



Stories

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The heat of the (femdom) moment

Lately it has been very hot here. No surprise, since it is summer, but there is something about heat that adds to my already distracting femdom lust of late. Maybe it has something to do with walking around the house naked in the middle of the day, or lounging only in panties. Or the feeling of suntan lotion on my skin and basking in the sun. Or, the fact that summers for me have strong memories of long days on the beach watching the men in their wet suits. Even as a young pre-teen, I was fascinated with wetsuits.

Because they were tight. I could see every tiny detail of the male body. And their hair was wet. It is no wonder that I became fascinated with the young California surfer guys as a teenager. They were the ones that caught my eye on the beach. Many of my early fantasies about kidnappings and men in my clutches, it's no surprise, were men in wet suits. Surfers. Scuba Divers. James Bond.

Now, it is hot again, just in time for the latest femdom lust that has been occupying my mind. Last night my fantasies were about consensual abductions and kidnappings that require planning and toys that even I can't have. Like an ambulance, for example. My medical fantasies have been running wild. How would you like to be the man strapped down helplessly in my femdom ambulance? Knowing I was in this mood, and also seeing me in tight, white latex nurse outfit and those menacing elbow high gloves. Don't forget all the tools available to me - the ones that delight me. I could tie you up with rubber tubing and muffle your protests with an oxygen mask, then force you into (make believe) unconsciousness with drugs only to have you wake up later in bondage even more inescapable.

Right between my thighs.

It is no surprise to those who visit me in my chatroom that I have been trolling for prey. It's like the days when I first discovered chatting on the Internet and my phone bills were in the hundreds, because I was an insatiable phone femdom who never trusted anyone to give them my phone number, but wanted to hear a man submit to me on the phone night after night. I'd fall for someone online and private message them with the simple demand, "Give me your phone number." All this led down the same dark path. I'd want to hear him whimper for me, and take him to a place to ensure that happened.

I wanted to make him hold his breath for me while I pleased myself, and to submit himself to an interrogation with questions that seemed out of the ordinary and seemed to

make no sense. "What if...." questions, and "What would you feel like if I...." -- oh, just hearing the responses, and his tentative breathing. I'd fall hard for these anonymous men, sometimes taking phone calls into the hours.

Or, sometimes rather quickly, like rushed fucking in the bathroom at a crowded party. Just. Wanting. Release.

Regardless -- I knew what I wanted. And it is like that again, often, lately. I delighted recently by changing my outgoing voice mail on my phone and having my visitors in my chatroom call to hear the new message, and leave one of their own for me. In one message I described the sheer nightie I was wearing and the status of my panties.

I remember, once, years ago, I had a slut whose voice on the phone thrilled me so much that I used to make him call and leave me voice mails and I'd give him a list of words or phrases to say, with specific directions how. And he knew that the reason I did this was so that I could call back and listen to it not once, but over and over again, so I could masturbate to his voice.

Somehow, he didn't mind doing that for me. I guess he liked to please me. I guess he didn't care that what I was asking him to do wasn't anything that turned him on; in fact, sometimes it was downright silly to him -- but, he knew it got me off. He knew that I'd have my fingers inside of me, my panties pulled down just enough so I could pleasure myself.

I remember I did this a few times at work, when I was in a corporate office. Dangerous, I know. But in those days, I had moods like this as well -- and it didn't matter, I could NOT concentrate often unless I had that "itch" scratched in the middle of the day -- just to get me through to the end, when I could go home and get my release in person.

I'd have him leave a voice mail on my phone at work so I could call back and listen to it. And I'd get wet. Soaking wet. But I couldn't do anything about it right then, because I was in an office. It was just a little taste, something to hold me over until I got home. See, even femdoms can have lust, and distracting desire -- ACHE, as they call it -- while at work. Perhaps this was when I started wanting revenge of sorts, and the seed was planted in my head. That's when the idea of the Corporate Slut was born. I, too, could make someone crazy with desire while in an office, without anyone else knowing what moisture, what throbbing, what aching was unfolding.

It's times like these where I sit and fantasize about actually owning a dungeon, being a professional dominatrix (purely for the access to all those toys and to be able to play, relentlessly, all day long with my own desires), or having a stable of slaves. The term "biting off more than you can chew" is a perfect way to put it, because from experience I have learned that this insatiable state WILL be satisfied and I'll soon be in a position of exhaustion, bliss and contentment -- and go back to normal levels of desire.

Still, that doesn't stop me from thinking about having that 24/7 slut living in a cage in my closet, having an errand boy

on the side, having a full time sissy/slut whore who was my personal shopper and would be at my beck and call for humiliating trips to the mall, to Victoria's Secret. And then there's my full time slut masseuse who wearing a CB-3000 and bathes me while blindfolded, his pathetic cock and balls to be beaten afterward for bulging in the device in appropriately. Then there's the man that fans me on the patio and applies the suntan lotion, and the sissy maid that prepares my cold drink and hobbles out in the heat to deliver it to me -- while wearing a hobble skirt and 5 inch stiletto heels. A stable? More like a harem.

I am sure a lot of submissives have had similar fantasies when their hunger is peaking. Do you ever feel like no matter what, it would not be enough? That you would want more, and have the energy for more?

And, there's nothing bad about feeling this way. I don't hate it, and I don't wish it would go away. I enjoy it, even though it's almost painful at times. The build up of lust and desire and the feeling like satisfaction is almost not attainable makes it more exciting, and draws me to it more. I enjoy satisfying it one delicious bit at a time. Sending surprise packages to my long distance sluts who I keep in chastity on and off, finding a random, new stranger on the net and challenging his nerve to accept a late night phone call from me. Tasting new blood, hearing the voice of a timid novice. Feasting on the passion of hearing the surrender of a virgin on some levels; one who has never whimpered, never held his breath for me, never been penetrated, never felt the soft, tight sensation of satin panties around his cock and balls.

I have a one track mind. All I want to do right now is write about desire, buy more toys, and plan more domination. All in preparation for the big release, knowing that it will be better than all the ones before.

For those that cross my path, by email or in my chatroom, consider yourself warned. Yes, I have been trolling a bit for a potential victim, but I rely on my instincts and impulses to pick who, and when, and for what. I listen to that femdom lust inside of me. For those others that simply want to do something to make me smile, the answer is simply chocolate or a book. Especially if you have never done something to show your appreciation for this free web site.

You also are encouraged to email me or visit my chatroom. But I can't tell what might or might not happen...especially in this heat.

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