



Akasha's Web



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

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My Mystery Slave

I met Dirk on the Internet about 2 months ago.

Now, I must admit, he is my total whore. And we have never met.

Dirk is my Internet slave, my phone slave. But I have total control over him, and this works for me, because my desire are so spontaneous and so outrageous that I need someone like him to keep up with me. We write daily, we talk on the phone once a week, and I spend hours masturbating about him and the things I want to do with him.

With Dirk, I can be myself.

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I am not quite sure "Dirk" is his real name.

After all, I only have an email address and phone number. We whisper sometimes on the phone at work, but he always calls me, so I have no idea where his work is.

I make him slut himself out for me -- right in the middle of his day -- which makes me wet more than anything. I plan it out in my head the night before and send him an email telling him when to call and what to be wearing.

Then, when the phone rings, my heart stops.

"Akasha," he says.

"Hello Dirk," I say.

Then we engage in the raunchiest, nastiest phone sex you could imagine. I have made him suck dildos on the phone, I have made him wear a thong panty under his trousers and parade around the office, I have made him fuck himself with a vibrating butt plug while I rub my panties under my skirt, phone pressed tight under my chin, until my stifled orgasm explodes in a muffled squeal.

I've spent time in the ladies' room with my high heels pressed up high against the closed doors, using my fingers to pry my panties to the side and push, prod, rub and squeeze my sex until I cum imagining his face pressed mercilessly between my thighs.

The only thing I wish I could experience is that. His face pressed under my pussy, my ass. Riding him and using him, smearing my juices on his face until his fingers dig so deeply into the mahogany of his desk that he gets splinters under his

nails.

The man makes me so wet.

Dirk calls me and puts on this soft, sensual, unassuming tone. "Hello Akasha," he says, and immediately I feel my thighs press together and my panties heat up. It's because I want to use him, humiliate him, make him beg and whimper.

He starts out so confident. But I reduce him, each time, to a pathetic, begging sissy boy.

Here I am, in a big office, in a tight fitting tailored suit, nothing too revealing but my thigh high stockings and garters (I like to flash them from time to time), my too-high heels (five inches). I tell Dirk about how I'd treat him if he was my pathetic office boy.

"I'd tie you up with my stockings," I say, "Then mount your face, open my thighs and make you work your tongue into me, but only while I reach back and squeeze your balls until you beg for mercy."

I make Dirk torture his cock and balls while I tell him this. He has to kneel down, strip from his power suit down to his frilly panties and bra, and then pull the panties down and apply clothes pins, ben gay, or sometimes worse. His dick bulges and turns colors, his balls shrivel.

When I hear him breathing hard, I get wet. That's all it takes to get me going, I begin using my fingers, rubbing my pussy and then slowly sliding them inside of me one at a time. Listening to him gasp in pain as the ben gay soaks into his skin, his dick and balls are on fire and he can barely stand it.

Then I slowly, deliberately, make him open the plastic sealed envelope I sent him and remove the soiled panties. I make him ball them up in his hands, reminding him how I masturbated into him, fucked myself with them. Then I make him lick the crotch, press it against his face, sometimes I make him duct tape them in place.

And I tell him what a pathetic little piss-slave he is.

Dirk has a thing about toilet slavery. It is the ultimate submission for him; he wants to be used as a human toilet for a woman he adores. He wants to clean her pussy and serve as her toilet whenever she needs it.

I find this really, really erotic. Because what else demonstrates such total devotion? Still, I think of it more as a tactic for humiliation and control.

I call him on the phone and refer to him as "Toilet boy."

His voice cracks, I hear his breath catch and he says, "Yes Akasha."

"Toilet boy," I say, sitting back in my big leather chair, legs crossed, dangling a high heeled shoe from my right foot, pen to my mouth. "Your Mistress requires an immediate servicing. Report to my office, assume the position and be prepared to accept my fluid."

Oh, I hear him scramble. And I hear him stroking.

"Hands off MY DICK, slave" I say without warning.

See, Dirk is not allowed to even touch himself without my permission. I totally own his cock. That is what makes our relationship so passionate and intense, even though we have never met.

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Dirk's cock has been mine for the last several weeks. He wears a pink ribbon a few days a week, he wears my locking cock cage the rest of the days. Sometimes he wears a super tight latex sheath that keeps him hard all day.

I dress up, own, and totally possess Dirk's manhood. I humiliate him about his size (he's a meager 5 inches), I make him squeeze the head and work himself to the edge but not let him cum, only to degrade him for his horniness and make him get the ben gay for an application.

I make him wear frilly, nasty panties every day. He has a wardrobe he got for me, and I pick out each day what he presses against that manhood that belongs to me. Sometimes I make him wear french cut nasty panties, sometimes I make him wear a thong. Sometimes I make him wear my panties or panties I send him. He has a very hot, slender build.

And then, there is his ass. And I own that too.

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I have made Dirk shove all sorts of things into his pussy hole (as I call it). Usually while I listen. I developed a "dildo seat" that he can place in his office chair and sit on, mounting it, then ride while I command him on tempo and depth. This humiliates him more than anything as he feels it open his ass and fill him with each thrust.

And he fucks himself while I listen, masturbating, telling him how hot he is making me.

"You like it when I fuck your tight ass, don't you?" I tell him.

Just the sounds of his breathing get me going. He is so affected, so humiliated yet so turned on. I love it more than anything.

Dirk sucks dick for me, sometimes, before he even shoves it into his ass. I have a big, black latex dick, complete with balls, that I make him go down on. I listen to him slurping, sucking, gasping.

And then he gets to hear me cum.

**

Sometimes, Dirk and I have incredibly normal conversations. And I treasure them. I treasure him, because he does not always require or expect me to be bitch-from-hell, he also enjoys me for the person that I am.

"My boss is being an ass," I can say to him. And he will listen and provide a sympathetic ear, expecting nothing in return.

"Tell me a story," I can say, and he will.

He'll weave a tale to entertain and amuse me, and sometimes, only sometimes, I'll make it to the end without finding my fingers between my legs, chair reclined, eyes closed. Lost in his voice.

**

It all comes down to the voice.

Dirk has a great voice. He is just a voice to me. But I imagine him quite often -- dark hair, medium build. Great dark eyes, small mouth. He has a great smile, I imagine, and when we go arm in arm into a dinner party I can think of nothing else but owning him later.

"Why can't we meet," I say to him on the phone from time to time.

Tapping away at his keyboard. I can hear him smiling; I can really hear it. "You wouldn't like that," he smiles. "It is better this way."

But I want to meet him. I want to meet Dirk. I can say, honestly, there are times I want to order him to a hotel and tell him to be prepared to meet up with a box and note. To read the note, open the box, assume the position, put on the restraints and blindfold.

Then in I would come, tight black dress hiding 8 inch strap on dick, ready to possess my Dirk, body and soul. All night ass-fucking, humiliation, face sitting. His tongue up my ass, his lips on my toes. Fucking his face, making him finger me to orgasm then lick me to twelve more.

"Let's meet in New Orleans," I say.

But he just laughs. And we never meet.

**

Dirk makes me wet.

That's why I continue to talk to him, even though I want to meet him for more yet he denies me each time. Maybe it is because he is secretly married; maybe it is because he is afraid of me.

But I still jump when the phone rings and I know it is him. I still lick my lips in eager anticipation and part my legs just as

I lift the receiver and place it to my ear.

I close my eyes, I whisper his name.

I imagine all the things I could do to him if he would trust me just a little more.

He is my ultimate phone slave and my best far-away lover. He can make me cum in a matter of minutes, and is willing to dress up in high heels, thigh high stockings and bend over his own desk to take a dildo up his ass while I listen to his breathing.

For that, he is irreplaceable.

He is my most prized mystery slave.

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