



Akasha's Web



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

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Caged by Akasha - mandi's tale of chastity, teasing, torture and denial

Date mandi's chastity started: October 4

Date CB-2000 locked onto mandi: October 11

Total days without mandi cumming: 23.....and counting...

Will mandi be able to cum, finally, on October 28? It all depends on a hockey game!

For those of you who have dreamed about longterm chastity, either locked or unlocked, you may wish to hear about a poor, suffering slut of mine ("mandi") who is currently locked in a CB-2000 and has not had the ability to cum in more than two weeks.

Oh, but this is nothing. A few years ago, I made him wait two months.

He is dying, absolutely dying with desire, his balls are aching, he is suffering day after day, night after night. Willingly. To please me.

What makes chastity so delightful and deliciously evil is not the fact that I OWN his cock. That's just part of it.

It is the ruthless teasing and denial. The teasing and denial are what make this such a sexy, erotic power exchange. See, I don't just say "put on the CB-2000" and go on my merry way. No, not at all.

I remind him of it constantly. Almost daily I tease him in one way or another. Online, in my chat room, I torment him in front of his submissive peers. Sometimes I call him in the middle of the night, waking him up. He has to keep his toys next to his bed, and while he is still just waking up as the phone rattled him at 3am, I make him start sucking a dildo for me, or fuck himself in the ass.

I whisper nasty things to him about what I would do to him if I were there. I torture him with the most deliciously evil fantasies - from sharing him with girlfriends to turning him into a personal toilet.

I even called him with my girlfriends when we were out of town seeing a hockey game. It was a "girls roadtrip" - we headed to Dallas to see our home team play, and after the game when we were all collectively in a heap of female lust, wet panties all around, we called him up and shared the phone, each passing it around to torture him a little.

Oh, we woke him up that night, too.

All of this he must endure while unable to cum. Unable to ejaculate. He is MINE.

I send him packages. Without warning, I sent him a pair of my wet panties, and gave him orders on what to do with them, how to worship him. Again, he could not cum.

I sent him pictures of my cleavage in the nightie I was wearing. He printed them out and kept them by his bedside, and had to look at them on command. Again, he could not cum.

I picked out a new pair of panties for him to wear to bed and sent it to him. I think whenever he opens his mailbox, he tenses when he sees a package from me. Again, knowing, he will not cum.

Each day brings something different.

Is the end near? Who knows. But I know, and he knows, the end is not the end. It is another beginning.

I told him, deliciously, that if the Anaheim Mighty Ducks beat the New York Rangers tomorrow in hockey, he can cum. He can take off the CB-2000 and cum, finally, but he must do it my way, and under my graphic instructions while I listen.

But, he knows, and I know, that after that, back into the device he will go.

Next time, for longer.

And next time, he's sending me the key.

For some, long distance chastity is a fantasy. For us, it is a reality. Yes, it can be done. With amazing results.

For information on the CB-2000 chastity device, see it at The Stockroom.

If you like to hear more tales of mandi's torment, let me know!

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