



Akasha's Web



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A pair of panties for you

I've got this pair of panties I plan to send to you.

And ever since I decided to do this, the panties have had a completely different meaning to me. Even now, as I wear them, I am conscious of how hot I am when I think of what I want to do to you; I am very aware of how wet I get when I think about the ways I want to make you suffer to please me.

Sometimes, my thoughts are purely sexual when I wear them. When I step out of the bath and slide them up around my ankles, calves, up around my thighs, I imagine just having you tear them down sloppily away from my body, bending me over the sink and fucking me the way I know you want to.

Or I imagine torturing you with them.

Lately, I have this image. Do you really want me to tell you what it is? It's of you, tied down, completely spread on my bed. Your ankles tied to my bed posts with black silk stockings, your wrists handcuffed to the headboard, spread far from your body.

And you are naked.

And I am there wearing just these panties, and the red satin bra that goes with it. Bare feet. A riding crop in my hand. My hair is a little wet because I just emerged from a luxurious bubble bath, and my skin is glistening from lotion I just put on.

I'm going to tease you until you plead with me, plead with me to give you release. Some mercy. A kiss. Anything. I am going to break you down and watch every bit of your strength disappear as I taunt you with my body, with my panties.

Straddling your face, just slightly. The crotch of my panties just right above your face, so delicately out of reach. You could probably touch them with your tongue if I let you. If I commanded you to.

Instead, I just smile down at you and use two fingers to slowly, sensually tease myself. Outside of my panties, then slowly down under them, into them, against my pussy. Telling you how wet I am, how I am soaking right through them.

I just want to see you struggle. I want to see desperation in your eyes to kiss me, to touch me, to hold me.

And then I'm going to make you earn every last bit of it.

*

I masturbate in these panties when I think of you.

Lately, I have made it a point. I use to think about you and masturbate in just about anything. Work clothes, tucked away in the back warehouse where no one will find me. Or in dancing clothes, out at a club, slick, wet latex clinging to my body making it hard to even peel it back and get to my pussy.

In my bed, in the morning, lounging when I wake up fifteen minutes before the alarm goes off, stealing a moment when I know I can make it last just long enough, eyes closed, shifting in my bedsheets in nothing but these panties.

Those times, I think about making you use your mouth on me.

You are bound and gagged, and you hate it. Your wrists are tied behind your back and your ankles are shackled together, and I can't help but think how handsome you look all trussed up like a prize for me.

When the gag is removed, you barely have time to speak, to even thank me, before your lips are directed to my thighs.

Standing above you, directing you by the chin, ordering you to kiss me here. Here. Here.

And then your tongue. Right here.

*

These panties. They are definitely for you. As I write this, pausing momentarily to see just how wet they are again, I can't help but wish I were there when you got them. Instead, I have to rely woefully on the mail system to bring them to you.

I have to just imagine what you are going to do when you feel the fabric for the first time between your fingers. I have to imagine what you are going to do with them (nasty, nasty things I hope). I have to hope you will tell me, and spare no details like I have spared none in telling you what I did with them before sending them to you.

Know this. When you receive them, they will be just as they were when I slipped them off of my body. And trust me, you will know.

You make me extremely wet. Don't ever forget that.

And that is why I long to torture you.

With undying affection,

Akasha

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