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Sammy's Torment

It's a special toy, just for Sammy.

Sammy doesn't know me yet (his friends call him Samuel), but I have been watching him. There is something about the way he carries himself that makes me want to own this man. He is older, taller and more sophisticated than many men I find myself attracted to.

And I have a special harness for him. This device - I found it online, and it's a beauty. A combination of several devices into one - a pony harness, a leashing harness and a pussy harness. Oh, the possibilities.

Usually I don't picture men in pony type situations, but Sammy just has that look about him. I can imagine climbing right on top of his broad back and inserting a horse bit into his mouth - all to get us started.

Silly little ideas, I know. What would a man of Sammy's size want with a woman on his back, pulling his reigns and ordering him to neigh?

There just is something sweetly romantic about finding a man and turning him into an animal, of sorts, for my pleasure. There is something about making him crouch down low and feel the dig of my black patent leather heels into his sides.

And he has the perfect hair for it - long, dark brown hair, pulled back sometimes. Very hot indeed! I was looking at him today - he was visiting a woman in my office (he's a vendor of ours) - and he had on tight jeans and a light sweater.

He looked hot. And I couldn't help but smile at him, flash him a little leg and see if he'd perk.

And he did. That was my thrill for the day, the way to start my weekend. Then when I got home, the mail was here, and the pony harness had arrived.

Then it all fell into place.

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Maybe I am a romantic at heart. I don't think of just kidnapping poor Sammy and having my way with him (at least, not yet). I think about romancing him, seducing him, luring him into my place and then slowly breaking down his will.

Eventually, he will beg to be saddled and rode. He will see that device and fear what it will make him do, but he will want

so bad to please me.

My warm thighs wrapped snugly around his head will comfort him. When I locked him into it, into the pussy collar for it, he will be pushed tightly into my sex, locked there, left there. And I will recline, comfortable, while he nibbles at me like a good horse, until I cum, cum all over his face and grind my crotch so firmly against his face that he cannot breathe.

Poor Sammy!

Yes, poor Sammy when he can no longer breathe, when my thighs, hot and moist, cut off every pocket of air for him. I am ruthless when I use a man's face this way, and for Sammy it will not be different. Because he is the type of man that will look good locked between my thighs. I can tell by the way he smiles at me.

I imagine he must have a very capable tongue. A tongue that might lead him into permanent slavery with me. After all, he has a great job, and I'm single again, and I am feeling the definite mood to have a permanent lover again, a permanent slave.

One not afraid of the harness.

Ohh, I love that word. The harness. It sounds so decidedly evil.

And the things it can do - the things it can make him feel. Make me feel. It can change him into what I want, and that's why I like it.

I like it because it will cause him to be trapped underneath my pussy, the reins now holding his balls, tugging to remind him he must keep licking. Must keep sucking. Must keep nibbling. Going into hour two, my crotch bouncing every so slightly on his warm face, my juices turning his whimpers into slurpy little whines for freedom.

Reduced to an animal for me. A little fuck pony. A saddled, bridled slave. He has the back for it. I have seen that back.

A back that needs to have long, beautiful stripes down it. Red stripes. Stripes of endurance for me. Oh, Sammy, I will say as I flog him and he twists in the chains, a big dildo gag keeping his pleading in check.

Oh, Sammy. Suffer for me.

Sweet Sammy.

I guess I always have liked the name "Samuel". When I got the new harness, today, after seeing Sammy again, I knew it was a sign.

He is meant to be in my harness. While I ride him. While I ride his face. While I cover him with my scent, then lock him down for the night and sleep soundly in my warm bed, listening to him toss and turn.

I haven't wanted anyone this bad in a long, long time.

It will be fun. Capturing Sammy.

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