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Akasha's Trip: part 1

No one can tell me I'm not the spontaneous type.

Just a week ago my kinky girlfriend Jackie told me that I needed to lighten up – that it was obvious I had too much “pent up femdom lust” under my skin and it was making me crabby. Worse than PMS, even.

Maybe she was right. But I'm married, and I can't just go out and start dominating every hot corporate executive I gaze at across the boardroom, or go to clubs and pick up unsuspecting “victims” like I used to. Times are different, and I am different, and I certainly can't do anything that would cause any scandal.

That's when Jackie told me we were taking a “trip.” She did not say where or for how long, just that she cleared it with my schedule and my personal ties, and then gave me a list of what to pack. Oh, and I had to get some vaccines.

“Just where the hell are we going?” I asked her, unable to read her mischievous smirk.

“Think of it as...the Femdom Disneyland.”

“And I need a Typhoid vaccination for that?”

She just shrugged, handed me my itinerary (with the dates and cities blank, of course) and said, “Don't forget your passport.”

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On the way to “femdom Disneyland” – or, at least, Los Angeles International Airport – we made a stop at Costco.

Jackie was spinning like a top, obviously very excited about our trip, and I had just been astonished at how little she packed. For a femdom vacation, she sure did not bring much in the way of clothes – or toys.

“I told you, don't bother with the kinky toys,” she reminded me as she went down the long cavernous aisles of Costco when I mused that I was missing my favorite restraints and harnesses for the trip. She was loading flats of Coca-Cola into her cart. “Too much of a hassle, and we can get all of that there anyway.”

I was trying to get more information from her, but she was locked up tight. She was picking up some clothes but made

some weird excuses, and I had no idea why she would buy it in bulk anyway, and finally, an Xbox and some games. She gave me some lipservice about dropping those off at the airport for someone who was coming to pick them up, but I couldn't believe her about anything at that point.

"Can you at least tell me what the climate is like where we are going?" I asked her.

She smiled. A big, hungry grin. "Hot," she replied.

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Jackie was hot, for sure. The plane ride over, well, that wasn't too hot. We spent some time with our Cosmo magazines and gossip rags but that got old fast. I knew by then we were going to Heathrow but she said that was not our final destination, and she recommended I take a sleeping pill and forget about it.

We had some 28 hours of travel she told me, with two connections (and I think she said something about an elephant, but it's all a blur now), and since I had to surrender my cell phone and blackberry to my kinky friend, really, there was no turning back.

So I went to sleep. I'm not a big fan of travel, and this long flight did suck; but I had sweet, sexy dreams of Femdom Disneyland, and it included rides with strapons, a lot of very interesting safety restraints and body worship sessions that made me wake up in a hot, sexy mess.

Uncomfortable, cramped, aching in my pussy, I grumbled before going back to sleep and had a few momentary fits of frustration and even a little resentment. What was I doing here anyway? I should have just gone on a cruise.

It occurred to me like a lightening bolt that Jackie was probably taking me to one of those "slave farms" that were advertised so heavily among the Internet porn nowadays – academies and places that promised a real femdom lifestyle, blah blah, but from the pictures it looked like a few pro femdoms in hot latex outfits and some odd men who were paying big bucks to be poked, prodded and made fun of.

Oh god, no, I thought to myself! Was she taking me on this very long trip just to be another pay-for-play Barbie doll for rich businessmen who'd grown bored with the pro scenes in Los Angeles and Manhattan!?

Femdom Disneyland, indeed. Only these places clearly were the amusement park for male subs, and the femdoms were but fixtures and accessories. Unless, of course, you came as a couple.

But Jackie had not stuffed a boytoy into my luggage – not that she could fit one in between all the cases of Coca Cola, Levis and X-Box console.

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Moldova.

I could barely spell it right, couldn't pronounce it, and would be unable to point to it on a map if you asked me to. But that's where we ended up, after two more connections, a train ride, a hair-raising cab ride and then another train.

No elephant, at least.

This was no tropical paradise and no femdom Disneyland, as far as I could tell. I didn't speak the language and neither did Jackie – a language which sounded Eastern European, and that's about all I could get out of it.

We had some nice guy following us around with our luggage on a pull-cart that looked like it came from Costco, too. He understood English but did not speak it, and Jackie was waving some papers at him, pointing at a map, and I got a sense that things were falling apart quickly.

I'm a glass-half-full type, though, and I was so tired it didn't matter. I just wanted to find a bed and go to sleep, even though it was the early afternoon in Moldova. I figured once I got some sleep under my belt I could be better equipped to handle the situation – and hopefully find out what Jackie had in mind.

Or if she'd been promised something and was sold a bad bill of goods. I could tell Jackie looked pretty stressed.

A little younger than me, Jackie was a huge head turner. Tall, blonde, with big boobs, all the Moldovians (?) were kind of checking her out. I have no idea how or why she was wearing spiked heels on uneven concrete. I was in my most comfortable jeans, tennis shoes and my hair in a pony tail. No makeup. We were just on a plane, and Jackie looked like a supermodel.

It shouldn't have surprised me. For as long as I have known Jackie, she's been the type to walk into a room and make men swoon – both submissives and vanillas. Hell, she'd even converted a few "Masters" with a simple gaze, eventually getting them down on their knees by the end of a crowded play party, as their submissives watched in horror while "Daddy Dom" sucked her thick latex strap on cock.

Jackie was the queen of the dildo, I called her. She is the one that really taught me the finer points of strap-on play and facesitting. She wasn't a pro femdom, although she'd dabbled in it in college, but she could get a man wrapped up into a submissive frenzy in a matter of moments simply by sauntering into a room wearing her black latex cock.

She'd stroke it, shift her hips, smile, all looking so natural, literally sapping up the boyish, desperate energy that came oozing from the men who quivered at the sight of her and wanted so bad to be violated.

She could make men beg for the nastiest things. It was almost like a talent for hypnosis. So few women I had ever

encountered had this kind of energy, and I envied Jackie for it. It made me want desperately to be around her, because the men just seemed to fall in line. I was gleefully happy to pick up her "leftovers" as I called them – all the men who were whipped into such a frantic, desperate state that they were already "pre-tenderized," I called it.

So it should have come to no surprise that the locals were smitten with her at once, even as we wound our way up an outdoor spiral set of stairs. I watched the men gaze lovingly up at her ass as she made her way up with some sense of glamour in those high heels, her expensive handbag over her shoulder. Not a care in the world – meanwhile, I was clutching my purse a little, cautious still, as I didn't know much about these Moldovians.

Delirious with lack of sleep, I wondered, why did it sound so much like another planet. Had she just plucked me into another dimension and this was some surreal sci-fi adventure?

The bed looked so inviting. It was a blur getting to it. The accommodations were nice but somewhat simple and plain. We appeared to be in a suite of some kind but it wasn't a hotel.

Jackie was settling up with the guy who brought our luggage (I guess there was an elevator – somewhere), and I was already dozing, fully clothed, on top of the bed. My shoes were still on. I heard a lot of voices, it sounded like a party downstairs.

Resigned to deal with it all after sleep, I started to drift off, even as Jackie was unpacking on the other side of the room, whistling, humming, obviously too excited to sleep. Then voice, more voices, male voices – in my half slumber, I reckoned they were delicious male voices – in our room.

The scent of cologne. Youth, a very bright smile, and someone was taking off my tennis shoes and socks and then massaging my feet gently. As talented and attentive as the best spa I had been to in my lifetime, but I was too tired to take note.

In my half sleep I imagined it was probably Jackie, until I felt soft lips on my toes. I slept, somehow, through this amazing foot massage, waking up now and then to feel gentle lips, the pressing of his thumbs, and such attention to detail that I clearly felt the precise elation of my third toe on my left foot receiving attention it had never known.

In the morning, or I guess it was evening, when I woke up, he was still kneeling next to the bed. Who delivered a male model to me in the middle of Moldova?

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In the morning, I finally had answers.

Not that I could process them, because I kept thinking I was dreaming. Jackie and I were inside of our suite, which

actually was more like small two-bedroom apartment/loft, with our "translator" and my male model/foot masseuse (I think his name was Artem, but our translator said to me, "Call him whatever you want. Name him and he will remember it trust me.").

Our translator, an older and distinguished looking fellow who went by "Sonny" (or, maybe, Sunny), spoke with a heavy Russian-type accent. His English was pretty good, and from what I could tell, Jackie was negotiating with him over French Toast – which, apparently, my male model Boytoy (which I named him, and he nodded, and said with a thick, sexy accent, "Sure.") whipped up.

What Jackie was negotiating with Sonny was quite simply how many "attendants" we wanted. These men (they assured me, they were all of legal age) were at our disposal, apparently – to do with them what we desired, whatever our whims were.

For a moment, this was a dark reality to me. I was not that naïve. I knew what they were – they were prostitutes! Male prostitutes! But as they filled up our suite (Jackie did the equivalent of being a rich snob ordering room service for the first time – "Bring me one of anything, I will send back what doesn't taste good!"), I realized, these were mostly college-aged youth who earned money from rich American women (and men) because they lived in poverty, and it was the best hope they had for paying for an education.

At least, that's what I told myself to make myself feel ok about it; that, and that they were, verifiably, all legal. Jackie even shooed away the ones under 21, despite the legal age of consent in Moldova being much younger.

So the X-box and Coca-Cola made sense, as our loft soon turned into what seemed like a Fraternity House, with loud music and video games and youthful, energetic men who couldn't speak English but knew the most important rule:

Do what the ladies want. No matter what.

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