



Stories

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The Pussy Collar

Many of you have written to me asking about this "pussy collar" I keep mentioning in my stories.

Well, lucky you..I have decided to give you quite a graphic description of it, how it came to be, and its wonderful uses.

The sound of it alone is enough to get you hard I am sure.

I believe the idea came to me when I realized that there were better positions for forced pussy worship than sitting on my sub's face...

Not that there is anything wrong with planting my ass on his open mouth, usually with him tied down, spread eagled, helpless. I can do this on my bed and leave myself open for a number of side activities -- like reading a magazine, watching television, or talking on the phone.

The joy in facesitting is two-fold. It is not only about the sensations, it is about the power.

I guess it has a bit to do with breath control, too.

Or maybe it is the squirming..

Ah, yes, how he squirms so helplessly, his tongue raw and tired. But there is still much to be done.

I might give him a new nickname. My Little Cunt Fiend.

If he is not doing an adequate job, making me so wet that my juices literally coat his face, I may be apt to pick up a riding crop or pair of nipple clamps and have at it.

There is nothing like torturing a man who is doing his best to give you an orgasm. Evil and ironic, isn't it?

Because the hotter I get, the more his tongue flickers in just the right way, the more I am forced to literally grind my pussy down into his face..the more I want to hear muffled gasps of pain. And desperation.

Sometimes, as I cum, I tighten the last clamp just right, or start a mad rampage on his balls with my riding crop.

After all, a woman in the height of passion sometimes is unaware of her strength.

But, back to the pussy collar.

It occurred to me that I wanted a new forced pussy-worship position. I wanted to be able to lie back at my leisure,

reclined fully, comfortable, so I could remain for long periods of time.

That is when the pussy collar came into being.

In my big toychest of bondage gear I had a set of thigh cuffs used often with a spreader. My slave, of course, was kneeling patiently at the bedside wearing nothing but his slave collar -- a simple leather collar with several D-rings.

Like many hungry femdoms, when I have a goal in mind there is no stopping me.

Soon I had my thigh cuffs and a few metal clasps in hand. You should have seen the look on my poor slave's face when he saw me putting the thigh cuffs on *myself*!

I believe he thought I may be turning sub on him. He looked bewildered. He swallowed hard.

It wasn't until I start locking clasps to his collar that I saw the realization in his eyes.

And the fear.

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It begs the question -- what fear can there be of being trapped between your Mistress' legs?

Well, maybe it is the fear of exhaustion, or being long forgotten down there as I relax on my bed, enjoying the sensations with nothing to stop me now.

When I locked the other ends of the clasps to the D-rings on my thigh cuffs, he knew what was coming. And who was going to be cumming - a lot.

Sliding to the edge of the bed, taking his precious neck with me, I eased back onto the bed, my head propped up by a few pillows so I could enjoy the show.

With his collar locked on both sides to the insides of each of my thighs, I had complete control of the position of his head. He could not back up, could not get away. He could go nowhere.

He was effectively trapped between my thighs. And when I untensed my legs, let them close naturally a little, his head had more freedom. Should I open my legs more, his head would be trapped again. I found that certain movements would direct his head right where I wanted it.

And best of all, I found that if I kept my legs in that position, he could not back up at all.

He was, effectively, trapped.

Trapped with his face buried in my pussy.

Glorious.

So, that should eliminate most of the mystery surrounding the pussy collar. If you would like to see the thigh cuffs, they are at <http://www.stockroom.com/J016.htm>. With the right kind of collar, and the right sized clasps, it can be a multi-purpose toy.

Now, don't tell me I need to explain how I use the thigh-spreader as a torture device for my slaves?

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