



Stories

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

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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 names 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 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 off his brow and clicked on the icon. 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 write, it's probably just my health plan."

"The way you look, you need it pal. Go take a walk or something."

At 1pm Mark sat anxiously in the front office of Human Resources. He told the receptionist as he entered that he had a 1pm 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 some place 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 8am 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 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."

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