



Stories

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Behind Closed Doors - November 15, 1999

Good morning, my slut.

So how is that chastity device feeling today? You have worn it for nine days now. Nine long days of feeling your manhood bulge in a tight cage, desperate for release. You know that release is not coming soon.

Not in the mood that I am in. No way.

That's not to say I am not horny. In fact, I already masturbated once this morning. You may, if you are lucky, receive a little digital movie of what I did and what toys I used. It's quite..revealing.

I am so horny. But I must have a real man, you see. I have been sissifying you for so long that I am starting to think of you as more of a sissy slave, a lesbian, or a woman toy. While you are excellent with your tongue..on my pussy and ass..I don't think of your cock inside of me.

Besides, you are a bit to small for me these days. I am getting used to my large dildos, and enjoying the feel of a big, huge cock inside of me. Probably because Andrea uses her strap on so well when the three of us play, and I love watching you stare at us pathetically, bound and gagged in the corner in a pair of black lace panties, watching her fuck me an play with my tits and kiss me and massage me and...ohhh my.

Here we go again. Every time I think of you sitting there so pathetically I get hot. I get hot when you watch me get pleased by another woman -- either with a strap on, or with her tongue. I love to gag you with panties, tape you up and leave you in the corner while you whimper, beg and plead for attention.

And get none.

You look so damned humiliated. Often in a teddy, high heels, legs tucked under your. Your manhood bulging in the panties, oozing precum. The thong bikini panties riding up your crack, your ass cheeks wiggling as you squirm, trying so pathetically to find a comfortable position. Drool forming at the corners of your mouth. You should see how pathetic you look!

But god, does it turn me on. I lounge in the bed, legs wide open, feeling Andrea's capable tongue lapping at my sex

while you wiggle, struggle, and whine from your bonds. Eye contact is nearly too much for me to take -- but you look so helpless. I want to stare into your eyes as you shiver, tormented by the arousal you feel, by the raging erection in your tight silky panties. How pathetic!

Now I have more in mind.

I want to make you service the men I bring home.

I have this fantasy. It turns me on so much when I think about it -- it is the fantasy I masturbated to this morning. I imagine taking you out on a leash and ballgag. You are wearing high heels, stockings, garters, bra and panties. The heels are five inches and you have to wobble around on them, your ankles chained together.

It's a swinger type party, and there are many big, attractive men for me to consider. They look at you with a smirk, and every time I see you suffering in humiliation I get even wetter. In fact, I encourage it.

"Isn't she just a little pussy toy?" I may say, talking about you as if you are not even there. "She sucks dick well though. Interested?"

Oh, how degrading. To be bartered, sold and traded and you cannot do anything about it. I imagine the men regarding you, looking you up and down. Maybe I will grab your bulge in your panties, or make you bend over and show your ass.

You can bet you will be totally degraded.

But that isn't what turns me on most. What turns me on is when we get home, and he fucks me.

And you watch.

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I picture you there -- in the corner, hogtied in panties and bra, high heels wiggling in the air. As he fucks me, I lay back with my legs wide open, complimenting him on how big his dick is, and how good it feels to have a real cock inside me.

Looking at you. At your poor, pathetic eyes. Watching you struggle but to no avail.

Telling him as he fucks me that you are a total sissy and you wear tampons and shave your legs. He is gasping, pumping his dick into me, barely able to stop fucking me long enough to say, "He sounds like a pussy."

You get to watch him cum in me. Cum on me. Cum on my breasts or on my face, or cum in me with one last, long thrust, his ass quivering. And you can see it all, hear me moaning in real ecstasy. You are so degraded. You have no choice but to watch.

Then as he lays back, sighing, breathing hard, I sit up and smirk at you, fingers toying with my pussy. "Come here,

slave."

You have to crawl. Wiggle. Squirm. Just work your way over like a pathetic little creature, unable to walk or even get up onto your knees. Hogtied and helpless.

When I remove the gag, you are actually relieved. Until I tell you that you have to clean his dick. Lick all the pussy juices off, lick all the cum off. Lick it all. Lick it while I watch. Wrap your lips around his pulsing dick while I watch. Oh, what a little bitch you will be -- sucking his cock while I watch.

Then, you have to not only lick and clean my pussy, you have to suck all the cum out of me. Every last drop. While he lounges around naked, his full manhood bobbing in your face. He may even like your mouth so much, he makes you do it again. While I watch.

I can imagine the feel of your face between my legs, my thighs squeezing your head to encourage you to lick more, to suck harder. You will do an excellent job cleaning out every last bit of his cum. I can assure you of that.

Then you will thank him. I will watch you get down on your knees, kiss his feet, even kiss his ass. Knowing that you totally belong to me, my treasured whore.

You would do all of that for me, wouldn't you?

Email me and tell me you would. Give me something to masturbate to...

M. Akasha

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