



Stories

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The Tease

Ethan wanted a taste. Just a little taste.

I could see it in his eyes. No, I could see it in his entire body. Below me, outstretched on the bed, wrists and ankles tethered, he just squirmed there so deliciously that it made me even wetter.

That's why he wanted a taste.

Smiling down at him, musing about his predicament, I fiendishly slid two of my fingers down the front of my white sheer panties. They looked almost luminescent from the dampness; my pussy was shining right through, begging for his attention.

Yet, Ethan was helpless.

You see, Ethan's purpose is to suffer for me. Even if that means staying helplessly just an inch from my glistening pussy, watching me rub my fingers delightfully around my panties, teasing for him, sometimes sliding a finger up and underneath. Only to watch him watch my fingers disappear.

And to feel his body tense, back arch, his desperation coming through in every slight move of his frame or look in his eyes.

Ethan always looked most beautiful when helpless.

This time, I wanted to make the suffering even more special.

Licking my fingers off, savoring the taste of my own juices, I told him quite deliberately, "Ethan, you don't get to cum tonight."

Ethan whimpered. His hands made tight fists at the corners of the bed where his wrists were tied down.

"You probably don't get to cum tomorrow. Or the next day. Or the day after that."

Ethan knew what this meant. I could see the terror in his eyes. The beginning of the drought. The time when he would never cum. Days, weeks, sometimes more than an entire month. The chastity device. The locked on steel trap that crushed his balls, kept his cock in line and jingled at times when I made him wear the bells on the silver lock that held his manhood in place.

Running my fingers over his lips, teasing him with what I

knew he wanted so bad to taste on his own, I continued sweetly, almost in a matter-of-fact tone. "Every night we will do this little ritual. Me straddling you, then sitting on your face. Riding you to orgasm once, maybe twice. And all day long, every day, you will think of this, think of me, and know what your purpose is."

Ethan was sweating. He was sweating, and it was from fear and desperation. To say I was turned on is a horrible understatement; I was dripping. I peeled my panties to the side, just a little, at their crotch, to show him how my pussy glistened. "See how wet I am? Do you see that?"

Ethan nodded. He nodded, and I took delight in watching how his eyes moved longingly over my pussy. How he licked his lips, just slightly, and it was like he was starving, staring at a morsel of nourishment that he knew he would die without.

I had trained him well.

Sixteen weeks of intense pussy training; I can't even go into that hear. A progressive training program that started with him sniffing and licking my soiled panties, and eventually graduated to him masturbating with them, cumming in them, cleaning them with his mouth. By the 14th week, he was so fixated on my scent and pussy that he took the nickname "Akasha's pussy fiend" and was sometimes put on "pussy probation" for a two day period.

That, to Ethan, was far worse than not being allowed to cum.

Having a pussy fiend is a good thing. For one, I know I have his tongue whenever I need it - however long I need. Those pricks I dated in college, they didn't know how to give a woman head. They thought they were the best pussy lick on campus, yet they couldn't keep it "up" (their tongue, that is) for more than ten or fifteen minutes. They thought face sitting was something they'd endure while being 69s. And smothering - forget about it. They wanted to lap the juices, but not drown in them. Pussies - all of them. They wanted my pussy, yet they were pussies when it came to the fine art of pleasing a woman orally.

As for Ethan, well, he did ok that time. That night, he endured the two hour ride, got me off six times and went to bed with his lips and face chaffed and red. Poor thing.

In the six week chastity that followed, he delivered orgasms to me nightly, then once before work in the morning. He wore my cage on his jewels and penis every day, and one night, I took him to a strip club and made him endure four lap dances. I even told one of the gorgeous stripper-models with the best body, "If he cums in his trousers, I'll give you an extra two hundred bucks."

She did not get him to cum. I wonder if she knew that I came, though, while watching. Of course I made sure Ethan knew; I told him to look at me when it was happening, and even though the pounding music drowned out my moaning, he heard it. She might have too, but she was too busy suggestively burying her head against his trousers and

pressing her tits into his face.

Ethan did ok that time. He lasted the entire stretch of the drought, and by the end of the process was more pliable and polite than ever.

And to this day, he is still addicted to the taste of my pussy. And I will continue to use that in the way I possess him.

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