



Akasha's Web



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Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

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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.

5:00pm 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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