



Stories

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Using his mouth

He said to me, in all of his beautiful innocence, "I want to please you."

I stared. He was delicate.

My hand felt so good against his cheek. He closed his eyes, leaning into my touch. Lips parting slightly, as if to accept some unwarranted caress.

Leaning forward, I shut my eyes and whispered what I was feeling.

"I do want you to please me."

"Yes..." his breath came out with one word.

"And how do you want to please me, my little victim?" The word -- alone -- said it all. But he did not hear it.

"Let me please you," he responded, eyes moving up to look at me. Under short little spikey bangs. I could even see him swallow. "With my mouth."

I smiled. Finger moving to his lips. "And so it is."

He kissed it. The tip of my finger. Gracious. Eager.

I almost felt sorry for what I was about to do.

Almost.

With his mouth.

And so, it shall be. He reclined on my bed. On his back. Vulnerable. His wrists strapped down, spread far from his body. His ankles, still in those boots I find so irresistible, spread equally, locked down.

A tight black t-shirt. Black jeans. A belt -- hanging open a little, the buckle silver.

And a tight black velvet blindfold.

His eyes protested when I brought it out. But I said, softly, "All you need is your mouth."

And he nodded. Swallowed. Closed those innocent eyes.

And was gone.

Spikey little bangs hanging over black velvet. I paced, watching his body growing accustomed to the restraints.

I watched, because that is what I like to do.

I watched, like a stalking beast, looking over what I would soon have. My fingers moved over his chest once. His head moved in response. To the side, in short-- timed -- jerks.

I imagined dripping water over his body. Or hot wax. I imagined him naked, vulnerable. I imagined giving him oral sex that would make him cringe, plead and beg.

I imagined making him suck off each of my fingers. One. At. A. Time.

Each time, longer than before. Hissing orders into his ear. Faster. Deeper. Wetter.

Masturbating as I did. Sucking my own fingers clean. Tasting it.

Instead, I watched.

When I saw his hips move -- just slightly --- I knew it was time.

He could hear the buckles of the device.

His head turned toward me as I sat next to him on the bed, moving the device around in my hands to determine which end was which. Unfastening the buckles, I listened to his breathing. Felt him moving on the bed.

His lips were parted, eagerly.

My eyes peered over, my hands moving through latex buckles. "Open a little wider for me, baby. Let me see that tongue of yours."

He parted his lips, opening wider, let his tongue find its way out. Licking. Teasing.

I was watching him now, not watching the evil contraption in my hands. Not feeling, anymore, the long black cock. The smooth, cock-shaped rubber. How it was attached to a strip of latex that would soon cover his mouth, riding tightly all the way up under his nose.

The other side of it. Nearly eight inches of cock itself, more durable, rigid. Standing straight up. The side I would mount. Fuck.

Right on top of his face.

And he knew nothing.

"You want to please me with your mouth?" I asked him.

"Yes," his response came at once. Eager. So innocent.

"Then open wide," I ordered.

And he did.

Even though he was blindfolded, I could almost see it behind the velvet. Eyes shut tight, wincing, wondering, gasping, choking. He shook his head instinctively when the rubber cock-shaped device invaded him.

"Shhh..." I said, hoping he would hear me above his own choking, whimpering, betrayed gasps.

"Trust me," I whispered, leaning to his ear to breathe to him, distracting him as I locked the straps tightly.

Buckling the cock securely into his mouth.

And only if you could see me, now, I thought, straddling his chest and hiking up my skirt.

I wasted no time.

My hands were in his hair. Both of them. I looked down at him like he was some -- some 20th century fuck toy. A device, in himself.

That hair, hanging down, now damp with a little sweat. The gag locked tightly in his mouth. A nice, **7-inch cock** extending up from his gagged mouth, glistening now as I stroked it, slowly, with lubrication.

Maybe he smelled the scent of it. Maybe he felt the way my hips were moving suggestively on his chest.

"I'm about to fuck you," I said. Hissing, I imagine, because I was aching with desire. My pussy grinding, already, against the fabric of his t-shirt. I knew he could feel how wet I was. How hot I was.

"You..." I hissed. "You have this big, thick cock sticking up from your face. I am going to sit on you. Sit on your face, do you understand? I am going to fuck you. I am going to cum on your face. You will feel it. You will feel it, because the harder I plunge myself down onto you, the deeper that cock will get shoved into your mouth."

He whimpered. It was a priceless, audible whimper.

"I am masturbating, right now, on your chest. Getting myself ready." My words, breathless, distracted him. I could tell. As I moved my fingers under my panties I saw him squirming, more now, and I studied him. Studied my prey.

I eased my panties down. I eyed that cock I would soon mount. I thought how helpless he must feel, unable to speak, to see. Knowing he was about to be fucked like an object.

"You wanted me to use your mouth," I hissed, leaning over, brushing my lips over his ear. "And I am."

To torture him, more, I moved my wet fingers under his nose. I held him still with my other hand, a fistful of hair, and made him inhale my scent. His whimpers sounded like half-sobs of frustration.

"You want to be licking me, don't you?" I asked. He did not respond, so I tightened my grip and growled, "DON'T YOU?"

He nodded, nodded and whimpered a little.

"Maybe you will get lucky, " I said to him. "Maybe a trickle of me will find its way down under that latex, into that gag. And you will see how good I taste."

He was turning his head a little, disoriented, desperate.

I used both hands to hold his head still. "Don't move. I am ready now."

A slight whimper. I raised myself up. Opened my thighs above his head. Only if he could see me, I thought.

And felt it -- the tip of that cock, sticking straight up and waiting for me. I teased my lips with it for just a moment, eyes closed, holding the headboard now for leverage.

I moaned, softly. I could hear the jingling of straps as he pulled at his wrists and ankles, knowing better than to move his head even an inch. I felt the cock filling me, slowly, and I opened my mouth and let out a gasp.

Sliding. Deeper. I moaned. And then I felt his hair tickling the insides of my thighs.

A blur. Mostly.

I fucked him that way, slowly at first. Then gaining momentum, holding the bed for leverage, plunging myself down onto his face -- as it was -- feeling the latex of the cock filling me again and again.

Dripping, soaking. My pussy coated it, and soon the wetness dripped down, slowly, almost reaching his lips. And when I looked down at him, momentarily, I almost felt sympathy for him, so used.

Reaching under with my fingers, I felt the aching wetness of my sex. I tasted it myself, and I told him how good it tasted.

I told him to hold still for me. To remain as he was -- my fucktoy.

And I came.

I came right on top of him, grinding my hips in a slow, circular

motion. Fully penetrated by the cock that extended from his face.

Came so hard that my juices coated his nose, his hair was sticky now.

Holding his hair between my fingers, breathing hard. Leaning against the headboard to keep me up.

And I could hear his breathing. Feel it brushing against my thighs.

And even though I had just cum, I longed to feel it between my legs. Against my pussy. His tongue, deep inside me.

Breathing hard, I slowly slid off of the large latex cock that filled me. I lowered my body onto him. I could feel his chest heaving. He felt so alive.

My fingers found way to his hair. My eyes were still closed.

I wondered, then, if he had the energy to do it again.

This time, though, with his tongue.

Looking at him, trapped in his darkness, unable to speak. I knew.

And as I unlocked the strap that held the gag in place, I was already wanting it again.

And he would have no chance to even speak once the cock was pulled from his mouth.

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