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## Hotel Domination

When I was just starting college, I worked as a phone operator at a hotel. I was only 19 at the time, and it probably was one of the most enjoyable jobs I have ever had. And that's not just because it led to me totally humiliating and owning a high powered executive by the name of Alexander Jensen. Although, seeing him clad only in panties, mortified in his hotel room, was certainly one of the highlights of my 18-month stint at the hotel.

No, there were several perks about that job. For one, it allowed me the flexibility I needed; I could study while actually at work, which was important to me. I would sit, with one to three other women, in a back room of the posh Los Angeles hotel (underneath it, actually). We'd be in a round-robin, answering calls from the switchboard and transferring them, helping hotel guests with a variety of issues, taking messages or working with hotel security and maintenance staff on last minute disasters ranging from flooded toilets to drunk frat boys wandering the halls making too much noise.

Sitting around with a few other girls was not hard work; I was lightening on a computer keyboard already, so I could take messages and work the hotel main computer with ease. I could read college textbooks with one hand and transfer calls with the other in a matter of a few days on the job.

I will admit, I started to develop a growing fascination with some of the regular hotel guests. Being a high class business hotel, we would attract a lot of world travelers and high powered execs, and often I'd see the same names popping up on the screen again and again, even as much as twice or three times in the same month.

When a call came through the switchboard, we would see what room it was coming in from. Before picking up the line we'd check the room number on the computer to see the name of the person staying there, his class (some were rated A-class or VIP), and how long he was staying. It did not take long to get to know some of the hotel regular visitors, and Mr. Jensen was one of them.

He had a slight English accent (or maybe it was even east coast, hard to say) and always came in on a Thursday and left on a Saturday. He'd usually arrive when I was working the late shift, and he always stayed in room 1749.

He had an amazing voice. And at 19, I was starting to really explore my dominant side. Working late sometimes, in the hellish midst of finals, I'd find myself pushing the line with

him on the phone.

And it led to all sorts of nasty, nasty things.

\*\*

"Good evening again Mr. Jensen," I said to him one night, early in our relationship. I was sitting back in my chair, smiling as I wore the telephone headset, swiveling the chair slightly from side to side.

I could tell he was sighing, had just checked in, and it was after midnight. "Hello there Operator Akasha," he replied, always calling me by name, unlike most of the other guests. "I already have a message apparently, and I just got here."

Back then, the hotel operators still read messages back to guests. This was before voice mail was added to most hotels, so we would sit and take the message down (actually, type it into the system) live, read it back to the messenger, and then deliver it verbally to the guest when they called in to see what the red light was on for.

It actually was quite voyeuristic. It kind of turned me on.

I typed a series of commands into the computer and up popped Mr. Jensen's message. It was short and to the point. "I am fed exxing the contracts for your meeting Monday. Cheers. Emily."

"Ahh..Emily," he sighed. His voice just lolled me on the phone, I will admit. I loved hearing it, I loved how I could hear him unzipping his garment bag as he spoke to me, probably standing with the phone propped under his ear.

"That's it for you tonight, Mr. Jensen," I said. But I didn't want the call to end just yet.

"All the better," he laughed. "I suppose I should eat something. And I am too exhausted to think about leaving the hotel. Perhaps you'd put me to room service?"

I was smiling like a fiend, and the other operators were looking at me, knowing something devious was going on with me. Twirling the cord between my fingers, I said coyly, "Well, only if you beg."

He laughed. "Oh dear. You're one of those types, are you?"

"Indeed I am," I said.

By then, the girls were definitely onto it, giggling. Watching me flirt with the guest in 1749, they were living vicariously through me again.

"Alright then. Please, my dear Akasha, would you be so kind as to let me through to room service?"

"Aww..." I cooed, smiling and winking at Patricia, the operator across from me who was staring at me with raised eyebrows. "Are you a hungry boy?"

"I am ...famished!"

By then, I was getting wet. I was getting wet because he was playing right into my little game, because my girlfriends were watching and because I could tell he was somewhat enjoying it also. Imagine!

But I let it end to quickly. I succumbed, giggled a little, and said "You have a pleasant night, Mr. Jensen."

"Sweet dreams, Akasha," he said.

And then he disappeared to extension 42 -- room service.

\*\*

Back then, I was still a bit of a novice. But I was quite openly flirtatious about my desires -- to the bellman (who were so young and cute in their uniforms, whose gloves just made me hot), to the maintenance men (always joking about the tools missing from their tool belt -- and oh, the humiliation jokes I would make when sending them to fix a plugged toilet) and, of course, to hotel security.

In their faux police uniforms, they'd stand so proud there in the entryway, one of them was not a year older than I was and he felt so huge in his position.

"Ever use those?" I smiled one night, pointing to the handcuffs hanging on his belt.

He put his palm on them and looked at me, smiling flirtatiously. "Oh yeah. Just last night."

"Unruly hotel guest, or shy girlfriend?" I smiled.

He blushed and shook his head at me, trying to make a quick escape as the other girls were giggling and looking at him.

When we'd gang up on them it would be the best though, teasing and tormenting them, doing things that would have landed a sexual harassment suit in no time if the roles were reversed. We'd grab Rick Richard's ass on occasion (he was the hot maintenance man in the blue jeans) and steal officer Davis' nightstick, hold it for ransom. We'd call the bellmen up saying we had a message that needed to be delivered, then all three flash our tits when he walked in.

That was the 17-year-old virgin, Chad. And he turned white as a sheet and ran out of there so fast, and we burst into a round of giggles.

But when the phone rang at my station and I looked over to see the number 1749 flashing, I grabbed my headset and hoped it was my faraway prince.

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"Hotel operator Akasha, how can I help you, Mr. Jensen?"

I knew his name, already, at that point, because it had popped up on my screen before I picked up the line. And my heart was pounding and my thighs were already getting hot. It had been two weeks since his last visit.

"Well hello there, Akasha, nice to hear your voice again."

"Nice to have you back in our hotel, Mr. Jensen. How was your flight?"

Again, I could hear movement in the room. He was fumbling with his luggage. "It was quite the usual disaster. Been flying since yesterday some time. And once again, greeted by the mysterious red light flashing on my phone."

"Let me check that for you," I smiled, typing at my keyboard, enjoying the sound of his breath as he unpacked a few things and waited for me. Across the terminal I could see Patricia and Sandy whispering about something else, gossiping probably, and the lines were relatively dead.

The message popped up on my screen. It was a lengthy one. I felt bad for the operator that had to take the message -- the long ones were always the worst, especially as you tried to type it all in while the other lines rang off the hook, and the person on the phone who always changes everything mid-sentence.

"Here we go," I said, reading out loud. "Alex darling, D. here. I've sent you a few things direct to the hotel so you should retrieve them," I read. I noticed, oddly, that Mr. Jensen got totally still. All sounds on the other end of the phone ceased, and I could tell he was listening intently.

I continued to read. "You'll find a wet pair of -- " I stopped, reading ahead, making sure I was reading correctly. In fact, I read it maybe three times. Then I felt myself blushing, actually. "You'll find a pair of wet red panties in a plastic baggie, along with a --" I stopped, once again, and tried not to giggle.

I could hear nothing but dead silence on the line. I feared he hung up. "Mr. Jensen?"

There was a brief silence, followed by a monotone, "I'm here."

I took a breath and continued. "You'll find a pair of wet red panties in a plastic baggie along with a large butt plug for your --" I caught myself.

I stopped. I was fully aware of the beautiful situation I was in, and the wheels were turning. "Mr. Jensen," I stopped myself. "I must warn you that the language in this message is quite..colorful. Shall I continue?"

Oh, I could feel him melt away in humiliation on the other end of the phone. Meanwhile, I was soaking wet. Who the hell was this D. chick, and how could I get to know her. She obviously knew what she was doing.

"Please," he said, barely in a whisper, "Go on."

"..Along with a large butt plug for your....tight, slutty pussy hole."

I heard him take a breath. Oh god, this woman was raking him over the coals!

"Use the mystery lubricant to wet it, then shove it up your cunt, and suffer the consequences. All of my love. D."

I waited. I enjoyed the painful silence. Meanwhile, the room I was in turned silent -- both the other operators were staring at me, gaping in awe. They could not believe what they had heard. In fact, they started to huddle around my monitor to read it for themselves, immediately pointing and whispering as they noted the initials of the operator who took the message -- AL -- Alice Langley, the morning operator. The old prude! Imagine what she did as she took it all down! We were dying.

Meanwhile, I heard Mr. Jensen pull himself together. "I must apologize, Miss Akasha."

I noticed, immediately, that he called me "MISS" Akasha. First time for that. His voice was also audibly different. Subdued. Soft. The accent toned way down. Timid. So very unlike the Mr. Jensen I knew. Oh, I loved it! He was feeling -- submissive. I was in heaven.

So I did what any natural-born femdom did. I went with my instincts.

I humiliated him more.

\*\*

"That's quite a message," I said to him, watching my peers gasp at me, hands over mouths, giggling and whispering to each other as they listened in on my end of the conversation. "Shall I have the bellmen check for a package for you?"

I heard him sigh, then the ruffling of paper. "I am afraid it was waiting in the room for my arrival." He sounded so defeated.

"Did you really receive all of those things?" I said, maintaining a very cool, calm demeanor. Almost -- amused.

"Yes. Knowing Deanna, she did exactly as said. If not worse." I heard paper unfolding, I heard a lid being pulled off a box. I heard his breath in his throat. "Good lord," he said.

If my two girlfriends were not staring right at me, I would have said right then, "I am really, really turned on. I want to do this to you,"

But instead I grinned, and I said, "You have a good night,

Mr. Jensen".

And then he was gone.

\*\*

Immediately we all were lost in a pool of giggles, re-reading the message, even printing it out to paste on the wall "Hall of fame, worst messages". Of course, we decided later to take it down, because the department manager would have our heads if she knew we were even joking about such a nasty thing.

"Oh my god, can you imagine Alice as she typed that message in!?" Patricia gasped. Alice was in her 40s, a totally conservative woman who would poo-poo even our innocent flirtations with the bellmen as childish and inappropriate. One time Becky, from the morning shift, was talking about the great night of sex she had with her boyfriend when Alice complained to the shift manager. And Becky had been talking about vanilla sex!

We agreed that Alice must have shit her pants. But no one had the guts to ask her about it. Instead, we took the print-out of the message and stashed it in a folder, and tried to calm down to finish our shift.

Meanwhile, still standing, Patricia pointed a finger at me. "Your Mr. Jensen is one fucked-up dude,"

"He's perfect for you, Akasha" Sandy qualified.

Good old Sandy. She knew me. She knew me all too well.

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Sadly, Mr. Jensen was gone the next morning. In fact, it was three long weeks before we heard from him again, and I found myself checking the reservation computer just to see when he would arrive again.

Sandy and Patricia, my usual shift co-workers, were totally in on it with me, and together we all giggled and came up with ways we could humiliate him even worse than the mysterious "D". They did it as a joke; meanwhile, it was really turning me on.

In fact, I masturbated quite a lot thinking about ways to torture Mr. Jensen, what kinds of toys and panties I would send him if I were his "D", and how I needed to have a high powered executive like him one day that I could torture and humiliate at hotels.

I wondered even more about this mysterious "D", and when I had a woman on the line trying to reach him for a message, I would get butterflies in my stomach when she asked to leave a message, wondering if it would be D, and the message would be like the one before.

But alas, I always had Emily on the line, his secretary, and the messages were dry and the same and boring every time.

D never called again, at least not on my shift.

But I had a taste, and I wanted more.

So I took him on myself.

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I waited until a moment when I was alone in the operator room, when it was just a shift with Patricia and she was on break. It was sheer luck that Mr. Jensen called in because he was having trouble reaching the valet, and desperately needed a suit pressed for his early morning presentation.

He sounded a bit frustrated. "I don't know where those people are, " he said, "And I certainly don't mean to take it out on you, Akasha, but I must get this jacket pressed. Can you send someone to pick it up? I will leave it hanging outside the closet, I have to run out to a dinner engagement."

"Certainly, Mr. Jensen," I said, typing a few notes to myself. "But it will cost you a little extra."

"Bill it to my room," he said without a moment of hesitation. "I don't care what it costs."

"That wasn't what I meant," I said to him, getting a little husky in my voice. I breathed into the phone to give him an indication of how turned on I was. "I was talking about personal price. You see, I have to walk this request over to the valet myself, and ensure they do the job right. I will do that for you, Mr. Jensen, because you are my favorite hotel guest."

At this moment, I found myself wondering what Mr. Jensen looked like. To think I had never even tried to catch a glimpse! Ironically, even though operators were hotel staff, we were not really allowed to walk the hotel floor. We were always shrouded in mystery, and it was against policy to be allowed to even meet with guests. But I could have poised as room service, or housekeeping..or who knows what. Just to see my dashing Mr. Jensen up close. I imagined he had a really big dick. I could just tell that about him.

"What is it that you need, Akasha? Anything. I am at your disposal."

Oh, those words made me crème my panties. Quite possibly it was the first time a man ever said something like that so eloquently, so earnestly. I was in heaven. If I had not known that any minute Patricia would arrive from break, I would have stripped my clothes and masturbated right there while making him fuck himself up the ass with a shampoo bottle and lubricated condom.

"Jerk off right now while I listen," I said. "And I will say nothing, but listen. Any minute now, the other operator will come into the room, so I can't talk. But I am listening. Understand?"

"Yes, Miss Akasha."

Then I heard him unzip his fly. I heard his breath change. God, I even heard the distinct fluid-against-skin slapping of him whacking his dick.

And it got me wetter than anything.

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When Mr. Jensen came, he came loudly, and by then Patricia was in the room, sitting in her chair, oblivious, regarding the small bowl of gourmet ice cream she'd scored from the hotel employee kitchen.

I was listening so intently to him, she thought I wasn't even on the line. She held out the cup of ice cream, "Want a bite?" she said.

I shook my head and listened to him moan, gasp, wail, and proclaim, "Oh god, I am such a whore, I am so embarrassed...oh Akasha, oh god..."

I wanted to touch myself.

Instead, I listened to him explode in orgasm. My high powered exec, the man who I had read messages to with dollar figures in the millions, the man who had triple VIP status at my hotel. I heard him quivering, gasping, shaking, trembling after orgasm.

Patricia pushed the small bowl to me to finish it. What remained was some creamy, melted white ice cream.

And as I stared at it, ironically thinking about how it looked like fresh semen, I heard my Anthony gasping, post orgasm, "I so belong to you right now."

\*\*\*

To say that I was high the entire week would be a grand understatement.

I felt something I never had before. The total elation in knowing that someone of such great power and confidence was my toy, my victim, so enamored with me. In fact, he sent a dozen red roses to me the next day, and I was floored.

He signed the card, "To the sweetest voice on the other end of the line. All my adoration. Alex."

It scored me major kudos at work -- my shift supervisor kissed my ass royally, saying how impressed she was that such a high level VIP appreciated my services.

God, little did she know. She had no idea what those services really were.

But damn, I was eager for him to come back. The roses were a shining spectacle to me, I'd sit back in my chair and



stare at them in awe, in awe that I could torture someone, get off on it, then HE would send ME roses.

Where were the men like this, I thought, and where could I find one to marry me.

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Three long weeks passed before Mr. Jensen returned, and by then I had all sorts of crazy plots and plans cooked up. He returned and stayed at our hotel three times in a row -- three weeks in a row -- and that is an intense blur of amazing, nasty, utterly mindblowing tests for him.

I had the entire hotel staff involved, and they had no idea.

First, I made housekeeping, my hot little contact Marta, steal all his underwear from his room when cleaning it. I held it hostage, and replaced it with a box from Victoria's Secret, with the order to call me before opening it.

On the line, he sounded petrified.

"Have you noticed all of your underwear is gone?" I said, lowering my voice so Patricia would not hear.

"Good god, " he gasped. "What did you do?"

"Wear that tomorrow. For me."

And then I hung up.

In the box he found pink panties, white stockings and a bra. Oh, how degraded he would be!! The phone rang back in just a minute, but Patricia picked it up. I heard her. "Hotel operator Patricia, how can I help you, Mr. Jensen?"

I saw her look at me. I was smiling.

"Mr. Jensen, she is right here, would you like to speak with her? Certainly, my pleasure."

Then he was mine.

I could heard his voice shaking.

"Please don't make me do this.

"You like it," I observed.

"I do but...Oh god. Oh god they are pink! What are you doing to me!?"

I was in heaven. But I still was concerned about one thing -- D. Who was D, and would she care what I was doing? What if D was his wife??

I could hear him fumbling through the lingerie, I could hear the tissue paper ruffling. In fact, it sounded like he was even putting it on.

"Will this be ok with .....with "D"?" I asked point blank.

For a moment he did not answer. I suspected he might be thinking, wondering. Then, I could tell he was just in awe, and unable to talk. Totally turned on. "Can I touch myself, Miss Akasha? I am wearing it now. I am wearing it, Oh god, I feel so slutty."

I was concerned, a bit, that he had ignored the question about D. And I knew I could not go into any more detail with him about what to do, not with Patricia staring at me. So I told him simply to enjoy himself.

And I did not let housekeeping return his underwear until the night he checked out, two nights later.

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The next week, when he arrived in town, I set something up with room service. I worked this one with Selma, the sexy Latin goddess that worked in catering. Even though Mr. Jensen did not order anything, I sent up a full roomservice meal for him.

We were allowed to do this, at times, for VIP guests, we just had to make note of it in a log book. It was called "Special Treatment for Special Guests."

When I called his room and told him he would be getting special treatment, I could sense the fear in his voice.

"What do you mean, Akasha?" he asked.

"Just make sure you eat every...last...drop!" I insisted.

I wonder if he put two and two together. That is, that the week before I had him leave his cum, in a glass, in the bathroom for retrieval.

I wondered if he guessed the sauce when he bit into it.

Or did it take awhile to figure out the taste.

I loved doing it to him. I loved knowing he would be humiliated, but would obey anyway, because he was addicted to my voice and what I was doing to him.

Even eat pork soaked in his own cum. When I told him about it later, he was mortified, and sounded like he was going to cry. "Only sissys cry," I reminded him. "If you are going to cry, put on your panties."

He was broken. So broken.

I listened to him whimper and I masturbated.

I knew then that I must meet him. I must meet him, and I must have him.

That's when I told him.

"Next time you stay, " I warned. "You'll have to do something very brave for me."

By then, he was already mine.

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I had the outfit waiting in his room. Another box from Victoria's Secret, tied up in a big red bow. Then I had a box of toys -- handcuffs, blindfold, butt plug, cock and ball harness.

I'd found out his arrival dates from the reservations computer and set it all up. The note was very explicit. He was to contact me to confirm he read and understood my directions, then change into the slutty outfit, bind himself to the bed, blindfold himself and wait for me.

Then he would be my slave for the whole night when I got off my shift, starting at around 1am. I'd enter his room and find him there, helpless, and proceed to do anything I wanted to his body and maybe or maybe not let him see me.

I was not shy at all about myself; I was quite confident and had nothing to hide. After all, I was 19 and he was 42. I had a tight college co-ed's body, long dark hair, great breasts. I was in my prime, indeed, after pumping iron at the gym three times a week and being head of the college cheerleading squad-- I had men falling at my feet.

Just not 42-year old power executives. And he had opened up enough to me to tell me what he looked like during some of our more casual conversations, and said he used the hotel gym. I imagined him, based on what he said, as a youngish 40something executive type, salt and pepper hair, swimmer's build. He knew full well of my hair fetish and had given me great descriptions of his hair color and style, and I had even seen a man in the parking lot, one time, I thought may be him.

He was in gym clothes with a sports bag, older but distinguished, walking briskly. Even from a distance I could see piercing blue eyes and a European look. He was hot, even for an older man. I knew, somehow, it was him.

Maybe that was one of the things that drove me to set up the in-person encounter.

That, or my sheer horniness to really have him helpless right before me.

\*\*

The night came, and he acknowledged my requests on schedule. His voice sounded timid. For the last time, I asked if his mysterious D. would mind. He said no, that he belonged to no one -- or at least, only to me, in his heart. His heart of submission.

His voice was deep but shaking. It was 10pm, and he had a few hours to change, prepare himself, lock himself down and blindfold himself then wait for me. Our first encounter.

Patricia was on break, so I told him that I was wearing a black body suit under my business clothes, with black stiletto heels. I told him I brought my toy bag with my strap-on dildo (I had just started experimenting with it and loved it), butt plugs, dildos, nipple clamps. I apologized that my toy collection was still lacking (as I imagined his mysterious D was very, very experienced) but he seemed enthralled with me nonetheless.

I told him he would be used sexually in his sissy slut clothes, then have to service me orally but would receive no pleasure himself. He agreed, voice shaking, and seemed eager to get started.

I cannot tell you how turned on I was. I had spent days planning this all out, spent hundreds of dollars on all the toys and the outfit I was wearing. I loved every minute of it. And I guess part of me fantasized that I'd meet this handsome 42- year old power broker and he'd fall for me, even though I was only 19, and see me through college then whisk me away and we'd have a nasty, kinky life together.

I was seriously hot for this man. And as I made my way down the hotel hall toward his room after midnight that night, I was on fire.

\*\*

Strangely, I was not very nervous. After all, he was the one to be nervous. I knew what I wanted and what I would get. I had my toy bag with me, and I had a killer outfit on under my suit. An outfit that would melt him, even though he probably was used to being flanked by models.

I knew I was a pretty girl, but something about him made me a little insecure. Maybe it was all his money, or how much he traveled. I was still sheltered, in college, still learning the ways of the world.

But as I entered his room, with the key he left at the front desk for me, I had all the confidence in the world.

And the room was prepared as I had ordered, dark with a few candles, and I saw his bound frame, face down, on the bed.

There he was.

\*\*

Excitement overcame me. In moments I was out of my suit and strapping on my dick. I had not been able to use it as much as I wanted, so I was eager. Meanwhile, he had turned his head toward me, and I heard that voice for the first time in the flesh, not over the phone.

"Akasha," he said. And I got shivers.

"Shut up, hole." I said to him. I liked referring to him as "hole" since that was what he was to me. I found that really

turned him on, he had mentioned that a few times. When I called him "slut hole" or "bitch hole" he'd get all breathy on the phone, and I loved that.

I am sure he heard me fastening the straps of my harness. My latex dick bobbed heavily before me, and I grasped it in my hand and went for him. I went to his frame, to his body there sprawled and bound, blindfolded, face down.

I pressed the head of my dick to his mouth just as he started to try to protest.

God, was I wet.

I was soaking wet with the whole experience. Here he was, this powerful corporate executive, totally at my mercy. It was mostly dark in the room but I could see his outline. His hair was different than I imagined; in fact, it was nothing like I imagined. Short, receding hairline.

But I imagined his features - chiseled. The way he described. Great chin, and wonderful lips.

But I could see nothing of his lips, because my dick was being shoved into his mouth. And he slurped, and slurped, and slurped. I pumped mercilessly into his mouth and watched with fascination as the length of my latex dick filled his cheeks.

He made the most passionate sounds and his body twisted in the shackles. I found myself masturbating, sucking off my fingers, shoving them under his nose, and telling him what a whore he was.

Then I fucked him in the ass.

\*\*

I lubricated my dick with astroglide first, then got up behind him on my knees on the bed, spreading his cheeks with my hands, and probed around until I found his asshole. I was still new at assfucking, so it took me some time to find his hole in the dark.

As soon as I did, though, I probed him with my fingers then pushed the head of my dick in there, and started to leverage myself to slide into him. Listening to him gasp and moan made me so hot; feeling his body twist under me was heaven. The head of my latex dick finally popped through and I slid into him slowly, almost too easily, then I started to pound.

Fucking him, ramming harder and harder. The whole bed shook, and I was in heaven. His body rocked, his cheeks jiggled. I was holding his hips and had all the leverage I needed to just swiftly move my body up and down, all the movement coming from my hips. I had great legs from cheerleading, and could support myself with ease as I pounded away at him.

His howls, his whimpers, every move of his body made my

cunt ache.

I nearly came on top of him, feeling like a real man pumping until his balls exploded a gush of semen through his dick. I just wanted to ooze out into him, to fill him with my spew, to fully possess him.

But I knew cumming would take something more. Would take a tongue up all the way inside my pussy. Licking, sucking, nibbling. The talented tongue of world traveler, Alex Jensen, probing deep into my most private areas.

So I dismounted, removed my dick, and told him he was about to be rolled over and sat upon. "I am going to sit on your pretty face, " I told him, "And ride you until I cum all over you. Got it?"

And he just moaned.

\*\*\*

The smell of my own wet sex permeated the room.

I cannot recall another time when I was so hot. I unfastened the shackles that kept him locked face down on the bed and then stood, finally dickless, and ordered him to roll over to be restrained again.

He rolled over slowly, his body drenched in sweat. The entire room was so dark that I took little notice and was eager to just get on top of him, get his tongue into me, and have him my way. His body frame was huskier than I imagined, but I took no note of it and just mounted him, one leg over his face, held the headboard, and started to ride.

Facesitting was something I had plenty of experience with, as it crossed over into generic sex quite a bit for me. I had strong legs and could easily position myself and control the penetration of his tongue into me. I just threw my head back, let my long hair tickle my shoulders and my breasts heave in the body suit.

His tongue lapped at me eagerly, almost too eagerly -- ironically, I suppose, I had imagined his style to be so subdued, so subtle, so confident, that I would end up literally fucking his face to get the stimulation I needed.

But I found him to be eager, lapping, sucking, nibbling, almost a sensation overload. I pumped his face and wrestled between complaining of over stimulation (after all, I wanted it to last) or just cumming to get it over with, because he almost seemed rushed. Almost, strangely, sophomoric.

I was facing the wall so saw very little of anything, but my eyes were shut anyway. I just pumped and pumped and the whole bed bounced up and down as I alternated between smothering him totally and pounding his face. His tongue was all over -- again, oddly, more sporadic and less precise, but I imagine his preciseness in speech, and the way he communicated to me did not necessarily reflect his sexual style. And there was no doubt his tongue felt good.

I came all over him, I came wailing and gasping and tweaking my own nipples with both hands, cupping and squeezing my breasts and feeling my whole body shudder, mercilessly, with the waves of orgasm.

And it still took quite some time before I even dismounted him and actually met Mr. Jensen for the first time ever.

\*\*

He was shaking. Definitely shaking, and his body was covered with sweat. Sweat from me, sweat from him. As I stood, I could see him now more clearly, even though my vision was blurred from the orgasm.

He was on his back now, spread out, but still blindfolded. Wearing the outfit I had provided him -- the teddy, so nasty. But it was too small for him, even though I had tried to plan right. His belly hung over the panties, and his thighs were too large for the stockings, which rolled down a bit.

Oddly, I found his hair style to be totally different. He'd talked of a full head of healthy, dark but peppered hair, and in reality he had barely any hair at all. He also had a double chin, and after further consideration I realized he was 30 or 40 pounds overweight; he probably had not just ran the LA Marathon, as mentioned that week.

Suddenly, I was mortified.

"Oh my God," I thought. "I am in the wrong room. I just dominated the wrong man!"

But I knew that was foolish; he was in the outfit, as instructed, the room was registered to him. It was, indeed, Alexander Jensen.

He just had totally been lying to me about his looks.

\*\*

"Can I see you, Miss Akasha?" he asked, pleading behind the blindfold.

I will be honest with you -- at that point, I was bitter. And it is not that I care too much about looks, but he had blatantly lied to me about his appearance and that insulted me. Maybe he was self conscious, but he could have been more honest to me.

And I guess I was a little disgusted too; not that I had just engaged in oral sex with a stranger, but that I did it with a man I felt I truly did not know anymore. Everything, suddenly, was up for questioning.

As I glimpsed myself in the mirror, I saw the reality of who I was. And that was someone who had represented herself honestly; right down to the way my pubic hair was shaved to my cup size. I never sugar-coated anything or made anything up.

And as I looked at him, a little more rational after the orgasm-buzz wore off, I realized he had been totally and completely dishonest to me, right down to the last detail.

So I left. Without word. And I rushed home, and then I cried.

\*\*

Unfortunately, it gets worse.

The next week, I confronted Alice, the morning-shift prude, about the original message from the mysterious Mistress "D".

Alice immediately crinkled up her nose in disgust, lowering her voice. "Oh, that creep! He calls all the time, leaving messages like this -- for himself!"

I felt my stomach sink all the way down into my gut. I wanted to be sick. "You mean, he left this message? The one from "D"?"

Alice pulled me aside. "He never admitted it, but I could recognize his voice easily. That husky tone, the fake accent everything. Did you know that he owns the hardware store down the street? He just comes in here to get away for his wife! I bet he's cheating."

I was mortified. Nearly ill. I felt my eyes well up with tears again. "But they said he was a VIP."

Alice held my arm reassuringly. "Honey, anyone that spends that kind of money here is a VIP. That don't make him honest."

I positioned myself to fall into a chair, and buried my face in my hands and absorbed the horror and disgust that probably remains one of the most solid lessons I ever learned about fetishes and men.

They'll do anything to get what they want. Even lie.

\*\*

I quit my hotel job shortly after that incident. Not that I didn't enjoy the work, I just could not deal with the embarrassment that I'd been so scammed. Maybe I was naïve, after all, I was only 19 at the time.

But unfortunately it made me much more cynical and suspicious. If he had been honest with me, about his job, about his looks, I would have probably been just as fascinated. After all, it was an entryway into S&M.

But it was all about getting what he wanted, at all costs, and to me, that undermines the entire concept of submission.

I still seek, to this day, the ultimate corporate slut and slave. But one that represents himself for who he truly is, and does not say what he thinks he needs to say to get domination on his terms.



Mr. Jensen got a free facesitting and assfucking from a 19-year old college beauty in her prime. He won this time. But I know he is still lonely, cheating on his wife and making up stories, trying to con and seduce women into doing what he wants.

I still learned from the experience. For that, I am grateful.

But I still wonder what could have been if he were just more honest with me.

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