



Stories

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

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Caged By Akasha
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Owning your cock

My helpless, tortured slut.

I can't remember the first time I thought about owning a man's sexual release. When I was a teenager I used to play innocent games that were similar in nature, but were more about owning his mouth. His kisses. Covering his mouth with my hand and making him look at me pleadingly while I smiled at his plight, asking him to beg with his eyes for a kiss. A release. Anything.

Does that make me a sadist? Probably. A sensual one, though. You know how much I love to use my mouth. And use yours.

Now, nothing excites me more than owning a man's cock. His release. His pleasure. His ability to masturbate. And oh, the wonderful devices that exist now! I don't have to just tie up your cock and balls and keep your hands cuffed behind your back while I make you watch me pleasure myself. You know I love those teasing games. They are especially fun when you are in thigh high stockings, panties and a nightie -- so I can watch you squirm. I love seeing that bulge in your satin panties. That little stain in front from the drops of pre-cum.

This fascination with chastity has taken over a serious part of my femdom soul. Yes, I have thought about having a cupboard of keys. Being the Queen keyholder. Having a mass of sluts all over the world locked in a special CB-3000 engraved by me. Having a calendar on my wall, making them compete for time. How many months? Two? Three? Five?

Making them EARN the right for just a little semen..a small ejaculation. Anything. Anything to release them from the misery of desire and arousal when they can do nothing but looking longingly at their helpless cock. Reminded every time that I actually own it -- after all, it is in my cage.

Giving little reward chips every 30 days. Every 30 days of chastity would bring them a treat in the mail. A sweet, scented pair of my worn panties wrapped around a token that reminded them that they made it another thirty days. And a short note explaining to them the next challenge. Would it be to wrap those scented panties over their nose and mouth, tape it in place and watch a hot femdom porn video I just sent? Or, perhaps listen to an audio tape of me orgasming and telling them what a helpless bitch they were.

The thoughts of this little army of horny sluts is amusing, arousing to me. An online torture journal they must read daily

to add to their pain and humiliation. It's the extreme version of my online training, isn't it?

And then, there's you. The one that must suffer most of all, the one that receives the direct pressure and humiliation and receives absolutely no mercy. Because I know you can handle it, and I know you want it. You want to suffer for me. Admit it.

It delights me that in the next few years even more advances in sexual technology will allow me more control of that cock, rendering it even more useless to you. It will belong to me even more. Does this scare you? It should.

For now, you must get used to your helplessness and surrender all thoughts of release. That is now entirely in my hands. You belong to me, down to every last piece of you -- including what is between your legs as well as between your ears.

For now, imagine trying to sleep with me sitting on your face while I watch television. Sometimes, maybe, I'd lean over a little and let you catch your breath. But mostly, you'd be smothered in my scent, your nose pressed into the crotch of my panties, my ass blocking all view.

You poor thing.

Akasha

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