



## Stories

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### Mickey's First Time

Last week "Mickey" called me after reading about my hunger, and he caught me just as I was about to leave to go shopping.

"I was just heading out - " I said, a little out of breath because I had darted back to grab the phone. "I am not sure if I will be doing phone sessions later today...you can email me though, maybe if the mood comes back, we can play another time?"

I was being honest - there's no way I would ever attempt to dominate someone over the phone if I was not totally in the mood, even if it was one of those rare times, like that day last week, that I was doing phone sessions. Looking back, I have no idea how I got sucked into doing it with Mickey. But I am sure as hell glad I did.

It must have been his voice. I get very turned on by voices anyway - that's why phone domination is something that can turn me on - but this was entirely different. He had a vague hint of an east coast accent (although he said he was from the Midwest) and a fantastic combination of shyness and confidence - when we talked about anything other than S&M. Often I do ask a little about a man so I can picture him in my head (I am a visual person) and the picture I got was quite an enjoyable one.

Tall, on the lanky side, clean cut good looks with blue eyes and dark, dark hair. A large weakness of mine - dark hair and blue eyes. What a laugh Mickey had, too. Eloquent and sweet. The kind of voice that I can listen to for hours, the type that I would fall for back in my ravenous phone sex days when I needed phone sex, phone domination almost every night before bed.

I used to tell my random victims (prey I plucked from chat rooms with a private message, "Give me your phone number, I want to have my way with you") when I got them on the phone, "Will you tell me a bedtime story?" If I needed to clarify, I would explain to them that it meant they would tell a story after I gave them a plot, and then I would listen, and pleasure myself, and after I orgasmed, they would "tuck me in" and we would call it a night. After orgasm, I would be able to sleep. Blissfully. When I got "hooked" on a man, I'd talk with him five, six nights in a row. Sometimes for hours.

That's what Mickey reminded me of. Immediately, I found myself wanting to have him tell me a bedtime story, and not just leap into domination. Then I was torn, because I wanted both. I realized suddenly that shopping was not so important anymore, that I was actually in the mood for something

different. I was craving Mickey -well, craving hearing what he would sound like in a variety of situations.

He had confessed that his experience was very limited. Some light experimenting with girlfriends, light bondage, and fantasy. He was like a clean slate.

A clean slate with a few toys. I rubbed my legs together with delight, easing comfortably into my chair and sliding my sandals off. I wiggled my toes, smiling as we spoke (that's always even better, a man that makes me smile on the phone, merely through the sound of his voice and the words he chooses.

I pictured Mickey there in his hotel room (he was on a business trip), with his suitcase open and clothes all over, I heard him pacing around the room with the phone, how his breath got caught now and then. Those things, those little changes in his tone as I got more serious, they led to that familiar warmth in my panties.

"You know, Mickey sounds like a girl name. Very feminine. When you get scared a little, like now, your voice gets softer. Feminine. Has anyone ever told you that?"

Mickey laughed, timid. "Uhhh," he hesitated. I swear I could feel the heat from his cheeks blushing right over the phone. "My ex-girlfriend used to tell me I had long eyelashes prettier than a woman's."

My stomach panged with familiar lust, desire. "Mm. How did that make you feel?"

"Embrassed," he laughed.

"Micki..." I said out loud, closing my eyes, picturing those eyelashes, how they would frame those piercing blue eyes. Gorgeous, feminine Mickey. "Have you read about my pussy collar?"

Mickey cleared his throat, I heard pacing again. "I, uhm," he laughed a little, and finally said, almost in a whisper, "Yes."

Looking down between my own legs, pulling my skirt up a little now, I smiled, thinking of it. "I am imagining it right now." Indeed, I was. And with Mickey, there, right on his knees. Down on the ground. Trying to use those eyelashes to show off his eyes for me, looking pleadingly at me, wanting a taste of me, a taste of what he could see, smell. So wet, so inviting, and with that collar on, he would know that his task would be a long one. Yes, indeed, Mickey's tongue would get a work out. Until I was damn well finished.

I wanted to hear Mickey moan though, moan while I was imagining the pussy collar, his tongue. I planned it all, planned it perfectly; the thought of Mickey, his labored breathing on the phone to complement my fantasy, my fingers inside of me, my knees up closer to my chest and my legs spread. Easy access, wet lips, tight pussy, and my own clever touch. I would be lost in his whimpers. That is what I wanted from Mickey.

"I want to fuck you in the ass." I said simply. It was a statement of fact; an order.

Mickey inhaled, startled. "Oh," he said, startled. I heard more pacing.

"Stop pacing," I commanded.

Silence.

"Kneel down. Kneel right where you are, Mickey."

"Ok.." he said, soft, now almost a whisper again. I heard his slacks, I heard him kneel down, switch hands for the phone and then say, "I'm there."

"You're going to take off your pants, pull down your underwear, lubricate that plug you said you've never used, and stick it in your ass. While I listen. And you might be able to tell what I am doing...if you can concentrate enough to listen."

Mickey was trembling. My God, I could hear the phone trembling in his hands. I was wondering if I could hang on long enough to fuck him! I was already getting close to the edge, and I had not even heard him whimper yet! I hadn't made him hold his breath! I hadn't made him plead my name! I hadn't made him shove a dildo in his mouth so I could hear him slurp on it, I hadn't made him stick an ice cube in his ass so I could hear him gasp...oh, I was wrapped up in what I wanted to do, how I wanted to experiment on his mind, his soul. To taste those reactions one by one.

Trembling Mickey was fumbling with his belt, and I lapped up hearing every lovely second of it all. The belt coming off, the zipper of the trousers, the moving of fabric. All while delicately tracing the warmth of my pussy, teasing, light little pressure from my fingertips against my clit. Licking my fingers, then giggling at him a little, and of course he thought I was laughing at him fumbling to get undressed.

"I'm just tasting myself," I told him, matter-factly, accenting it with a smack of my lips.

That put him into a deeper state, delighting me. He was so responsive, so involved, so helpless, so enraptured. The delight was already breathless, and I had not even penetrated him yet! I was in heaven!

The anticipation, fear he had about penetrating himself was passionate and real. I made him tell me all about it, I made him repeat some of the sentences twice, three times, because I loved the way he chose words, as if serenading me with his submission. Then, that sweet, pensive gasp as the plug touched his virginal ass, I savored it. I told him to slow down. To relax. And he cried out, when he finally did it. It made me shake all over. One of those "pre-orgasms" I call them, when my body reacts all the way to my toes and my pussy squirts. Ready for anything.

I made Mickey fuck himself for me, slowly and gently the way I would have done it if he was with me --- and all the while, listening to his whimpers, I imagined those whimpers coming from him as he went down on me, licking me because he had no choice. Trapped in the confines of the pussy collar, trapped between my thighs.

Of course, I let Mickey cum later. He had earned it. But I made him cum in my way, after asking him a dozen more questions about where he grew up, what he did for a living and what motivated him to call me. He was so easy to listen to, so charming. I told him, "I find it hard to believe some femdom hasn't come along and just kidnapped you and locked you away for good."

He sounded genuinely flattered, and reminded me that he was, actually, very shy in person. Still, I told him, he was remarkably intuitive and passionate as hell. And damn, what a voice.

There was a lot more to that call, and I told him I'd probably post a little about it but not the entire thing, and he just laughed and I could hear him blushing again.

Finally, I went and did my shopping. He told me would email me, but I never heard from him. I was saddened, but I keep telling myself maybe he got shy.

So, Mickey, if you are reading this - write to me. I don't bite...

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