



# Akasha's Web



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## More Sissy Training

You've made me wait a little too long this time, my whore.

When you come home tonight, I have something special in store for you. You will fine your lace panties and bra out on the bed. Put them on, along with the garters and high heels. I am going to be watching you from somewhere, dressed in my pvc teddy and thigh high black patent leather boots.

You'll put on lipstick if I leave it out for you. You'll walk and talk like the whore you are, and when I am ready to use you, you will assume the position. Kneeling on front of my bed, your ass up and exposed to me.

When I walk into the room, you better not even look at me. You will hear me enter, you will hear my boots and you will smell my perfume. When I press my wetness down against the small of your back, you will know how serious I am.

It's feeding time for your Mistress. I will take it out on your cock, on your ass. You will be dressed for me, tied up, gagged with my soiled panties, fucked with my strap-on, left a whimpering pathetic little boy. I will teach you to respect me even more.

When I have you turn on your knees to face me, you will see me standing there with my vibrator in one hand and my strap on in the other, hanging loose, leather straps dangling. And as I sit slowly in the chair across from you, you will wonder what I have in store for you this time.

"How're you feeling, little sissy?" I may smile, parting my legs just enough so you can see the moisture developing in my crotchless panties. One gloved finger down between my legs, stroking, and bringing it to my lips for a taste .

"Mmmmmmmmm."

Oh, dressed up so pretty for me, how can I resist giving you a chance to please me and save yourself from a relentless fucking? My vibrator hanging precariously in my hand, against my naked thigh, rubbing softly against my skin.

And watching you stare. Stare at me as you kneel in your new state. The lace against your strong frame seems so out of place. The panties are too tight for your bulging cock, I can see it outlined and begging for attention. Your nipples safely hidden behind the satin (but not for long). And that ass of yours, I can only imagine it pressed against the bed. What I could do to it.

I move quickly. You know how I get when I have an idea. And I know you are watching my ass as I move across the room in my five inch heels. "Eyes down," I order. I hear you shuffle. I move to get my restraints and come back to you, taking you by the shoulder and shoving you down toward the floor.

I lock your wrists behind your back quickly and effectively, then pull you back up by the hair, watching you gasp and flinch, twisting miserably in my grasp.

When I sit down, I pull my chair closer to you as you kneel next to the bed. So close to you, I bet you can smell my scent, my wetness. The pvc creaks as I open my legs. Your eyes wander but you know better. You keep them down, to the floor.

"Good boy," I smile, reaching out and stroking your hair. "I know you want to look, you want to touch..." I pause. "You want to taste."

You nod slowly. Solemn.

"You long to have your tongue on the body of your Mistress, to be allowed to worship every crevice of my body. Don't you, slave?"

You nod again. Careful not to speak, afraid of saying the wrong thing.

"Maybe I will allow you to clean me out once I have cum." The vibrator is still precariously between my legs, resting now against my wet cunt. But unmoving. I ache, I want it inside of me; but it is much more fun to torment you.

I smear some of my wetness on the tip then bring it to your lips. "Lick it," I order. "Lick it like the slut you are."

And watching you lick only makes me wetter. Yes, your tongue flickers over the tip of the plastic with grace and ease. My fingers wander down between my legs, probing inside of me. Your painted lips lean forward and take the vibrator full into your mouth. My other hand wanders down to your bra and pushes it down, finding your hard nipple between my fingers. I squeeze until you whimper, but you keep sucking. I have trained you well.

When I remove the vibrator you move with it, leaning forward until it is out of reach. I mock you, smiling, standing and again the pvc creaks as I move. I take the vibrator over and set it on the floor near the door, then turn to you.

"Now, my latest challenge for you, my sissy, is to get that vibrator into me. Turn it on. And make me cum."

You look at me helplessly. Yes, I know. Your hands are tied behind your back. I smile. You know how I like to watch you struggle against such odds.

As I sit down and pull my knees up to my chest, opening my

legs, I say with a grin, "Oh, I didn't tell you about the deadline, did I? You have ten minutes."

Not one to give in easily, you move at once. You go to stand, but I reach out with a spiked heel and press it into your chest, "Not so fast," I hiss. "You know better than that. Crawl."

With a disgruntled sigh you move, on hands and knees, over to the vibrator that awaits on the floor in the corner of the room. I watch the panties ride up the crack of your ass, I watch you fumble in high heels, trying to keep them on. "My little slut," I sigh to myself, "Look at what you'll submit to for me."

Getting it into your mouth isn't a problem (being the whore that you are), but once you crawl over to me you realize the difficulty in your situation. How do you get it inside of me and turn it on - the control is at the base of the vibrator, and needs to be turned.

You look up at me like a puppy dog, not letting the vibrator fall from between your teeth. I reach out with a gloved hand and stroke your cheek sympathetically, "Awww..poor baby."

You whimper for good measure. It does no good with me.

Here I am, exposed for you, knees up again and legs spread. My crotchless panties are begging for your attention, I reach down and finger myself a little, opening my lips for you.

You move but I stop you with a heel. "Not until it's on, slave."

Ah, the dilemma of your situation. You realize that this isn't going to be easy.

"Maybe I'll use it on your ass, " I think outloud. "And show you how good it feels when it is turned on."

You whimper again, shifting your weight from knee to knee. I reach out and twist one of your nipples to distract you. You whimper louder.

"Come on, baby. I haven't got all day. Use your head."

Finally you fumble, crouching down on your ass, placing the vibrator carefully between your knees. You use your mouth to leverage it, then turn your head and get your teeth to the knob.

I masturbate while watching you, of course, because of the way you sweat and agonize over your deadline and helpless situation. My whore, in panties and bra, trying to get a vibrator turned on with the use of your teeth. Priceless.

Finally a soft humming comes from the plastic device and you look up at me hopefully.

"Not so fast, "I smile, leaning forward and reaching down to

stroke your panties in encouragement. Your cock is rock hard under the silk. "You know I like it on \*high\*, baby."

Your eyes beg but I just smirk at you. With some more concentration you get the vibrator to the medium setting. Lost with impatience, I sigh and call you forward with my hand. "Come on, "I order, "This will do. You only have 3 minutes left."

You move quickly, fumbling. I watch you move, in your sissy clothes, vibrator wedged between your teeth, trying hard to get it to my wetness in time. Trying to get it inside. You move somewhat gracefully under pressure, angling the tip of the plastic so that it probes my lips and begins to slide inward.

I moan and shift toward it. The plastic is cool, inviting My cunt aches for it, and I can feel your breath through your nose as you prod deeper with it, pushing in, farther. My whole body shakes with the vibration, the warm sensation starting at my cunt and pulsing through my body. My hands are tight in your hair, urging you forward and out again. You fumble, distracted by my wetness and forcefulness.

"Oh," I gasp at you, "I know how bad you want that slut tongue of your in me, don't you?"

You try to nod but you realize that would ruin the rhythm you have created, so you just moan in response.

I feel the edges of orgasm coming on, and shift my hips eagerly, pulling the plastic deeper into me. When I cum I move so hard that the vibrator comes loose from your teeth and you fall back a little, gasping.

As I finish with the orgasm I look at you, smirking, breathing hard, watching how you look at me carefully and wonder what I am going to do next. Whether or not I am going to use that vibrator, still wet with my juices, on your virgin ass. Wondering if I am going to make you suck it off, or if I am going to sit on your face and have you clean out every last bit of my wetness as I promised.

As I move toward your body you see that look in my eye. Glowing, relentless, playful, cruel.

You know what I am thinking, don't you?

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