

# AFTERNOON DELIGHT

A DOMINATRIX BOSS STORY



Dirko  
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# ASHER LAKE

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by Asher Lake - Copyright 2018

I BEAT AVA to her house and was waiting in the driveway when she pulled into the garage. Ava had texted me and told me to meet her at home immediately after work. She told me that she had a terrible day and wanted to take it out on me.

It was unusual for her to ask me to meet her right after work. Whatever the issue was, it must have been bad for her to demand to meet her immediately.

I got out of my car and cautiously approached Ava as she exited from her car.

"Follow me into the house and don't say a word," she said.

She closed the garage door behind us, walked into the kitchen and then into the living room. It gave me an unobstructed view of her outfit.

She was wearing a black leather skirt with dark stockings and her ever-present stiletto heels. I noticed that she undid one button on her lavender blouse so I could see the key to my chastity device that was hung around her neck.

Her silence, beside the clicking of her stilettos on the hardwood floor, was making me incredibly nervous. I couldn't help but wonder what she was going to do to me in this state of mind.

"Take your clothes off pig and meet me on the back porch," she said. She walked out the back door and left me alone to complete my task.

I fumbled with my clothes trying to get them off as fast as I could. I didn't want to mess around with her in this mood. Most of the time when we played together she was very calm

and in control. Now she was irritated by something at work. At least she wasn't mad at me-I think.

Once I had neatly folded my clothes and placed them on the couch, I walked naked outside onto her back porch.

The only thing I was still wearing was my chastity device. The cool afternoon air mixed with the feeling of being naked intensified this moment. Something about being outside made me feel even more naked. I could smell smoke wafting from where Ava was sitting.

"Stand in front of me, pig," she instructed.

I cautiously approached and then stood in front of her. I locked my hands behind my back and looked away from her eyes as she had taught me to do. She sat her cigarette down and reached for my crotch, "This is going to be a treat for you today pig. I'm going to remove The Vice so I can tease the fuck out of you."

The Vice had become as much a part of my daily routine as brushing my teeth. Having it removed would make me feel even more naked and vulnerable.

With one hand she grabbed me by the balls squeezing a bit then gently stroking them. With her other hand, she reached around her neck grabbed the device key and slipped it over her head.

I could feel the tiny vibrations of the key as it entered the device lock and heard the exciting click as the tumblers set me free. She dismantled The Vice and placed it beside her on a table.

I instantly, involuntarily, became erect. Even though Ava's backyard with surrounded by a fence I still couldn't help feeling incredibly exposed. And now, with my penis high and hard, it brought a wry smile to Ava's face.

She ran her sharp fingernails over my balls slowly, tauntingly, teasingly. Shivers ran up my spine and I sucked in jagged air. She knew just what to do to play me like a harp.

"My, my-you are excited today, little pig. What a pathetic sad erection you have," she laughed. "Kneel in front of me and put your hands behind your head."

My knees creaked as I knelt down and placed my hands behind my head. I was careful to keep my legs spread wide and my spine straight as she prefers. My ass had been marked with many lines from switches to make sure that came second-nature to me.

Since I was not to look at her in the eyes, my unobstructed view was her crossed legs, her sexy dark stockings, and a heel that she was wagging in front of my head.

She leaned back in her lawn chair, took a drag on her cigarette, and directed the smoke toward my face. I accidentally sucked in some smoke which made her snicker. I don't smoke so I'm not used to the smell. Of course, she knew that.

Ava also knew that those dark stockings were driving me batty.

She sat observing me. She was watching how I reacted to having her toned legs in front of my face, being naked, and desperately wondering what would happen next.

"Take my shoe off pig. And place it to the side with the reverence it deserves. Those shoes are worth more than you make in a month."

I reached for the tiny strap, undid the buckle and placed her shoe beside her. She had been wearing her shoes all day so the smell instantly caught my attention. While I'm not into feet she had trained me over time to be aroused by the smell. Her skills and measures were insidious in the most delicious way. My penis became even harder.

Ava leaned forward, hovering over me and said, "Lift your head back and open your mouth pig. You're going to be my ashtray today."

What? She never did this before. This was something new that both scared me and excited me at the same time. I complied with her orders by opening my mouth and gazing at the sky.

As she got closer I could smell her Elizabeth Arden perfume. Her hand hovered over my mouth and with a flick of her thumb, the ashes from her cigarette tumbled into my mouth. The acrid taste of the ashes filled my mouth and my eyes begin to water at the experience.

"Here, let me help flush that away pig," she said. Ava leaned further over me. Her lips were perilously close to my own. I was looking directly up at her. She puckered her beautiful mouth and let a small stream of saliva trail from her lips into my mouth. Her spit mixed with the ashes and trailed down my throat.

Once again, she mesmerized me. She knew exactly what to do to challenge me, to push me further than ever before. I was enthralled by her power.

Yes, this experience was humiliating, but I wanted this.

Ava uncrossed her legs and ran her stocking foot slowly up my left leg. Further... further, until she found my naked balls and cupped it with the top of her foot. She stroked downward with her foot and then her ankle and her leg. I could feel the soft warmth of her skin and the silky stockings gently gliding across my package.

She maneuvered the ball of her foot to the base of my penis and then slowly glided to the tip of the head. With her big toe, she gently teased the tip of my penis, circling round and round. The feeling was unbelievable. I involuntarily gasped which enticed another laugh from Ava.

Without losing contact, she pushed my penis against my stomach and with her whole foot began to glide up-and-down rhythmically.

"Oh my, Goddess," I cried.

The soft warm silky sensation artistically applied could easily bring me to orgasm. The realization was stunning to me. But there was no question, as always Ava had discovered another weakness of mine.

"I bet you like that, don't you fat pig?" she said with disgust in her voice.

"Yes. Yes goddess," I exclaimed breathlessly.

She continued the rhythm and I continue to sink deeper and deeper. Until suddenly, it stopped.

"Open wide pig."

I opened my mouth and she flicked another pile of ashes into my mouth. I couldn't help making a disgusted face as the taste of those ashes consumed my attention. I worked them around on my tongue and tried to swallow them the best that I could.

Still aroused, conflicted between the feeling of her stockinged foot and the humiliation and taste of those ashes, I saw her face as my head was gazing skyward.

Another wad of spit slowly came out of her mouth and landed on my tongue effectively washing the ashes down my throat. I coughed again despite relishing a taste of her fluids.

"You dirty pig, how much do you want to cum?"

"So much Goddess. Please. Please let me cum!"

Ava began to run her silky leg up and down around my sensitive penis. She was teasing me relentlessly now.

She moved slowly, then stroked a little faster.

My cock began to move on its own, bouncing up and down. I knew that it wouldn't take much to get me to cum.

With my penis in chastity and the long period of time since having The Vice off, it was incredibly sensitive. And Ava was masterful in how she kept me aroused at all times. Between the chastity, and the corporal discipline, and the humiliation, Ava was omnipresent on my mind.

So, this moment, where she had crafted a new challenge for me, serving as her ashtray and teasing me with her foot would haunt me for days to come.

Ava chuckled under her breath. She knew how much control she had over me. She played with me like a cat toys with a mouse. My submission had assuaged all of the stress the day had given her. This scene had changed her mood.

My attention, and devotion, and subjugation was my gift to her. A gift that I gave more each passing day.

She pinned my penis against my belly once again and began the rhythmic stroking with the ball of her foot. Soon the stroking was with her whole foot, and then stronger and faster. I knew that it would take very little to make me come.

I also knew that if I didn't beg to come, or if I had an orgasm without permission, that there would be severe penalties.

The intensity was increasing. I began to lose my posture uncontrollably.

She snapped her fingers and I bolted to attention again, trying to maintain my composure as has the feeling of pleasure washed over me.

The orgasm was building. The anticipation took over. I began to shake. The ability to control my orgasm was fading away as the moment approached.

I knew I had to plead now, or it would be too late and I would be in trouble, "Please! Please, Goddess! Please let me cum."

And then she stopped.

She put her hand on my forehead, pushing it back to the sky. She leaned over me and I instinctively opened my mouth, knowing what was coming. She flipped those ashes and followed it with a shot of her spittle.

She closed my mouth and slapped me hard across the face. The sting of that slap and the grinding desire to cum crushed me.

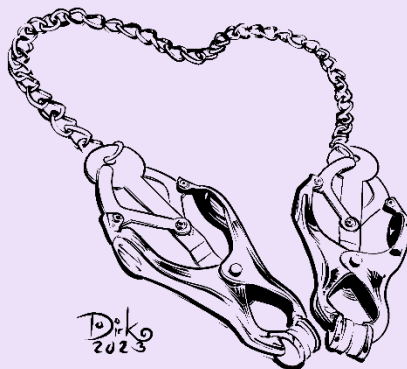
Grabbing my chin between her clawed fingers, she coldly said, "No."

She dug her nails in further, "You are here to please me. And right now, it pleases me to see you suffer. Once I'm through with this cigarette we're going to go inside and you're going to get me off with your tongue. Then you're going to shove that little worm back into my cage, draw me a hot bath, and go home."

"Yes Goddess," I said.

I know I couldn't disguise the disappointment in my face. I had no idea how long it would be until my penis was out of that damn cage again.

But what I did know is that I would happily do anything to please her. And if that meant suffering for her amusement then that was my pleasure.



**Ava and Tim appear in “Dominatrix Boss: A Femdom Tale” by Asher Lake available on Amazon right now.**

<https://www.amazon.com/Dominatrix-Boss-BDSM-Femdom-Tale-ebook/dp/B07GYM1TPW/>

Ava and Tim will return soon in  
“Dominatrix Squad: Dominatrix Boss Book 2”

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