



# Akasha's Web



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## My Precious Whore

I suppose it came from my desire to own totally, for a night. Not out of consent, but out of obligation. Twisted, perhaps. But then again, I like twisted.

I would do anything for him, and he knows it. When he called me that day and told me of his situation, that he needed to borrow money again, he knew I would not refuse. How can I refuse helping the boy that had so many times suffered for me, so beautifully, so passionately, just to feed that burning hunger and see me sleep soundly that night?

He felt guilty, as usual. We both knew he would never be able to pay me back. And this was not just another \$20 for a college textbook or art supplies, this was \$200. And he needed it in two days.

"I'll give you the money," I told him softly on the phone.

He sighed in relief. "You don't know how much this means to me. I WILL pay you back, I promise. I owe you forever."

"I want something in return."

"Anything." he said. His fatal error.

"I want you."

There was a pause on the line, and he laughed a little. Almost nervous. "You want to do the dom thing?"

It made me smile, how he talked about it so lightly. How he treated it like a game. "I'm going to get a hotel room tomorrow night. The Hilton near your house. You're going to be my whore. I'll give you the money to fulfill my fantasies. Anything I want."

I heard him shuffling some papers and then say, "Ok. Do I need to bring anything?"

"Just be there in the lobby at 8. Check the front desk for a note from me. I'm the rich person of your nightmares, and you are my gigolo slut willing to do anything for money. You know my safeword."

He almost giggled, he laughed at me like he does, amused at my intensity in matters that he finds bizarre but succumbs to out of friendship. "Yes, ma'am" he said with a little sarcasm. "I'll be there."

"Good."

"And thank you..again...you're saving me, really."

"Save the thank yous," I smiled, "I'm going to make you work for that money."

\*\*\*\*

The thing that really got me going about this was that I was paying him. Sure, I would have given him the money anyway, but I was making him work for it. That somehow gave me the opportunity to push his limits more, to do things that I would otherwise hold back on because I felt like it was too much to ask.

I could have just as easily given him \$500, since the room cost over a hundred and the toys and outfit I bought cost another two hundred. But it was worth it. Lounging in the bathtub at the hotel awaiting his arrival, it was well worth it. Knowing he would be my slut, my whore, my little bastard to abuse for the whole night.

The note I left him at the front desk had my room number on it and was signed "John." I hoped he understood what I meant. I figured he was insightful enough.

I finished my bath and changed into masculine clothes, unlike anything he had seen me in. The strap on felt awkward under my pants and I contemplated losing it, but I wanted this to be a certain way. I fumbled with a jacket to cover the unbelievable bulge in my pants, and I giggled.

I don't look masculine at all, and had to work to hide my curves and bust. But I took time in doing it, pulling my hair back in the final touch and adding men's cologne that made me gag.

I intended to make him feel like a real slut, and I knew he would be mortified. And the mere thought of it made me ache with desire.

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His knock was soft, careful. So like him. I shut off the far light so the room was just barely lit and went to the door. The clothes felt bulky, foreign. I intended to play out the role of a male as seriously as possible, as I truly was in the mindframe, but was not about to try faking voices or acting ridiculous.

When I opened the door his eyes scanned me then immediately fell to the ground. I don't know if he was trying to hide a smirk or was truly nervous.

I stepped back so he could enter and then promptly closed the door and pushed him down to his knees with a hand on his shoulder. With his back to me I shoved two one hundred dollar bills into his pants at his waist, unzipping my pants. "Suck my cock." I ordered.

I didn't change my voice at all. It was me, purely me. And

when I dropped my pants to my ankles and forced his head around by the hair, I could see him shaking. Without hesitation I pulled his head toward my latex cock, which was now standing at attention in front of him.

"Don't waste my time," I ordered, holding his head with both of my hands and guiding him as he parted his lips.

This was so difficult for him, I could sense it, as I had never even made him do anything close, sans sucking my fingers while I watched, amused. He was not homophobic but was clearly het, and watching him kneel upright to take my cock into his mouth made me weak with desire.

I moved with him, thrusting at the hips to guide my pseudo cock into his gorgeous mouth, whispering to him what a cocksucking slut he was as I fucked him. I made him take the money out of his pants and drop it on the floor where I could see it, made him hold me by the waist and guide my movements as the tempo increased.

His eyes wandered up my body, then his lashes fluttered and he closed them, moving his hands down the length of my strap-on and pulling back to lick, kissing the tip of it, now perhaps fully into the mindspace of doing what he knew felt best.

I watched, intrigued, aroused, wanting to take him into my arms and fuck the life out of him. Just watching him move so wantonly, on his knees, living up to his image as a whore, as my whore. I imagined watching him from across the room, watching him do this to another man. And it made the arousal even more demanding.

I could have cum, easily, just from the friction of the strap on against me as I fucked him that way. But I pulled back and he gasped, his eyes fluttering open.

"Take the money," I ordered, out of breath. "You've sucked my cock well."

He lowered his head, taking the money from the floor and carefully folding it into his hand. He was breathing shakily.

I reached back and pulled the clip out of my hair, letting it hang down around my shoulders as I eased out of the jacket and unlocked the strap on. "Now you are mine. My slave. My cocksucking slut. The night is young. And I want to be female."

He kept his head down, stayed there on his knees. It was only 9 and I was already wet, dripping, shaking as I stepped out of my clothes while he waited. And the plans I had..the time I had spent plotting.

Two hundred dollars was nothing. Five hundred was nothing. I would have paid a thousand dollars for that pleasure, for him for the night. I intended to make it worth every penny. And seeing him there, gorgeous and waiting, indebted, aroused. I could not have been happier.

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Justin was a pretty boy. He was only 19, and the first time I saw him, at a party over a year before, I knew I had to have him. He wasn't naive; he lost his virginity at 15 and was extremely popular among girls his age. But a woman of 24 intimidated him, and I liked that.

He became my plaything out of curiosity, and the desire to get laid. I told him many times I would never have sex with him, but perhaps grant him some sexual satisfaction from time to time.

Above all he was a cherished friend, he delighted me. We went to movies, to dinners together. I was always bailing him out of messes, loaning him money, picking him up in the middle of the night at parties when his ride ditched him. I was a cross between his owner and his mother.

I pondered all of this as I watched him kneeling there, his head down, how his soft blonde hair hung down over his eyes. His lips were together, his hands were at his sides. He was simply gorgeous. I felt blessed.

I changed in the same room and caught him looking just a few times, but I gave him a warning glare. I slipped into a black lace corset and garters, thigh highs and a tight pvc dress that clung to my thighs and hugged my breasts. I added my favorite pair of pvc gloves and pondered my boots, which were sitting across the room. I decided to put them on later, but never got to them.

I padded over to him in my stockinged feed and took him delicately by the chin, making him rise. "time for you to change for me."

His eyes scanned my body and he bit his lip. He was just a little taller than me and I had to resist the urge to wrap my arms around him and plant sweet kisses all over his face. But I knew soon enough my dom side would take control and he would be faced with relentless torment by me. His biggest fantasy and his worst nightmare, all in one.

I undressed him. I made him stand still and not help me at all, I wanted to do it all for him. I pulled his new outfit from the closet and he looked at it, I could tell it made him uneasy. Very feminine. Very pretty.

His cock was hard and I smiled at him, taking my gloved finger over the tip of it to swipe a bit of precum and bring it to my lips, sucking it off gently as he watched.

I felt almost disappointed at myself for not being so dominant at this point, but I was simply too happy and aroused to feel it. The element of control was minimal.

First I made him put on the black fishnet stockings I had for him, and then I complimented how nice his ass looked in them.

"Show me that ass, my little pet. Move back and bend over," I ordered, leaning back in the bed.

He did as told, hesitant, and he blushed. His legs did look a bit silly in the fishnets, but I was already starting to get aroused. I was in a hurry to get him fully dressed so I called him back, putting a mesh shirt over his head and then making him step into a long black skirt.

He didn't quite look like a woman, more like the little crossdressers I admired so much at the dance club.

I pulled a bottle out of my case and ushered him into the bathroom. It was temporary black hair dye. "Say goodbye to those golden locks,"

He looked upset at once, turning to me, "But wait...What if it won't come out? You can't do that...It's --"

I slammed my gloved hand over his mouth, hard. Glaring into his eyes, I gritted through my teeth, "Two hundred dollars. YOU belong to me. Understand?"

His eyes fluttered. He sighed a little, half nodded, and I let go. I took him by a fistful of hair and dragged him to the bathtub and he gasped in pain.

"Ooh I like that," I growled, pulling harder.

"Ahh!" he gasped as I shoved him down onto his knees in the tub. He knew it, I knew it. The dom-me had arrived.

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In the tub he looked precious, kneeling as I worked the dye into his hair. His wrists were now chained behind his back because I didn't want him interfering.

He kept his head down and the dye dripped down into his face. I took care in wiping it with a cloth, keeping it from his eyes. I stopped to kiss him, hard, and he didn't respond. He let me move my tongue harshly into his mouth, breathing through his nose. He was shaking.

When I rinsed the dye out of his hair it was left a pretty blue-black, and I wanted to fuck him more than anything.

I dragged him by the hair to the mirror and shoved his face almost too close to it, "Look at you, precious whore! You look amazing."

His eyes were filled with pain, resentment. He lowered them as I dried his legs carefully over the fishnets and made him sit on the toilet.

I dried his hair as he kept his head down, his wrists still behind his back painfully. Halfway through I made him move to the floor, to his knees, holding his head between my legs while I finished.

This sort of treatment clearly made him uneasy, and I

revelled in it.

After his hair was dry I made him crawl on his knees, upright, to the next room where his remaining clothes waited. He kneeled by the bed watching as I went through the gloves and boots I had bought for him. The lipstick, the eyemakeup. Oh, I had such plans for him.

But looking at him, just looking at him kneeling there with his pretty black hair, I wanted to chain him up and bring him to orgasm.

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An hour later he sat bound to the chair. Amazing. I just walked around him, clearly in dom headspace...this was all I needed.

I had the mirror behind him so I could see more clearly. His pvc-gloved hands cuffed behind his back, his ankles tied together in heavy, buckled combat boots. The skirt hung down over his legs perfectly, I could just see a bit of the black fishnets.

Rope around his chest, pulling his back against the chair, tight. Every breath he took was prominent. As I walked around with my whip dragging behind me I marvelled in how he breathed.

His face...gorgeous. His lips were painted light red, his eyes highlighted with dark black eyeliner. His new black hair hung down in his eyes and the pout on his lips was indescribable.

"Tell me what a slut you are," I ordered as I paced in front of him.

He hesitated and I stuck the whip handle under his chin, lifting his face so we could see eye to eye. "Say it," I ordered.

He shut his eyes and said, "Yes, I am a slut."

I bent over and put my mouth on his and just kissing him made me shiver, made me ache. He smelt of hair chemicals and his lips reminded me of kissing a female, but he was still my Justin underneath. And he was amazing in his new outfit.

I slid onto his lap and pulled his hair until he cried out in pain, silencing him with a kiss. I rubbed against the tightness under his skirt and held his head back so I could whisper into his ear, threatening.

"the dildo.." I threatened.

"no.." he gasped in pain.

"Maybe I'll fuck my little whore,"

"No," he whimpered, and the desperation was real. He understood that I was considering it. For two hundred dollars. He would have no choice.

I found the money on the dresser and folded it in half, ordering him to open his mouth.

He threw his head to the side, he struggled. I think he was terrified that I was going to make him eat it.

I held him by the hair and forced the money between his lips. "Hold it. Hold it, and watch me fuck myself. DO IT."

He took it in his mouth and I laughed at him, spinning around and sliding out of my panties, moving them from under my short dress and tossing them onto his lap.

I ordered, "Eyes on me, if you blink, if you turn your head, if you even look at the floor I will use this, " I said as I picked up the dildo, "On your previous, virgin ass."

The terror in his eyes was so sweet. He was breathing hard, holding that money carefully in his mouth, the gentle reminder of what got him there in the first place.

I sat on the edge of the bed with the dildo he had earlier sucked and slid it into me with ease, without hesitation. I loved the way he rubbed his legs together under the skirt, how his lashes fluttered and how fucking gorgeous his eyes looked highlighted with the eyeliner.

I opened my legs toward him, I laid back. I rubbed my thighs, the insides of my legs. I told him I was as much a whore as he was, and I fucked myself with that fake cock as if it was his. I even removed it at one point and crawled to him, holding it close to my lips, even with his crotch, asking him if I should suck it as if it were his cock.

He just blinked. Pain, it was in his eyes. Desire, ache. My precious, tortured whore.

I removed the money from his lips and laughed at the lipstick marks left on it at the crease, tossing it on the floor. I reached to the counter and took the black latex ball gag and showed it to him. He shook his head and lowered his eyes. He hated gags. And I loved him for that.

When I forced it into his mouth he gasped and whimpered and looked into my eyes with real pain. The guilt started to hit me but I pushed it back, comforting him as I stroked back his hair and kissed him on the head.

The buckle was tight but I forced it and he cried out. I knew it was too tight, I knew I could only leave it in for a few minutes. But I knew that was all the time I needed.

I was shaking, I was already on the edge. I moved back to the bed and sat down, legs spread slowly, looking at him, at the pain in his eyes.

His lashes were wet, he was fighting back tears of pain, and his eyes wandered helplessly to the dildo I slowly slid inside my wetness. I moaned, it was hard to even watch him because I was so on edge. But I stared into his eyes and

thrust deeply onto the cock, biting my lip, feeling the tremors surface.

In his eyes I saw gentle, painful sacrifice as he watched me cum. When I laid back in it I felt myself almost ready to cry, overcome with lust and pain for his situation, guilt, desire.

I rested for just a second and slid back up, crawling to him. His head was down, his face hidden under the black stringy mess I had created.

I lifted his face by the chin and kissed the corner of his mouth at the edge of the gag, his mouth wet from being forced open. When I reached around and removed the gag he gasped and winced in pain, and the kiss I immediately forced onto his mouth was unlike anything I had ever felt before.

He whimpered into my mouth, he gasped in pain when I pulled harder at his hair and nearly sucked the life out of him. I felt myself wanting to cry again and pulled back, looking into his eyes.

"Are you ok?" I asked softly.

He nodded slowly and looked at me, not saying anything.

"I want to let you go," I said quietly as I reached around for the cuffs, "Just so I can feel those pvc-clad hands all over my body. Understand?"

He nodded and lowered his eyes. "Completely."

And the night was still young.

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