all; soon, he was rock hard, and it was tightening

around him with every pump. The machine made an ominous humming sound.

Nash was still complacent, still probably worried about young Mikki. He did not resist when a pump was inserted into his mouth by Trish, who smiled at him approvingly. “This is going to milk the cum right out of your dick, and right down your mouth. Drink, drink, drink it all. There is more to cum. So to speak.

It locked on tight; a head harness, his nose even plugged, so he could not breathe at all. The funnel pushed deep into his mouth, holding down his tongue. He watched, breathing hard, as she attached the funnel to a tube, a long, clear tube, that extended to the cock device he was wearing. Trish fastened that in place.

Meanwhile, Katrina had stepped in and was lubricating his asshole. “This probe,” she told Trish, with authority, “Will get him to ejaculate faster.”

Trish reached down and stroked the underside of his cock, smiling. “I don’t think we will have a problem with him cumming. I think he is ready to cum right now.”

He whimpered.

Both women coo’d.

“He’s a keeper,” Trish said. “Hold off on the probe,” she said to Katrina. “I have him pumped right now at a steady speed, he’s ready to explode as it is. In fact,” she said, reaching down, and added a clamp under his ballsac. She clicked it into to place, then tightened it with a screw. Tighter, and tighter, and tighter,

“This will keep him from shooting his load..until we are ready.”

Nash winced and arched his back. He was sweating.

“Bring in the cunt,” Trish called.

His eyes shot open, and he looked at her, whimpered through the funnel tube contraption that filled his mouth, over the humming of the machine.

“Shut up, pig,” she said. “Trust me, this will be good.”

**

They gave the pretty young Asian woman a shove, and she stumbled forward, into the room. Her eyes, terrified, looking at this man, all strapped down in a device, his cock in a pump, his ass opened and ready for violation, a long tube extending into his mouth straight from his member.

And, of course, the machine, which was pumping and making noise.

“Mikki,” Trish said, taking off her gloves, pacing away for a moment. “What do you think of this?”

Mikki looked at Nash, and he looked at her with pleading eyes, almost, as if to say, I am so sorry. He shut his eyes, humiliated, for what she saw before her was obviously uncomfortable.

Mikki snickered. Her look of despair turned to amusement. She held out her wrists for the guards to remove her shackles, and she said, in perfect English, “I say, give me my strap-on, I’m gonna fuck this pussy until he’s screaming for mercy.”

**

Nash looked at her, perplexed, horrified. Indeed, it had all been a plot. She took no hesitation mounting his lap, wearing nothing but her thong, reaching up and cupping her own small breasts, smiling. “You see, I am what they call a switch, cunt boy. I don’t mind

pretending to be the damsel in the distress as you say. But, the only damsel in distress, is YOU….”

With that, Trisha handed the lovely, now dark and evil Asian, a strap-on harness, with a big, black cock dangling from it. “Bring him down lower,” she said with authority, “And pull his legs up. I want his ass up an inch high so I can get all in.”

He whimpered.

Mikki licked her fingers first, then shoved them without warning, into his ass, “Oh, Yeah. He is ready. He is ready to be fucked. Turn the machine up high, remove the cock brace, He’s going to be sucking down all that white cum while I pound him. Ready ladies?”

Trish smiled at Katrina, who stood with her arms folded, watching. “Bravo,” Trish said. “Bravo. Do you like?”

“Let’s see if you can get him to talk,” Katrina said, skeptical.

Nash overheard, and he let out a muffled whimper as if to say, “I will tell you ANYTHING,”

But Mikki put up her hand as she locked the last buckle of her strap-on in place. “Hold on. I earned this. Let me fuck him. Let me see that cum shoot through the tube and watch him suck it down. You are going to SUCK it down, right? Right bitch? Because the harder you suck, the less I am going to torture your ass when I am done. So suck it down, whore.”

Nash shut his eyes tight. Mikki removed the clamp around his balls, and the machine did its work, and he came instantly; just as she shoved her cock into his tight asshole. She continued pumping, shaking his whole body, saying, “SUCK! SUCK IT DOWN!”

And indeed, he did.

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Space Age Love Song- Chapter 10

Space Age Love Song Part 10 – Give Them What They Want

Corey was by far the most handsome prisoner Katrina had seen in a long time. He was mature in his features but had boyish eyes and looks, and even though he kept very strong, confident posture she could tell he was a little bit scared. He had obviously heard of her, and her crew, and knew he would soon be facing the most ominous tortures.

Katrina was indeed legendary.

With Corey, she was short and to the point. Two guards were holding him right in front of her long, corporate style desk and she didn't even bother having them force him to kneel. "How old are you?" she asked him.

Without hesitation, he said, "I'm 39."

"If you're lucky, you may see you 40th birthday," she said as she signed his papers. "In fact, you might be a birthday present yourself. I've been longing for a man to keep for myself," she smiled, this time looking right at him. Rarely did a man fail to acknowledge her beauty, even though she was incredibly intimidating and cruel.

"With all due respect," he responded quietly. "I'd rather be executed."

All that got from Katrina was a smirk. "Take him to meet Leslie."

**

Corey had known a lot of Leslies. Leslie was a pretty girl's name, he reckoned. There was Leslie from High School who he took to the prom, and the Leslie that used to cut his hair when he went to the

beauty salon rather than the barber (but would never admit that to his friends). Leslie was the name of a woman he had sexual relations with in military camp; she was tough, but she was still tender.

As he let himself be walked down the hall, he reflected fondly on Leslies because he knew he was going to die, it was just a matter of time. He figured he might as well enjoy some sweet memories of women who were not sadistic and were not known to torture men just because "hearing them scream was music to their ears," as he had heard of these female interrogatresses.

He had already decided he would not resist. He would not give them any information, but he also wouldn't let them enjoy his torment, no matter what else he did. He'd been trained long and hard enough to know he could withstand any kind of torture, whether delivered by a man or a woman. He was confident in his sexuality and strength.

When he saw Leslie for the first time, he swallowed hard. She was not what he expected at all.

Sitting behind a large, exquisite desk, Leslie was by far more beautiful and tender in appearance than any of the Leslies of his past. She had long blonde hair with large, gentle curls and her eyes were pale blue. She even smiled when he was brought to her desk, beaming behind perfect full lips. Leslie stood, slowly, extending a leather gloved hand to touch him on the arm in greeting, stating simply, "Corey. I've heard things about you."
Corey lowered his eyes to where his hand touched his arm, then lifted his eyes back to her, standing in place. His wrists were handcuffed behind his back, so there wasn't much he could do anyway. He just watched her walk slowly around to the front of the desk, standing at nearly his height of 5 foot 8 inches.

When she came around the desk, he could not miss it. She was equipped in a leather harness around her hips, over her black body suit that was shining, like her boots. The harness held a black latex

dildo — at least 8 inches in length. She wore it naturally, walked with it as if it were simply another part of her. It stood at attention and he could not help but glance at it, then at her. She didn't mention it. She merely sat at the edge of the desk, leaning back on her palms.

The black cock bobbed slightly as she spoke. It was like the metaphoric pink elephant in the room, something all would notice but no one mentioned. Even the guards, Corey though, must have been staring at the large member between her legs.

Leslie folded her arms across her chest, looking into his eyes. "Corey, you've been brought to me so that I can get some information from you. Both of us know this. And I'm sure you know that you have a choice right now, but it's the last choice you are ever going to have."

Corey didn't say anything. He also resisted staring at the cock as it bobbed between her legs. Now, she started to stroke it as she spoke. He didn't know if he was finding this arousing, or terrifying. In fact, he didn't even know if he believed what he was witnessing; a beautiful blonde bombshell was standing in front of him, smiling sweetly as she explained that he was about to be tortured, all the while she was masturbating a latex dildo that was strapped in a leather harness at her crotch. Even the silver buckles caught the light in the room, as if to say "Look at me!" They were more distracting than the largest diamond ring. And the way she stroked her cock demanded even more attention.

Leslie stopped stroking, as if waiting to see if he had anything to interject, or maybe she was staring right at his eyes wordlessly to see if he'd stop trying to act like he didn't notice the big dick she was pumping suggestively just right in front of him. "Aren't you curious what your last choice is? Corey? Or are you too busy wondering why I'm wearing a big, black cock?"

Corey spoke calmly, instinctively. “I’m not wondering anything, ma’am,” he said. “And frankly, I don’t care if you like to wear a dick and pretend to be a man. Whatever makes you feel more sure of yourself, if that’s what it takes, more power to y–”

Corey was interrupted with a hard slap across the face. It was as if the guards knew it was coming before he did, because they caught him as he tipped slightly to one side. The slap had not startled him much; not only had he expected it, he had pushed her on purpose to see how hard she could hit and how much of a temper she had. Indeed, the strength of the blow did startle him.

“Down,” she hissed at the men, and they shoved Corey to his knees. His eyes were still screwed shut tight and he was wincing and did not expect what happened next. He found himself with a mouth full of latex cock, shoved down and far so back he gagged on it. “The choice you just lost the right to have is simple, bitch,” she growled at him, taking him by the head with both hands and pumping her cock into his mouth as he gurgled helplessly. “The choice was whether I’d violate your mouth first, or your ass.”

Corey coughed a little on the dildo. He just kept his eyes shut tight, though, and took it. He did little more than clench his fists tight behind his back and managed to stop thinking about just about anything; and, surprisingly, he was able to accommodate nearly the full length of the dildo in a matter of a few seconds.

Leslie, meanwhile, just enjoyed the view. She liked nothing more than the sight of nearly all eight inches of glistening dildo, now wet with the victim’s spit, popping in and out of his full, masculine mouth. The contrast of the five o’clock shadow he had grown and the way the dildo bulged his mouth full like a cheap whore. Corey was all of that to her; he was a cheap whore to her now. She knew this drill well, and savored every moment of it. It was like getting a brand new toy. This man, Corey, was a toy to her — one she would

delight in peeling like an onion. He was so strong, still, so resistant, so vainly trying to hold onto his pride.

It was always a tantalizing voyage of discovery to find out which torture would break the new slave. Would it be the dual penetration? Would it be the milking machine that would pump every last drop of cum from him and forcibly shove it down his own throat? Would it be the ball vice cranked up to level 7, the strictest of all, clicking until he cried real tears of agony onto her boots? Would it be the full emasculization followed by turning him into not only a slave, but a maidservant to the insatiable ladies of the crew?

Or would she get to try her newest tortures on him, the ones she sadly was not able to test yet? She had longed for months now to test out a few of her new techniques because she was finishing a large research project. Success on her latest devious torture would mean recognition on a huge level in the academy, and provide her job security and a promotion, to be sure.

If only the men stopped breaking, so soon…

**

Katrina was tired, and had delivered her last new soldier of the day when she sent Corey off to see the experienced Leslie. Katrina had one new interrogator that she had not provided with a prisoner — a new interrogatress named Fay. Fay was an exotic beauty and possessed amazing strength — in fact, rumor was that she used to break all the men with her body alone.

Something about her thighs. Or, that she used to put on boxing gloves and just pummel them. She had heard all sorts of rumors about Fay, included some toilet tortures. Apparently Fay had a fetish for turning men into furniture, including a public urinal. Her public humiliation had included turning a man into a “boyseat” she called it, a place where women would enter her bathroom facilities and sit right down upon the man’s face to urinate.

Katrina had heard some things about that type of thing before, but usually the men had been covered, or the urine had been placed in bottles or funnels and forcibly pushed into their mouths. Rumor was that Fay's "toilet toy" was a real toilet with a clear, padded seat affixed to the slave's face while was facing up, so not only could the lovely lady sit in comfort upon a padded seat, but she could still see his terrified face as she approached.
Katrina wondered how a woman could keep from laughing out loud!

Apparently Fay had entire parties set up when she was close to breaking a man, and this "piss torture" became a bit of a contest. The prisoner was locked into a vice like rack, facing up and under the seat, and his genitals were shackled into an exposed control board of sorts. Just like men of previous years used to leisurely read magazines while on the toilet, this little control centered allowed the lady seated to play with a variety of controls attached to the victims most sensitive parts.

She could, for example, apply electrical shocks to his balls or raise tension on a harness that circled the base of the man's dick, keeping it upright and vulnerable in case she wanted to apply small clothespins along the sides. Or, for added humiliation, she could attach a milking device that was relentless, and by the time she was finished relieving herself she could collect his semen product into a vial and turn around and deposit it into his mouth after he swallowed her urine. Such diving humiliation for any man, it was proven.

All of these things Katrina just shrugged off. Each of the women had their own style, of course. She had wanted to deliver a new man to Fay though, because Fay had been bothering her about being bored with paperwork and boring tasks. "I need some sugar," Fay had said to Katrina just the day before. "I need someone new to play with. It's been two weeks, Madame Katrina, and I'm getting into a real foul mood. I pity the man you send my way."

It couldn’t have worked out better — -Just as Katrina had been pondering Fay’s boredom, she heard a ruckus in the hall. A man, obviously, resisting the guards in a bad way. She heard some furniture being overturned. She heard some delightful obscenities, including, “Mother-Fucking son of a bitch, I’ll fucking kill you!” and “Don’t TOUCH ME!” It was a feisty one, indeed. Before they even got the ball of fury into her office, she had pulled Fay’s phone number up and pushed the button.

“Fay darling,” Katrina smiled. “I have a present for you…”

Just then, the guards shoved Nash into Katrina’s office, topping him over a chair. “You assholes!”

Katrina’s voice purred over the intercom. “Oh, he sound’s PERFECT!”

**

Leslie had finished face-fucking Corey.

She’d lectured him properly on the rules while pumping the large shaft in and out of his mouth.

“You will not speak unless spoken to,” she said with a thrust. “You will not look at me unless I tell you to,” she added, gripping his head with both hands. “You will thank me when I fuck your ass,” she said, “And when I am ready to hear your pathetic download of all the information we want, I’ll ask for it. But I don’t want to hear it, understand? I don’t want to hear anything. I don’t want your secrets. I don’t want your confessions. I don’t give a damn about any of that. Right now, I just want you to suck my dick. Get it, cocksucker?”

She had finished this the way she always did; she stopped thrusting her hips, and instead held his head in her gloved hands and guided it back and forth, back and forth, so instead he was going down on her. Deeper, and deeper, and deeper. When he resisted she just dug

her fingers in deeper and held his head harder. There was nothing Corey could do.

Afterwards, she gave his head a shove sideways and he fell toward the floor, gasping, drooling. She lifted a boot to touch the tip to his chin and make him lift his head. He was breathing hard. Drool was at the corner of his mouths. "You will learn to like that," Leslie told him matter-of-factly. "Next time, you are going to be sucking on my cock. You understand what I mean by sucking?"

Corey didn't respond, so Leslie elaborated. "It means that you will be wrapping your lips around it, and sucking on it like your life depended on it. Sucking every last drop of fluid out of it, until you sucked it bone dry. Sucking it like you were a cocksucking sissy girl. Sucking it like a porn star. You know what that means to suck cock like a porn star?"

Corey was speechless again. Leslie just smiled.

"You will know soon."

**

Nash was delivered to Fay how she had requested. Hog tied on a rolling table with a ball gag in his mouth, naked except for a pair of "training panties." Apparently that had caused another outburst from Nash; he had knocked three teeth out from one guard and broke the knee of another when they stripped him from his clothes and put him in the tight pink rubber panties.

Nash's dick was popping out of the top of the pink latex panties. Fay walked around him, her high heel boots clicking on the granite floor. Fay was statuesque with short dark hair and incredibly strong features – including her thighs and arms. She had a swimmers build with athletic features and an amazing ass – even Nash noticed this, through his fury.

Poking his cock with her index finger, Fay laughed out loud. “You call that a dick!? All that hollering from you? You’re my macho man!? Can’t they do anything better!”

Nash just glared at her, his brown eyes furious. He even struggled, although it was totally in vain.

Fay reached around and pulled a tray on wheels over toward her. She started to put on latex medical gloves. “Nash, I have a new name for you. Nashley. You know, like Ashley, but with an N, so you can remember who you are. How do you like that, Nashley?”

Nash grunted.

Fay had a razor in her hands in no time, and shaving cream in the other. She also unfolded a cloth that had a variety of lipsticks and other make up under it. Finally, at the end, there was a syringe. She picked it up, and showed it to him. “I haven’t created a she-male in a long, long time,” she sighed.

The helpless, yet still resistant man growled at her and she reached over to unbuckle the ball gag. “I’ll tell you what,” she said. “If you can convince me in 5 minutes or less why that worthless piece of meat between your legs is of any use to me, I might consider letting you keep it.”

Fay smiled. “But by the looks of what you have in my pretty pink package, it is going to be a tough sell.”

**

Corey found himself strapped down on a hard table, face down, as if on all fours. His wrists were shackled down low, about two inches from the floor. His legs were spread and ankles were down and pointing outward a little, and although he could not see, he could feel his ass cheeks being separated with some sort of device.

The device was cold on his ass cheeks and he heard Leslie humming behind him, content. He wanted to say something, but all he could do is grunt, and struggle helplessly. He was trying, vainly, to get away. His wrists were completely helpless behind all steel shackles, though, and his ankles were the same. It was all a vain attempt.

"Well, aren't you adorable," Leslie said, approvingly, as she walked around to the front of him. She pulled down a large mirror above him and placed a finger on his chin to tilt his head up and make him look. In the mirror he could see the reflection of his vulnerable ass. Positioned behind it was a panel of several large dildos, vibrators and other protruding devices. "See what you are in store for?" she smiled.

Leslie beamed proudly, stroking his face with her fingertips as if watching for reactions. "Some of them pound. Some of them vibrate. Some even ejaculate into your anus, creating a physical reaction. I don't use needles for resistance drugs, I fuck them right into you; it's more fun." She walked around to admire the devices. "This one, here, it will deliver an electric shock into your prostate that will make your teeth vibrate. This one, here, will create and instant orgasm; the first few times, it feels great. Then, let me assure you, it becomes very, very painful…"

Corey said nothing, and gave up resisting. Instead, he shut his eyes and started meditating. He decided he'd "check out" for a while; he'd learn to do this in military training and was quite good at it. This would mean that anything Leslie did to him he'd just sleepwalk through.

The cranking of levers and sounds of machines warming up only moderately distracted Corey as he prepared himself. He did hear Leslie walking around and when he opened his eyes briefly, he saw that she was still walking around in the strap-on dildo. He watched it bob up and down as a place for focus. She was near him, the cock near his face, as she leaned up and turned some controls that were

out of his line of vision. All he saw was that cock, bobbing, and it was almost mesmerizing. He forgot what it even was.

"You like looking at my dick," she observed. "You're wanting more of it already, I can tell."

Corey closed his eyes. He tried not to listen to her.

"Maybe you are a little psychic, pet," she said. "Because what you are feeling right now," she cooed, just as he felt a warm, lubricated rod slide into his ass, making him wince and yelp, "is an injection. Right into your ass."

Corey heard the hum of a machine, and felt fluid push into his ass. Filling him. Filling his stomach. He grunted, gritted his teeth, and she just laughed as the machine continued to film him with warm fluid.

He grimaced, and twisted, startled out of his meditation before he could get deep enough into it. "Stop!" he hissed. "It's too much!" He wanted nothing more than to expel it, it was nasty, and making him feel nauseous.

Leslie chuckled, and behind him she pulled a lever and he heard the machine back away from his vulnerable ass, but could feel, at once, that not only was the fluid still inside of him, he'd been plugged up! And no matter how hard he tried, the plug wasn't going anywhere. He squirmed in a new found agony and then glared at her and sputtered in frustration, "You think this kind of bull….ssshhhit is going to do anything to me?!"

Leslie leaned down, pressing her breasts into his face. She unzipped the top of her jumpsuit and pressed the tops of her breasts against him, smothering him a little, creating a tight seal over his nose and mouth to shut him up. "Listen, soldier boy. I'm not so stupid to think that a super-enema is going to break your resistance and turn you into a sobbing mess. I wasn't born yesterday."

Corey couldn't breathe.

"But, what I can tell you, is that what I just put inside of you isn't warm water. It's a drug. In fact, it is poisoning you. In fact, it will kill you shortly. I don't really have any use for you. The reason I'm not asking you any questions is simple. I don't have any questions. You were sent to me as a D-421. Do you know what a D-421 is, Corey?"

He grunted.

Leslie continued, simply. "It's a destroyable-431. You're human waste. Instead of getting sent for execution, you got sent to me for experimentation. You're my lab rat. I'm just timing how long it takes the drug to kill you. Otherwise, why would I make you hold it all in, D-421?"

Corey started to struggle – more – but it was useless. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. He wanted to break free from the soft confines of her breasts and exclaim, "Wait! But I DO have information you need! TRUST ME!"

**

Fay had spent some time humiliating Nash about the size of his cock before she shaved all of the hair around it, his balls, and his ass crack. She then applied a scented oil all over his crotch area and massaged it in, and no matter how hard he tried to resist, his dick stiffened.

He did not know that the cream had a stiffening agent, and that his erection was not his fault at all. Still, it embarrassed him. He would have swore and cursed and called her a cunt if he could, but she had his mouth full of an inflatable penis gag that she had pumped up to a painful level.

Nash was strapped down on a metal table now, his legs spread and his ass raised for the shaving process. Fay hummed while she did

this, teasing his thighs a little with the razor, taunting him by placing it delicately under his balls and explaining his gender transformation could be quick and more immediate if she so chose.

"I'm going to let you speak now," she said, "and if I hear anything that I don't like, I'm putting this gag right back in and inflating it even more. You're already choking on it, so I don't recommend that at all."

When Fay removed the inflatable gag, it came out with a distinct "pop!" Nash swallowed hard, licked his lips, and then looked at her. He was flushed; his cheeks were a pretty pink, and he was sweating. Fay hadn't felt what she did at that moment in a long time; she was attracted to him. Seriously attracted to him. His lips were a little puffy from wearing the gag for so long, and his eyes were watering. She found him handsome, and her thoughts immediately went to making him into a servant.

Fay had been tiring of the typical men that she'd had in the past – always the extremes. Either too weak or too aggressive, and they always cracked way too fast. In fact, she'd practically become a lesbian and the men she had taken for her own she had turned into sissies first so she could enjoy them as women. She had those same plans for Nash, mostly for practical reasons.

But this time, it was different. She stared at him for a moment, watching him breathe hard, watching the way he looked at her, licking the sweat from his upper lip as he did, regaining his composure. "Handsome," she said, observing him. He swallowed, as if trying to just keep doing whatever it may be that he was doing that was keeping her interesting and saving his balls. Literally.

"Let's see if you have any usable talents," Fay said, walking away to get something. Before he knew it, the table he was on was being lowered. He was still strapped down, his wrists and ankles spread

wide, still wearing nothing but a tight, tight latex pink thong panty, now freshly shaved.

Fay returned wearing a strange contraption over her black catsuit. Her entire body to her neck seemed to be covered with black shiny material, but now she had some material at her crotch area. Nash was viewing all of this upside down, so it was hard to see – but he only had a momentary glance before everything went dark, and he was surrounded by a familiar scent.

Pussy.

Fay had wrapped a tight, tight cellophane type material over his head, tightened a strap at the bottom and essentially secured his entire head between her legs as she was straddling his face, half squatting above him. He could kind of hear her muffled commands from outside of the suit, explaining to him that the air was being sucked out with a vacuum and his lips would soon be affixed to her pussy. Permanently.

That word scared him, but the thought of no air was also terrifying. He was being sucked into some sort of a vacuum hood that trapped him between her legs. The soft touch of her flesh on her thighs was warm and welcoming, almost comforting, until she tightened her muscles and nearly crushed his head. "LICK!" was her audible command. Loud. Demanding. And, at that point, he would do anything to stop the vice around his head.

In a moment he realized his exact predicament. She controlled his air by allowing it into the hood through a valve, and she controlled his pain with ease by tightening her thighs. It was all very clever and equally diabolical. "Lick me, " she ordered, "or I'll kill you right now. Either by suffocating you, or crushing your head right between my legs…"

Nash licked. He shut his mind off to anything but pleasing her, and imagined she was someone he truly cared for. That was all he could

do to survive. And, it wasn't hard to do. She tasted delightful – in fact, he couldn't get enough of her. Her body actually moved on his face – he had to do very little work; she knew what she wanted, and she mostly used his tongue to get it.

Fay was so wet that he started to worry more about drowning than suffocating. She was lenient with the airflow, probably so that he could manage some concentration. "One more thing," she finally said, as he kept his best focus on the licking despite the tight warning with her thighs. "If I piss…" she said, "You will drown, you know…."

**

Death was not an option for Corey.

When Leslie back up away from Corey so he could breathe again, he gasped, and said, "Wait…"

Leslie smiled, pacing slowly around him, watching him, observing him.

"You can't kill me," he said. "Please." This time, Corey did beg with his eyes – he looked at her, pleadingly. He was feeling dizzy, disoriented. He'd almost forgotten totally about the fullness in his belly, the plug that kept the deadly liquid inside of him, how bad he wanted to release that pressure.

"If you want to live," Leslie taunted, walking around him, stroking her long, latex cock again. "This is the antidote." She held up a small vial of liquid. Corey looked at it. He let out his breath, grateful that one existed. Corey knew that he at least had a chance, or else she would not have brought it up. This was the part where he'd start to have to weave some lies during the interrogation to buy time. He'd been trained well in that, too.

"I'll tell you what you want to know," he nodded, feigning fear and humiliation as if the information he was about to give was true.

"I told you, you're disposable. You don't have any information I want. You're just here to amuse me," Leslie said. She said this as she reached down to the 8-inch cock and began twisting it, of all things. She twisted slowly, slowly, it rotating in her hand until it slid off. She turned it over. It was hollow on the inside. Leslie slowly poured the contents of the vial into the hollow shaft of the cock.

Corey watched with horror. He knew where this was going. Leslie poured the liquid into the dildo then carefully screwed it back onto the base of the strap-on harness she was wearing. She tightened it up with her latex-covered hand, smiling all the while, then taunted him by stroking the cock again. "Didn't I tell you that I'd turn you into someone who would suck cock as if his life depended on it?"

Struggling, Corey didn't know what to do. "Leslie," he finally used her name tenderly. "Come on. You aren't serious. Just…just give it to me. I'll cooperate with you, I told you."

The cock was now moving closer to his face, with the lovely Leslie on the other end of it, smiling. "But I have to remind you, the fluid is difficult to get out of the cock. It will take a great deal of strength, of sucking. You will have to take it to the base, and wrap your lips tightly, pulling slowly back with a long, strong sucking motion. Only then will you even get a little drop. And you need more than a drop to combat that drug in your system right now. You will need to get every last drop, Corey. Every last drop of my cum."

Corey was mortified. He shifted in his bonds, but Leslie reached over and pulled down a lever that effectively pulled on each of his limbs – both wrists, both ankles – to lock him down even tighter. The bondage was painful enough before; now, it was excruciating.

"Give it to me!" he hissed, now feeling the effects of the drug starting to really fog his thinking, his tongue getting dry.

Leslie smiled, stroking the long, latex cock tauntingly. "Oh, come on, Corey. You can do better than that. Tell me a nice little story about how bad you want this big black dick in your mouth, how you want to suck that cum right out of me. Tell me how hot you are going to look with a big black dick sliding in and out of your mouth. Let me get my video camera set up."

Indeed, Leslie started to set up a video camera as Corey began to sweat, shaking what he could in his bonds. She purposely leaned over him so he'd struggle to turn his head toward her cock, struggle to get it into his mouth. She acted as if she didn't know, this was happening, but all the while she delighted at how desperate he was to try to get his lips around the head of the cock.

Then she teased him with it. She pushed it into his face then pulled back. Closer, then back. Then she slapped his face with it, giggling. "You are so horny!" she said. She unzipped her jumpsuit more and pulled out a nipple. "Don't you want to suck this instead? Are you a man, or a girly boy? Are you a sissy, or a real man?" Leslie pushed her nipple into his face but he resisted. She tortured him with it; her skin was so soft, her nipple was inviting, even though she was a torturess.

"The cock," he gasped. "Give me…please…give me the cock…"

Leslie laughed. She held the tip of the cock close to his face so he strained to lift his head, to get closer, pinned down as if on all fours, the cock just out of his reach. She squeezed the base of the strap on so a few tiny clear droplets of the fluid appeared at the tip of the cock. He lapped at them desperately, grunting, trying to get closer.

"There you go..so close, yet, you need more!" she teased, watching his tongue flicker with delight. "You look so helpless! Keep licking! Try harder!"

Indeed, Corey was desperate. He licked and lapped what he could, then looked up at her with big, pleading eyes, "Please, Leslie.

Please. I'm a cocksucker. Give me what…give me what I need."

And that seemed to light up her eyes. She smiled, took him by the head, and without warning started pumping her hips furiously into his face, shoving the cock all the way into his mouth. He grunted and gagged but accommodated it all, taking it in, sucking. He sucked as hard as he could, making loud slurping noises that echoed in the cold room.

"Come on, cocksucker! You won't nearly get enough at that pace! SUCK!" Leslie commanded.

Corey sucked desperately, his eyes watering then turning into full on tears, drool and the fluid mixing and dripping from his chin. His entire body rocked forward what it could as he tried to get more and more of the cock into his mouth, sucking and groaning.

"If you suck the balls, more will come out!" she ordered, moving up so he could reach her latex balls. He sucked on them, and found them to be pliable, so he took them into his mouth and rolled them around his tongue and compressed them, feeling more fluid drip out of the head of the cock against his face, leaving him to try to lick it up with his tongue around the corner of his face.

"Here we go!" Leslie exclaimed, pulling back and pointing the cock at his face then with a squeal pressing a pump that immediately squirted several teaspoons of milky white fluid all over his face. He gasped and panted, eyes shut tight from the sting and startle, only to begin licking up what he could.

Leslie slapped his lips with the wet, dripping dildo and said, "Hurry! Lick it all up! Lick it all! You don't have much time!"

He licked and licked, coughing, swallowing the foul tasting anecdote. He found it creamy and disgusting but just remembered that it contained the medicine he needed to get better. He forgot what it tasted like and desperately lapped up any he could find, even

sucking the portions off her fingers as she scooped parts off his face and hair and placed it to his lips.

This went on for several minutes, barely leaving him time to catch his breath. He was sweating profusely, his entire body shaking with frustration and pain. Finally, he couldn't even hold up his head. He lowered his face down and just panted, listening to Leslie walk around. He'd forgotten, momentarily, about the fullness in his belly and the plug that held it all in. He could think of nothing but whether or not he ingested enough of the antidote and in time.

Leslie returned in front of him so he lifted his head, expecting to hear from her if he had been saved or not. She was filling a hypodermic needle with a fluid in front of him. He looked at it, then at her. "What…what's that..?" he asked as she filled it.

Not even looking at him, she said simply, "Oh. It's the antidote for the drug. So you don't die."

He lowered his brows, letting out his breath. "What?? What…what did I just drink then!?"

Leslie smirked, taking the needle and shoving it into his arm. "The good news is, you aren't going to die. The bad news is, you just drank a load of real cum. But it was fun to watch!"

Corey shut his eyes in disgust and lowered his head again. Leslie pulled out the needle and pressed a button on a machine above him . "Let's watch the video!" she said excitedly.

Then, she proceeded to sit down on top of his back as if he was merely a piece of furniture. She ruffled the back of his hair. "I'm glad we met, Corey."

Jun 27, 2018Akasha

Stories - Strapon Anal

Simply Billy

Five crisp one hundred dollar bills rest on the faded brown surface of the hotel bedside table.

**

It's always the same with Billy. A little over an hour, and few, if any, words are spoken. It's sixteen steps from the elevator to the room, room 214, his favorite room because he's superstitious like that.

He leaves the deadbolt open so the door doesn't shut all the way, and I walk in casually and drop my large leather duffel on the floor. The room is disorganized, disheveled, typical of a bachelor; you'd think he lived there, but this tornado was only left behind during a one-night stay.

It's just an Ayres Inn not like the Ritz that I am used to, hell, not even like the Renaissance I use for travel. It's a simple, messy Ayres room and he's a simple, messy boy anyway – so I ignore it all, and get to what I have come for.

Billy is already kneeling, and he's already naked. I can't tell you how many habits I have trained and untrained from him, over and over again, until his meticulous habits become less annoying and more stimulating to me. I used to hate his need for protocol and rules and structure. God knows how such a slob could be so strung out on rules, but that's Billy – a walking contradiction.

Or crawling. Billy crawls to me obediently and on time, greets me with a kiss to the top of my boot. Just another silly ritual that I find kind of needless but it helps in the cock-rock department, so I let it

slide. And it gives me time to admire the shape of his back, the tone of his flesh, the outline of the muscles that frame his body.

No words with Billy this time. Not that we have anything to say, anyway. Billy's eyes do most of the talking, or the signals that come with the shakiness of his breath. His fingers curl into the cheap carpet of the Ayres Inn as I bring out the first flogger, then the paddle. If I were not in boots I could feel his breath coming in ragged pants across the tops of my toes.

Instead, I just keep beating him, and watching what seems like a gloss appear over the top of the black patent leather. His body is shaking and he starts to collapse, just a little, his shoulders slouching as he tries to find the strength to stay upright for the continued necessary beatings.

I don't beat Billy because I like beating. I beat Billy because I like what it does to Billy.

By the time I am finished with the flogger, and the paddle, his body is covered with a thin film of sweat and his cheeks have turned a beautiful sweet shade of pink. His ass cheeks. Without a moment of hesitation, though, I take him by the chin and haul him up to look at his face, to confirm that the cheeks of his face are equally flushed, and indeed they are.

It's one of the finer mysterious of life. How come after the aerobic workout of a ruthless eleven minute beating, he is more out of breath than I am. And clearly he is in better shape than I am, as evidenced by the definition in his arms. He's the one shaking on ragged breath, his face covered in sweat, and his lips nearly quivering, but not quite enough.

"Bitch," I say, and it ends up being the only word I speak to Billy that day.

"Yes," he agrees, obediently, and of course, that's the only word he says that day.

I slap him, once, across the face, and he stumbles from his knees to the floor, probably more melodramatic than anything. I didn't hit him that hard, after all. I never do. I just find myself needing to take a swing at him after calling him a bitch. It reminds him of his place.

Billy holds still, naked, in his pile on the Ayres floor, as I investigate the contents of my leather duffel bag. It's always fairly random, what I toss in the bag. Billy never knows, and never is told anyway. I see the clock in the corner of the room, but damn me, I forgot to look at it when I came in, so I have no idea how much time we have left.

I take longer than I need to. In my bag. Because Billy's just softly, sweetly, barely whimpering there, and he's doing it for my benefit, I think. I hate to use the word "whimper" because Billy doesn't really whimper – he just makes a sweet sound when he exhales, if he's in pain, a sound that makes me so incredibly wet. It's one of the few sounds made by man that makes my pussy literally ache; with every exhale, with every soft trace of the sound, I feel a pounding inside my crotch that makes me want to drop everything in that moment and merely wrestle his head between my legs and order him to use his tongue.

Clearly, that's not part of our agreement.

I quiet the aching between my legs by letting my fingers wrap around the familiar, rigid form of the large latex cock. My fingers trace it as I listen to Billy's breathing settle, and when I peer over at him to see what he's up to, I realize he's kneeling forward, close to the ground, his hands behind his head and his face pressed into the carpet.

For my benefit, he's intertwined his fingers. Luckily, Billy remembers these important details.

Observing him in this vulnerable pose makes strapping into the harness an even more enjoyable process. Sometimes I make him watch, but this time, I take some pleasure in knowing that he can hear me and must know what is going on, while his face is pressed hard down on the floor. He doesn't dare look; the beating put him into the perfect frame of mind, the one that curbs his otherwise uppity attitude and strips every last shed of false confidence from his core.

I take my time with the buckles and stand close enough so that they jingle where he can hear them. I pull the harness straps tight, deliberate, and see his body tense and flinch at all the right times. Once again, his breathing starts to shake, and I even see the hint of a tremble in his otherwise steady, talented hands.

For a moment, it's very easy to discard the knowledge that he's quite strong, quite capable and quite desirable to so many women. For the moment, he's merely a bitch for my amusement, and the aching in my pussy demands that I push him to completion. To my completion.

This time, I won't make him suck my dick, or beg for lubricant. As much as I long to see his eyes water, his cheeks turn even more read as he gags on it, I fear that time has been lost and I really am behind schedule. All I can do is use my boot to kick apart his legs, give him a nudge with the toe of my boot to force him to raise his ass for me, and coat the head of the dildo with the moisture from my pussy and nothing else.

It doesn't go very easily.

There's a fine line between stifled, painful humiliation of an ass that's simple too tight, and real terror or danger of physical harm, and I know Billy can walk that line. Hurting him, for real, simply isn't an option, but if at any time in our relationship he felt the fear of potentially being hurt, it is now. To say he is tight would be a huge

understatement. But with the help of a lubricated condom, my cock finds its way.

Fucking Billy from that point is fairly inconsequential, except for the fact that it drives me close to orgasm three times from the mere thrusting, only because I watch him clench his own fingers in his thick hair and try to muffle his cries by biting into the carpet, using all his physical strength to keep his hips positioned and ass elevated, knowing that collapsing on the floor would have serious consequences.

He knows I want to ride until I am done.

Without my clock as a guide, with no real concept of time, I ride him dangerously close to our cut off time. I visualize the crisp one hundred dollar bills on the brown nightstand table of the Ayres hotel and something inside me aches, a different kind of ache. An ache of sadness, of longing. An ache for closeness.

I imagine deep, romantic and sensual kisses that I know will never happen; I imagine the feel of his thick, almost curled locks of hair between the flesh of my finger tips. I imagine the scent of his cologne, closer, as I curl against him in the Ayres bed and listen to his breathing when he sleeps.

Such closure is simply not possible. I push those thoughts out of my mind as I feel my emotional release peaking as much as it possibly could, as I look down at him and hear the kind of honest, vulnerable sounds I need to hear to know he's been pushed as far as he is going. At least for today.

I leave him to clean up himself, and listen to the sounds of his ragged breathing as I put my things back in my bag. Billy doesn't help; we both know that after the act, he needs emotional and social distance even more than I do. I never confess to him my fantasies of curling up in the bed next to him and holding him, allowing him to

comfort me as I reconcile my sadistic thoughts and process the token guilt.

On the nightstand, next to the ashtray, he's left a torn page of a calendar with a date for next month circled. I take the paper and fold it in half, sliding it into my pocket; we'll never talk about it, we just both know what it means.

Since this time there's no words, I say nothing to him before I exit his room at the Ayres Inn. I quietly remove the crisp one hundred dollar bills from my purse and place them next to the ashtray as usual, and force myself not to steal one last glance before I go.

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The Rookies

Andrea knew that rookie hockey player Connor Davis couldn't believe what he saw. Standing there, silent, with a somewhat defeated look on his face, the athlete took in his own reflection in the mirror. His previously athletic body, now shaved in the most inappropriate of areas, now scented with sweet bath oils, and his legs in thigh high stockings and suspenders.

Of course, the leather corset was the final touch, and the most humiliating of all. It took three women, even with him not resisting (he had given that approach up hours before), using all their will to brace his body and tighten the laces. Squeezing his thick, muscled frame into it, creating the sexiest of little waists, even for someone as manly as poor Connor.

Totally emasculating.

Connor was one of the three rookies in her downtown studio dungeon, experiencing a brand new flavor of rookie hazing. "Hazing…with a decidedly feminine streak," is what Andrea had promised the team captain (and her new main squeeze).

Never had Connor experienced such a thing, Andrea knew this. Sure, rookie initiations in Junior hockey were harsh, she'd heard about that. She'd heard about the bus trips and 8 guys naked in the bathroom (talk about needing lubricant); she heard about the strolls down main street in full women's garb, flanked by drunken teammates that created even more of a spectacle. But this kind of feminization, a transformation to the core, surely stripped his pride to the core.

And it didn't hurt that his peers, his teammates, giggled like schoolboys in the back of the room, hanging around but not getting in the way (except for goaltender Chet Watson, who she had to toss

for poor behavior, and was apparently in a side studio trying to chat up her young assistant).

Connor's body filled the lacy outfit well. His legs were long and the muscular tone was creatively diminished behind the lace of the thigh highs. Of course, shaving his legs was a favorite part for Andrea; oh, how he resisted. It took three of his teammates to pin him down for that, but that was at the start of the ordeal.

Now, Connor appeared appropriately defused, standing there, regarding himself with a sense of defeat, perhaps. At least he put up a fight when he could, Andrea mused. She reached up and put her hand on his shoulder, standing behind him and looking at his reflection in the full length mirror with him. His painted lips were in a decided pout, his curly blonde locks, which lent themselves to the task, were tousled. "I look like a fucking fruit," he said under his breath.

"Actually," she whispered into his ear, making certain the bad boys in the back of the room, who were busy hooting and hollering, didn't hear. "You look fucking hot." Andrea wasn't kidding, either. Something about the sight of a fully masculine man, after being transformed into a sort of cheap prostitute, really made her wet.

She lost herself for a moment and didn't really care much about the potential audience, sliding her hands down over his chest, over the beads of the corset, and down to the front of the sheer panties that struggled to cover his crotch. Just the slightest touch of her hand created an immediate bulge in the panties, causing him to wiggle out of her reach and blush a little, tossing his head over his shoulder to make sure no one was looking.

They – the boys – were three sheets to the wind, Andrea knew, and weren't paying any attention. In fact, a mini-card game had broken out in the very back, as the guys became restless and wanted to just take their tart out on the town. "Please," he whispered back, closing

his eyes as he gently took her hand and moved it away from his crotch. "Don't let them take me out like this. I can't handle that….You have to do something. Look, I was good, I …I became good."

Andrea laughed. She laughed because Connor was anything but good.

When he got there, that afternoon, flanked by his teammates, he was belligerent, arrogant and defiant. Typical, she mused. He knew he was going to be the center of attention and the victim of some sort of stunt, but when he saw the three latex-clad divas in the downtown dungeon, followed by the wardrobe he was going to be forced into, his words were fairly simple and straight forward.

"No. Fucking. Way."

This, of course, made his guy friends just go nuts with excitement, setting them all off. This was the reaction they dreamed of. They took great pleasure in overpowering him, manhandling him, and moving the kicking and screaming athlete into separate quarters where the ladies had them strip him down, restrain him on a table (legs spread wide) and then exit the room so they could privately begin the procedure.

There were many groans and a variety of expletives, in many languages, when his teammates were informed that they had to leave the room for Connor's "prep."

No, Connor was not good. Andrea and her girlfriends, Nina and Lindsay, took turns shutting him up (with gags, with their hands, and with balled up lingerie) and holding him still as he was lathered up, shaved, and beautified.

Andrea found his struggle to be valiant but vain, and she took great pleasure in his final surrender, when he promised he'd behave because the restraints were digging into his skin. "See," Andrea

teased him, “You’re really just a fragile femme thing under that tough boy, big mouthed exterior, aren’t you?

He scoffed and looked right at her, his serious tone somewhat ridiculous as he’d just had lipstick and blush put on him. “Whaddayou know about my big mouth?”

There was some accent there, one she couldn’t pinpoint, but it was interesting only for a second. Sure, the captain had told her enough about the team’s on-ice strengths and weaknesses, of which Connor’s big mouth was a little of both, depending on the situation.

“I think your big mouth probably needs a big cock in it to shut you up,” Andrea said to him, a comment that shut him up for a brief second, but then made him erupt in laughter.

“Fuck that,” he said, and then he watched her reach into a drawer and take out a tiny plastic clothes pin. “What’s that?”

“That’s the fuck tax,” she said, reaching down and affixing the tiny, biting device to the tender flesh of his inner thigh, close enough to his crotch to be dangerous. He shrieked, both in shock and anger, and his voice cracked.

“Every time you say ‘fuck,’ you get another one,” she warned him, reaching for the mascara. “And by the way, you scream like a girl.”

**

Cock sucking certainly may not have been in Connor’s future, but it definitely was in his teammate’s.

Bryan Roth, the other rookie on his line, was the one that seemed doomed to the fate. In reality, there was nothing new about homoerotic overtones on rookie initiations; hell, Bryan had an experience in Juniors that was quite unthinkable, but he’d long

forgotten it. This time, it was something he was certainly not going to be forgetting any time soon.

Standing in front of him, as he was forced down onto his knees, was the most beautiful woman he'd seen. In her early 20s, a body to die for, dressed to the nines in nothing but high heels and a lace bodysuit.

And a big, huge dick.

Now, at first, Bryan burst out laughing, laughing and looking at the other two ladies in the room who stood there at his sides to make sure he didn't stand up. He was laughing hard because he didn't know what else to do, probably, because there was no denying that as he knelt there, in nothing but white briefs, that his own cock was swelling up despite his best efforts.

The vixen before him was Maya, and she knew a thing or two about rubber cocks. The one she was wearing was her favorite, held comfortably at her hips in a fine leather harness, the base of the cock pressing into her crotch. She stood before the kneeling athlete, looking at him with what appeared to be an appetite, one hand on her hip. When she walked closer, her latex cock swayed a little, and she reached out to wrap her hand around the base.

Bryan was still laughing, looking to each side, as if waiting for someone to laugh with him. Perhaps he was trying to mask the fact that he was, apparently, incredibly aroused by this situation. His hands moved, casually, to hide what was going on in his briefs.

The girls that flanked him reached over, grabbing him by the wrists, pulling his hands behind his back as Maya waved a warning finger. There was a clicking of metal handcuffs behind him and he started to blush in embarrassment, realizing he couldn't so easily hide what was going on.

“No, no, no,” Maya warned. “You can’t just pretend that your dick isn’t hard because of what you’re seeing,” she smiled. “I see it. I see it clear – “she stepped over, leaned way down and poked her latex cock into his briefs, running the tip of it along the lines of the bulge, “Clear as day.”

Now Bryan was really uncomfortable. He looked away and shut his eyes and shook his head and was going to say something – probably come up with some logical explanation – Maya had heard them all. All reasons to explain away why a totally straight guy would get a huge erection when looking at a nine inch dick that was in his face. Maya took her cock and stood up straight, putting it in his face.

That was enough for him. Bryan recoiled and spat out some obscenities, started to struggle, and had this remarkably disgusted look on his face, glaring at her, almost threatening.

Her girlfriends reacted coolly and swiftly, shoving a bright red ball into his mouth and pulling the straps tight around his head, infuriating him even more, causing him to shake his head and resist, growling and making all kinds of angry faces.

Meanwhile, the action in his briefs also died down, but Maya just smiled, reaching down with her fingernails to tug at the waistband. “Oh, look here. Suddenly you aren’t hard anymore, now you’re too angry to be turned on. That’s ok, Bryan, I like it this way. I like it when a man fights so hard to deny he’s completely turned on. No matter how hard you try, you won’t be able to keep it soft. I promise you that.

Bryan was looking up and away, breathing hard though his nose, his eyes searching the ceiling for something.

“I know what you’re doing, you’re thinking about everything you can to not get hard. Just like you do when you’re trying to not blow your load right after you stick it in that hot young thing you’re fucking. It

won’t work, Bryan, you can’t deny that you want to wrap your lips around this big cock.”

Maya had her hands in his hair but he tried to wrench free, and she was pushing the latex cock closer to his face. This struggle went on for a few minutes, him not looking, him closing his eyes, him occasionally growling at her. Meanwhile she just smiled, fingered his hair, pushed the head of her cock closer, and sometimes reached down to stroke it.

“Make him look,” she ordered, backing up and away from him. Her girlfriends braced his shoulders and forced his head her way, but of course he resisted. “Come on, you are such a pussy,” she laughed. “You KNOW you will get totally turned on just by looking at me. Are you afraid, Bryan? Are you that much of a pussy? You are giving up already?”

The challenge worked with ease, and he turned to her defiantly, staring forward with intent, almost settling down for what appeared to be a competition. Maya smiled and again swayed her hips, reaching down and wrapping her fingers around her cock, knowing that no matter how straight a man was, he could not deny the erotic power of a woman, so beautiful and feminine, wearing a harness with such confidence and pride.

“All I have to do is tell you how bad I want to fuck you, Bryan,” she smiled. “That’s right, me – fucking you. You, on all fours, face pressed into the ground. You, so helpless, as my cock filled you up, filled your mouth first and then your ass. You know you want to feel me inside you, feel me take you, feel me turn you into a total whore.”

That did it. Bryan turned his head away and growled something that sounded like “Fuck!” as his cock popped right out of his briefs, the head of it glistening. The girls holding him giggled, like they’d seen this before, and tightened their grip on him.

When Maya stepped forward he shut his eyes tight, his face wrenched in a sort of self loathing, self hatred, and she felt compelled to console him, because he seemed so helplessly conflicted. “Don’t take it so hard, Bryan,” she said, again putting her hand in his hair. “You’re not unusual. Just accept it. Don’t fight it. Look at it. Look at me.”

Bryan shook his head, eyes shut tight, now biting down so hard on the rubber ball that the paint was starting to flake away.

Maya smiled. She knew it was going to be a long process. But oh, what a process.

**

Rookie Connor, meanwhile, was resigned to his fate and despite himself almost seemed to be enjoying the attention his new feminized persona was receiving from his teammates. In fact, one of his friends had to leave the room, and the roving joke was that he was uncomfortably aroused by the new, femmed out Connor.

He asked Andrea about the fate and his teammate, because all he knew was that the young athlete was in the studio next door. He was musing what decidedly masculine Bryan would look like in such garb (not nearly as pretty as him, was the compliment he was seeking from the ladies, obviously) and he wanted to know.

“Oh, he has a totally different torture,” Andrea told him, going through her jewelry box for earrings that would complete Connor’s outfit. The guys, lingering in the background, were still whining about going out, but Andrea seemed to be doing Connor a favor by putting it off. And for that, he was clearly making all kinds of small talk to stall. And it hurt to walk in the heels, he confessed to her, quietly under his breath, making sure no one was listening.

The devious idea came to her as a way to rescue Connor from his fate but introduce him to an even crueler one, simply to see the look

of terror in his eyes. “I’ll tell you what, I won’t let them take you out like this, but instead you’ll have to accompany me into the next room with Bryan. Your teammates will soon drink themselves into oblivion and forget about you.”

“I don’t know about that,” he said, glancing over at them. He was somewhat hopeful, it seemed, and for some reason seemed almost resigned and comfortable in his fate; as long as no one else had to see him that way.

Andrea took him by the arm and looked over to the group of athletes, excusing the two of them. “I’m taking Connie here over for the final touches,” she announced.

The statement drew tons of hollering, laughter and wolf whistles from the group, with screeches of “CONNIE!”

“Fuck you!” he groaned loudly back at them, giving them the middle finger, knowing that nickname would follow him into the locker room.

When Andrea affixed another small plastic clothes pin, this time to his ass cheek, he shrieked once more.

“How soon you forget.”

**

Bryan was covered with sweat in no time, using all of his will and energy to fight the simple, undeniable reaction his body was having to Maya’s presence as she strolled around him, flaunted her sexy frame, talked about how she liked to use her cock, and occasionally made him look at her.

She told him all about it. All about how she used her own juices from her arousal to coat the tip of the latex cock before making a man lick it. About how she once came on a man’s face as she fucked his

mouth. About how she fucked her girlfriend with the cock while making her victim watch helplessly, only to make him crawl to her to clean the latex cock of the juices.

All the licking, sucking, and fucking talk was clearly getting to him, yet he seemed defiant and determined to concentrate his way out of arousal. There were times, when she talked, her hand brushing his face, that he would literally start shaking visibly. He was trembling all over, and she couldn't tell if it was from anger, fear, or simply trying to hold it all in.

"Maya," her girlfriend called to her, apologizing for the interruption. She was in charge of holding his left shoulder as he knelt there helplessly. "Come look at this."

Maya stepped over and peered at the situation her assistant was referring to, leaning over his shoulder. His wrists, while in handcuffs, were clearly more chaffed than they should be. Her girls knew what they were doing; the handcuffs were double-locking and would not tighten once in place. Bryan, apparently, was deliberately pressing the metal into his own wrists, as hard as he could, to create a painful distraction.

"Unbelievable," Maya exhaled as she stood up, taking him by the chin. "Are you so afraid of your own arousal that you'd do that to yourself? Ladies, let's put him into leather shackles. No, wait, let's have his teammates come in here and do it. Let them see how hard his cock is when I wave my dick in his face."

Bryan struggled at this idea, but he wasn't in any position to negotiate obviously. She turned away to make her way into the next door, and much to her surprise, saw a statuesque, yet clumsy, blonde making her — or his — way over. It took a second for her to realize it wasn't a tranny client who had lost his way, but it was Connor – from the next studio, led in by Andrea.

Bryan didn't even recognize his teammate (and, arguably, best friend) at first which was hysterical to both Andrea and Maya. Connor, on the other hand, was shocked and uncomfortable at what he witnessed, and appeared to be overcome with a combination of anger and sympathy for his friend. It wasn't until he opened his mouth to speak that Bryan recognized him.

"What the fuck are you doing to him? OUCH!" he hissed, as Andrea had the next plastic clothes pin ready. Nearly a dozen were hanging off of various parts of his body at this point. He stumbled on his high heels to move forward, nearly tripping, and the shoe fell off.

Bryan, meanwhile, appeared totally dejected, his shoulders now slumped, the resistance gone. He had his head down, he was catching his breath, his eyes closed. It was as if being seen that way, right then, by his friend, was devastating. Which is ironic, considering Connor was the one dressed like a street hooker. And apparently not having much of a problem with it.

Andrea held Connor back by the shoulder. "Connie," she said. "Stay back."

When Maya turned around so Connor could see her fully, he saw for the first time that the gorgeous exotic beauty was sporting a glistening nine inch fake cock. "Holy shhhhhhhhhhh…." he trailed off, pursed his lips and looked at Andrea, who had a clothes pin at the ready.

Maya smiled, and walked around the kneeling Bryan, taking his head by a fistful of hair and wrenching it back, his head up so Connor could see him. "You are his best friend, right, his brother. Perhaps you can shed some insight into his little pea brain."

Connor was clearly shocked – off guard, confused – by the sudden flurry of activity. Once again he was totally unsure of what was going on or why, and he'd thought he and Andrea were getting along pretty well (after all, she helped him get out of going out into

the street dressed like that), but now she was hustling him, after calling over the help of another girlfriend, over toward his teammate. Her fingernails were digging into the flesh of his arm in a no-nonsense way, and the speed with which she was pushing him toward his teammate was unsettling.

"Wait wait wait, what's this, hey, stop, easy," he said, tugging his arm away and looking at Andrea, "What's this?"

Bryan grimaced and wouldn't look Connor's way, probably mortified that his fate would be compounded by similar feminization, either before or after the cock activities Maya so eloquently described.

The women made Connor kneel down next to Bryan so they were side by side, shoulder to shoulder. Connor looked at his friend sympathetically and then toward Maya, and even though nothing was choreographed, it was as if these women could all read minds.

The girls that flanked Bryan moved to hold Connor, leaving the bound and gagged rookie free enough that he immediately inched away a bit, distancing himself from the prettified Connor.

Maya, meanwhile, didn't hesitate a bit before she grabbed Connor's golden locks of hair and unceremoniously shoved the head of the latex cock into his mouth. He struggled, and despite his feminine appearance, only a fraction of the strength of the athlete was required to pull free from the ladies and remove himself from the situation. Almost comically, he reached out and took Maya by the hips, actually lifting her little frame off the ground a few inches when he pushed her back.

Andrea was quick to intervene, taking him by the hair and hissing to him as Bryan continued to quietly, under the radar, move away little inches at a time, probably hoping to disappear entirely. "Listen Connie," she hissed. "You either cooperate, here and now, in front of us, or I get your friends in here to hold you down. You know they'd just LOVE to watch you do THIS before your night on the town."

Connor looked at her, his expression strained, his eyes angry. It was clear he couldn't believe what was happening. "You can't be serious." He looked over at Bryan, who was now a couple of feet away, clearly sporting a "better you than me, bro," look on his face.

When Connor got no support from his helpless friend, he turned back to Andrea. "Not with him here."

The girls liked that; there was some giggling and whispering. Maya folder her arms across her chest and looked at Andrea, raising her eyebrows. "Afraid of what your friend might think? Tough guy here has been on the brink of losing his load for a half hour just LOOKING at my dick. Trust me sweetheart, he's gonna love the show."

"That's just too f'd up," Connor hissed. "I said EFFED!" he spat at Andrea when he saw her reaching into her little pocket. He looked at Bryan and said, "You owe me for this, man, if this is saving your ass."

Maya made a gesture to her girlfriends and gave Andrea a nod. The ladies went to Bryan and took him by the arms, guiding him toward the door, but not letting him get up off his knees. Maya had never seen a guy hustle so fast while kneeling, with not so much as an apologetic look back at his blonde friend. So much for blood brothers, she mused.

When the door clicked signaling his exit, Andrea looked at Maya with a smirk. "Ironic thing is him jacking off every night for months thinking about what could have been," she said. And she knew it; she knew she was right. "Now he'll never know what it's like."

Maya moved over and took Connor by the chin. His eyes were on the door that just shut, signaling his fate. He looked up at her slowly. Maya smiled. "I'm sure you'll tell him all about it."

**

The two girls that were alone with Bryan didn't say anything to him. The adjacent room was small and had nothing but a couch and a small table in it. He was still on his knees, eyes closed, breathing in what seemed like relief.

The blonde girl, Chelsea, unlocked the buckle that held the gag in place and pulled it from his mouth as Karen removed the leather shackles from his wrists. He breathed a long sigh of relief, panting a little, falling forward to the couch with his elbows propping him up, his face in his hands.

The ladies exchanged knowing looks, attending to their own business, one getting him a glass of ice water and the other putting something away. He was keeping to himself, not facing them, reaching down in freedom to shove his erection back into his briefs as best he could.

Karen handed him the water and he reached for it, feeling his jaw with his free hand and muttering about the gag. "Do you feel guilty?" she asked him.

He took the water and gave her a dismissing look. "No. The fucker's probably enjoying it," he said, meaning to be sarcastic in a way, but the ladies knew better.

Chelsea leaned over and said to him, "He will. And you – you will always wonder."

**

The entire following week, no one said anything about what happened. Apparently that was some sort of code they followed, the captain told Andrea over dinner one night. She shared with him only the vaguest details, and the somber athlete confessed that he didn't really want to know the rest.

He did, however, confess that there was some ribbing between Bryan and Connor, but Connor would share no details of what happened between him and Maya in the room. The fact that they were dating now, though, pretty much said it all.

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Office Violation

As I walked with determined steps toward his office, I thought nothing of what I was about to do.

It was purely animal.

I felt heat — right behind my eyes. My body felt like it wasn't even my own anymore. The boots felt foreign.

Walking, with heavy steps, toward that door.

My bag over my shoulder. It didn't matter anymore.

It had gotten to that point, where all reason vanishes, and all I can think about is scratching that itch.

And when he looked up at me, as I slammed open the office door, his eyes showed it all. All that I wanted to see — confusion. Startled. Half-thinking it was a pleasant visit.

Maybe to bring him cookies. Or a sandwich.

But I had no such things in my bag. Nothing.

The door slammed shut. I locked it.

"On the floor," I said.

And he looked at me, sitting back in his chair, his arms out a little, one holding a pen, the other near his phone. In my state, I imagined he was about to make a reach for it — to grab it, to call security.

Mindless fantasies.

"On the floor. NOW."

The floor wasn't suitable. It was all animal now, everything I felt.

This feeling, when I get it, it is like not planning anything. Everything just happens. I am me, but I am watching from outside. I am observing how my passion takes over.

I grabbed him by the back of the neck and shoved him over his own desk. I kicked the chair out of the way and it rolled backward until it bumped into the wall.

I was holding his head down now, shoving it, by the neck, into a pile of papers. His breathing was now unsteady (god how I love that), his fingers outstretched a little. Confused. Not wanting to startle the beast.

Picking up his phone, I held it to his ear and pushed "O". "Tell them you are in a meeting. Hold your calls."

He stammered. I was holding the phone to his ear. I pushed down harder on his neck, lifting my knee between his legs, landing squarely, firmly into his groin.

A half gasp, and then he said, "Annie — ho — hold my calls. I have a — a —-"

I kneed him again.

"A — thing –."

I hung up the phone.

"Oh, god.." he said.

"That's GODDESS," I snapped and started with his belt.

There was no time for gags, and I did not care. But I wanted to shut up his whimpering, or to turn it into muffled whimpers – depends on how you look at it. I grabbed a piece of paper from his deck and crumbled it into a ball right in front of him as I was pressed into his back, my arms before him.

He protested, reaching up, starting to speak, as if I had just crumbled up the first page of a contract, or a bid, or something of some major importance. I used it to gag him. Shoved it into his mouth to stop his protests, then pulled his head back to my chest and hissed into his ear from behind, "Don't make me force you to EAT it, you whore."

And that, fortunately, silenced him for a bit.

His trousers fell around his ankles. My hands moved at once to the garters on his thighs. I breathed in, entranced, for the moment, with his thighs. His ass, in the thong panties I made him wear. The thigh-high stockings. How pathetic he now looked, how so un-business-like, standing with trousers around his ankles, panties and garters on.

He was whimpering, beautifully, from behind the crumbled paper.

I swung my long hair around my neck and tied it up with a rubber band I found on his desk. Unzipped my bag. Felt for leather straps.

"You stay put," I said.

Buckles. Jingling of metal against metal. His breathing. People walking past the door that was locked, shut before us. Phones ringing outside. The snapping of medical latex gloves. More whimpering. Shhhhhh.

This time, the cock was mine.

One hand I had at the back of his head, holding his face carefully right down into a mass of his paperwork. I thought, laughingly, maybe he can do some reading while I get what I want here.

My cock. Latex, 8 inches. Strapped on securely, pushing into my crotch how I like it, meeting with the resistance of his newly lubricated asshole.

Spreading his ass cheeks.

His head turned back and forth. Back and forth. Whimpering. Papers flying off the desk, sailing to the floor.

"Shut up," I said. Pushing. With my hips, little thrusts to open him.

I was watching the clock on the wall. Like a bank robbery, I had planned it. Fifteen minutes, in and out.

In. I pushed,

He gasped.

Out.

His fingers, spread out over the desk, gripping the ends of the table.

He was spread out, his trousers down around his ankles. Panties at his thighs. Still in thigh highs, garters.

Holding the edges of his desk.

Gagged with his own memo, probably.

As I held him by the head, pulling him by the hair back toward me, thrusting my hips at him to take him all the way, I imagined this was the perfect portrait of the ultimate businessman.

And I fucked him.

Sweating. I was sweating, bent over him, caught in the motion. The in, the out, the steady fucking. Feeling my cock, I could feel it, moving in and out of his ass.

His whimpers steadied to gasps, he held tight onto the desk, which now rocked with every thrust.

I heard voices outside the door. "…oh, he's in a meeting….I…I don't know…a few more minutes maybe??"

I heard him whimper as he recognized the voices too.

I quickened my pace. Reached under, after slowly peeling the latex glove off with my teeth and licking, sucking my index finger.

Just one finger.

Inside me, I gasped.

Pumping more, I heard him whimper, this time more desperate.

My eyes were shut tight. "Almost…there." I hissed.

And he was choking back sobs, choking back, probably, ink from the memo in his mouth. Or contract. Or whatever it was.

One hand massaging my pussy, feeling my cock slide in and out of his ass above it, the other hand feeling the tops of the stockings on his thighs. Touching the garters. Feeling the panties around his legs.

Then it happened.

In just three.

Violent.

Thrusts.

And I could have sworn, I heard the office noises subside briefly as if everyone wondered what they heard.

Was it me — my muffled gasp as I came.

Or was it him, whimpering, whimpering what I could have sworn was a desperate "nooo…." when my thrusts became deeper and more relentless.

Putting my things away, I watched him pull up his trousers, gingerly, around thighs which glistened with sweat, his ass still coated with lubricant.

Strangely, it was still not enough.

An appetizer. Maybe.

"Come home early tonight," I said. "I want to finish where I left off."

Nov 1, 2021AkWeb

The Third Way

His abduction had been planned for a month.

When I finally had him there before me, cowering, there was nothing that would stop me. I knew what I wanted, no matter how ruthless and degrading. I knew I had to do something to him to truly prove to him what he was to me.

Perhaps he was trying to make me feel sorry for him. I felt nothing, though, because I had planned for that. I had planned for those big, innocent eyes and the careful, calculated shifting of his shoulders.

This time, I used my new black straitjacket – an item that delighted me because of its sinister simplicity and complete functionality. Only four simple buckles made him so helpless.

The black hood, this time, didn't render me so completely distracted. I had taken time to get used to it prior to his abduction. I had done so by sitting, quietly, in my dimly lit bedroom while holding it between my fingers.

I had masturbated with it, the first time cumming quickly, the second time with a little more precision. Desensitizing myself to its ominous essence.

It smelled wonderful.

I wondered, as I paced around him, if he could still smell my scent on the inside.

*

I had him sprawled there on concrete ground. We were in a parking garage. He was in the black straitjacket and black hood, and so there were no weapons. I had disarmed him.

He tried. There is no doubt he tried. First by the way he tilted his head, trying to place it against my thigh for mercy. Then, how he breathed – purposely, deliberately. Loudly.

"Are you hyperventilating?" I observed. Casual. There was no sympathy from me this time.

"You're getting into the trunk of my car," I told him.

This, I assure you, he was not ready for.

*

It had taken some research and investigation, but I certainly enjoy planning a kidnapping. Only a few models of cars had a trunk that could safely be used for transporting a human being. I knew how much air he had.

And, remarkably, he cooperated. He did not want to upset me, I think, because he had seen a glimpse of the high heels. The painful spiked pumps. He had seen the black leather gloves. He knew I had removed all of my rings, deliberately, and that meant that slapping him, hard, was not going to be difficult for me.

Maybe it was my scent surrounding him, comforting him, that led him to step willingly into that dark place.

Or maybe he was already accustomed to the darkness.

*

The drive was about ten minutes long. I'm sure it felt much longer to him. When I lifted the trunk and eyed him there, I was surprised and pleased that I still felt no guilt, no fear, and no hesitation about what I had planned to do to him.

He had his knees tucked up close to his chest, his head down. Still covered with the black hood (which was so beautifully designed), I was not faced with pleading eyes, dampening of the lips or a clever announcement to distract me from my plans.

I wrapped leather around his neck. It wasn't a collar, really, as I never really pictured him as the type to wear a collar. I suppose because I never really imagined him as a slave, or even a submissive. He was simply someone I longed to dominate.

The leather around his neck was functional. Its purpose was so that I could yank him up, out of the trunk, to the floor, and direct him up the porch. It made it just difficult enough for him to breathe to keep him alert.

And he stumbled, just a little, trying to shake it off.

I imagine all he heard as we moved up the walkway was the sound of my heels and a slight hint of the wind in trees.

He still had no idea what was in store for him.

*

As part of my own little ritual, I took time watching him before I even began to remove the restraints.

I will admit, I enjoyed seeing him there, on the floor, straitjacketed and hooded. I knew he must look even better underneath all of that; his hair stuck to his face from sweat and tears, his eyelashes slightly wet.

I enjoyed watching him try, just once more, to see if he could find a way to make the straitjacket budge. I knew it frustrated him because he had found it, originally, not to be entirely too threatening.

After all, it was not white canvas. It was not real. Nor was it leather, covered with buckles, the metal jingling off of it ominously.

No, it was simple. It was so simple that he allowed himself to be put it in, much like the first time he playfully agreed to let me tie his wrists behind his back. After all, he probably thought, I could easily get out of it.

He couldn't.

And he couldn't now, either. No matter how much he twisted his shoulders, no matter how deeply he drew in his breath and held it.

But I certainly enjoyed watching him try. I enjoyed a single glass of wine, reclining in a big leather chair. I had my legs swung over the side, letting a single heel dangle from my toe. I sipped, tilted my head, and sighed softly to myself.

*

I snapped out of my pleasant daydream and decided it was time to get busy. When he heard my heels approaching he cowered a little, crouching down low, close to my feet.

Using the toe of my shoe, I pushed him, by the shoulder, so that he fell back onto his side, then eventually his back. Then, just for amusement, I placed that same heel right at the base of his neck, pushing through the hood.

"I could end your life right now," I commented.

The reason I said this, I still don't know. I wasn't really considering it, after all. I think I just wanted him to know that such sheer cruelty was even capable of entering my mind.

He tried to ease backward, and I could see the black fabric tightening over his chest with ever labored breath he took.

Goddamn, I thought to myself, I love that fucking straitjacket.

“You probably want to know why I brought you here,” I said to him.

He nodded. Carefully, gently. Cautiously.

“I brought you here,” I told him. “Because I am going to rape you. Three times.”

I don’t know which affected him most. The tone of my voice on the word “rape” or the clarification that it wasn’t going to just be one time. Or maybe it was that same heel, now angled right into his crotch.

“Three very different ways.”

That definitely got his attention. And he tried to get away. He actually tried to get away. My boy sat up, fast enough to push my heel aside, and tried to get to his feet. I prevented him with ease and ended up sitting on his lap on the ground, my legs wrapped around his hips.

I felt his breath, even through the hood. It was tainted with the scent of my own pussy. I had no idea I’d soaked it so thoroughly. I imagine, for him, it was like being locked in a room with a pair of my wet panties duct taped right over his head. An idea for later, I pondered.

I nuzzled my face against the black fabric, closing my eyes, imagining where his mouth must be. It didn’t matter, really, because he was wearing a black latex ball gag. I felt the dampness, though, and for a moment just enjoyed the pounding of his breath, through his nose, as it hit my face through the material.

“Do you want to see?” I asked him. “Do you want to see what I have brought to rape you with?”

Remarkably, he nodded. But it wasn't an encouraging nod, or a nod of excitement. It was a nod of trepidation, fear and hopelessness. It was a nod because he knew, based on how well he knew me, that anything other than a nod would get him beaten, beaten until he begged for the privilege of being able to nod.

He was, indeed, a very good boy.

*

I had the tools – the harness, the dildos (in several sizes), the leather contraption, all spread out on a small table in front of him. When the hood was removed, he actually didn't look at them.

Instead, he looked at me. I was surprised to see that he hadn't been crying; the wetness was from sweat. He was strong. Nervous enough to be visibly shaking, but only a little.

He looked at me, and I easily crouched down to give him eye contact. "It won't work," I told him. "I'm completely in a different place. You can save your strength. Do yourself a favor."

Then his attention turned to the tools, and he looked at them only briefly before closing his eyes and swallowing.

"Three times I'm going to rape you," I told him. I was walking to the tools, unzipping my skirt. I stripped down to lingerie and my heels only. I intended to be comfortable.

"Would you like a glass of wine, first?" I asked him. Just one glass, I added.

To my surprise, and disappointment, he declined.

*

I explained to him that the gag would be removed under the condition that he did not speak. The only words I allowed him to say were “yes” and “no.” Even so, I warned him not to use them too much.

“Do you understand?” I asked as I unbuckled and removed the gag.

“Yes,” he said. In a different state of mind, I’m certain he would have been a smart ass, and used his only other word instead.

Before starting with my project, I crouched down and applied some lotion to the corners of his mouth. He backed off, eying me suspiciously, confused by my demeanor.

I was watching my own fingertips. “Your skin. It’s chaffed from the leather straps of the gag. I had it on too tight.”

“Yes,” he said, looking at me, now holding still.

But then I put the lotion away, and I picked up a leather harness. I said to him, “Which way shall I rape you first?”

*

I’m sure he knew I wasn’t asking for his opinion. After all, with only having “yes” and “no” in his vocabulary, there wasn’t really an appropriate response.

“No,” he said. He said it when my back was turned to him, when I was picking up a bottle of clear lubricant and pondering it.

When I moved to him, he flinched and cowered, expecting to be slapped. Instead, I took him by the chin, lifted his head, and stared into his eyes.

“I think I’ll start with your mouth.”

*

Raping his mouth was a longer process than I'm sure he expected. Because I wasn't just shoving my strap-on dick into his mouth; that was merely the warm-up.

The raping of his mouth as I stood, making him kneel to accept it, was merely the warm up for what I really intended to do with his mouth.

But he accepted the first part a lot better than I had expected. At first, understandably, he gagged and pulled away, shook his head, and used one of his two words. He said it many times, even as I grabbed him by the head and turned him back to face the latex cock that sprung out from between my legs.

"You know you like it,"

He said it again, his second word. "No," he shook his head.

"That's enough with the words," I hissed. Then I pried his mouth open with my leather clad fingers, held his jaw that way, and pressed the entire length of my cock into his mouth.

I fucked him that way, actually making him look at me. Look right up at me as he knelt, arms still trussed over his chest in the beautiful black straitjacket. I imagine he was confused and bewildered, his mouth still sore from the gag, because he had no idea how long I might let this go.

My right hand alternated between holding his head still (or by the hair) or reaching to the base of my dick, and my left hand wandered between my legs from behind. I slid my fingers under my panties and massaged myself, still forcing him to keep looking right at me.

It was, for me, a very beautiful, nasty moment. Watching him struggle to accommodate all 7 inches of my cock, making him strain to stay upright.

When I pulled my dick out of his mouth I heard him let out his breath in relief. He thought it was over; the first rape, that is.

But that was just the warm up.

*

I locked the same dildo on one side of a leather gag harness. This time he tried to pull away again, shaking his head from side to side.

I had to grab him by the hair with one hand, growl at him to look at me, then slap him hard across the face. When I made him look at me again he shut his eyes hard, flinching in pain.

This time, when I pried his mouth open, I'm sure he tasted the wetness on my fingers. Maybe that helped him to cooperate even more. Once I had the cock in his mouth I locked the leather harness over his head, then mounted a red, jelly dildo on the other end, facing out.

"This is your first rape," I told him.

And when I mounted him, spread out on the ground what he could in a straitjacket, I heard nothing but a quiet, painful whimper.

*

Raping him that way felt better than I thought it would. It felt better because I could feel him trying to hold still, but trying to breathe at the same time. The cock in his mouth prevented him from breathing at all that way, and I found that when I lowered myself completely onto the dildo it prevented him from breathing through his nose.

Convenient, I pondered, taking longer, more luxurious thrusts. I would lounge, momentarily, feeling the fullness of the dick inside of me, feel the slight twisting of his body as the desire to breathe started to consume him.

When I had received my fill of his tortured inability to breathe between thrusts, I dismounted and reclined back, opening my legs and holding them by the ankles.

"Come here," I ordered. "And make me cum. You have sixty seconds. Then we start adding pain to the equation."

He inched toward me, off balance, and I imagine that he would have been able to do a much better job if he had the use of his hands – even if to just balance himself on all fours.

It gagged him, painfully, every time he pushed forward to try to get that dildo deep into me. I made it hard for him, on purpose, by shifting slightly enough to make him have to move his head.

He was remarkably unsloppy.

But, alas, I did not cum.

And even though he didn't have a clock in front of him, he knew when his time was up. And he knew when I pushed him away, pinning him back down on his back, he had failed.

And even though he had a huge cock in his mouth, I could make out the word.

"No," he was trying to say.

And I picked up my riding crop.

*

Sitting on his face again, full with the wonderful feel of the jelly cock, I enjoyed the bare, tender skin at the insides of his thighs. I'd removed his pants and re-tightened the straps at the bottom of the straitjacket, and while sitting on his face he could do nothing to get away from the sting of that crop.

It did not take long to cum this time. I came mostly because of the whimpers he tried to get out when my ass and pussy didn't prevent all sounds. His face, I noticed when peering over my shoulder, was coated, literally soaked, with a mixture of sweat and my juices.

And I think he was on the verge of tears when I straddled his lap to face him again, this time sliding my tongue up the side of his face just so I could have a taste.

*

I could tell he was exhausted.

"But we haven't even gotten to the second way, yet," I said to him, picking up my strap on harness again. He knew, even with the slightest glance, what the second way would be.

I used my heel to nudge him, standing over him as he cowered. "You're going to take it either on your knees, shoulders to the ground and ass in the air, or you're going to take it on your back with your legs up. I'll be kind enough to give you that small choice."

The decision, of course, only tortured him more. He had no idea which would be worse. He knew it would be painful and degrading no matter how the cock ended up in his tender ass. He was shaking his head now, close but not quite saying, "No." He bit his lips. He was afraid to say it again.

I just stood there, hands on my hips, briefly reaching out and lubricating my 8 inch dick a little bit. I enjoyed watching it bob in response. I saw him regard it for a moment, then roll over onto his stomach, pulling his knees up a little and trying to position himself comfortably with his face to the ground.

Using my feet to pry his legs apart more, I placed both hands on his ass cheeks. "This should make you feel like the whore you are," I told him. "And I know you've been wanting this a long, long time."

He used the other word. He said to me, softly, “Yes.”

And when my cock pressed into him, he screamed the other word. He screamed it loudly.

*

Perhaps he never took the word “rape” seriously. An act of cruel penetration, a thrusting, merciless, opening him up and filling him completely.

“You love my dick,” I said to him. “Say it,” I ordered.

And I honestly expected him to fuck up (maybe I wanted a reason to hurt him).

But he just said, “Yes.”

I said, “Say IT.”

He said, “Yes!”, and he was gasping.

“I give you permission to say the entire sentence,” I hissed, watching all 8 inches disappearing into his soft flesh.

He said it, painfully. He said it once, then I thrust harder and told him to say it again.

The next time, when he said it, his voice cracked. I felt I could cum from this penetration. I felt I could cum from his violation. I shut my eyes, and I concentrated on the feel of my dick inside of him. It felt a part of me. The pressure against my pelvis was driving me insane. I wanted to cum, but had no desire to cut his rape so painfully short.

“Do you want me to cum?” I asked him.

“Yes,” he gasped, and I imagined if he had his hands free, he would be clutching – grasping for anything to hold onto. The pressure of

my body pounding into his made him shake.

“Do you want me to cum with my dick in your ass?” I asked him.

He didn’t reply. So I thrust harder, this time holding his hips for leverage. It was painfully deep, and he gasped, and he hissed “Fuck!”

And he immediately knew he had spoken an inappropriate word.

So when I gagged him, tightly, giving his ass only a few moments to rest, he did not resist and didn’t try to beg desperately with his eyes. He took the second half of his fucking without the ability to even cry out.

And when I came, his entire body was trembling.

*

I let him rest, but not for very long.

Taking off the harness, I watched him shivering there, breathing hard, his eyes shut tightly. I’d removed the gag when I was finished with his ass, and I saw him catch himself before saying, out of habit, “thank you.”.

“Now, what about the third way?” I pondered out loud.

I could see he was spent. His mouth – so precious, because his skin was so soft – was bruised from the various things I had shoved inside. The straitjacket, remarkably, seemed to almost be soaked through in some areas with sweat. He’d been in it for so long, it did not surprise me.

As I went through my box of toys, I noticed that he was unable to see around the lid. He could not tell what I was getting. I’m sure he

could not guess what the third way would be, because the first two had been so ruthless.

*

I enjoyed talking to him cryptically about the third way as I reclined, legs open and my favorite vibrator placed lightly at my thigh.

"The third way," I told him, so casual that one would not know I was nearly naked with the tip of a vibrator inches from my pussy, "Is the most meaningful. The most painful. The most unnatural for you."

I saw such pain and exhaustion in his eyes. I know he wondered to himself what could be more intense than having his mouth used like a dildo and his ass raped with a dick 8 inches long.

And I saw longing in his eyes, too. Longing to kiss me right where I'd placed the tip of the vibrator. Longing to be held and comforted, and to be taken away and freed from the straitjacket that undoubtedly seemed like part of him now.

I saw recollection in his eyes. I saw behind them what he was thinking; he was expecting me to harness a latex cock around his hips and fuck him that way. Because I never let his cock inside of me; he knew that was off limits. He knew his cock wouldn't be in my pussy, for one, because he had not submitted completely in my eyes, yet. And secondly, because I told him, in fits of cruelty, that his dick just was not adequate.

This, of course, was a simple act of cruelty just like any other toy I used to torture him with, but he always took it quite literally. In the heights of passion, when I made him lay on top of me and fuck me with an 8 inch latex dick while his own throbbed helplessly and painfully fastened away, I could see the pain in his eyes. Unfortunately, he never quite understood the insincerity in my observation, and that his dick, in reality, was more than sufficient.

So as I watched him, I noticed that he was concentrating on something else. Probably trying to lose the erection because the device I made him wear during those sessions was excruciatingly painful if he was hard.

He was still looking to the side, solemn, lashes slightly damp, concentrating, when I crouched down and lifted the black hood back over his head.

Even though he didn't resist, I knew he did not want to be back beneath it. It was bad enough he was about to be used in what he considered the most painful, degrading way. Now, I was making sure it would be completely dehumanizing.

Just the sight of him that way, again, did wonders for readying me for another orgasm. I felt cruel and heartless as I prepared my tools. "You look so hot in black," I said to him. Black straitjacket. Black hood. Black and blue.

Almost inhuman, now, he was there before me on his back, naked except for the straitjacket and hood. When I straddled his lap I leaned down to tighten the laces on the hood, making sure he would not be tossing it off. I wanted to look at him the entire time when I raped him the third way.

He whimpered when I took his cock into my hand. He whimpered because he knew how cruel I was, and he knew I wanted him hard before I locked on the harness that would push his painfully hard dick aside and support a stiff, 8 inch piece of latex, complete with balls.

I used lubricant to make sure it felt even better, and smiled, approvingly, when he stiffened in my grasp. I saw him squirm to try to get away. I saw him breathing, painfully, under the hood.

And he gasped, lifting his head, the hood pressed tightly against his face when he felt what I did next. I mounted him, slowly, letting out

my breath when his cock entered me. I wondered, eyes closed momentarily, if he would cum from the mere shock of being inside my tight, warm pussy.

But I knew him better than that. And he knew not to disappoint me after giving him this gift. Still, it was to be a rape, and for me, that meant making him endure the entire time.

So I held his head tightly by a fistful of hair, right through the hood, and I fucked him like he was nothing more than a mounted dildo for my use. All covered in black, he could not even move. He squirmed beneath me but I did not let him move more than a few inches.

"Don't cum," I hissed.

He whimpered.

"Don't cum, or I'll hurt you."

I felt his body tense, I felt him pull all of his strength together. I enjoyed the feel of his cock inside of me, leaning down, gasping against his neck as I tightened around him.

I came, for the third time. I came without letting him cum at all; I came as he squirmed beneath me, covered in black.

Afterward, I collapsed on top of him, arms wrapped around his neck. Exhausted. "Did you like the third way?" I asked him.

"Yes," he let out his breath. I could hear him, somewhere, behind the black hood.

"Did you expect that?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, still breathing shakily.

I fingered the material of the straitjacket, staring at his throbbing cock, at the bit of precum that had formed on the tip. "None of them

are quite as intense," I told him, "As the third way."

"Yes," he agreed. And we remained that way for a long time.

Apr 18, 2018Akasha

Beer Run aka The Corruption of Taylor

Sometimes, when I'm away on business, I have to find ways to satisfy my urges on a whim.

This time was no different.

Friday night I found myself in the darkened hotel room, closing in on 3am, with a 20-year old cocky little thing trussed up and gagged, recently penetrated, humiliated, and looking to me for some answers as to why he felt the way he did Broken, vulnerable from his surrender, he surely would never been the same.

The semen was still fresh on his lips, and his lashes were still wet with tears.

How it all came together still amazes me.

**

I found Taylor at a liquor store.

I had not gone out that night with the intent of finding a man to bring back to my hotel room and seduce and torture. I had simply gone out for a walk, to gather my thoughts, to try to find some serenity in the cool Chicago air.

The concierge at the hotel told me there was a music store a few blocks away. Music is always a nice diversion, so I decided to go pick up a few new compact discs. The day had been hell for me – back to back meetings with clients, a few horrific presentations and barely being able to slip out of entertaining for the evening because I was just too exhausted.

Instead I wandered down the avenue and was half way to the music store when I saw Taylor standing outside a liquor store, smoking,

alone.

The only urge that I have which is sometimes as unbearable as the urge to dominate is the desire, randomly, for chocolate. Not a lot of chocolate, not a specific kind of chocolate, but something sweet. So I detoured into the liquor store and b-lined for the candy aisle, only to find Taylor lurking behind me.

He was following me.

This was odd to me, because he hardly looked like the stalker type. He looked to be about 18 or 19, in torn jeans and a black short sleeved t-shirt. His hair was dirty blonde and he had great blue eyes. As sort of a grungy type, he also needed a shave – but I guess that look is still in.

Taylor watched me pay for my small black bag of plain M&Ms and then followed me out of the liquor store.

I wasn't really worried; after all, he looked harmless.

We only got about half a block before he sped up to me, to my side and said "Excuse me."

I stopped and turned to him.

"Can I ask you for a favor?"

I wonder if Taylor ever wished he had not asked that question. Because that's what started it all.

**

Taylor wanted me to buy him a six pack of beer.

He explained this to me nervously, his hands shoved down as far into his pockets as they could go. And all I could keep thinking when

I was listening to him explain how he lost is ID was, “Those are beautiful eyes.”

He stammered a few times, tried small talk when I just stared at him blankly after his initial request.

“You’re from out of town,” he observed. People have told me I look like I’m either from LA or New York, depending on what I am wearing. I guess I didn’t look Midwestern enough, even for downtown Chicago. Or maybe it was the fact that I was in a business suit.

“You aren’t 21,” I told him. “You didn’t lose your ID. You just want someone to buy it for you. Don’t lie to me. That isn’t a good way to start this off.”

He chuckled a little, looked down, and was shuffling his feet in that kind of “oh shucks” kind of way. Good lord, I thought to myself, is this an act, or is he really that nervous? The vibes from him were inundating me. I was totally over stimulated, to say the least.

The only thing I can compare it to is being like a starving, hungry predatory cat, wandering through the brush feeling sorry for herself, only to come upon a venison with a broken leg.

He was just asking to be captured.

“If I walk in there and buy you liquor,” I pointed out to him. “It’d be on camera, and I’m sure that guy working there has seen you pull this before.”

Taylor was about to defend himself, but I cut him off.

“If you want a beer, come up to my hotel down the block. I’ll take a few out of the bar in the room.”

Of course, I didn't expect that he'd go with that. After all, he probably wanted to go take a six pack home and party with his grunge buddies.

He bit his lip, looked at me, and said, "Which hotel?"

**

Taylor was 20.

I got him to admit that to me on the walk to the hotel. In fact, as soon as I got Taylor talking, he wouldn't shut up. He was pleasant enough, but he definitely talked too much (nervous, I would imagine).

I knew the gag would come in handy.

In fact, as Taylor probably excitedly pondered that he was about to score a few free beers, I was pondering about how I was going to score Taylor.

I went through all the thoughts in my head. How he would look bound and gagged. How he would endure pain. How he'd handle being totally used as a sex object – this hormonal, sweet little 20 year old who stands outside of liquor stores asking women ten years his senior to buy him a six pack.

Taylor had a lot to learn.

And I felt like I had struck gold.

**

Of course, the moral side of me kicked in, and I reasoned that the boy would have no more than two beers over the course of the evening, because there was no way in hell I'd deal with an

inexperienced, naïve, horny kid agreeing to all sorts of humiliating acts while bombed out of his head.

No, I'd have to be careful with Taylor. And also, I didn't know if he was damaged goods.

In the hotel elevator, Taylor looked up at the illuminated room numbers with big, blue eyes. Staring at him, I noticed that he had underlying features that were quite striking – he had amazing cheekbones, for a start, and really nice lips. His face was somewhat hidden by a mop of hair and he needed a good shave. But other than that, he was quite striking.

And boy, was he nervous.

When we entered my room, I could sense that he was trembling.

Grade A venison. Ready to be devoured.

**

When I travel, I tend to stay in fairly nice hotels. After all, if I am going to be away, I at least want to be comfortable. I have learned to hate two things in the last five years: airplanes and hotel rooms.

This hotel was marginal. I'm drawn to luxurious bathrooms, large bathtubs and really nice beds. This one had all three.

Taylor, apparently, had never been inside anything other than a dark motel room for $29 a night. He tried to hide it, but his eyes were drawn around the room and I could hear him clearing his throat.

My room was equipped with a full bar, in case I needed to do any entertaining (and I guess that was good planning, on my part). I rummaged through the refrigerator and pulled out a Corona for the boy, fixing myself a Stolichnaya on the rocks.

When I handed him the beer he said “Thanks.”

Then I said, “Take off your clothes.”

**

I guess I prefer the direct approach. But I figure that even a naïve 20 year old has been around the block enough to know that if a woman invites him up to her room to give him a beer, she probably has some other things in mind as well.

It felt, suddenly, like a scene out of The Graduate.

Taylor was holding the beer bottle tightly, half chuckling, looking at me, as if waiting for me to bust out laughing and say “Just kidding.”

But I just stood there, sipping my cocktail, and waited for him to react.

“Are you serious?” he finally asked, in almost a whisper.

“I’m completely serious,” I responded.

**

Taylor finally snapped out of his daze, probably because the shock wore off and the hormones kicked in. He set his beer down on the nightstand and crossed his arms over his chest to pull the black t-shirt off.

I pulled my hair out of its large, black clip and went to the closet. I never, ever travel without an arsenal of toys, and this trip was no different – even though I knew I would only be gone two days.

When I opened my black leather bag it all started to really sink in.

I was going to have him. I was going to have him in my way, and he was going to learn to submit. I was going to use him and humiliate

him and force him to make me cum, then hold him and rebuild him and make him understand why I had to do it.

I'll never forget the look in his eyes when he saw what I was holding.

**

Taylor had never seen anything like what I had. The shackles, the gags, the vibrators and of course the strap-on. I'd taken off my business suit and was just in stockings and bra at that point, and the leather strap on harness was hanging off my fingertips.

"Oh, shit," was all Taylor could manage.

Before he could weasel away, I took his face in my hands and kissed him. He was just wearing jeans now, after managing to remove his shirt and shoes. I kissed him hard, holding his chin with one hand and moving the other hand around to his ass, pulling him close to me.

Of course, I could feel how hard he was in his jeans at that point. I reached down, and under, and rubbed him through the jeans, making sure I massaged him to complete erection before parting lips and whispering, "I want you to submit to me."

His eyes were shut, his lips were still parted and he was breathing softly toward me. He was in a daze. I started unbuttoning his jeans and then he started to tremble again. He was shaking, breathing uneven now, and he was reaching around, blindly, for the beer bottle he had left on the bedside table.

I pushed it just out of his reach and said, "In a minute."

Then I reached down into his briefs and took him fully in my hand.

I knew I had him. Literally.

**

It was about fifteen minutes later that I had sweet Taylor hogtied, his balls trussed up and my soiled panties tucked carefully into his mouth. He'd thrown a bit of a fit about that until he tasted them of course, and I quieted his protests by lowering my body onto him and resting my soaking pussy right on his nose and mouth.

I knew he couldn't breathe.

"IF you stop being such a brat about this," I said sympathetically, "I'll be much easier on you."

His legs flailed a bit, what they could with his ankles tied together and pulled up behind his back. When I eased up, I lounged momentarily in the feel of his ragged breathing at my thighs, up against my pussy. I took his face in my hands as I slid down, I looked into his eyes and I said, "Do you want to make me cum?"

He nodded. Taylor nodded with boyish enthusiasm, trying to ease up onto his elbows, find any way to get leverage, thinking he was about to be freed so he could fuck me like mad, or that the gag was going to be removed so he could lick my pussy for the next half hour.

Instead, Taylor got to watch me reach back to the dressing table and pick up the heap of leather straps, silver buckles and single, shining black dildo.

His eyes widened, he shook his head and his sweet, muffled voice said, "No."

**

Taylor was terrified. I took his face in my hands again, this time kissing him all around his lips, my hand between my legs masturbating practically on his lap. He was breathing hard,

whimpering a bit, and his eyes, when they weren't screwed shut, were pleading with me.

Using my mouth, I bit down on the panties that were spilling from his mouth and pulled them out slowly. He let out a gasp and said at once, "I can't let you do that to me."

Kissing him, holding him, I reached down with the panties and started rubbing them all over his erection. I stroked him with the panties until he was dripping with pre-cum, twisting, moaning, agonizing over the need to cum.

When he looked at me, his eyes had a sweet, innocent glisten to them. I was already in my own world – just one sip of my Stoli cocktail had been consumed, so I knew it wasn't the alcohol. No, I was consumed with Taylor, and his innocence. I wanted to have him

I needed to have him.

But because I was in that intense, passionate femdom mood, the one that is even more demanding than my usual mode, I wanted more than that. I didn't just wand Taylor to surrender to me, to let me fuck him in the ass and to beg for more.

I wanted him to kneel before me and fasten the buckles. I wanted him to put the harness on me, knowing full well what was going to happen. Virginal, staring right at the big, black cock that would be soon pounding into him. Methodically, gently tightening each of the leather straps so that the harness rested right on my hips and the base of the cock was positioned right at my crotch for the best stimulation.

Looking into Taylor's eyes, which were starting to well up it with tears, I knew it was going to take some careful planning and a lot of patience.

But, I reasoned, it was only 11:30 pm…

**

I released Taylor.

I released him because I knew he was on the edge of freaking out, and I knew that he was dealing with an overload of feelings and sensations. But as soon as he was freed, I locked him into handcuffs, his wrists in front, and made him kneel before me.

I made him kneel while I sat on the edge of the bed, and I reclined and ordered him to go down on me. I told him just how I wanted it, and just how long he would have to do it, and I used both hands in his hair, at the back of his head, to give further direction. By pushing, clenching my fists, pulling his head back.

Taylor was moderate in his abilities. The young ones, I noted, were always too eager and too sloppy. But he showed good promise, and I was patient. After all, this was not the end for me, this was just a step to getting what I really wanted – which was him bent over, vulnerable, begging me fuck him deeper, harder, to show him no mercy and to use him like a total whore.

While Taylor was going down on me, I told him about why I liked my harness so much.

"You need to see what it looks like," I breathed heavily, "To really appreciate it."

He just kept licking. Licking, diligently, probably to try to drown out what I was saying to him.

"When I fuck a man in the ass, I cum," I added. "And nothing excites me more than holding him by the hips, pulling him back with each thrust, feeling him open up to take me, seeing the humiliation in his face.."

By then, I was clenching Taylor's hair so tight with both hands that I felt him wince. His whimpered were muffled by my thighs, pressed tightly around his head. I lifted my legs and wrapped them around tight, moving my hips to raise my body so he could go deeper, deeper with his tongue and bury himself right into me.

By then, I was essentially fucking his face.

In fact, the one-sided conversation was enough to set me off. I pushed him off of me, into the floor on his back, watching him raised his shackled wrists defensively, unsure of what was going on. His face was wet from going down on me, his eyes half shut, his cheeks slightly pink. Without warning, I mounted his face.

Reaching around with my hand, I took his cock full in my palm and gripped him as I fucked his face. This time, it was ruthless, unforgiving. "Tongue out," I ordered. "Keep sucking. Lick harder."

He moaned. He moaned as if it hurt, but his cock was already spurting bits of pre-cum. Taylor produced more precum than I had ever seen. I coated my palm and fingers with it and lifted my body off of him to rub it all over his lips.

He had no idea what I was doing until he licked it and tasted it, making him nearly gag from the realization, but by then I was kissing him on the lips, devouring his mouth. And I didn't give him time to complain out loud, because immediately, after that, I was sitting on his face again.

This time, I rode him until I came.

**

I think Taylor believed he was off the hook at that point. After all, I had cum – didn't that mean it was the end? And that we could move on to HIS orgasm?
Apparently, Taylor had never been with a woman in her 30s.

The night was not even close to over. After all, I still had not received what I really wanted – the chance to fuck him mercilessly in the ass. I wanted to put my harness on and take him completely, to take his virginity, to use him in a way that he would never forget.

Taylor was so turned on, so desperate, I knew I could get just about anything from him. It was just a matter of time and proper pacing. His face was still glistening with my juices, his lips were slightly swollen. His hair, disheveled, made him look even younger than his 20 years.

I tied Taylor up again. I tied him up this time so that his wrists were locked around his knees, his ankles together, his legs pressed to his chest. He was sitting on the floor and looked delightfully helpless.

So much so that I told him that once again I would masturbate. This time, for him to watch. This time, so that he could learn to please me. To want me more than anything.

Taylor looked at me apprehensively when I unfastened the black dildo from my strap-on hardness. I brought it to his face and he turned away, inhaling sharply, nervous, unnerved by what he saw.

"Do you want me to stick this in my pussy?" I asked clearly.

Naked, I could see his cock start to once again stiffen. Just the naughty words did it to him.

I held him by the hair, holding his head terribly still, and started to stroke his cheeks with the dildo. I will admit, at that point, I wished it was strapped into my harness. Because I wanted to hold my hands on my hips and torture him by slapping him square across the face with my latex dick, to tease and humiliate him.

But I needed to be gentle with Taylor.

His breathing was ragged, his eyes were shut tight. I could see him clenching his fists, and the mere sight of him made me ache once again. So vulnerable, so nervous and scared. I pressed the tip of my latex dick to his lips and he shuddered and turned away.

"You will learn," I told him. "It just takes time."

**

Right then, I considered, seriously, the long-term potential for Taylor. After all, I had a few slaves strewn across the United States – because I travel so much, sometimes I like to know I have a whore in a city just in case I need to use someone while on business.

Taylor had all the qualities I wanted in a whore-slave. He was young, impressionable. Passionate, a little bit nervous. He was someone I could mold into the perfect little cunt sucking whore, if I wanted.

And he was completely unable to hide his emotion – or his arousal. His cock was now fully erect, bobbing precariously even though it was tucked between his thighs and front of his body, in the tucked up position I had him in.

I was masturbating with one hand, two fingers massaging my pussy, while I pressed the dildo, again and again, to his virgin lips.

"Suck on it for me, Taylor."

I could see him shuddering, trying to speak. He was so terrified. Terrified, I know, because his dick was rock hard.

And it wasn't because I was there massaging my own pussy near his face. It was because he was turned on at the idea of being fucked in the mouth with my dildo.

"You're hard," I said, stating the obvious. "You need to lower your resistance, Taylor. Accept it. You want it."

I was sweet to him. Sweet and reassuring. I crouched down to be eye-level with him, put my hand against his cheek and he looked at me. I saw what looked like tears in his eyes, but it might have been his gag reflex kicking in at just the mere thought of having a nine-inch latex dick shoved down his throat.

He said to me, sweetly, softly, his words barely coming out. "Can I have a sip of my beer?"

**

Taylor was terrified. He was terrified, but totally turned on. I fed him his beer – two large sips, that was all he could have, right out of the bottle. The feeding process turned me on, of course, and led to a whole side-event of me masturbating with the head of the beer bottle while he watched, only to make him suggestively, eagerly lick the rim while I mocked him.

Then I made him start with the beer bottle. Licking it. Licking all around the head of it, sticking his tongue in the whole. He had his eyes shut tight, nervous, but I encouraged him with words, and sometimes by reaching over and massaging his cock.

"Lick slower," I ordered. "Wrap your tongue around, slowly. All around. Suck on it now, suck on the tip. Deeper."

I pushed it in slowly, watching the neck of the bottle disappear more and more into his mouth. The sight of this made me so hot, I was soaking wet. I stopped, wet my fingers by moving them between my legs, over my pussy, and then brushed them over his lips.

He gasped, startled, tasted my wetness, then opened his eyes. They were glazed, shy. Terrified, still, but now so turned on again.

"I loved watching you suck on this," I said to him, looking carefully at the beer bottle. I hesitated a moment, then took a sip from it,

suggestively, letting my tongue linger. Then, I added, “If you suck my dick, I’ll cum. You do want me to cum, don’t you?”

**

That’s the ultimate question for a man. Any man. I don’t care if he is 18 or 58.

He wants to make a woman cum.

Watching her writhe, moan, gasp. And knowing he did it to her.

Taylor wanted me to cum. There was no doubt. He wanted it bad enough, that he was starting to consider, even desire, things he thought were unthinkable only an hour before.

His eyes were so soft – timid, anxious. But not on fire anymore, not bouncing. Just staring, thinking. Shaking, only slightly.

He looked beautiful.

I held his face in my hands, this time holding the straps of my harness between the fingers of my right hand, letting it dangle next to him.

“Can I have you, Taylor?”

He swallowed, staring at me.

I wet my lips, looked at him sweetly, and asked again, “Can I have you?”

Again, he swallowed, this time closing his eyes briefly, then nodded, and said, in a barely audible whisper, “Yes.”

**

Taylor was kneeling beside me, fumbling with the buckles of my expensive, all-leather strap-on harness. I stood, feet separated slightly, having to lift each leg, slowly, delicately on the spiked heels, to allow him to pull the harness up around my thighs.

He had this sweet look of concentration on his face, obviously unsure of what he was doing, watching me point here and there, at which end of which strap went into which buckle.

He was visibly shaking the entire time. When the cock bobbed precariously in his face, he shuddered a bit and turned the other way.

Taylor fastened each of the buckles on either hip, making them tight, the way I like it. Then I ordered him to ease back, on the floor, and admire me from afar as I stood before him, in spiked heels and a leather strap-on harness, but with nothing else on at all.

Obviously, Taylor was speechless.

But his hard cock gave it all away.

**

Needless to say, taking Taylor's virginity was the highlight of the evening. And probably enough for its own piece – I could write for pages about the sounds he made, how he tensed his body, how it took me twenty five minutes to lubricate him enough to even accommodate the head.

He was passionate and innocent, and he made me want to possess him entirely.

I fucked him for a half hour. I rode his face once more, and then I tied him up and made him sleep at the foot of my bed.

In the morning, I made him bathe me before work, and then I shoved money into his palm for a cab and told him to be careful who he asked for beer when standing in front of a liquor store.

In my own taxi, on the way to my first meeting, staring idly out the cab window and reflecting on the night, I was a bit sad. Sad that I had not found out anything more about this mysterious boy, not taken down his email address, anything, to keep him touch with him for my future travels.

Until I opened up my briefcase to find a slip of hotel paper among my notes for the meeting. It said, simple, "Taylor" with a phone number. He'd obviously put it there when I had gone to sleep.

Needless to say, I found reason to be in Chicago in two more weeks.

And this time, I'm bringing a girlfriend.

May 1, 2018Akasha

Chicago

Winter in Chicago

So, I wonder how cold it will be, winter in Chicago.

You'll be kneeling there in the hotel room waiting for me, with your head down. Maybe I'll have toys laid out for you to put on yourself, blindfolds and restraints. Or maybe I will have you kneel there, naked, waiting.

Maybe I'll make you wait a long time, slut.

For all the times you waited a day when I told you I wanted something *now*. When I finally walk into the room, you will have waited for what seemed like an eternity.

Only to feel my grip on the back of your neck as I force your face down to my feet and say softly, "Hello, slut."

Yeah, that will probably piss you off. But I'll hold you there for a bit and let you up, take a few moments to linger with your hair and pull it to see you flinch, let my hands move down your naked flesh, my property. To feel those nipples, that cock.

We will have much catching up to do.

But first, let's get one thing straight.

I'll pull you up by the hair and direct you to the desk, force you face down over it, kicking your ankles apart with my black patent leather boots. I'll pull your wrists behind your back and lock them together with the finest leather shackles, leaning down against your naked back as I hiss into your ear how much I'm going to enjoy finally fucking my slut.

Holding your head down on the desk hard, listening to you gasp in pain as I dig my nails into your tender flesh, pulling your thighs apart, my hard nipples in your back, lingering, lingering…

Leaning down harder and reaching around to make you watch me put the latex gloves on, smear the clear lubricant on my fingers and wait…wait. Pressing into you, keeping you pinned over the desk like the slut you are, your ass exposed, waiting.

And then, pulling your head up so you face the mirror, see me smiling behind you as I cover your mouth with one hand and reach the other behind you, out of your view. Yes, you know what is coming, don't you?

Oh, how long I've waited to violate you, to show you that I mean business, to fuck you like you deserve, to force one finger inside you and watch you wince, to force two inside you and watch you shut your eyes tight in pain.

Fucking you with, hard relentless thrusts so the desk shakes, the mirror rattles and your muffled moans echo through the room. My breath hard in your ear, my cunt wet against your thighs as I fuck, fuck my property.

Ramming the desk into the wall with my thrusting, watching you squirm in my arms, breathing hard through your nose, waiting for that moment when your eyes open and find their way up the mirror to where I am watching you from behind.

Kissing your ear, biting it, moving down to your neck and sinking my teeth into your flesh until you cry out unsuccessfully behind my latex grip.

"Are you taking me seriously yet, slut?" I'll whisper to you as I cease my assault on your ass and let you lose, prodding you down onto your knees.

That’s a pleasant greeting, I will admit. But the greatest joy will be watching you as you kneel, watching me, as I pull my suitcase onto the bed and open it, slowly, and you see what all I’ve brought to torment you with.

January.

May 1, 2018Akasha

Mickey's First Time

Last week "Mickey" called me after reading about my hunger, and he caught me just as I was about to leave to go shopping.

"I was just heading out – " I said, a little out of breath because I had darted back to grab the phone. "I am not sure if I will be doing phone sessions later today…you can email me though, maybe if the mood comes back, we can play another time?"

I was being honest – there's no way I would ever attempt to dominate someone over the phone if I was not totally in the mood, even if it was one of those rare times, like that day last week, that I was doing phone sessions. Looking back, I have no idea how I got sucked into doing it with Mickey. But I am sure as hell glad I did.

It must have been his voice. I get very turned on by voices anyway – that's why phone domination is something that can turn me on – but this was entirely different. He had a vague hint of an East Coast accent (although he said he was from the Midwest) and a fantastic combination of shyness and confidence – when we talked about anything other than S&M. Often I do ask a little about a man so I can picture him in my head (I am a visual person) and the picture I got was quite an enjoyable one.

Tall, on the lanky side, clean-cut good looks with blue eyes and dark, dark hair. A large weakness of mine – dark hair and blue eyes. What a laugh Mickey had, too. Eloquent and sweet. The kind of voice that I can listen to for hours, the type that I would fall for back in my ravenous phone sex days when I needed phone sex, phone domination almost every night before bed.

I used to tell my random victims (prey I plucked from chat rooms with a private message, "Give me your phone number, I want to have my way with you") when I got them on the phone, "Will you

tell me a bedtime story?" If I needed to clarify, I would explain to them that it meant they would tell a story after I gave them a plot, and then I would listen, and pleasure myself, and after I orgasmed, they would "tuck me in" and we would call it a night. After orgasm, I would be able to sleep. Blissfully. When I got "hooked" on a man, I'd talk with him five, six nights in a row. Sometimes for hours.

That's what Mickey reminded me of. Immediately, I found myself wanting to have him tell me a bedtime story, and not just leap into domination. Then I was torn because I wanted both. I realized suddenly that shopping was not so important anymore, that I was actually in the mood for something different. I was craving Mickey - well, craving hearing what he would sound like in a variety of situations.

He had confessed that his experience was very limited. Some light experimenting with girlfriends, light bondage, and fantasy. He was like a clean slate.

A clean slate with a few toys. I rubbed my legs together with delight, easing comfortably into my chair and sliding my sandals off. I wiggled my toys, smiling as we spoke (that's always even better, a man that makes me smile on the phone, merely through the sound of his voice and the words he chooses.

I pictured Mickey there in his hotel room (he was on a business trip), with his suitcase open and clothes all over, I heard him pacing around the room with the phone, how his breath got caught now and then. Those things, those little changes in his tone as I got more serious, they led to that familiar warmth in my panties.

"You know, Mickey sounds like a girl name. Very feminine. When you get scared a little, like now, your voice gets softer. Feminine. Has anyone ever told you that?"

Mickey laughed, timid. "Uhmm," he hesitated. I swear I could feel the heat from his cheeks blushing right over the phone. "My ex-

girlfriend used to tell me I had long eyelashes prettier than a woman's."

My stomach panged with familiar lust, desire. "Mm. How did that make you feel?"

"Embarrassed," he laughed.

"Micki…" I said out loud, closing my eyes, picturing those eyelashes, how they would frame those piercing blue eyes. Gorgeous, feminine Mickey. "Have you read about my pussy collar?"

Mickey cleared his throat, I heard pacing again. "I, uhm," he laughed a little, and finally said, almost in a whisper, "Yes."

Looking down between my own legs, pulling my skirt up a little now, I smiled, thinking of it. "I am imagining it right now." Indeed, I was. And with Mickey, there, right on his knees. Down on the ground. Trying to use those eyelashes to show off his eyes for me, looking pleadingly at me, wanting a taste of me, a taste of what he could see, smell. So wet, so inviting, and with that collar on, he would know that his task would be a long one. Yes, indeed, Mickey's tongue would get a workout. Until I was damn well finished.

I wanted to hear Mickey moan though, moan while I was imagining the pussy collar, his tongue. I planned it all, planned it perfectly; the thought of Mickey, his labored breathing on the phone to complement my fantasy, my fingers inside of me, my knees up closer to my chest and my legs spread. Easy access, wet lips, tight pussy, and my own clever touch. I would be lost in his whimpers. That is what I wanted from Mickey.

"I want to fuck you in the ass." I said simply. It was a statement of fact; an order.

Mickey inhaled, startled. "Oh," he said, startled. I heard more pacing.

“Stop pacing,” I commanded.

Silence.

“Kneel down. Kneel right where you are, Mickey.”

“Ok..” he said, soft, now almost a whisper again. I heard his slacks, I heard him kneel down, switch hands for the phone and then say, “I’m there.”

“You’re going to take off your pants, pull down your underwear, lubricate that plug you said you’ve never used, and stick it in your ass. While I listen. And you might be able to tell what I am doing…if you can concentrate enough to listen.”

Mickey was trembling. My God, I could hear the phone trembling in his hands. I was wondering if I could hang on long enough to fuck him! I was already getting close to the edge, and I had not even heard him whimper yet! I hadn’t made him hold his breath! I hadn’t made him plead my name! I hadn’t made him shove a dildo in his mouth so I could hear him slurp on it, I hadn’t made him stick an ice cube in his ass so I could hear him gasp…oh, I was wrapped up in what I wanted to do, how I wanted to experiment on his mind, his soul. To taste those reactions one by one.

Trembling Mickey was fumbling with his belt, and I lapped up hearing every lovely second of it all. The belt coming off, the zipper of the trousers, the moving of fabric. All while delicately tracing the warmth of my pussy, teasing, light little pressure from my fingertips against my clit. Licking my fingers, then giggling at him a little, and of course, he thought I was laughing at him fumbling to get undressed.

“I’m just tasting myself,” I told him, matter-factly, accenting it with a smack of my lips.

That put him into a deeper state, delighting me. He was so responsive, so involved, so helpless, so enraptured. The delight was already breathless, and I had not even penetrated him yet! I was in heaven!

The anticipation, fear he had about penetrating himself was passionate and real. I made him tell me all about it, I made him repeat some of the sentences twice, three times, because I loved the way he chose words, as if serenading me with his submission. Then, that sweet, pensive gasp as the plug touched his virginal ass, I savored it. I told him to slow down. To relax. And he cried out, when he finally did it. It made me shake all over. One of those "pre-orgasms" I call them, when my body reacts all the way to my toes and my pussy squirts. Ready for anything.

I made Mickey fuck himself for me, slowly and gently the way I would have done it if he was with me — and all the while, listening to his whimpers, I imagined those whimpers coming from him as he went down on me, licking me because he had no choice. Trapped in the confines of the pussy collar, trapped between my thighs.

Of course, I let Mickey cum later. He had earned it. But I made him cum in my way, after asking him a dozen more questions about where he grew up, what he did for a living and what motivated him to call me. He was so easy to listen to, so charming. I told him, "I find it hard to believe some femdom hasn't come along and just kidnapped you and locked you away for good."

He sounded genuinely flattered, and reminded me that he was, actually, very shy in person. Still, I told him, he was remarkably intuitive and passionate as hell. And damn, what a voice.

There was a lot more to that call, and I told him I'd probably post a little about it but not the entire thing, and he just laughed and I could hear him blushing again.

Finally, I went and did my shopping. He told me would email me, but I never heard from him. I was saddened, but I keep telling myself maybe he got shy.

So, Mickey, if you are reading this – write to me. I don’t bite…

May 1, 2018Akasha

Penetrating Anthony

I never thought I'd actually miss using my strap-on. At least, not that much. It was a day in October, and I found myself simply longing for the feeling of having a man surrender before me, on his hands and knees, desperate for me to take him from behind.

Maybe it was the device itself, how it felt when I wore it. Or maybe I was just longing for that rush of power that comes with taking a man in such a humiliating way. Or, maybe, just maybe, it was the way the base of the dildo felt pressing against my crotch with each thrust, bringing me to orgasm without fail.

I just knew I needed it, and knew who I wanted to be on the other end of it.

His name was Anthony, and he was my desired prey.

**

I had met Anthony at a party. I was certainly the one that came onto him, and he didn't stand a chance. I was dressed conservatively for me – nothing way too fetishy or kinky, no latex outfits that night, I didn't even wear my thigh high black patent leather boots. The only hint of my kinky nature was the shortish leather skirt and spiked stiletto heels. The rest of the toys were resting safely in the trunk of my car. I was always prepared, just in case.

Long glances across the room showed Anthony I was interested. I've never been shy, and this time was no different. See, I get this almost predatory hunger when I am in the mood to dominate; it is something I can't quite get out of my head. When I see a man as attractive as Anthony, I immediately start thinking of how he would look restrained.

I think of how he would look on all fours, wearing a leather collar and on a leash. I imagine whether or not he would resist the pulling on the leash (out of pride), or bow to me and follow my lead almost instinctively.

I think of how a ball gag will look in his mouth. Or, even better, an inflatable butterfly gag – how his eyes might water as the bulbs in his mouth filled with air ruthlessly. Oh, just the thought of the look in his eyes would start to make me melt, just staring at him and imagining it all unfold in my mind.

It was no different with Anthony. He returned my smile shyly. I bet he was imagining that I was thinking innocent, vanilla thoughts. Like how he might kiss or whether or not he was a good lover. Sure, I was thinking of a kiss; but in my thoughts, he was in a latex straitjacket and I had just peeled the duct tape off from across his lips, hissing less than an inch from him, "Make me want to kiss you."

I was wondering if he knew how to beg.

So, I introduced myself to him and found him as charming as I had hoped. He had a great laugh, and a slightly boyish feature about him, even though he was easily in his late 20s. He was about 6ft and built on the lean side, like a swimmer. Perfect. His hair was dark and thick, and I could easily imagine how it would feel between my fingers.

And my next thought, of course, was how he would wince when I tightened my gloved hand, close to his scalp to make sure I was getting him at the most tender spot. That wince, the gasp of pain, the tension his jaw – that would just be my own little foreplay.

Leading up to what I really wanted.

Like so many before, I wondered how Anthony would react to the strap-on. Would he laugh? Would he think I was joking? Would he be terrified? Would he beg me not to do it…or beg me to do it?

Regardless, I knew that he would surrender to it. Part of the thrill was knowing I might have to seduce him into it, or lure him with my sensuality. Or, make him desperate to please me, to appeal to that deep submissive side that all men possess.

I knew one thing for sure. I was looking forward to it.

**

We had been dating for three weeks when I knew it was the night that I would introduce Anthony to my leather strap on. He already knew I was pretty kinky; we'd experimented with light bondage, ice cubes, he even surrendered to leash training and drank from a bowl at my feet. He got to experience a few of my latex outfits, and slathered his tongue all over my thigh high black patent leather boots. And judging by the stiffness of his cock, he was enjoying these various acts of surrender.

And, delightfully, he was excellent at going down on me. I could leash him and drag him between my legs, press his face to my pussy and hold him in place to keep him at his task. He let me ride his face with little resistance, and didn't shy away when I told him I wanted him to worship my ass. And when he didn't do it with enthusiasm, I gripped the base of his balls with my fist and dug my nails into his delicate flesh. It surely got his attention.

Anthony was resistant to some of the darker extremes. I think he thought I was joking when I mentioned an enema, and he still just stared at me with this blank look when I told him, "Oh yeah. I have an enema set up in the bathroom. I could tie you down in the tub and fill you right up, and make you beg for release. Don't tell me you wouldn't find that intriguing."

He changed the subject.

I giggled at him, sucking on my fingers suggestively and then starting to trace his body. We had just been cuddling on the couch,

and the slight affection was enough to make me want more. I wanted to get into my dominant mode as quickly as possible, because I was hungry. In no time I was playfully pinning him on the bed. He fawned resistance for me, amuse me, and didn't resist the natural next step of me taking out the restraints.

The restraints I use are leather. This time, I restrained him face down on the bed by the wrists, leaving his ankles free. I undid his belt and pulled down his trousers. Anthony didn't resist. I'm sure he was thinking I'd tease him with my naked body, writhe on top of him, making him beg to lick me, and then we'd make love all night.

He had no idea what was in the bedside drawer, what I wanted to use on him.

First, though, I wanted to loosen him up. Just to be sure. The restraints were really turning me on; I knew I couldn't wait much longer. I was soaking wet right through my satin black panties already; it was no time before I slipped out of them and used them to gag him. He'd had this treatment before and his muffled protests, followed by hungry moaning, were enough to make me want to do it again. Over and over. I wish I had that duct tape handy to ensure he couldn't spit it out and protest the upcoming anal violation.

There is nothing that turns me on more than invading a man's tight, tight ass. I knew Anthony was a virgin, and that made me hot. I straddled the backs of his thighs and when he heard the lubricant lid pop open he turned his head toward the sound. I bet he thought it was for my vibrator, and that I was going to pleasure myself while straddling his ass – I'd done that to him a few nights before.

The way he tensed when my fingers traced down the crack of his ass was priceless. "Shhh," I ordered. "Don't tense up. Trust me, you're going to like this."

He thrashed his head back and forth a few times, and when he looked into my eyes I could see it. Fear. He was breathing hard. I

was so overwhelmed with lust, it all took over. I leaned down toward him and put my hand tightly over his nose and mouth, ramming the panties deeper. “Shut up,” I hissed, pushing my index finger into his virginal ass – slowly, but firmly.

Anthony gasped and yelped into the panties. “Taste it!” I whispered. “Taste my pussy in your mouth. You taste that? That’s NOTHING compared to how wet you are making me right now, bitch! If you want to get me off, you need to suck it up, slave.”

These words he had never heard. I could tell. And I could feel his cock stiffening when I reached down to check with the other hand, letting loose from his mouth just for a moment. He was rock hard in no time. I smiled. He was already mine.

Two fingers were in his ass in no time, and he was bucking his hips with the thrusting of my hand. The whore was really enjoying it. And I was aching with lust; there was no stopping me now, and all I wanted was to step into my fine leather harness, wiggle my hips to pull it up and into place and put that big, black dildo right in his face.

When I went to the drawer, he lifted his head to follow me. Curious.

**

Anthony’s eyes widened when I pulled the lifelike black dildo from the drawer. He watched, horrified, as I smiled and slid the cock through the metal ring in the leather strap-on harness. “Never seen a strap-on?” I grinned, buckling it into place snugly. “Do you know what I am going to do with this cock? Do you know what a whore I am about to turn you into?”

Anthony was blushing. He was breathing hard. He shook his head slowly, and said, in a muffled tone from behind dripping panties, “No…”

I slowly, leisurely began to lubricate the 8-inch cock as I walked around toward him, pacing around the bed, using long, deep strokes with one hand. I took my time massaging the head of my latex dick, then cupping and rubbing the balls. Long, suggestive strokes, right in front of his face. I even took a moment to slap the side of his face slightly with it, startling him.

I couldn't help but chuckle.

Anthony must have thought it was all for show, because when I got behind him and straddled him, he gasped and tried to turn and look at me, whimpering. I pulled him by the hips with both hands to bring him up on to his knees, lifting his belly off the bed. "Get up onto your knees and hold onto the headboard, bitch!" I ordered.

When he didn't comply, I slapped his ass. "Don't make this hard on yourself, you pathetic whore. Let me give you the ass fucking you will never forget! I'm going to cum all over you."

This dirty talk certainly did the trick. For me, that is. I was so turned on, I knew a good 15 minutes of pumping would stimulate my pussy enough from the pressure that I'd be able to cum with ease. I was only wishing I had my ejaculating dildo ready and filled so I could give him a real surprise in the form of a milky white stream across his face. Next time, I reminded myself. Next time.

The whimpers that came from Anthony were to die for. At first, the head of my cock was way too big for his tight, timid hole. I had to add more lubricant and slowly push forward until the head popped through. In no time, after that, I was able to slide the length in by a half inch, testing the strength of his ass muscles. Damn, he was tight!

As soon as he was adjusted to the feel of it, I did a favorite trick of mine. "Back up onto it," I ordered him. He whimpered. I reached under him and gripped his balls and pulled backward, pulling him firmly right up onto my cock. Watching the length of it disappear

between his ass cheeks was mesmerizing. I was eager to start the real ass fucking, though.

There's something amazing about getting into the full rhythm of an ass fucking. When I had Anthony in place, pinned and terrified at what he was feeling, I started to real fuck him hard. I slammed into him with the strength of my entire body, pumping with my hips until the bed creaked louder than it ever had. His muffled whimpers were drowned out by the headboard slamming into the wall. He was able to take the whole 8 inches! I was impressed, and riding close to orgasm.

"You're such a whore!" I told him, pulling his head back by the hair and thrusting with every word. "You want me to cum!? Do you want me to cum all over your face, bitch?"

Anthony whimpered desperately and I kept pumping. I kept pumping and I made him beg for more; beg with his eyes, beg for me to give him more, to go deeper. He was indeed a whore, and loving every minute of it.

When I came, I gave him a last, hard thrust. I told him then that he was mine; that any man who let me fuck him that way, to take his virginity, would always be mine. That no one would own his ass like I did after that, and that this ass fucking was only the beginning. He was panting when I pulled the panties from his mouth and curled up next to him. Blushing, he finally opened his eyes again, barely able to speak.

Anthony didn't have to say anything. I could see it all in his eyes.

He was indeed mine. It had gone exactly as planned.

May 1, 2018Akasha

Suck my Cock

I had a dream this afternoon that you were kneeling in front of me, ready to suck my dick.

It was so clear. I could see you there naked. I was wearing my favorite leather harness with the bobbing 9-inch flesh colored cock. The tip of the dildo was coated with white, creamy precum I had scooped off the head of your hard cock.

I took a lot of pleasure in making you go down on my huge dildo. I held you by the back of the head and pumped my hips forward slowly at first, then started picking up speed and really pounding your face. My latex balls were slapping against your chin. I could hear you gagging again and again on the length and width of my beast. It just turned me on more.

The best part was that my girlfriend was there watching. She had been curious and asking me what the big deal was about using a strap on, and why it was such a turn on. She had said she thought it would be gross or weird. But she was standing there, with a very curious look on her face. She was stroking the strap on cock I had her wearing, the black leather harness with the pretty 7-inch pink dick. She was sliding her delicate hand up and down it as if getting used to the feel of it, and I could see a sort of realization in her eyes as she watched your head bobbing up and down on my latex cock.

But I just kept fucking your face. The rhythm and pumping were turning me on, I could feel my panties heating up and soaking up warm moisture from my pussy from the constant pressure and suggestive thrusting.

I stopped fucking your mouth with my cock and said, “Get down on all fours.”

You did as told.

I moved around to get in position behind your ass, my latex cock slick with your spit and ready to enter your tight asshole. “Go ahead and take him from the front,” I told my beautiful, petite blonde girlfriend.

I watched her pink cock bobbing as she moved around toward your face and held it up delicately in the palm of her hand, offering it to your lips.

Then we took you together.

It was a good dream

May 1, 2018Akasha

The Third Way

His abduction had been planned for a month.

When I finally had him there before me, cowering, there was nothing that would stop me. I knew what I wanted, no matter how ruthless and degrading. I knew I had to do something to him to truly prove to him what he was to me.

Perhaps he was trying to make me feel sorry for him. I felt nothing, though, because I had planned for that. I had planned for those big, innocent eyes and the careful, calculated shifting of his shoulders.

This time, I used my new black straitjacket – an item that delighted me because of its sinister simplicity and complete functionality. Only four simple buckles made him so helpless.

The black hood, this time, didn't render me so completely distracted. I had taken time to get used to it prior to his abduction. I had done so by sitting, quietly, in my dimly lit bedroom while holding it between my fingers.

I had masturbated with it, the first time cumming quickly, the second time with a little more precision. Desensitizing myself to its ominous essence.

It smelled wonderful.

I wondered, as I paced around him, if he could still smell my scent on the inside.

*

I had him sprawled there on concrete ground. We were in a parking garage. He was in the black straitjacket and black hood, and so there were no weapons. I had disarmed him.

He tried. There is no doubt he tried. First by the way he tilted his head, trying to place it against my thigh for mercy. Then, how he breathed – purposely, deliberately. Loudly.

"Are you hyperventilating?" I observed. Casual. There was no sympathy from me this time.

"You're getting into the trunk of my car," I told him.

This, I assure you, he was not ready for.

*

It had taken some research and investigation, but I certainly enjoy planning a kidnapping. Only a few models of cars had a trunk that could safely be used for transporting a human being. I knew how much air he had.

And, remarkably, he cooperated. He did not want to upset me, I think, because he had seen a glimpse of the high heels. The painful spiked pumps. He had seen the black leather gloves. He knew I had removed all of my rings, deliberately, and that meant that slapping him, hard, was not going to be difficult for me.

Maybe it was my scent surrounding him, comforting him, that led him to step willingly into that dark place.

Or maybe he was already accustomed to the darkness.

*

The drive was about ten minutes long. I'm sure it felt much longer to him. When I lifted the trunk and eyed him there, I was surprised and pleased that I still felt no guilt, no fear, and no hesitation about what I had planned to do to him.

He had his knees tucked up close to his chest, his head down. Still covered with the black hood (which was so beautifully designed), I was not faced with pleading eyes, dampening of the lips or a clever announcement to distract me from my plans.

I wrapped leather around his neck. It wasn't a collar, really, as I never really pictured him as the type to wear a collar. I suppose because I never really imagined him as a slave, or even a submissive. He was simply someone I longed to dominate.

The leather around his neck was functional. Its purpose was so that I could yank him up, out of the trunk, to the floor, and direct him up the porch. It made it just difficult enough for him to breathe to keep him alert.

And he stumbled, just a little, trying to shake it off.

I imagine all he heard as we moved up the walkway was the sound of my heels and a slight hint of the wind in trees.

He still had no idea what was in store for him.

*

As part of my own little ritual, I took time watching him before I even began to remove the restraints.

I will admit, I enjoyed seeing him there, on the floor, straitjacketed and hooded. I knew he must look even better underneath all of that; his hair stuck to his face from sweat and tears, his eyelashes slightly wet.

I enjoyed watching him try, just once more, to see if he could find a way to make the straitjacket budge. I knew it frustrated him because he had found it, originally, not to be entirely too threatening.

After all, it was not white canvas. It was not real. Nor was it leather, covered with buckles, the metal jingling off of it ominously.

No, it was simple. It was so simple that he allowed himself to be put it in, much like the first time he playfully agreed to let me tie his wrists behind his back. After all, he probably thought, I could easily get out of it.

He couldn't.

And he couldn't now, either. No matter how much he twisted his shoulders, no matter how deeply he drew in his breath and held it.

But I certainly enjoyed watching him try. I enjoyed a single glass of wine, reclining in a big leather chair. I had my legs swung over the side, letting a single heel dangle from my toe. I sipped, tilted my head, and sighed softly to myself.

*

I snapped out of my pleasant daydream and decided it was time to get busy. When he heard my heels approaching he cowered a little, crouching down low, close to my feet.

Using the toe of my shoe, I pushed him, by the shoulder, so that he fell back onto his side, then eventually his back. Then, just for amusement, I placed that same heel right at the base of his neck, pushing through the hood.

"I could end your life right now," I commented.

The reason I said this, I still don't know. I wasn't really considering it, after all. I think I just wanted him to know that such sheer cruelty was even capable of entering my mind.

He tried to ease backward, and I could see the black fabric tightening over his chest with ever labored breath he took.

Goddamn, I thought to myself, I love that fucking straitjacket.

“You probably want to know why I brought you here,” I said to him.

He nodded. Carefully, gently. Cautiously.

“I brought you here,” I told him. “Because I am going to rape you. Three times.”

I don’t know which affected him most. The tone of my voice on the word “rape” or the clarification that it wasn’t going to just be one time. Or maybe it was that same heel, now angled right into his crotch.

“Three very different ways.”

That definitely got his attention. And he tried to get away. He actually tried to get away. My boy sat up, fast enough to push my heel aside, and tried to get to his feet. I prevented him with ease and ended up sitting on his lap on the ground, my legs wrapped around his hips.

I felt his breath, even through the hood. It was tainted with the scent of my own pussy. I had no idea I’d soaked it so thoroughly. I imagine, for him, it was like being locked in a room with a pair of my wet panties duct taped right over his head. An idea for later, I pondered.

I nuzzled my face against the black fabric, closing my eyes, imagining where his mouth must be. It didn’t matter, really, because he was wearing a black latex ball gag. I felt the dampness, though, and for a moment just enjoyed the pounding of his breath, through his nose, as it hit my face through the material.

“Do you want to see?” I asked him. “Do you want to see what I have brought to rape you with?”

Remarkably, he nodded. But it wasn't an encouraging nod, or a nod of excitement. It was a nod of trepidation, fear and hopelessness. It was a nod because he knew, based on how well he knew me, that anything other than a nod would get him beaten, beaten until he begged for the privilege of being able to nod.

He was, indeed, a very good boy.

*

I had the tools – the harness, the dildos (in several sizes), the leather contraption, all spread out on a small table in front of him. When the hood was removed, he actually didn't look at them.

Instead, he looked at me. I was surprised to see that he hadn't been crying; the wetness was from sweat. He was strong. Nervous enough to be visibly shaking, but only a little.

He looked at me, and I easily crouched down to give him eye contact. "It won't work," I told him. "I'm completely in a different place. You can save your strength. Do yourself a favor."

Then his attention turned to the tools, and he looked at them only briefly before closing his eyes and swallowing.

"Three times I'm going to rape you," I told him. I was walking to the tools, unzipping my skirt. I stripped down to lingerie and my heels only. I intended to be comfortable.

"Would you like a glass of wine, first?" I asked him. Just one glass, I added.

To my surprise, and disappointment, he declined.

*

I explained to him that the gag would be removed under the condition that he did not speak. The only words I allowed him to say were “yes” and “no.” Even so, I warned him not to use them too much.

“Do you understand?” I asked as I unbuckled and removed the gag.

“Yes,” he said. In a different state of mind, I’m certain he would have been a smart ass, and used his only other word instead.

Before starting with my project, I crouched down and applied some lotion to the corners of his mouth. He backed off, eying me suspiciously, confused by my demeanor.

I was watching my own fingertips. “Your skin. It’s chaffed from the leather straps of the gag. I had it on too tight.”

“Yes,” he said, looking at me, now holding still.

But then I put the lotion away, and I picked up a leather harness. I said to him, “Which way shall I rape you first?”

*

I’m sure he knew I wasn’t asking for his opinion. After all, with only having “yes” and “no” in his vocabulary, there wasn’t really an appropriate response.

“No,” he said. He said it when my back was turned to him, when I was picking up a bottle of clear lubricant and pondering it.

When I moved to him, he flinched and cowered, expecting to be slapped. Instead, I took him by the chin, lifted his head, and stared into his eyes.

“I think I’ll start with your mouth.”

*

Raping his mouth was a longer process than I'm sure he expected. Because I wasn't just shoving my strap-on dick into his mouth; that was merely the warm-up.

The raping of his mouth as I stood, making him kneel to accept it, was merely the warm-up for what I really intended to do with his mouth.

But he accepted the first part a lot better than I had expected. At first, understandably, he gagged and pulled away, shook his head, and used one of his two words. He said it many times, even as I grabbed him by the head and turned him back to face the latex cock that sprung out from between my legs.

"You know you like it,"

He said it again, his second word. "No," he shook his head.

"That's enough with the words," I hissed. Then I pried his mouth open with my leather-clad fingers, held his jaw that way, and pressed the entire length of my cock into his mouth.

I fucked him that way, actually making him look at me. Look right up at me as he knelt, arms still trussed over his chest in the beautiful black straitjacket. I imagine he was confused and bewildered, his mouth still sore from the gag, because he had no idea how long I might let this go.

My right hand alternated between holding his head still (or by the hair) or reaching to the base of my dick, and my left hand wandered between my legs from behind. I slid my fingers under my panties and massaged myself, still forcing him to keep looking right at me.

It was, for me, a very beautiful, nasty moment. Watching him struggle to accommodate all 7 inches of my cock, making him strain to stay upright.

When I pulled my dick out of his mouth I heard him let out his breath in relief. He thought it was over; the first rape, that is.

But that was just the warm-up.

*

I locked the same dildo on one side of a leather gag harness. This time he tried to pull away again, shaking his head from side to side.

I had to grab him by the hair with one hand, growl at him to look at me, then slap him hard across the face. When I made him look at me again he shut his eyes hard, flinching in pain.

This time, when I pried his mouth open, I'm sure he tasted the wetness on my fingers. Maybe that helped him to cooperate even more. Once I had the cock in his mouth I locked the leather harness over his head, then mounted a red, jelly dildo on the other end, facing out.

"This is your first rape," I told him.

And when I mounted him, spread out on the ground what he could in a straitjacket, I heard nothing but a quiet, painful whimper.

*

Raping him that way felt better than I thought it would. It felt better because I could feel him trying to hold still, but trying to breathe at the same time. The cock in his mouth prevented him from breathing at all that way, and I found that when I lowered myself completely onto the dildo it prevented him from breathing through his nose.

Convenient, I pondered, taking longer, more luxurious thrusts. I would lounge, momentarily, feeling the fullness of the dick inside of me, feel the slight twisting of his body as the desire to breathe started to consume him.

When I had received my fill of his tortured inability to breathe between thrusts, I dismounted and reclined back, opening my legs and holding them by the ankles.

"Come here," I ordered. "And make me cum. You have sixty seconds. Then we start adding pain to the equation."

He inched toward me, off balance, and I imagine that he would have been able to do a much better job if he had the use of his hands – even if to just balance himself on all fours.

It gagged him, painfully, every time he pushed forward to try to get that dildo deep into me. I made it hard for him, on purpose, by shifting slightly enough to make him have to move his head.

He was remarkably unsloppy.

But, alas, I did not cum.

And even though he didn't have a clock in front of him, he knew when his time was up. And he knew when I pushed him away, pinning him back down on his back, he had failed.

And even though he had a huge cock in his mouth, I could make out the word.

"No," he was trying to say.

And I picked up my riding crop.

*

Sitting on his face again, full with the wonderful feel of the jelly cock, I enjoyed the bare, tender skin at the insides of his thighs. I'd removed his pants and re-tightened the straps at the bottom of the straitjacket, and while sitting on his face he could do nothing to get away from the sting of that crop.

It did not take long to cum this time. I came mostly because of the whimpers he tried to get out when my ass and pussy didn't prevent all sounds. His face, I noticed when peering over my shoulder, was coated, literally soaked, with a mixture of sweat and my juices.

And I think he was on the verge of tears when I straddled his lap to face him again, this time sliding my tongue up the side of his face just so I could have a taste.

*

I could tell he was exhausted.

"But we haven't even gotten to the second way, yet," I said to him, picking up my strap-on harness again. He knew, even with the slightest glance, what the second way would be.

I used my heel to nudge him, standing over him as he cowered. "You're going to take it either on your knees, shoulders to the ground and ass in the air, or you're going to take it on your back with your legs up. I'll be kind enough to give you that small choice."

The decision, of course, only tortured him more. He had no idea which would be worse. He knew it would be painful and degrading no matter how the cock ended up in his tender ass. He was shaking his head now, close but not quite saying, "No." He bit his lips. He was afraid to say it again.

I just stood there, hands on my hips, briefly reaching out and lubricating my 8 inch dick a little bit. I enjoyed watching it bob in response. I saw him regard it for a moment, then roll over onto his stomach, pulling his knees up a little and trying to position himself comfortably with his face to the ground.

Using my feet to pry his legs apart more, I placed both hands on his ass cheeks. "This should make you feel like the whore you are," I told him. "And I know you've been wanting this a long, long time."

He used the other word. He said to me, softly, “Yes.”

And when my cock pressed into him, he screamed the other word. He screamed it loudly.

*

Perhaps he never took the word “rape” seriously. An act of cruel penetration, a thrusting, merciless, opening him up and filling him completely.

“You love my dick,” I said to him. “Say it,” I ordered.

And I honestly expected him to fuck up (maybe I wanted a reason to hurt him).

But he just said, “Yes.”

I said, “Say IT.”

He said, “Yes!”, and he was gasping.

“I give you permission to say the entire sentence,” I hissed, watching all 8 inches disappearing into his soft flesh.

He said it, painfully. He said it once, then I thrust harder and told him to say it again.

The next time, when he said it, his voice cracked. I felt I could cum from this penetration. I felt I could cum from his violation. I shut my eyes, and I concentrated on the feel of my dick inside of him. It felt a part of me. The pressure against my pelvis was driving me insane. I wanted to cum, but had no desire to cut his rape so painfully short.

“Do you want me to cum?” I asked him.

“Yes,” he gasped, and I imagined if he had his hands free, he would be clutching – grasping for anything to hold onto. The pressure of

my body pounding into his made him shake.

“Do you want me to cum with my dick in your ass?” I asked him.

He didn’t reply. So I thrust harder, this time holding his hips for leverage. It was painfully deep, and he gasped, and he hissed “Fuck!”

And he immediately knew he had spoken an inappropriate word.

So when I gagged him, tightly, giving his ass only a few moments to rest, he did not resist and didn’t try to beg desperately with his eyes. He took the second half of his fucking without the ability to even cry out.

And when I came, his entire body was trembling.

*

I let him rest, but not for very long.

Taking off the harness, I watched him shivering there, breathing hard, his eyes shut tightly. I’d removed the gag when I was finished with his ass, and I saw him catch himself before saying, out of habit, “thank you.”.

“Now, what about the third way?” I pondered out loud.

I could see he was spent. His mouth – so precious, because his skin was so soft – was bruised from the various things I had shoved inside. The straitjacket, remarkably, seemed to almost be soaked through in some areas with sweat. He’d been in it for so long, it did not surprise me.

As I went through my box of toys, I noticed that he was unable to see around the lid. He could not tell what I was getting. I’m sure he

could not guess what the third way would be, because the first two had been so ruthless.

*

I enjoyed talking to him cryptically about the third way as I reclined, legs open and my favorite vibrator placed lightly at my thigh.

"The third way," I told him, so casual that one would not know I was nearly naked with the tip of a vibrator inches from my pussy, "Is the most meaningful. The most painful. The most unnatural for you."

I saw such pain and exhaustion in his eyes. I know he wondered to himself what could be more intense than having his mouth used like a dildo and his ass raped with a dick 8 inches long.

And I saw longing in his eyes, too. Longing to kiss me right where I'd placed the tip of the vibrator. Longing to be held and comforted, and to be taken away and freed from the straitjacket that undoubtedly seemed like part of him now.

I saw recollection in his eyes. I saw behind them what he was thinking; he was expecting me to harness a latex cock around his hips and fuck him that way. Because I never let his cock inside of me; he knew that was off limits. He knew his cock wouldn't be in my pussy, for one, because he had not submitted completely in my eyes, yet. And secondly, because I told him, in fits of cruelty, that his dick just was not adequate.

This, of course, was a simple act of cruelty just like any other toy I used to torture him with, but he always took it quite literally. In the heights of passion, when I made him lay on top of me and fuck me with an 8 inch latex dick while his own throbbed helplessly and painfully fastened away, I could see the pain in his eyes. Unfortunately, he never quite understood the insincerity in my observation, and that his dick, in reality, was more than sufficient.

So as I watched him, I noticed that he was concentrating on something else. Probably trying to lose the erection because the device I made him wear during those sessions was excruciatingly painful if he was hard.

He was still looking to the side, solemn, lashes slightly damp, concentrating, when I crouched down and lifted the black hood back over his head.

Even though he didn't resist, I knew he did not want to be back beneath it. It was bad enough he was about to be used in what he considered the most painful, degrading way. Now, I was making sure it would be completely dehumanizing.

Just the sight of him that way, again, did wonders for readying me for another orgasm. I felt cruel and heartless as I prepared my tools. "You look so hot in black," I said to him. Black straitjacket. Black hood. Black and blue.

Almost inhuman, now, he was there before me on his back, naked except for the straitjacket and hood. When I straddled his lap I leaned down to tighten the laces on the hood, making sure he would not be tossing it off. I wanted to look at him the entire time when I raped him the third way.

He whimpered when I took his cock into my hand. He whimpered because he knew how cruel I was, and he knew I wanted him hard before I locked on the harness that would push his painfully hard dick aside and support a stiff, 8 inch piece of latex, complete with balls.

I used lubricant to make sure it felt even better, and smiled, approvingly, when he stiffened in my grasp. I saw him squirm to try to get away. I saw him breathing, painfully, under the hood.

And he gasped, lifting his head, the hood pressed tightly against his face when he felt what I did next. I mounted him, slowly, letting out

my breath when his cock entered me. I wondered, eyes closed momentarily, if he would cum from the mere shock of being inside my tight, warm pussy.

But I knew him better than that. And he knew not to disappoint me after giving him this gift. Still, it was to be a rape, and for me, that meant making him endure the entire time.

So I held his head tightly by a fistful of hair, right through the hood, and I fucked him like he was nothing more than a mounted dildo for my use. All covered in black, he could not even move. He squirmed beneath me but I did not let him move more than a few inches.

"Don't cum," I hissed.

He whimpered.

"Don't cum, or I'll hurt you."

I felt his body tense, I felt him pull all of his strength together. I enjoyed the feel of his cock inside of me, leaning down, gasping against his neck as I tightened around him.

I came, for the third time. I came without letting him cum at all; I came as he squirmed beneath me, covered in black.

Afterward, I collapsed on top of him, arms wrapped around his neck. Exhausted. "Did you like the third way?" I asked him.

"Yes," he let out his breath. I could hear him, somewhere, behind the black hood.

"Did you expect that?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, still breathing shakily.

I fingered the material of the straitjacket, staring at his throbbing cock, at the bit of precum that had formed on the tip. "None of them

are quite as intense," I told him, "As the third way."

"Yes," he agreed. And we remained that way for a long time.

May 1, 2018Akasha

You

I don’t know what it is about you.

What is it about you that makes me want to tie you down? You come home to me in your expensive suit and tie, exhausted from your day in the office, and all I can think about is how you must look on your knees. Naked. Begging.

You just need it. I mean you need it, because I see that you need it. You need to be tamed. To be restrained. To be objectified.

I want to strip every last bit of that corporate snob out of you and leave you at my feet. Shaking. In something nasty. Panties, a corset. So desperately humiliated.

In your place.

I see you at these work functions you drag me to. I dress up in a hot black mini dress and you are quite proud of me, flaunting me around. And they all admire me, oh so beautiful, how cute a couple.

But do they know?

Do they know that I have shoved a plug into your ass?

That before this work party I bent you over the dining room table and performed a degrading ritual?

Do they know how you look in thigh high stockings?

How little they know.

I am hungry tonight. Can you tell?

*

Are you ready to show me how devoted you are? I have been thinking about this. Thinking about taking you. About really using you for a night, to bring you back to reality.

You have been much too cocky lately.

You forgot how suffocating the pussy collar is.

You forgot how suffocating it is to be trapped under me. Forced to lick.

Me masturbating on your face.

Your cock in a cage. To get any harder makes you throb, and whimper. But those whimpers make me wetter. That wetness drowns you. I am sitting on your face.

No air to breathe.

Forced to stick your tongue in my ass.

Do you realize how far I want to send you?

No. You do not.

This is it. You will serve me, or be gone.

*

No pleasure for you, and no release.

After your speech on Thursday, I will enjoy the biggest thrill of all. You will be standing there, preaching the world, admired by hundreds. Applause. Your charming smile. That amazing suit.

Only I will know what is waiting for you.

And under that suit. Ahh, our dressing ritual.

5:00 pm at my place. You dress in the black crotchless panties. I keep them down around your thighs as I insert the plug. It is larger than what you are used to, and your gasp in shock gets me wet.

I love those sounds.

"I will be watching you."

It makes me wet, more than anything, when I can sit back and play the proper girlfriend as you make your appearances, and no one has any idea what is going on underneath.

About the plug in your ass.

About the panties riding up your crack.

And what will happen later.

***

Because after your big night on stage, you are mine. You are my nasty little bitch toy. You become my "sandi."

Sandi the whore. The nasty bitch.

The moment we are in the room, alone, you are mine.

Pushed over the couch. It thrills me to reach around and start with your belt, to hear your breathing. Even a little resistance on your part gets me wet. Go ahead, fight it. You know you will still end up with my dick in your mouth.

The trousers come down. The shoes and socks go. I take off your jacket and shirt and leave you standing there in panties,thigh highs.

I make you kneel. Just to feel your breath against my legs, then my feet. Breathing hard. I know you want it, but you cannot say anything. It is too hard to articulate.

It is so *not* *you*.

And that is why it is a delight for me.

Let the games begin.

*

It never ceases to amaze me.

The look in your eyes when you see me with my cock.

Ahh, my cock. All 9 inches of it, as I strut around you, in high heels, stroking it. The leather harness holds it in place, and I am wonderfully erect at all times.

So I stroke. And I stroke. It is natural. It feels good. It feels good to run my hand up and down my big shaft, and it feels good to watch you watch me. Watch you with your meager flesh dick.

Poor little pussy whore.

I lick my hand. Slowly. Then I stroke some more.

I pace around you like a predatory cat.

You dick gets limp. This is not an insult. This is your male reaction to my larger dick which you know will end up in your ass or mouth or both.

“Get hard,” I order.

You can’t.

Typical. It does not matter, because I still revel in having you crawl to me on hands and knees, admiring that fine corporate ass, wrapping your lips around my shaft.

“Get it nice and wet,” I order.

Indeed you do. Deep throating all of it. I have trained you well.

Still, it is always like the first time. Holding your head as I pound my cock into your mouth. Hips moving in steady motion. Hearing your gagging.

Worst of all, I make you look at me while you do it.

Eye contact.

One word.

“Whore.”

*

The sucking of my cock.

You — on your knees — my latex dick plunging in and out of your mouth. How nasty it all is. How hot.

So hot that I cannot resist masturbating at the same time. Fingers between my legs. Pausing even to shove them under your nose.

My big latex cock slides in and out of your mouth with ease as I hold your head, and I watch it between your painted lips. This is when you look your best. This is how I like to see you.

Does it bother you that I like to see you in such nasty positions?

It doesn’t matter to me.

This is what I need. And when I am done with your mouth, I will move to your ass.

This is only the beginning.

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