



Stories

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Stephen's Torment

His hands were shaking just a bit when he slid the unmarked video tape into his VCR. Part of him thought it was a joke, that there would be nothing on the tape. The other part of him longed so much to believe her, his fantasy, his dream Mistress.

As he slid back onto the couch with the remote, the lights dimmed, a static filled the screen. The first 60 seconds were torture, an eternity.

So, he thought to himself, I have been had. She was lying.

"Some Mistress," he muttered, leaning over to push the eject button.

Then, suddenly, a soft chuckle from the tape. He froze.

The picture was fuzzy, out of focus, shaking. Clearly taken with a home video camera, it looked as if someone was trying to set it on something and he got glimpses of a room. He squinted and leaned forward.

"Hello sweet slave," a voice said quietly.

That voice, he tensed, it was clearly hers from the phone calls.

The picture finally came into focus but it appeared that the camera was sitting on the floor. All he saw were feet walking by, heels. His cock hardened at the anticipation, the fear. This was real. It was definitely real.

Finally the picture was in focus, still. He saw boots, black patent leather boots, all the way up the shin. But that's all he saw. She was sitting in a chair, her legs crossed, one bouncing up and down a little, playful. Suddenly a gloved hand slid down one leg and into the picture.

There was an audible gasp from him. Her hands, so small. Her shins, tight, encased in that shiny black material. Those amazing boots, damn, laced all the way down. Her hand slid down to the long heel, at least five inches, and she massaged it, stroked it. Her fingers encircled it and stroked it as if it were a cock.

"You like that, slut?"

He gasped softly, "yes..." even though she wasn't even there. All he saw was her boots in this screen, filling his television.

"Our first meeting," her voiced cooed, and her hand continued

its long, deliberate strokes up her boot heel.

"Let's see how you follow directions in real life, slaveboy." Her gloved finger moved up and stroked the camera lens just slightly, so close he felt like he could reach out and touch her.

"I trust you followed my directions and have your camera ready, " her voice continued, so sweet yet sinister.

He swallowed hard, thinking, of course, how could I not follow the directions of my email Mistress...and his eyes moved to the home camera of his own set up and facing him.

"I want you to press record, slave. Start taping now. And when I get the tape it better not have one pause, one stop. Or our relationship is over. Press record now, slave."

His hands shaking just a bit, he leaned over and pressed the record button on his video camera. There was a familiar clicking and the red light started to flash. He felt vulnerable, watched.

When his eyes moved back to his television screen he almost forgot for a moment that he was being filmed. All he wanted was to see more of her, his Mistress, all of her. All he could see were her black patent leather boots filling his screen.

"Now Stephen, " she said calmly, slowly, "I want you to strip slowly. Stand up and do it for the camera, do it for me. Remember when I watch this tape I will be evaluating you. Don't disappoint me."

He was definitely shaking now as he stood, loosening his belt. He turned and looked at the camera, trying his best seductive look, but he just felt silly. Damn, how easy it seemed for her, but then again, she wasn't naked.

"Oooh," her chuckle came on cue, "By the way, Stephen, these boots are all I have on."

A chill ran through him as he eased down his pants, shivering so at the thought that she almost read his mind. Eerie, he shuddered.

Her voice said suddenly, "Show me your ass, slave. Put it right in the camera. You are my property, Say it."

He was hesitant, so terribly uneasy. Sweating, hard, shaking. Shy. Timid. He looked into his camera and said softly, "I...I am your slave...Your property, Victoria..."

Again, that sinister chuckle from her. As if she could see. It unnerved him. He turned and showed his ass to the camera as promised, shutting his eyes and sliding out of his boxers as he did.

When he heard movement on the tape he turned to look at the screen, hopeful that he would see more of her. The boots moved, opened, and were planted on the floor. They were spread a few feet apart and her hands were gone. There was such subtle movement in them, and damn, they were so hot, those boots.

His cock throbbed, he could feel the precum now starting to form.

"Stephen, I'm now masturbating, " she said, and she moaned.

"Oh..god, Mistress." he let out his breath.

"Kneel down, slut."

He fell to his knees in front of the screen at once, as if she were really there giving her command. He was weak for her, even her image on his screen.

"Now lick these boots," she ordered, lifting one closer to the camera so it filled his screen, "Lick them as I finger myself, slave, and when I get to see this, if it is good, perhaps..." she moaned, gasping a little, "..Perhaps next time you will see my fingers inside my wet cunt, as they are.." she gasped again, inhaling deeply, "now.."

Stephen leaned forward without hesitation, shutting his eyes. He licked the screen, he licked the image that was there, his tongue moving up the boot as if it were real. His saliva glistened on the screen as he did, and he longed to touch his cock but held back.

"Mmmmm," she moaned, "I am imagining you there, on your knees, your tongue on my boot right now...oooooh yes, come on, slut. Lick the heel, lick it."

Her heel was thrust into the camera so he licked harder, both hands on the screen as his tongue moved up in long, loving strokes. His hips moved involuntarily toward the screen. He was consumed.

Her moans grew louder, more demanding, and he continued to lick. He continued to lick and force his thoughts of uneasiness out of his head.

Suddenly, just as her gasps became desperate, as she seemed on the brink, just as his cock throbbed even more relentlessly, she stopped, her foot stopped bucking with the obvious motion of her hands as he imagined them fucking herself.

She moaned softly and reached around, he could see her hand reach for something. Slowly, slowly she reached around and he saw her take a dildo, a large latex dildo. There was a soft giggle almost from her, her finger sliding up it, then she lifted it up out of his view.

He remained kneeling there at the image on his screen, forgetting now that he was on tape as well. He just watched, mesmerized. He heard a soft sucking noise, then she lowered it again and he saw that it was wet.

"Guess what I'm going to do with this, slave?"

He let out his breath in a moan, "Oh yes, Mistress..please let me watch."

She laughed, almost as if she was laughing at him. The dildo was raised out of his view and he whimpered as he watched her spread her feet far apart, her gasp out loud in pleasure.

"Oh Mistress..." he bit his lip. He was shaking, it was too much.

"Stephen," she ordered, half crying out in pleasure, "Go shut off your camera now, and overnight it to me. But only," she gasped again, "Only after you masturbate for me on it. Give me a good show, slut."

His eyes searched the screen as her feet slid even further apart.

"Goodbye, slut."

He saw a hand reach up, the camera shake a little, her soft chuckle, then it went to static.

His heart was pounding.

He mailed the tape to her that afternoon and the next day he couldn't concentrate at all, thinking, hoping his performance, his appearance was acceptable to her. His masturbation on camera was short and he felt silly, but he didn't watch it at all, as she ordered, he simply put it in the envelope and mailed it to her.

He didn't hear from her on the phone or in email and he was devastated. Thoughts of rejection tormented him and he felt like such a failure. In his depression he watched his tape of her over and over again, of her boots, her gloves, her dildo. Her soft, seductive voice. Her torture. He imagined what the rest of her must look like, what she must be doing on tape. It was torture.

Then, amazingly, 8 days later there was a package in his mailbox with no return address. His knees felt weak, he recognized the writing and the postmark. She was back.

He ripped open the package and found another unmarked video tape and a wrapped small box that had written on it, "Do not open until ordered."

Without hesitation he moved to his living room, sitting down and shoving the tape into his vcr. Needless to say he was overjoyed, elated. His cock was already throbbing, he wanted to live this moment forever.

Again, those 60 seconds of static, then her boots.

He let out his breath, sadly disappointed almost. He felt destined to be tortured again and again by just views of her boots..her feet. What hell that would be! Didn't he deserve more?

"Hello slut."

His breath was shaking again. Just her voice did it to him. His hands were sweating as he held the small wrapped package tightly in his lap, watching the screen carefully.

She seemed to be leaning over and messing with the camera, sliding something under it, what looked like a small box. "You get a little more this time, baby. You like that?"

He moaned out loud, watching the camera slide back a little and he saw her thighs, he saw stockings and garters above the boots. He saw the bottom of a lace corset, he saw black panties.

His hands slid down between his legs.

"No masturbating yet, slut." she said, as if reading his mind. "First, we need to talk. Turn on your tape and start recording."

As he got up to go turn it on she continued talking.

"You know," she said, he could hear a smile in her voice, "When I watched your tape I couldn't help getting out my dildo and sliding it inside of me, watching you masturbate, kneeling so preciously. You are gorgeous, you really are. I can't wait to tie you down, to torture you. We have so much to do, so much, Stephen. You are mine. All mine."

The camera was on, recording, and he sat down in his chair to watch the screen. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

On the screen he saw her legs, precariously open, her hands sliding down over her panties. One held open one thigh, the other rubbed against her pussy.

He wanted so bad to touch himself, but he held back, knowing he was being taped and did not want to disobey her.

"Mmmmm," she cooed, and her gloved hand slid down under her panties. He saw it moving there, he heard her say softly, "You want these off, don't you Stephen?"

"Yes, Mistress, I do." he said to the screen. "I want to see you, please."

She chuckled. "Ooooh, I am so wet, thinking back to you on that tape. Your cock so hard, throbbing. That look on your face when you came, so much like pain, your eyes shut tight. I watched it three times, I came each time."

Stephen held his hands behind his back to keep himself in control, his eyes fixed on the screen, on her hand under her black satin panties.

Slowly she reached back with her other hand again and took the dildo again, bringing it into view. She slid it up her thigh, opening her legs more, then pressed it into her panties, pointing it in toward her cunt. "Ohh yeah, I want this in me. Let's hear you beg, Stephen."

He swallowed hard, wondering if she was just teasing, if he

would have to beg and send the tape, then wait to get another back before he saw more. He wanted to fast forward to see if she was going to do it, it was such torture! But he knew if he did it would be on her tape, and he knew he could not stop or pause it. He had to obey.

He whimpered, "Please..oh please Mistress, I want to see you. I need to see you use the dildo...please?"

There was that soft chuckle again. The dildo slid slowly down under her panties and he could see the outline of it from the outside. She shifted in her chair and used one hand to block the camera, cooing, "OOh, but I'm shy."

He could half see from behind her hand as she eased down her panties and slid the dildo inside, he could hear her gasping in pleasure as it moved deeper. "Ohh yes, Stephenslut, it's hard, like your cock is right now, oh you want to see don't you?"

"Yes, PLEASE," he whimpered, biting his lips in tormented frustration.

"Go open your package now, open it while I slide this dildo in and out of me. Open it on camera, make sure I can see your face when you do."

He fumbled with the package and turned a little toward the camera that was trained on him, recording. After tearing away the brown wrapping he squinted, unwrapping soft white tissue as her moans echoed in the background.

His eyes fell on the screen then back at what he was holding. It was the dildo. She had mailed it to him.

She was chuckling. "You know what that is, slut?"

He held it in his hands, then looked at the screen. She lowered her hand slowly and he saw her sliding it in and out of her wet pussy, he saw it all.

His cock was so hard that it hurt, and he could not believe what he was watching. What he was holding.

"That's my dildo, Stephen. Suck it."

It was too much at once, the vision of her fucking herself, the realization he was holding that dildo in his hand, and the order to suck it on camera. He was rattled beyond words.

"Suck it, slave. Suck it so I can watch next time, so I can watch it and cum."

She slide the dildo out of her cunt slowly and closed her legs, lifting it out of view. He heard her sucking. She was sucking the dildo, half laughing.

"Do it like this," she cooed, "Oh wait, you can't see..well, let me tell you, " she slurped, "My tongue is moving up it in long strokes, my lips, "she paused and made a smacking noise, "My lips are encircling the tip. You want me to teach you to suck cock, Stephen?"

He was shaking.

"Now I'm taking it deep," she moaned and then there was silence, then she let out her breath, "MMm, it tastes like me, my wetness. And now, Stephen it's your turn. Do it for the camera."

He saw her shuffling around a bit, leaning forward. "Do it for 10 minutes, then send it to me. Goodnight, slave."

Static.

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