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[Once in a blue moon...](#)

I had really been looking forward to the blue moon. The moon in general is fascinating to me -- just to look at it, at least -- I am not fanatical about it, but I always look forward to it. Whether or not it has to do with my femdom hunger cycles, I'm not sure. It's probably my own power of suggestion.

Another large stretch of a relentless work schedule led to lack of sleep, intense stress and self-inflicted drama. All ingredients for what I consider the most intense sort of dominant hunger. I first recognized this in college; always, always, right after finals it would hit me. It was almost a ritual; sell my college textbooks back after the last exam and then go out and torment my beau at the time -- I'd set aside at least a few days for nothing but feeding my desires.

Bondage was the main element; I'd go out and spoil myself with some new restraints, masturbating just thinking about how I would use them. Planning a time to get together was part of it also. I was tremendously impatient and if I had to wait more than a day, I would become cranky and restless. I had a hard time being told "no" or having to wait.

After three or more glorious days of self indulgence, all would be well in my world. Peaceful sleep, wonderful bliss and an amazing connection with my partner were inevitable. Pure heaven.

Now, things are not much different. I can see it coming from a mile away. This time, it hit me, and at the same time, I was left without an outlet. Why are the femdoms gods doing this to me? Once again, I have to wait. And I hate having to wait. Masturbation doesn't do it. Masturbation plus fantasy doesn't do it. Writing makes me want more. I plan, and I plan, and I plan. I buy more toys and more outfits, getting aroused just looking at pvc and latex skirts and dresses, trying to justify why I need one more pair of black patent leather boots.

If I could wear a sign it would say, "Beware of femdom."

I turn my attentions online and to my long distance options, pondering the possibilities of my casting call challenge and my latest online training idea. Planning, planning, planning. Always in the back of my mind thinking of the ownership of cock. The teasing and denial. The most important aspect of it being that it is on my terms.

For my pleasure.

When I want it, how I want it, and what I want.

Not for him, but for me.

Wanting to essentially say, "You want to submit to me? Then submit. On your knees, unconditionally, and show me what you are really made of."

The most prominent twinge, though, is something I used to feel a lot in college and my first years in the corporate world. That is -- "new blood." Like a vampires, of sorts. The taste of something new. That's why I used to delight in the innocent novice who was timid but curious, wanting to dip his toe in the water. I wanted to be that femdom, and I was intoxicated with his reactions to things he had never experienced in his life. The sincere shivering, the timid voice, eyes that were afraid to look at mine. Like fine, fine chocolate -- only a nibble was enough to make me tingle all over.

There is something very arousing to me about shocking someone with my ideas, my ability to be cruel (and get wet by it), being demanding and be sexually completely open with what I want and how I want it. Be demanding pleasure. Making a man please me, regardless of what he thought of the acts he had to perform. Discomfort. Fear. Humiliation. But his willingness to do it, just to make me wet, to hopefully get a taste of how wet I was, to see me pleasure myself in front of him. Blindfolding him and masturbating while sitting on his face, making him whimper because that's what it would take to get me off that third time.

Making him feel objectified -- that his entire purpose was to please me, and he was an object, a tool for me, just like my vibrator. That his arousal was not so relevant to me; in fact, that his arousal should be painful or humiliating, if anything. Keeping his attention on me at all times. But doing it playfully sometimes, cruelly passionate, amused. Combining affection at with cruelty at just the right times.

Making him play games which he could not win, because I made the rules and could change them at my whim. The smallest things like that, with the unassuming novice, delight me to no end. Because he's never been duped in my sadistic game before; he doesn't know that when I offer him a choice between gags, I'm actually doing it to find out which one he fears more so I can not only use it on him, but make him beg me to use it on him.

There is nothing like making a man beg for me to do something to him that he dreads. He is not begging for the act. He is begging for the reward of seeing me get off on it. Of seeing me wet. If he is lucky -- of licking my wet fingers clean.

Now, so many years later, right after the blue moon, without the outlet and release I depend on, I find myself looking at the unassuming novice. I would snatch them up in a moment if I could. Who knows, I still might. I know what I need; I need to feed this hunger by preying on a willing, eager to please being who truly is in it for my pleasure, not his own.

The rest comes later. The first time I strip him naked and look him over, fondling him in an almost clinical way. Putting him in a pair of red panties because they are tight and show off

his helpless erection. Clamping his nipples or strapping on a cock and ball harness, randomly all the while making him suck my fingers -- whorishly. Telling him how deep to go, and that he's not making the right sounds for me. I like being demanding, and it's just never enough for me.

Bending him over a couch and quite purposefully making sure he sees the array of tools I have placed out. Leather harnesses with large dildos, my ruthless set of gags and my favorite rubber straitjacket.

Tell him, simple, "You are in for a long, long night."

My thoughts are a mish mash of hunger, desire, planning and lust. Not quite knowing when I am going to satisfy it, all I can do is channel that energy into more productive things. And plan. Plan. Plot.

So, that's what I will do.

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