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Jessica's HUMILIATION continues....

Mistress Journal Entry: January 22, 2002

Last week when I talked to slut sissy Jessica she was obedient at first, but then she got a bit demanding and testy. I had sent her all around the mall, which she loves, to pick up a few items I needed. I had called ahead to Victoria's Secret and the makeup counter. In fact, I even tried to set up a facial for her at the make up counter I make the slut visit -- but they said they do not do men. I got the information to schedule another appointment at a different store where apparently they do make up for men -- lovely! I was quite pleased. That was going to prove to be QUITE an experience!

Mid afternoon slave J whined that my instructions were apparently not enough. "Do you have anything embarrassing for me to do?"

Is this the worst topping-from-the-bottom you have ever seen!? I was ready to send her around the mall wearing panythose and nailpolish. But the problem is that J only wants stuff humiliating and embarrassing for HER and in her comfort zone, and is all talk.

This is the slut that FLAKED on an appointment a made a few months ago, where I called every salon in his small town to find one that would put nails on a man, paint them and manicure him. It took lots of time on the phone to explain to the sweet lady what I was doing. She finally agreed, and I set the appointment, and J pussied out and did not show up.

Now, I love to send slave boys on errands and make them get makeup and nails....but I DO NOT like affecting other people by setting appointments and not having anyone show up. That was just rude. And then I could never go back to that salon after that big set up when he did not show.

So now J is whining that I am not pushing the envelope? And then he disappeared on me. Typical slave. He won't call me, and his cell phone is turned off. He won't respond to emails. I think he ran for cover. Chickened out. Or, he got selfish and demanding because my lessons were not "embarrassing" enough.

Little did he know what conversations I had with "E" at the Make Up counter. Yes, J, she knew you were in panties. When you whined that she acted stand offish to you it was because, as she said, "I just pictured him there in panties. I guess I didn't know what to say."

That the chicks at VS know you by sight. I know them all on a first name basis.

That I was going to have you done over in your own salon and it was going to be a surprise -- but you pussied out on me, and dissed me.

I had such big plans for J. Ahh, more shopping treats, with me on the phone talking the sales girls when he walked in. I had one woman at a store who was actually getting into it. We giggled at a few ideas. And I had another salon picked out in town, ready to service a man.

Well, maybe J got cold feet because I demanded at least a few polaroids to prove he was wearing the panties in the car when he talked to me.

Or, maybe he was just demanding and needs someone who will just do whatever he wants. I liked to do it my way. I had my own plans.

Either way, I am sad that J is gone, and expected better from him -- an explanation about why he suddenly chickened out. When a man does that to me, slave or not, I write them off. My time is more valuable than that. I gave him many special treats in his mailbox (one package he probably received today!) and my personal attention, and I developed relationships with the lovely women that worked in his mall.

Oh well. I will find another remote shopping slave, I am sure. I certainly enjoy having a man go to salons and wonder what I have set up for him, go buy panties for he and I that match. Talking to him on his cell phone. Having him wonder if the sweet Victoria's Secret woman will have him try on the bra.

It is a familiar story for a dominant woman. A man says he will give you the world, then he whines a little, and vanishes. His loss. I must find another.

(If you want J's job, email me. I am a little burnt out, but I might consider it for the right person)

Mistress Journal Entry: January 16, 2002

I took a much-needed weekend getaway to someplace very warm and exotic. Before I left, I had slutty Jessica trotting around the mall in her sissy panties picking up all the things I needed for my trip. I was too busy getting everything else together, so it was nice having slut J to take care of the essentials!

While I was relaxing in luxury, I thought about having slut Jessica there with me to serve me on my trip. Ahh, that would be nice! She'd have to follow me all around, making all my hair and nail arrangements and making sure I always had a drink in my hand and lotion on my body. Slutty J would have to apply generous amounts of lotion on my body in my string bikini while the other men watched longingly. It would not be long before regulars around the pool got wind

of J's role in my life. Especially because J would spend every morning painting my toe nails at the pool while I read magazines in my sunglasses leisurely.

Then, shopping, J would have to walk three paces behind me and carry all my bags, hold my clothes before I took them into the dressing room and run and fetch new sizes. J would learn all too quickly what it is like to be a shopping slut in person -- which is much more rigorous!

Best of all would be the nights though. I'd keep J trussed up in a sissy slut outfit in the tiny little closet of my room. A pair of pink frilly panties, white stockings and a white bra. Lots of lipstick, smeared on for that slutty look, with a big dildo gag as a pacifier to keep her quiet. Of course, this would be after slut J bathed me, helped dress me in my hottest clubbing clothes and fetched my makeup bag so I could get ready for a hot night on the town. Then J would be left trussed up helplessly, with a vibrator buzzing against her crotch, while I went out to land a real man.

At the end of the night, J would endure the ultimate humiliation. After sitting all night suffering under the relentless erotic buzzing of the vibrator, J would hear me enter the room with a man. A real man! A stud who I picked up at the dance club, and J could only wonder how close we danced, how much he loved touching my body and how far I would let him go. Poor J would listen in the closet as he got me off again and again, first with his tongue then with his cock. And J would know how good this stud was from my moaning, and saying things like, "Your tongue feels so good inside of me..oh yeah, that feels sooooo good!!".

Then, the ultimate humiliation...when J hears me say, after my last orgasm and my commentary on my playmate's huge cock, "There's someone you should meet. She's a hot little nasty bitch....", and J hears me coming to the closet to open the door.

Mistress Journal Entry: January 10, 2002

Jessica has been running around like the ultimate sissy slut lately. I had my slut go pick up some bras at VS and then had the sales girl help my slut pick out matching panties. What if J knew that I told the sales girl they were for him!? How humiliating. J is getting to know all the lovely ladies at the lingerie store and makeup counter. When I call the sales girls, they know it's me -- and we have a nice little giggle.

Having a long distance shopping slave is very exciting. I enjoy being able to call up my sales girls and have them set aside things for my slut to pick up. I wanted an extra surprise for J, so I needed to call a trendy clothing store in the mall near J, and I did not know anyone there...

So you may wonder how I get to know a girl there and get her in on the action? Ahh, well I have had much experience in this area. It was quite easy. I called up, and a guy answered the phone. I said, "Oh, I was in your store the other day and the nicest girl helped me, and I want her to help me again, but I don't remember her name."

And he says, "Oh, ok, well what does she look like?"

I say, "She's gorgeous. Petite, sweet, a cute hair cut....what do the girls look like that are there now -- I think she said she's working today --"

And then, he proceeds to describe all the lovely ladies working. Easy enough! I get the cutest girl on the phone, and I tell her she probably doesn't remember me, and then thank her for her help, and ask her to put aside what I want for J when J comes in. She works on commission, so this is great for her --- all she has to do is set the stuff aside. We have a few laughs on the phone and she probably thinks nothing of it.

In time, I often develop some trust with the women, and then I can let them in on what I am doing -- but only after I trust them and get a sense that they are outgoing and would like to have fun with it. Many times I can tell the women are not the type so I do not pursue it -- after all, I don't want to make a woman uncomfortable..I only want to make sissy slut J uncomfortable!

Poor J. Today J is running around like mad for me. A few days ago I had J go pick up all the latest womens' magazines for me and a trashy novel -- I am going on a short cruise and wanted some reading material. Today when I go to get my manicure and pedicure and wax I will probably giggle with my lovely salon woman about what I am making J do. She keeps laughing at my stories and tells me I need to get these "boys" into her shop for a make over! You know that women tell their hair stylists and nail stylists EVERYTHING. Well, my lovely lady is no different. She knows all about J and how he runs around for me all the way across the country. While she is buffing my nails I am sure she will want to ponder with me what it would be like to fly him out here and have him made over at her shop as part of his torment and humiliation. And she is game for anything!

Ah, it is all about who you know....

I had J get a polaroid camera today. Perhaps I will post pictures of J's meat in the frilly panties I make him wear! Stay tuned...

Mistress Journal Entry: December 27, 2001

Jessica had a busy weekend with the Christmas holiday, but he failed to put aside enough time to shop for me today! I was very disappointed. Jessica knows that my errands take several hours now. My next plans for Jessica include another visit to the make up counter and some selection of makeup to help in the slow progression of her journey to be a true feminine slave for me.

In fact, I am pondering making J shave all his body hair off next week -- or at least his legs and pubes. Jessica should be smooth, soft and silky for me. In real life, serving me at a party, Jessica would always be clean shaven and soft for me -- so why not start the training and transformation now? A

little spray of sexy perfume at the start of the day will keep Jessica in line, and have her wondering if co-workers are noticing her new scent! I still wonder if any of J's friends know that this transformation is happening.

Next week, J has a very big day or two for me. There will be a trip to the makeup counter, lingerie store and some running of errands to make my life easier. J is running around like mad for me on shopping days, cell phone in pocket, waiting with anticipation for the ringing and my next command. Sometimes I call J at work and make her leave the office and return my call in a nearby parking lot...and when she is in panties for me, who knows where it goes.

I have enjoyed the feedback I have received on this series. Apparently, many male sluts envy Jessica's position as my prized shopping slut! J is on probation for poor planning, but her position is still secure with me at this time. If things change, you may have the chance to petition for the position of my remote shopping whore! For now, though, J is in the "hotseat" and will be busting her slutty ass all next week to please me. And her punishment will be posted online next week -- look for it! J has learned to make sure she has more than 'just one hour' to please me. On shopping slut days, J knows better than that!

Meanwhile, I have a few lovely ladies to call at the makeup and lingerie counters to make plans for next week. I'm off to plot and plan for J's fate!

Mistress Journal Entry: December 22, 2001

I have a phone slave I will call "J" -- J called me for the first time about a year ago. A corporate type, he could only sneak away and use his cell phone in the parking garage or nearby lots, and only talk for 15 minutes at a time. I used to enjoy making J put on panties and jerk himself off in the car, sometimes putting on lipstick and hoping no one would notice him. I humiliated him and told him what I'd make him do as my panty whore in real life, as he was the kind of pussy boy that loved to be bossed around and used by multiple women. Perfect party favor!

Now, a year later, "J" is "Jessica" -- and my total shopping and humiliation slut. In real life, Jessica would be the little slut that followed me and my friends around in the mall, holding our packages, rushing around from rack to rack to find the next size teddy or leather skirt as we frolicked in dressing rooms. Jessica would be the one running off to get an iced tea from the food court, on the other side of the mall, returning in a mass of sweat so I could take one sip and toss it away. Jessica would run out and bring the car around, open the door for us, and nod as we all piled into the back and started to rummage through our goodies before going home to dress her up and humiliate her -- a perfect way to end the afternoon!

I made Jessica shop for me a couple times a week right now. Jessica is getting to know all the women at the makeup counter at the mall, as I call ahead and have things waiting for my slut to pick up. He walks shyly into the place and I

know all the girls know him by face now, and say, "Oh! Akasha called, she asked us to put this aside for you..." -- and then, he wonders what else I told them.

See, the girls at the makeup counter do know that he's wearing ruffle back panties, and that the lipstick I picked out is for him. In fact, one of the girls helped me pick it out over the phone. We had quite a giggle about it. "This last one is for him," I told her.

"Hmm," she said, and I could tell she was pausing to recall just what Jessica looked like. "He's fair skinned. I think I have a shade. It's called Ammunition. I think it will look nice."

I checked online as we chatted. Smiling, I sat back and said, "Well, give it a test when he drops by. See how it looks."

Her name is Chelsea. I think she likes humiliating him, too.

PANTY BOY SHOPPER

I also make Jessica go to Victoria's Secret. Whenever he buys panties for me, he buys a pair for himself too, and he has to wear them when he calls me. He has to rub his cock in them, get them all wet, and see how wet he can make me. One time I sent him a pair of my soiled panties -- just to show that he was doing a good job.

I am getting to know the girls at the VS in his mall. They seem young, but very adventurous. I imagine that in a month or two I will have him doing private dressing sessions in the dressing rooms on slow days. These girls work on commission, and I told them J has a lot of money and we can all spend it together. So he will be doing fashion shows at the lingerie store, showing off his ass to all the cute sales girls who giggle and blush and later talk about him and how ridiculous he looked in panties and bras.

Maybe eventually I will get the sales girls in on it and have them use a polaroid camera and send photo proof when he tries on the outfits for me. My imagination is running wild, and the women there seem very willing to help me!

FEMININE ERRANDS

Jessica is already used to buying me things like new razors to shave my legs, and nail polish. I am going to start having him buy all my feminine products, but he will have to do it when the store is empty, and he will have to go to the checkout counter with nail polish on (I wonder if anyone will notice!) and a little bit of foundation on his face, maybe some trace lipstick remaining. Buying nothing but tampons, womens' magazines and womens' razors. What a sissy he will appear to be. I'm sure the drug store clerks will get to know Jessica also! The trick is to call ahead and get to know the people that work there, and find the ones that are more than willing to go along with the humiliation of a male like J. Now, sometimes they are shocked. I have had women say to me, "You mean he's going to be wearing PANTIES??" and they can't believe it, and they start cracking up. At a place like Victoria's Secret, word spreads like wildfire, and they all

will start whispering when the slave walks in. It's priceless.

FUTURE TRAINING

Slave Jessica is going to be buying me more bath and body treatments because he loves to hear how much they make me happy, and enjoys reading my emails when I tell him I took a nice long foaming bath and thought of him there shaving my legs and pussy. He hopes to one day serve me in person; I don't know, MissBlue and I are both very demanding, and I am not sure that he could keep up with us if we had ten of our girlfriends here. He'd have to be dressed in a latex maid outfit, plugged and shaved, and would also probably have to serve as a public toilet considering MissBlue's pee kinks! But, he says he would do it. Walk off a plane, go into my shackles, give up his clothing and money and wallet and basically be my captive slave for a few days. That takes balls.

Balls -- I know what to do with those.

With a clenching fist.....

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