



Akasha's Web



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The Call

Our first call. I remember it like it was yesterday. First the money order, in the mail, with no note or letter or information. Just a check, and a scrap of paper that said simply, "Michael, 11/14". The post mark was local, but was sent via overnight mail anyway.

Sure enough, on the night of October 14 he called. The connection was a weird one, there was a bit of an echo, like he was in a basement or big, open room. I heard him pacing when we talked, and every time he sat down, the chair creaked.

His voice...Mmm..that voice. Very deep, assured. He didn't sound nervous..More, he sounded anxious. He needed it, like I did.

When he called me that night, since it was not my normal night, I was getting ready to go out. I had on nothing more than bra and panties, and was fastening the garters to my thigh highs when the phone rang.

I said hello, and he simply said, "This is Michael."

He wouldn't say much. It was weird. For the first few moments, I thought it was going to be a disaster. I was used to being able to figure people out a little bit, that was what I loved about it, the challenge, the prying away of layers of defenses to get to the things that would make them weak.

But he didn't offer much. I was scrambling, so I fell back on a few small talk personal questions while I stalled to gather a new strategy, but he wouldn't really answer anything. Nothing about his career.

"I travel around a lot," was all he said. I heard the chair creak. He cleared his throat.

"Do you like your job?"

There was a pause. I think he was taking a long drag on a cigarette. I heard the clinking of ice in a glass.

"Sometimes," he said, and his voice echoed a little around glass. I could tell he was taking a drink.

"What are you drinking?" I asked him, fingering the seam in my stocking, one leg up on my desk, looking at my reflection in the mirror. My finger wandered down to my panties. Something about his voice.

"Whiskey," he replied. I heard the glass being set down and

him standing to walk some more. Very restless.

"I want you to settle down. Stop pacing. " I ordered. I closed my eyes, I clenched my teeth. I fixed my thoughts on him. This Michael. My mystery boy. "Kneel down, on the floor."

I heard him shuffling. I listened intently. I had done this enough times to know what it sounded like. I heard him move the chair out of the way, I heard him breathe a little off as he positioned himself lower.

"I'm there," he said quietly. Again, no submission in his voice. Yet he obeyed. Without question, no smirking, no challenge.

"Do you have any toys with you." I demanded. Quiet, assertive. My eyes were still closed. I felt my finger tracing the outline of my panties. I could hear him breathing on the phone when he wasn't speaking. Deep, steady.

"I don't have anything here," he said to me, and I could hear him sort of turning his head this way and that way. "Some cables."

Cables. I thought for a second. "Are you at home?"

"I'm at work," he said quickly. It was nearly 11pm on a weeknight. Cables didn't give me much to work with. I wanted nipple clamps, I wanted handcuffs, I wanted plugs and panties and dildos. I wanted to break this stranger right then and there, turn that assertive deep voice into a shivering, scared little boy. Or a helpless tortured whore.

I improvised with what I had. In a few moments I had him wrapping cables around his ankles (I later found out they were stereo cables of some sort) and found some creative uses for the ice that came from his drink.

He breathed hard, very hard when he came. I heard him thrusting almost, I heard the rattling of the chair against the desk or wall, I heard something toppling over, and his stifled moans were intense.

While I listened I let my fingers wander in under my panties, feeling what effect he had on me, reclined back in my chair and listening him writhe what he could in the little dungeon I set up for him, listened to his shaking breaths. I wanted to hear tortured, muffled whimpered from him, I imagined me sliding my panties down around my thighs, down my legs, and walking to him in high heels with them hanging off my finger, then forcing them into his waiting parted lips.

Yes, I was aching indeed, and as he recovered from his orgasm I planned to make him find something, anything to shove into his mouth for me - a scarf, his socks, a pair of underwear. So I could listen, and cum, and set the score straight.

"I have to go," he said unexpectedly, and it shocked me. I heard him sort of looking around and his voice was distant.

"I'm not done with you," I said quietly.

"I really have to go," he repeated, this time his head turned away from the phone the other way. I thought maybe someone walked in on him, but I had heard no doors or voices.

I started to speak, but before I could get a word out there was a distinct click on the line. He hung up.

Miffed, I hung up and folded my arms. Perplexed, to say the least. And horny as hell.

The second money order came about three weeks later and the postmark was san francisco. I looked for a note in the envelope but found nothing. This time the note only had a date and the letter "M" on it. I smelled the envelope. I was intrigued. Nothing.

He didn't call on the date that was on the note. I waited all night for him, this time dressed up. I guess it was like...my way of revenge. After he left so quickly the first time, I wanted this time to be for me. I was in a tight pvc skirt, short, with a pvc bra and thigh high stockings. My thigh high black patent leather boots complimented the outfit tremendously, and I spent a long time pacing around to hear them on the hardwood floor in anticipation of his call.

The fucker.

Yes, I was pissed off. No one had ever stood me up. I went to bed that night steamed, unable to sleep. Such anger, fury almost. And the absurdity of it, I kept telling myself. He was paying to talk to me, he already paid me. If anything I should be laughing to myself about it. He paid for nothing. Maybe he would never call.

But the money meant shit to me, I knew that. I wanted what he really owed me.

Three nights later, Michael called. The room was different this time, I could tell at once. The connection was clearer.

"Where are you?" I asked him.

"I'm in Tampa right now," he replied. He inhaled deeply. Smoking, I think.

"Why didn't you call when you said you would?" I asked him. I was in bed when he called, I had just turned in, but left my phone on. I didn't tell him that, though. I didn't volunteer that I was laying in my bed in a long t-shirt with no panties.

"Something came up," he offered vaguely. "But I can make it up to you," he added. His voice was different that time - he actually seemed less emotionless for the first time. Like he was genuinely interested in offering me something.

"And what is that?" I asked, rolling over in my bed with the

phone to my ear.

"I have a few...things..this time."

"Oh really?"

I heard him moving, walking. Something about the mere sound of it. I just knew. I could tell it was a hotel room. I was used to the sound of them, something about them, about their phones. I looked at the clock and realized it was almost 3am in Tampa where he was calling from. On a worknight.

I heard the rattling of chains. My heart started beating harder. Just the sound of it, in the background. It affected me. It always does.

"I have leg irons," he told me, "And a pair of police issue handcuffs," he paused and I heard the handcuffs, "And an 8 inch cock."

I smirked and purred a little. "Is that cock your own, or something wonderfully latex?"

He chuckled and I heard him moving around. "Neither."

Confused for a moment, I realized I was kicking my bedsheets off. I was hot. "What do you mean? Tell me."

I could feel him smiling, I could hear it in his voice. "Well..." he teased. There was a shuffling, I heard him moving around. I heard some shuffling in the background, and some soft mumbling.

Someone was there with him.

"Is that another man with you?" I asked. There was a huge grin on my face. My heart was definitely pounding. I can't even begin to describe the kind of excitement I was filled with. Nothing like this had ever happened during a session, and the thought of it make me ache with desire.

Michael fumbled with the phone and then another voice was there. "Hello? Is this...Akasha?". A louder voice, cocky, and I could hear Michael chuckling in the background.

"Yes. Who am I speaking with?" I demanded.

He hesitated and then laughed at Michael about something, and responded with, "This is...uhhh...Robert."

There was a cackle in the background.

"Shut up you prick, " Robert said off in the other direction. I sighed a little, worried that perhaps they were both a little to silly, or drunk, to make this what I wanted it to be.

"Robert," I said seriously, "Are you his lover?". I needed to know a few things right up front.

"Of sorts," he replied. I could tell he was distracted, watching Michael perhaps.

"Actually," he added. "Michaelboy is getting down on his knees right now in front of me on the bed here,".

I detected a very faint accent. English perhaps. I couldn't tell if he was joking.

"His hands are on my thighs and," there was a pause and I heard a zipper. He wasn't making it up.

I sat up in my bed and pushed back all of my blankets. There was no way in hell I was going to sit back and be a non participant in this. "Robert," I interrupted. "Before he takes that 8 inch cock into his mouth, I want him bound for me. I want his wrists behind his back, his ankles locked together, and I want you to find something to blindfold him with."

"Consider it done, m'lady," he said cheerfully, and without warning I heard him put the phone down. I listened intently, so damned intently. The soft sounds were too much for me, my hands wandered, and I touched myself with clenched teeth as I heard the proceedings.

The rattling of chains, a soft murmur from Michael about something. The locking of metal, more murmurs. Robert saying something..something somewhat assertive, either to shut up or hold still. My fingers were getting soaked. I didn't want this to end, it was too fucking hot. I didn't care if it lasted all night. This was by far the most...

"Done," he came back with a start.

"Is he blindfolded?" I asked. My voice was wispy now, I could tell. Arousal was making me weak.

"I have my hand over his eyes," he said at once.

"Make him pull down your pants," I ordered, "and put the phone down so I can hear him taking your cock into his mouth."

"With pleasure, m'lady." I could hear him smiling. He was devilish, experienced, charming. And Michael..what I knew of him - so stone-serious, intense. The thought of him kneeling there in bonds, taking a cock into his mouth. My fingers plunged deeper into my wetness. First one, then two. My other hand moved up my stomach to my breasts. I was on my side to hold the phone to my ear with the pillow, and I was already close enough to climax.

The sounds..god, the sounds. I heard Michael taking it, a muffled protest at first almost, then his mouth accepting Robert. I heard, faintly, in the background, Robert's soft moaning, some movement in rhythm.

A moment later Robert picked up the phone, breathless, I could hear the rhythm in his voice match his body moving. "You hear that?" he asked, still moving. Michael let out a muffled moan in the background.

"Yes," I sighed, aching, "Now I want you to hold the phone down to his ear while you finish, I want him to listen to me as

you cum..just hold it there, don't let him turn away..."

There was a shuffling with the phone, then I heard the familiar sound of random slurping, sliding, sucking.

"Michael dear," I cooed, rolling over and fingering myself intently, lifting my fingers to my lips and sucking off the sweet taste. "I wish I could see you taking all of that big cock into your mouth,"

He moaned in response.

"You just concentrate on getting him off," I hissed, moaning a little myself. "You just keep taking that cock deep, using your tongue and lips. You do as I say and I won't have him beat you when you're finished, I won't have him tie you down for me and torture your ass and nipples..."

He moaned again, this time eagerly.

"Use your tongue," I directed, arching my back a little to get my finger in deeper as I listened. "I want you to slide it around the tip of his cock like a whore, I want you to look up and him and tell him how much you need his cum."

Michael broke from the sucking to gasp a little his voice soft now, boyish, but I could not make out the exact words. Something about the cock he was tasting, and how good it was.

Unbelievable.

I came before Robert did, needless to say, and when I came it was amazing. I came from the mere thought that Michael was kneeling in leg irons and handcuffs, unable to move, sucking cock, and I could hear it all. I came gasping his name, and what a little cocksucking slut he was, and how I wanted to use him in ways unthinkable.

A few moments are a blur. I know that after I came I didn't hear anything for a second, and then Robert gasped and Michael choked a little, and there was some fumbling. I think the phone was dropped for a bit.

When someone picked it up again, at first I couldn't tell which one it was. I was in a daze, sleepy, my body buzzing, twitching.

"Mmmmmmmmm...." was all he said at first.

"Who is this?" I purred, rolling over and clutching a pillow.

"This is Robert," he replied. "Michael is...well, he's down there all curled up on the floor."

"Is he ok?"

"Oh yes..he is quite well. Aren't you, Michael?"

I heard a quiet, "Yes," in the background.

I shut my eyes, trying to picture it. "Stroke his hair." I

ordered.

There was some movement. I heard a purring in the background.

"He likes that, " I smiled.

"Yes, he does," Robert replied. "And so do I." he paused. "And I like you, too, my lady."

I was in a dreamstate, almost. "Tell me about his hair. What does it look like, the texture..how it feels between your fingers...". I was mesmerized by his voice, by what had just happened.

There was a brief silence. "It is a very dark brown, " he said quietly, breathing a little during a pause, "Sort of thick...soft between my fingers."

"How long?" I asked, eyes still closed, trying to picture it.

"Almost to his shoulders. He really is beautiful, my lady..."

"Yes," I smiled. Somehow, I just knew that.

"When he isn't being a difficult bastard," he added with a laugh.

I laughed too, and for a moment was just floating. Suddenly, all to soon, again it ended. Robert said that Michael was drifting off to sleep, and that both of them needed to be up early. A few smalltalk questions were left unanswered, and I don't even remember actually hanging up.

Almost four weeks passed and I heard nothing from him. It was unnerving, I was possessed almost. That scene had left me so...hungry. I needed more, I still craved that total domination of him, to really have him helpless, to hear him on the phone truly begging for mercy. While it was definitely amazing having Robert at the same time, I still longed to be alone with him, to use him in ways that would satiate me.

The third money order was postmarked chicago. There was no date on it this time, so every night I sat by my phone, wondering if that would be the call.

Finally the call came. the first thing he said was, "I can't talk long, I just wanted to let you know I'm still here." I could hear music in the background, a lot of people talking. It sounded like he was at a party, hidden in a room somewhere.

Impatient, I paced a little. "that's fine. But when do you plan to call me so I can do what I really want to do?"

"I can't really say," He sounded distracted.

"I want you to mail you something," I told him. "Can you give me a PO box, or a hotel?"

"UHm.." he hesitated, thinking. I could hear a sigh. "I don't

really have an address....what did you want to mail me?"

"Some toys."

"Just tell me what, and I will get them." I heard him shuffling around, the sound of a knocking and him yelling, "JUST A MINUTE!"

I gritted my teeth.

"Look, I gotta go..." he sighed. "Just tell me what you want me to get,"

"When are you going to call me again?" I demanded.

"I don't know. But I will. I promise, Mistress."

Click.

Five weeks passed. I thought he had vanished, I had all but forgotten him, painfully, and just written him off.

Then the next money order came. It was postmarked new orleans. The note said, simply, "miss you. M."

This time there was a date. Well, two of them. I dont know if that meant both dates, or one or the other. The first date that came up I was again getting ready to go out, so I went about my business and didn't expect anything from him.

But sure enough, the phone rang, just as I was lacing up my thigh high boots.

"It's Michael," he said quietly. He sounded more relaxed. I was intrigued more than ever about what he did for a living, but I just wanted to get right to using him.

"I want you on your knees," I ordered at once, sitting in my chair. "and I want you naked. This time, you are mine."

I listened to him breathe as he got undressed. He said nothing, asked nothing. I just heard him getting undressed, I heard him pulling off shoes and easing down his pants. I heard clothes being tossed into a pile.

I moved my hands up and down my latex catsuit. I wanted him. I wanted him bad that night. I felt like a horny teacher, the first time alone with a boyfriend. I wanted to do everything, and my thoughts were muddled with trying to narrow it down.

Once I had him naked and kneeling, I had him put clothespins on his nipples, and then his cock and balls. This time, he seemed to have access to things like that, and it was a nice change. Listening to him inhale sharply with each pain was heaven.

In no time I had both legs up on my desk, my gloved hands wandering to the zipper at my crotch. I opened the catsuit and peeled the sides apart, exposing my wetness, facing the

mirror and slowly massaging the outside of my lips. Everything felt fantastic, it was one of those nights that I felt on fire.

He had a ballgag with him this time, so I made him put it on. Listening to him strap it into place made me start to throb with need. That sort of thing gets me every time, and he knew just how to whimper softly when it was forced into place. That was the first time I heard a real whimper from him, and it made me ache more than ever.

I had him pull off the clips one at a time and whimper through the gag. This slowly built me up to orgasm, one clip at a time, until finally I was shaking, thrusting my hips, gasping in pleasure and shaking. He sighed helplessly and listened to me cum.

I felt blissful, like a little girl, listening to his soft little breaths around the gag. I ordered him to take it out so I could hear his voice again. I imagined his hair..how Robert had described it, I imagined stroking it slowly until he fell asleep in my lap, his breath against my thigh.

I was drifting in and out, in heaven again, listening him breathe. He thanked me and I smiled.

"Don't wait three or four weeks to call me this time," I ordered with a smile. He chuckled a little, and his laugh warmed me.

"Alright," he responded, "Mistress...anything."

"Mmmm.." I sighed at the sweet sound of his voice.

"You'll hear from me soon. I need to go..."

As always, the call was cut too short. "But I'm not quite done with you yet." I protested.

His voice was a whisper. "I know..but I need to go. I will call soon, I promise."

And he was gone. Again.

That was two months ago, and I still find myself thinking about him. And Robert. And all of the things I didn't get a chance to do. The plugs. The humiliation. Dressing him up. A cock gag. Breath control. Making him describe in detail how he would worship every inch and crack of my body. Making him whimper and whine and beg and plead and gasp in desperation.

Yes, we had a lot to cover. Someday...I know he will be back.

I just know it.

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