



# Akasha's Web



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## Stories

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### Pussy Collar Torture



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My piece called "The Pussy Collar" was one of the first things I ever wrote and posted on the Internet. It was one of the first articles on my web site. The pussy collar was invented out of need; it was created because I knew what I wanted, and the concept seemed fairly obvious and simple at the time.

I knew at a young age that I needed complete control when I forced a man to go down on me. Whether I was sitting on his face and smothering him with my pussy, crushing him with my thighs or pressing my ass cheeks over his nose and mouth, I knew that the most important thing was that I controlled everything about it.

His ability to breathe His ability to move. His ability to lick.

Locking his collar to my thighs and controlling the pressure and intensity while he worshipped my pussy was so simple, so devious. Keeping my "slave" locked in this collar for more than an hour was the minimum. In fact, any other form of pussy worship started to seem mundane. Boring. I wanted the extra stimulation. I needed the whimpers, the struggling, the ragged breathing between my legs and into my cunt in order to bring me off.

When I forced a man to worship my pussy, he did so until his lips and tongue were raw. He did so despite being unable to breathe or move his head. He did so even though I was relentless and unforgiving; his tongue was my property, just like his cock was.

It was only a matter of time before the simple, almost harmless "pussy collar" would evolve into something more devious and delightful.

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I was dating Max at the time, and Max came with some "fringe benefits" – one of them was that he was an excellent metalworker and could design and develop anything I could describe.

Of course, this was a design he never could have imagined, and one that would eventually put him in the most painful and surreal positions of his life.

I described to Max what I considered "the ultimate Pussy Collar" – in fact, it was a pussy machine, essentially. The machine itself was developed with one goal in mind – to provide me with the ultimate in pleasure. To provide me with the ability to control my slave in the most painful and delightful way. To turn pussy worship into torture and nirvana at the same time. I wanted to have his life in my hands, to make him

suffer with the most subtle moves, to make him not only want to lick me, but to need to lick me to survive.

That, I knew, would bring oral sex to an entirely new level.

And oh how I loved the look of such devices. All metal, shiny, so inescapable and menacing in appearance. We went through several sketches until I came upon one that I liked – one that would fully encase him, trap him, and even underneath the metal he would be in extreme bondage.

It started with a comfortable and semi reclined chair for me, sweetly padded and all in fine leather. Underneath it was the metal cage, something that would appear that it had been designed by a magician for a dangerous escape.

But there would be no escaping from this device. That is, until I had been satisfied. As many times as I wanted.

Inside the metal cage the slave would be locked down in a kneeling position but forced to lean back, a position not comfortable at all. His balls would be squeezed inside a metal cage and his cock locked in a tube. Both of these devices would be manually controlled at my leisure to provide either pleasure or pain; I could apply suction to his helpless dick with the touch of a button, or slowly turn the crank on a vice that would squeeze his balls until ultimately they felt as though they would pop. Who knows what would happen if I suddenly lost my mind in frustration should he be unable to perform!

His ankles would be locked in place, down on the floor of the device, and his arms would be in armbinders. Additional bondage could be added on a whim, of course. The most important part of the device, though, was how it locked his head in place.

You see, it was designed quite simply so that I could sit on it, recline back, and hold his head in place between my legs without giving him the least amount of freedom to move away. More than a step above the pussy collar, it locked his entire body in place, trapped his cock and balls, and held his head securely so I could slide my pussy into place with ease.

Holding the reins of the head harness, I could direct the position of his head with ease. I could make him turn, I could hold him in extreme positions, and I could simply let my body slide down into place and completely smother him.

I added another feature, though, to really maximize control, giving me even more freedom with my hands should I decide to not rely on the reins. I attached the head harness to a horizontal bar at foot level, allowing me to direct the position of the slave's head with my feet. Because my legs were incredibly strong, this would assure even more control of his posture and the positioning of his mouth. Relentless!

Having this level of control, turning him into essentially a piece of furniture for my sexual pleasure, was the ultimate in objectification. When Max finished the device and presented it to me, to say I was pleased would be an incredible understatement.

I was more turned on than I had ever been.

It was time for a little party.

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Even though Max was very outgoing when we were alone, he was painfully shy around my friends. I'd never gotten Max very comfortable with suffering humiliation in front of my girlfriends, but he'd endure it because he knew how much it turned me on. Actually, he would endure it because he really had no choice; most of the time, he was already bound and gagged when Aimee and Kayla showed up.

This time was no different.

I'd been explaining the device to both of them, and neither of them took me seriously. They thought it was a joke, of course, until they saw it for themselves. Aimee found it to be too "medieval" and bizarre; Kayla was "on board," no pun intended, and wanted to see for herself just how well it worked.

Max had been "hiding" in the back office, intimidated by the sound of our laughter and the giggling of my friends. I was already wet thinking about making him submit to the three of us; no matter how many times I experienced it, I could never get over the excitement of seeing him surrender to my friends. Some women would be incredibly jealous by this or threatened by it; not me. I got completely aroused when I saw my friends getting off thanks to Max, and it was intensified when I knew he felt objectified and humiliated.

Poor Max. When I brought him into the room and he saw them there, he knew he was in trouble. Aimee always made him more uncomfortable because he was so attracted to her. She had a perfect body and a conservative look to her, but he knew she was incredibly erotic and unstoppable.

Kayla, on the other hand, was vivacious and a complete extrovert, exotic in her tastes and not afraid to try anything. "Get him in the machine!" she said at once, laughing a little. "I want to climb on board this thing. Show me what you got."

Max was already blushing. There was a visible bulge in his trousers. It was pathetic and amusing at the same time, how his body betrayed him. He was trying so hard to remain composed but all it took was me smiling at him to break him down. "Max is going to be a whore today," I said, "Aren't you Max? Are you ready to put that tongue to use?"

Max swallowed hard. He was getting more nervous. Of course, it was making me even more wet. I felt my panties start to heat up; I felt moisture against my thighs. My skirt was feeling uncomfortable. As soon as I had him undress (he was so humiliated standing naked in front of me and two female friends), I slipped out of my skirt and blouse and got comfortable in my camisole. It would also give him easy access to my pussy when it was time for me to climb on board. This time, though, I planned to make him attempt to eat me right through my lace white thong – just to make it interesting.

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It was definitely the most turned on I had ever been watching Max service one of my friends.

Kayla was on the device, excitedly clenching the reins as if she were riding a pony for the first time. She had stripped down to her cami top and was eagerly pressing her mound against his face, urging him to go deeper, lick faster.

Max, on the other hand, was overwhelmed and groaning in confusion and pleasure, both petrified and humiliated. I'd covered his face with a half-head harness because he was too embarrassed to even look at anyone. Plus, the hood only turned me on more – I knew that the more objectified he was, the faster I'd be coming to orgasm when it was time for my ride.

Aimee was enjoying the show, crouched down beside us to investigate the handiwork and design. She was complimenting Max, almost tauntingly, as he moaned in discomfort and tried to decipher Kayla's commands. "Stick that tongue in there, bitch!" she laughed, yanking the chains and roughly adding pressure to her right foot, forcing his head to wrench to one side. He yelped in pain.

"Easy, cowgirl!" I said. "Don't break his neck, he's no good to me if he can't move!"

Kayla giggled a bit, then eased down into a more comfortable position, opening her thighs even more. She created a tight seal over Max's mouth, and I knew then it would be just a matter of time. She tilted her head back and moaned in pleasure, tightening the reins and wiggling her mid section just a bit. Her skin was slightly flushed.

Meanwhile, Max had been reduced to nothing more than a pussy licking machine to us; I'd see an occasional glimpse of his pink tongue when Kayla eased up to give him room and make him struggle to reach the lips of her pussy. She teased him and taunted him that way, easing up and then sliding back down on him, using her feet on the device to position his head to the right and left at her leisure. She was operating him like a video game, and the results were obvious to us all.

Max responded diligently, despite the pain. I was manipulating his cock and balls through the additional

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lever on the side, and adding just the right amount of pain to make him grimace through the mask. I could see it in his lips, when Kayla wasn't smothering him. She was soon lost in the ride, bouncing up and down on his face with an even pace.

"Oh, my," was all Aimee could observe, looking at me with raised eyebrows. I knew what she was thinking – she was wondering what such a device could cost.

Meanwhile, I was obsessing on my own about my turn. I wasn't shy, of course, but I wasn't keen on letting my friends know I was secretly touching myself, one hand up between my thighs under my camisole, lightly flicking the outside of my pussy lips. I couldn't resist. Seeing Max's tongue work desperately on Kayla was making me ache.

Kayla's tight cami top was already getting sweaty and her nipples were popping out. If Aimee hadn't have been there, I would have got up and started teasing her nipples with my tongue right through her top. To say I was getting a little sexually delirious would be an understatement. I was ready for a little threesome myself.

Max's lips were getting puffy and his tongue looked swollen. I'd seen Kayla press down on his face and hold the reins tight for up to two minutes, thrashing her head back in pleasure as he flicked and poked and desperately worked on her pussy in exchange for the opportunity to breathe. What a devious and effective trade off, I mused to myself.

When Kayla came, I'm sure even the neighbors heard. Max's moans were muffled, but we could all hear the rattling of metal from inside the cage. He was struggling to keep his tongue moving the entire time, but Kayla was ramming his face with her pussy. The sound of metal against metal was loud.

I couldn't help but smile. Not only because it was always fun seeing my girlfriends get off in this way, but because I knew my turn was next.

And, I knew the device was mine. The pussy collar was no longer even needed. Max's device would be a suitable replacement, indeed.

However, portability would be a problem, I noted. At least, for the time being. Max would have to work on that as well.

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