



# *Illustrated Stories*



**Stories by Akasha Ronkay**  
**Illustrations by Sardax**



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# Jigsaw

Illustrated by Sardax

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I told Jason I was planning “the party of all parties.”

He bubbled with excitement, and I think for some time he believed it was going to be all about his pleasure. Jason is spoiled, most of the time, and because he's used to getting what he wants from women, I guess he should be.

I waited 6 months before letting the cat out of the bag with Jason. I let him believe I was the girl next door. Sweet, innocent, gentle as can be. I didn't even start with the hair pulling or face slapping during sex, or the fingering of his ass just to make him feel objectified, until after we made love. He'd pretend to brave, like he could take it all. His smug smile and confidence are what made me think he'd be the perfect toy for my girlfriend's 30th birthday party.

You know, when a girl turns 30, you have to do something to make her feel like she'll be young forever. I knew that having Jason strung up like sex toy for her would easily make her feel 21 again. Not to mention the impact it would have on the room full of my girlfriends. There were a few I wanted to "shock" anyway - - girls are competitive, and a couple of my snobbier lady friends were acting like my "games" were simply silly, and that they were much more - well, menacing - in the bedroom. And these ladies also liked to deny they were turned on and excited by the things I did to my men in front of them.

Nothing like a little shock value to ratchet up the competition, you know.

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Sometimes I like to fancy myself the Jigsaw of femdoms. Is Jigsaw the nutcase from the "Saw" franchise? I'll admit, I haven't seen the Saw movies. Well, I've fast-forwarded through some of them to look at the bondage scenarios to get ideas, but I can't handle gore. Of any kind. Or horror. Or "torture porn," I guess. But I still get excited when I see men tied up, helpless and in impossible, no-win situations. I wish they didn't call these gory horror movies "Torture

Porn” because I would love to coin and own the phrase myself. Akasha’s Torture Porn, though, would be sinister and sexy. A man, gorgeous, tied up and holding onto a lever with his teeth, while water slowly fills a bucket hanging from his balls (a painful drop at a time) and a dildo works its way tauntingly toward his asshole, while he’s mounted in a manner that makes it impossible to move.

Or nipple torture that increases in intensity as he gets closer to orgasm, with a vibrator that is merciless, but he can’t pull away without impaling his mouth with a large dildo. And when he climaxes, it triggers a chain reaction that will cause loads and loads of cum saved from days before – to fill his mouth. My “torture porn” would always be escape proof. I like the combination of bondage that gets more painful and humiliating if he struggles, yet he must struggle to stop the pain and humiliation. If I could add some face sitting, smothering and forced pussy worship to the equation, I would be on cloud nine. With this kind of wicked imagination, you can just picture what happens when a confident, unassuming gentleman like Jason hints to me that he’s seen all my tricks and finds them hot, but that really, I couldn’t scare him.

Boy I love a challenge.

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The party was catered and there was a dress code. It was called “Dress to get screwed.” My girlfriends loved it, and they all dressed in lingerie or latex type fetish gear, trying to “one up” each other. It was my girlfriend Lisa’s 30th birthday, so she really topped them all by wearing a negligee and spiked heels, totally shameless, and all night she kept having to pull up one side because she was exposing herself. That’s ok – I whispered to her – by 10:00pm, I told her everyone would be exposing something or another. She was dying to know about this “special youthful surprise” I had lined up for her. The girls all thought it was some sort of a male stripper type thing, but my kinkiest girlfriend Breanna had it nailed. “She’s probably got

a bunch of those kinky guys from her Web site coming over to do some sort of sex show!" (these women have been to my parties before, and those who have not, have at least seen pictures and videos)

Jason was considered "normal" by my girlfriends, so this made it more exciting for me. See, they considered my "kinky boyfriends" to be different from the men I dated, and they had no idea I had slowly been converting Jason into the ultimate sex whore. In fact, most of my friends thought Jason wasn't really the type – way too conservative, a bit too much of a ladies man. That kind of thing. But to me, this was the kind of man that was the most delicious to dominate. I took it from him a little at a time, because his ego, underneath all that confidence, was terrifically fragile.

God, the fragile ones make me most wet! Something about that underlying vulnerability they try so hard to hide. Shame, from Jason, was totally intoxicating to me. The first time I made him lick his own cum from my fingers he shuddered and turned so many colors of red. He could not look at himself in the mirror the rest of the night. I had to hold him and comfort him, over such a small thing, and I could tell he wanted desperately to climb back into his confident, cocky exterior but he was so drawn to that shame he felt. It was total conflict, all wrapped up in a trembling package of man. Delicious!

Sure, there were moments – brief moments – that my "party surprise" seemed like it might be too much for Jason. The exploitation, the violation, the exhibitionism. It was going to push him so far to his limits that he might be a different man when he came out of it – but he would be my man, and that's what I knew in my heart.

Pushing a man to the darkest depths of submission – all in the name of getting my pussy good and hot and wet – would forever tie him to that pussy. This I knew!

Collars, I mused as I got ready, slipped into my tightest latex, were merely symbols for those kinky people that needed physical evidence of their power. Jason – in a mere few hours – would be totally addicted to his need to suffer and degrade himself for me. This, I was certain of! And the laughter coming from my cavernous living room was even more proof of this. My girlfriends – all eleven of them, all celebrating gorgeous Lisa's big Three-Oh, would be part of the grand scheme. You take them apart with a deliciously humiliating dismantling, I remember telling my girlfriend Krazy Kate, and then you rebuild them into the perfect, most devoted slave.

Jason was entering my very own "Saw" trap. He just didn't know it!

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I leave the mechanics to the geniuses. I'm certainly no good with my 'hands' in that department. I can yield a whip, I can masterfully bring a man to tears with the proper twisting of a pair of clamps, I can make a man grovel with the way I move my hips when I mount him wearing my dildo harness. But building things, nah, I can't do any of that.

Fortunately when you are wildly kinky, well known and have lots of alternative lifestyle friends who are carpenters and contractors and welders, you can pretty much have anything made for you. The downside is, they all want to "volunteer" to test it out. I can't tell you how many times I have had to tell a well-meaning contractor – no, I am not going to put you up on that rotating cross you built as a gift and test out the "pussy worship" function. I'll test it and get back to you!

The wooden horse, the steel metal rolling cage, the smother box, the milking machine, the sex swing. Need I go on?

I have no name for this device. It's built in my garage. I drew it on a napkin over cocktails at Morton's, and Louis "one ball" Bailey sent me an architectural drawing the next day. The following weekend he



was in garage with his “stud finder” and ta-da, Akasha’s “Jigsaw”-style fucking contraption is born. Really, I should name these things. The ass-ripper!

I hid it with a big black curtain in the garage, because even though I am not a magician, I know the power of a ‘reveal.” I had it all planned out, that at 10pm precisely, Jason in his Tux would arrive, and then the ladies would be brought into the garage, where I had two couches moved earlier by my kinky gay neighbors Paul and Rob. And I didn’t even have to offer them kinky sex – just food.

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I love the saying, “I have people for that.”

One of the reasons I wanted to be rich, as far back as I could remember, is so that I could get every single man I ever wanted. Not get him, as in “have sex with him” or get him even as in “make him love me,” but GET HIM – meaning, have him bound, gagged, helpless and on his knees ready to submit to my kinky urges. Not against his will of course. He would have to want it!

So this meant two things.

One, I would have to be very rich, because I could not rely on a man’s money to get what I wanted. It would have to be my money. I would have to be fully self sufficient and make my own money without the help of a man, because then no man could control me or extort me.

Two, I would have to be physically irresistible. I would have to be seductive, sexy and mysterious, and I would have to have such predatory finesse that not only would men submit to my twisted and kinky desires – they would have to WANT to submit, more than anything!

When I say, "I have people for that," I really am talking about the first thing. I have the toys and the gear and the friends who will make the crazy shit I think up, and I have the space and privacy to find a place to put it. No matter how big or wacky it is. If I need more space, I guess I'll "add on" to my house. "I have people for that" means that men (and women) will happily do for me what I need done – either because I pay them, or because they think it's fun. I do like to have fun. Louis Bailey made my "ass fucker" (that's what I decided to call the machine, for now) based off a napkin drawing because I paid him a few thousand dollars. But he also made it because it was exciting to him (and no, he didn't ask to test it out), and because he likes to make me happy. Being seductive means you create an aura about you that makes men want to see you happy. You make them addicted to creating a smile on your face, or having you even just touch his hand and say, "That's so nice of you." This is just the beginning really. Imagine the power when their desire to please you racks them to their core, fills every ounce of their being and makes them feel real, heart wrenching pain when they feel they have disappointed you.

Imagine how powerful it can be when you make them want so badly to compromise every human, male instinct self preservation instinct they have. Preservation of their ego, of their sexual release, even of their delicate balls. This goes against very human nature for a man to degrade himself – willingly, eagerly – to see that smile of approval, to know my pussy is wet. This is a power that – once harnessed – can drive a man to the depths of insanity if he does not satisfy it!

Intoxicating? How can it not be.

So, it should come as no surprise that when Jason saw the machine that Louis One-Ball Bailey built, he just swallowed, and looked at me, and said, "Ok. I'll do it, for you, Akasha."

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I could practically sense – smell – how wet all my girlfriends got from his willingness to submit to this. Maybe it was in my head, but I swear, I could smell their wet sex, sense their wanting to touch themselves, feel their nipples getting erect.

And some of these women are not even kinky!

So what made them so wet? Because this man – so confident, handsome, passionate, masculine – was brave enough, willing enough to suffer and sacrifice in front of all those women – for me. It was larger than any gift, a bigger statement than one hundred dozen roses. And even if the women found the act, itself, to be nefarious and decidedly unsexy, the fact that he was willing to endure it was making even their pussies ache with desire.

Perhaps, on some level, Jason possessed that submissive-sixth-sense to harness and feel that lustful spark from the ladies, and it pushed him to agree – eagerly – even more. “Bring it on!” is what was going on in my head at that moment at the entrance of the garage. Or maybe I even said it out loud. Like all kinky performance art, if you could call my “Saw” contraption that, it was seductively surreal and dripping with erotic tension.

Music? Yeah, I think there was some of it. To be honest, I don’t even know. My guest of honor, my 30-year old Lisa, was positioned to take lead in our little game, and I grabbed another girlfriend, Jody, because she was so scantily dressed. And least intoxicated. I know One-Ball had warned me about operating pulleys and levers while under the influence, as we’d polished off a bottle of wine at Morton’s as I giggle notoriously at my napkin sketch of the ass-ripper!

Jason was so hot. In a tux, stripping down, walking, willingly, bravely to some twisted ass-execution. He had no idea what this – THING – would do to him. He knew it was doused in lubrication, it was dripping, the probe that would ultimately end up in his ass was

motorized, that his limbs were about to be pulled every which way and restrained. But oh, did he go willingly!

Confession time. I think I was 13 years old the first time I felt, clearly, that my panties were getting wet. I remember that awkward feeling, like, wondering, was it my period, or what was going on, and why did my pussy HURT, but hurt in a good way? And I was sitting in a movie theater watching a bad movie with my giggling girlfriends, and what was making me ache, and hurt between my legs, was this bondage-scene in a mainstream movie.

I don't know how many times I wasted my money on that movie seeing it over and over again so my pussy would get that exciting ache again! (Oh, I wasn't going to admit the movie, but fine, I will. It was the movie version of "Flash Gordon" – yeah, with the soundtrack by Queen – and it was the scene when Flash Gordon was going to be executed and he walked so willingly, bravely onto that chamber, to be shackled down. Don't laugh! I was 13! It made me slipperier than the over-buttered popcorn I held tightly in the tub between my legs.)

Willing surrender to ultimate doom. It still intoxicates me to this day.

My Jason walked willingly and eagerly to his "humiliation doom," stripped down to briefs and then to nothing, trying to keep the brave face as my girlfriends and I fastened the ropes around his torso and arms and made him spread his legs – so painfully exposed and vulnerable – while hanging high above the garage in the harness fastened to my rafters.

The gag I added was my favorite. It was a gag that filled his mouth completely and strapped tightly around his head, and the front of it had a small hole that I could add a tube and funnel to "for later." What he'd be forced to guzzle, of course, would be up to me. My girlfriends and I used to laugh quite often about our ideas regarding the femdom revenge, "Beer Bong Bootie" party, where we'd force

men to consume something other than beer in the good natured theme of “peer pressure.”

But back to the Ass-Ripper.

The hush in the room was palpable. Maybe there were a few whispers, and some soft giggles, but my girlfriends were just enamored with the total degradation my brave whore was about to endure. And as for me – well, I feel bad for Lisa, because this was supposed to be her big moment (I gave her the “remote control” – what is it about my Jigsaw fantasies and remotes? Oh yes, control) and I really can’t remember much about her and what she did or said. I was so fixated on Jason, and his reaction the first time the robotic, slick dildo began its rhythmic pumping into his exposed ass. This kind of violation is extreme for a man – especially when he’s doing it in front of twelve women, many of whom he found incredibly attractive. But he wanted to be brave, clearly, and he didn’t even ask any questions, like, “How long is this going to last?” and “Why do you have to do this to me?” Jason took it. Oh, did he ever take it! And when the machine came to full speed – with Lisa at the remote – pumping the large dildo up and down and filling him up, his cock began to throb, grow and pulsate – so eagerly, so wantonly that it drew applause from my girlfriends and even a few catcalls. Lisa couldn’t resist, this part, I do recall. She reached out with her gloved hand to take his cock, and she smirked at him. She started to stroke, slow at first and then a little faster, until he was rocking and bucking in his restraints, causing the rafters to literally shake.

“Make him cum,” I ordered. He was my property, after all. I could do with him what I pleased, and when he looked at me, even though he could not speak, I knew what he was trying to say – that I was his, completely. Fully. Down to the core.

“Make him cum and then we’ll make him eat it,” I smiled. In my mind, it flashed back to the moment that he was so hesitant to just



lick a little cum off my fingers. It had made him gag! And now – just weeks later – he was being fucked in the ass in front of my girlfriends, bound and splayed like a lab animal, prodded and violated like a whore.

In his eyes, though, was total commitment to his surrender. His transformation was nearly complete! It may have been Lisa's 30th birthday, but to be honest, I still did feel like I was the one being spoiled. My girlfriends, even as they watched with a bit of awe and amusement, each seemed to envy me in their own way.

"I don't know how you get men to do these things for you," Breanna said to me later that night, as Jason was curled up under my feet.

"It's easy," I smiled to her. "I let them."

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# The Twins

illustrated by Sardax

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Katrina wasn't exactly the most trusting woman, but when she recognized real talent, she knew she had to lower her guard.

Plus, the twins had great gear.

The duo of femme sadists weren't real twins, actually; they just appeared that way to the untrained eye, and part of their sinister repertoire was their ability to read each other, communicate non-verbally and leave their hapless male prisoners' heads spinning. And they were absolutely gorgeous.

Raven was clearly the woman in charge; Crystal just followed in suit, but she handled most of the gear. And oh, what gear they had.

Once Katrina learned of the advanced equipment the twins had in tow, it was just a matter of time before she recruited them to the base. And to make sure they were really all she'd heard about, she intended to present them with a most challenging case:

Lieutenant Brent Richards.

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Brent was young for his rank, but despite his apparent lack of experience, Katrina's girls had not been able to crack him at all. She didn't doubt that a few of the ladies were merely taking their time with the handsome recruit, because their hands often lingered inappropriately on his bound frame, or their advances appeared way too obvious. She'd had to suspend one of her younger women for administering a drug – so to speak – in the form of a kiss. Such adolescent games were trying her patience; Katrina brought in the twins – and their massive amounts of equipment – for a one week trial. So when the twins arrived – walking down the halls of the fortress as if they owned the place, sashaying in a manner that displayed confidence she'd never seen in youth – Katrina just had to bite her lip and force a smile and remind herself of the prize. Should the young, cruel pair decide to stay on board, she'd get her hands on some of the most diabolical interrogation gear available.

At least, long enough to recreate it in her own labs. Rumor was that these twins had developed the most cruel, humiliating torture equipment that could effectively – in less than 24 hours – not only

render the men totally helpless and pliable, but reform their identity, self image and even gender, if so desired. Apparently this duo had developed machinery that would violate their victims in a manner that was previously unthinkable – and if the rumors were true, it also provided unbridled sexual enjoyment for the ladies who administered the treatment.

If it was true, the twins had found the Holy Grail; gear that not only broke the men they were interrogating, but provided them the ultimate sexual satisfaction as they administered the torture. And pleasure was Katrina's ultimate goal; she knew that if the ladies in her crew were being sexually satisfied – they'd be undeniably loyal. After all, she kept the ladies in her pack buzzing with the height of sexual desire – controlled, with cool confidence – to most effectively impact the psyche of the men they interrogated. After all, men were horribly distracted and always inappropriately motivated by the sexual arousal of a woman. Even if he feared the woman or she was his sworn enemy. If she was hot, wet and turned on, he was victim to it. No amount of military training and preparation could change that. Of course, the sexual arousal drugs she pumped these men full of helped. By the third day in her "care," these men were so driven by sexuality that they would cut off their own balls for relief if they had to. In fact, some had. Katrina decided she'd simply watch "the twins" go to work on Brent from the other side of the two-way mirror. This would give her a chance to see just how they operated – and see some of the equipment they considered their own. She was most looking forward to seeing how the handsome young prisoner would stand up to arguably the two most sadistic "interrogatresses" in the universe.

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Raven found Brent to be undeniably handsome, but Crystal found his charisma and pretty-boy face to be an annoying distraction. So much so that she vowed to not even look at him – to pretend he wasn't even in the room – while Raven did the dirty work. It was easy for

Crystal, anyway, since she was mostly in charge of the gear. Staring at Raven and observing her dirty work wasn't unpleasant anyway, because she was the most remarkably stunning female she'd ever had the chance to work with.

Raven seemed to be merely amused by Brent's good looks, and enjoyed the opportunity to insult and degrade him. She started off by calling him a "pig" and a "whore," and when the defiant man didn't even react, she straddled him on the medical table – with ease – and peered down into his eyes. The soldier just held her gaze defiantly.

"You aren't handsome to me," she told him, running her gloved hand through her thick hair. "In fact, I think you look like a girl, really." Raven took her time, looking back over his frame as she straddled him, moving her hand over his naked body. She let her fingers trail over the contours of his muscles for a moment. "I could have these gone in a matter of hours, Brent. Just a few injections and every last bit of strength and – pathetic masculinity would be gone." She paused deliberately over the word "masculine" and for added emphasis tightened her grip around his balls.

That got a flinch out of him, and his leg twitched a little. Crystal couldn't help but smile as she started to assemble the instrument on a tray nearby. She could tell –she could see, hell, she could even smell – that her twin was getting into her groove with the victim.

Brent's defiance and lack of reaction just incensed the more sadistic twin, who slid her body up onto his chest, closer to his face, and just looked down at him. She took her time running both gloved hands through his hair, sweetly, affectionately, caressing, waiting for him to close his eyes before she clenched her fists and tightened her grip until he let a little bit of a whimper escape. "Ah," she smiled, leaning down, placing her lips close to his ears. "That's the sound I like to hear. There's more of that deep down, isn't there Brent?"

The soldier was strapped down pretty tightly to the medical contraption, but Crystal was able to maneuver a few switches and

buttons to reposition his frame with ease, then lean over and refasten a few shackles that held his thighs apart and in place, and kept his wrists and hands well out of reach of her twin as she straddled him tighter.

Raven slid up once more, opening her legs, revealing to her prisoner that her form-fitting outfit really didn't have much to it; with the exception of her thigh high boots and gloves, and a meager corset, she was nearly unclothed. And the moisture was undeniable, her scent was undeniable; she was unbelievably wet from his suffering and nervous anticipation – no matter how much he tried to hide it. "Put the cock lock milker on the little girl bitch," Raven ordered over her shoulder. "Let's see what her 'pussy' is made of." All the girl talk, she knew, would slowly chip away at his ego. A man so handsome – Raven reckoned – surely had a delicate ego, and his cock was visibly throbbing in her presence. Probably partially due to the scent of her pussy, and partially due to the heavy dosage of arousal drugs that were pumping through his system. His balls had swollen, already, to an inhuman size. The pressure from the built up cum in his balls was clearly maddening, and it was taking all his resolve to not think about it. "Go ahead, struggle," she ordered from her prime seat, just an inch from his face. "Struggle like a helpless little girl, because it just makes me wet," she grinned. Raven was enjoying herself, it wasn't a lie. She saw him try to look away, try to focus on a dot on the ceiling, try to meditate, but she knew it was all useless. Once Crystal finished snapping the plastic milking tube to his thick cock and wrapped the band around his balls, he'd be enduring the most agonizing cock torment ever – and his screams, should they come, would be muffled by her sitting on his face. She already decided that.

In fact, she hoped he would scream; it would give her an excuse to sit on his face and ride the first of many orgasms – brought on by the desperate trembling in his body as his frame was racked with orgasmless agony as a result of the milking machine.

"How much you think we'll milk from this cunt?" she asked her sister as the final strap was placed under his balls.

"Four tubes," Crystal responded after making a few calculations. Wearing her own latex gloves, she took time prodding, poking the underside of his balls before taking a lubricated finger and pressing it up into his ass – just to watch him wiggle. This made her smile. Her sister just shook her head and gave a gesture to keep things moving.

"We'll be saving every last drop of it," Raven told Brent as she gestured to the machine beside her. "Still warm, still pumping from your dick, we'll funnel it right back into your mouth and make you eat it – all of it – until your stomach is full." She waited for the gasp or grimace from him, but he remained relatively calm and just looked at her, knowing she had more to say on the topic. "Unless your mouth is otherwise occupied and doing an efficient JOB," she said.

"Machine is ready," Crystal announced.

"And so am I," Raven smiled, sliding up to position herself over Brent's face. It was so easy for her – just leaning over to the control panel, deciding which button to push, which switch to flip. All he could do is moan – between her legs, against her pussy – as she selected the control that would lead to the most pleasure. She knew that when faced with the option of being force-fed his own cum or having to lick the pussy of a woman he feared, he'd give in instantly. The degradation of consuming load after load of his own cum would be too much, and Brent would soon be licking eagerly, hungrily at her pussy until she was on the brink of cumming. And he had no idea that the intoxication that would come from eating her eagerly – the drug-induced reaction that would result from this act – would just lead him further down the spiral of despair. By making her cum, he was consuming the fluid that would ultimately break his will. And he did it all just to protect his fragile male ego!

Raven rode his face as his body twitched and ultimately convulsed from the pain and humiliation of his cock being mercilessly milked



under her controls. Her sister just giggle in the background, cleaning up some equipment, snapping off her own latex gloves and finally muttering, "When's MY turn on the ride?" "I knew you had it in you, little CUNT!" Raven hissed down at her male prisoner, finally rocking down on him so hard that she effectively cut off his ability to breathe. She listened to the heart monitor and watched his fingers scratch desperately at the sides of the gear, but just laughed it off and told him to lick harder, lick faster if he wanted to live.

Brent had a talented tongue, she admitted to herself. He was clearly working hard to not have to endure the forced consumption of load after load of his own cum as Crystal counted off the vials and tubes that were filling up one after another. "He can carry quite a lot of CUM," she announced, "He just keeps squirting." His body continued to twitch beneath her, but Raven was impressed by his ability to concentrate on the task at hand and continue to use his tongue inside her. Even when he could barely breathe. His hair was drenched in sweat and felt sweet and hot against her naked thighs, his breathing finally came in short, desperate gasps, his face turned against her so that his cheek rested against her flesh. "I didn't tell you to STOP," she hissed, and with one flip of a switch began the milking again, despite her sister's quiet observation, "I don't think there's any cum left..."

"It's not over until I say it's OVER," Raven glared down at him, and when he shut his eyes tight in pain, desperation, she felt the last wave of orgasm she'd been looking for. Hers, not his. In front of her, on top of the machine, she saw the full evidence of his pleasure-less orgasms – thick, milky cum in a clear glass jar. She pondered it for a moment and had to laugh to herself.

"I don't think we're nearly done with you yet, Brent," she announced to herself and to her girlfriend. "In fact, I think you're going to be the perfect guinea pig for my latest piece of equipment." Crystal looked up and hesitated. "You know, we haven't even put it through a lab test yet..." "HE is our lab test," Raven snapped. "The little bitch wants

to play hard, he can play hard in my gear," she said, her anger growing as the solemn prisoner started to pull together his resolve and stare beyond her, his face still glistening with the moisture from her pussy, yet his mind apparently miles away. "It may destroy his cock for good," Crystal observed. "Then he's no use to them any longer," she said. "We'll just have to cut off his balls then," Raven countered. "And rename him Becky. Get the equipment ready. And prepare his cum for redistribution."

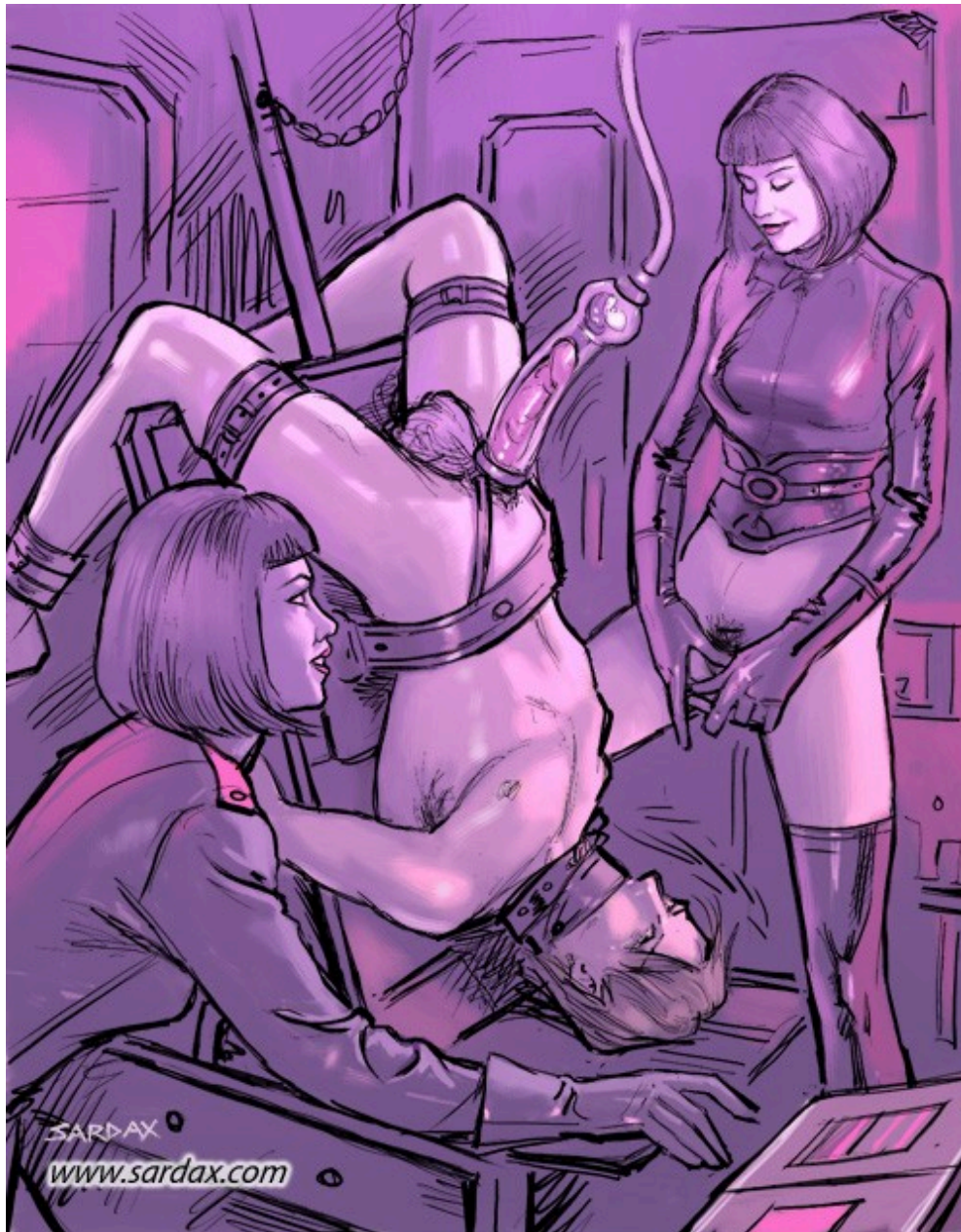
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LOOK FOR PART TWO OF 'THE TWINS' THIS WEEK....

# The Twins: Part Two

illustrated by Sardax

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Crystal would never admit it to anyone, but she masturbated that night thinking of Brent. She was alone in her quarters and couldn't stop thinking about this look in his eyes – she saw it only once – a nice mix of pleading but with some shred of pride still remaining. He obviously thought she was the more sympathetic of “the twins,” or maybe he had a good idea that she was the one with her finger on the dials. Crystal didn't get many more looks at his eyes; after all, Raven was pretty much riding his face the whole time, and quite enjoying herself in the process. It was obvious that Raven enjoyed that part of her job – turning her prisoners into simple sex objects. Brent apparently had a decent tongue, or worked well under pressure, because while Raven was riding his face, she seemed to be in heaven. On some level Crystal worried about Brent's safety, honestly, since Raven had decided he'd be the “guinea pig” for her latest machine – her latest piece of torture gear. And ounce after ounce of his “pig seed,” as she called it (semen) had been saved up from the lengthy milky sessions that lasted all evening. The poor little victim's cock had been nearly shriveled and shredded by the time the machine was done with him, basically milking every last ounce of milky fluid from his balls.

“All for later!” Raven had exclaimed with glee before sending the prisoner off for “A good night's rest.” The session with the new gear was scheduled for the morning, and the ragged, exhausted prisoner was put to bed for the night just an hour before Crystal found herself massaging her clit and rolling under her sheets to images of his head between her legs, instead.

The vision were vivid and remarkable. She reckoned that perhaps she was just randomly horny, because when she delved deeper into her feelings, there really was nothing so spectacular about this prisoner, apart from his traditional and handsome good looks, fine frame and sense of pride. Soon that would be all dissolved anyway, as if Raven had her way, he'd find himself castrated, feminized - or, worse, so broken and pathetic that Crystal would not even want to look at him.

She resolved that she would not give him a second look once he ultimately was turned into this “pathetic, useless waste of limp dick meat,” as Raven put it, or transformed into a big-breasted bimbo to be led around on a leash, prancing, for the amusement of the female staff.

No, instead, Crystal would just keep the images in her mind just like they were; Brent as a strong, handsome and somewhat prideful soldier, who looked at her just a couple of brief times, before being reduced to a series of faceless muffled whimpers beneath the hungry pussy of her counterpart. Those images, still, were enough to rock her to orgasm a few times. Or maybe she was just that good with her fingers.

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In the morning, when he arrived with the guards, he was all freshly showered and perky, almost. Raven laughed at him and whispered to Crystal that he looked good enough to “eat,” only to correct herself and say, “he looks good enough to EAT his own MEAT!”

While the men shackled Brent into the odd, half bent, twisted device of metal machinery, Crystal pondered that she and Raven sort of came across as two spoiled, stuck up teenagers mistreating a shy boy on a playground. Ironical, since in their minds and in their own language to each other, they were highly sophisticated, intelligent and deadly. Yet, their “routine,” as they had developed, included speaking to each other and their prisoners like youngsters, at times. At least, for the most part, childlike and in wonderment and amusement – but unmistakably cruel.

Raven once told Crystal, “I think all these pathetic men immediately relate us to some gorgeous, out-of- their-league BITCH who, growing up, trampled their balls, pissed all over them and humiliated them in front of all their girlfriends, leaving their dicks as useless, shriveled up pieces of meat. Ultimately that’s why they go on to become tough-guy soldiers! They are just trying to prove to themselves they are still

manly, when we both know they are just sissies, pussyboys, and wimps when cornered. By a woman.” Observing Brent in the remarkably cruel device, still untested, Crystal had to kind of agree. Handsome and well built, Brent clearly had fucked many women, she could tell. He had sparkling eyes and a nice smile (she hadn’t seen him smile, but upside down, in that device, a grimace kind of looked like a smile, if she tilted her head the right way.)

Indeed, the device was untested. It was a machine to beat all machines, mechanical and unforgiving, twisted metal and tubes and unbreakable shackles. The position it held Brent in was incredibly uncomfortable and undeniable vulnerable. Nearly upside down and naked, with his flaccid cock forced into a tight, clear tube attached to the machine’s control center via a trailing set of hoses. When Crystal watched Brent as she adjusted some of the controls, she noticed that he was watching Raven, watching her walk around him and survey the restraints, and really, he was just looking at her pussy. Marveling at it, or maybe just trying to take his mind off the tugging on his dick that was rapidly producing an erection against his will.

“Interesting,” Raven observed, flicking the clear glass tube with a fingernail and watching his cock twitch from behind the surface as if jumping to attention. “Is it the scent of my pussy getting you all hard, Brent-boy, or are you remembering the taste of my asshole? Is your mouth watering?” He responded with a mutter, a mutter Crystal wished she could understand, but there was no repeating of the sentence as Raven promptly, and without warning, placed her bare ass square down over his face. His neck arched a bit, the position put incredible strain on him, and he clearly could not breathe. “Give me a review of the data, Sis,” Raven said casually, looking at her nails and humming a little. Under her sweet ass, the prisoner was struggling and the machine rocked a little, his cock reducing in size in the confines of the clear glass tube.

Crystal checked a few of the monitors and with a bit of a giggle gave back some data, mostly on the prisoner’s testicle weight and size,

amount of trace fluid forming at the tip of his cock and, of course, his heart rate.

"Lick my asshole, bitch," Raven finally ordered, "If you want to have hope of ever taking a real breath again."

Crystal could tell by Raven's facial expression that the prisoner was responding – at least, trying to – and on some level she envied her. But the data in front of her was intriguing since the equipment was new, and she was admittedly excited to see if the pumping device was as thorough and effective as they'd planned. Positioned nearly upside down with his cock being pressure-milked by the tube and surrounding gear, Brent's situation was precarious. The tubing could be fed any number of directions – into a flash-freezing device to save the ounces and ounces of cum, or funneled right back into his mouth or even ass. The cock – to ass "cum repurposing" had been deliciously appealing to both women, as they knew the realistic dick-shaped dildo pulsing in his ass, pounding him, shooting load after load of cum into his hole would be horrifyingly degrading.

The feeling of his ass, full of cum, despite his groaning – the pleasure combined with the humiliation – would realign his ego in no time, both women knew. But the slow, dreaded drip of the creamy white cum down the clear tube straight from cock and down to his gagged, forced open mouth would be delicious to observe. Electric pulses attached to his balls would administer direct, excruciating pain if he refused to swallow, and ultimately, they'd get him sucking eagerly on the tube to down the juice more quickly. By the end of the treatment, his own sucking would actually control the pressure and tempo of the cock milker – essentially, leaving him to suck his own dick!

(A true success, they both agreed, would be when this self-sucking ritual would be complete; he'd be able to milk his own cock through the tubing device, controlling the sucking pressure and speed, and causing his own orgasms without the use of anal probing. Soon he'd be sucking off his own dick in less than two minutes, eating the entire load, and begging for more.)

“Shall we roll the dice, then, Crystal?” Raven finally smiled. Apparently, it was because his tongue had eased up on the enthusiasm around her asshole, probably signaling that he was nearly ready to pass out from lack of air.

Of course, Raven was asking her partner which of the milking options to use. Cock to ass, cock to mouth (and eventual self sucking) or something else entirely. The machine could also be a traditional milker, collecting more loads to add to the unspeakable amount of cum they’d collected from him previously. Raven dismounted. Brent took a breath, and then cursed under his breath, and was panting as he watched her body pace back and forth in front of him one time. She knew he was admiring her perfect round ass cheeks and strong thighs – her outfit left little to the imagination since she was essentially naked below the waist, except for her interrogation boots.

Raven paused, bent over in front of him, and spread both of her ass cheeks wide with her gloved hands. “Look how clean he made it, sister,” she mocked. Crystal just gave her a glance and a wave, and shook her head with a smirk.

Raven paused for a moment, looking back over her shoulder at her prone victim, as he watched her with his face turning red, his lips slightly puffy. His cock was limp in the tube. Of course, the machines were all shut off, and both women knew that his limp cock was a temporary and quite fixable predicament. “Let’s make it a surprise for him,” Raven said, leaning over with her gloved hands and fastening an unforgiving, open-mouth gag with a cover over his mouth. He struggled, but there was nothing he could do. It was a squishy, pliable kind of silver metal, almost, and it filled and opened his mouth and jaw while also completely covering it. It was thick enough that fluid could flow all around it, and it locked readily into the panel beside his head.

When she watched his eyes trace their way up the tube to his cock, and then he struggled, Crystal knew he had it figured out pretty quick. His struggling was vain, but interesting to watch, nonetheless.



"Oh, you ain't seen nothing yet, bitchboy!" Raven chuckled, reaching around the panel he was fastened to, and finding the large, fleshy dildo attachment in the back. She lubricated her fingers and his body strained helplessly away from the table when she started to work them into his asshole, but there was nowhere he could go. The metal strap over his waist kept him in place.

Crystal could tell that Raven was taking her sweet time loosening up Brent's tight asshole at the back of the panel before finally sliding the large, realistic shaped dildo inside. "You feel that?" she coaxed. "It's a living, breathing cock, at least to you! And it shoots cum, real cum. All the cum we want it to! Your ass is going to be so full of cum when we finish with you, you'll be leaking it for hours." "Maybe he will need a tampon," Crystal sighed, flipping through some controls.

Raven laughed, glancing down at their victim, but all he could do is squirm and sweat. The dildo was all the way in place and locked, after quite a bit of wiggling it around and waiting for him to relax when he realized resistance was useless and painful.

One simple flip of a switch from Crystal and his cock immediately swelled inside the glass tube, causing him to let out a desperate, muffled groan that made both of the women smile. "Now, that's a good sign," Crystal observed. She'd barely adjusted any of the controls and his cock was already pumping and pulsing, and his desperate struggling succeeded in nothing but exhausting him.

The gag was effective enough, holding his mouth wide open behind the silver bracer and reducing his pleas to muffled whimpers that were absolutely delicious.

"And the best part is," Raven leaned down to smile at him. "You have no idea where the cum will go. We can decide, so casually, if it will be forced into the gag in your mouth, or pumped into your 'pussy' through that nice, big dick you feel up your ass right now. Feel that pumping, growing cock in your ass right now?" She purred. "Crank it up, Crystal, make that cock pump his ass harder."

Crystal nodded and adjusted the controls, and the entire frame of the machine started rocking as the dildo behind the backside of it started to ram his ass, adding a circular drilling motion at the same time. It was fucking him with a force that was felt all the way through the control panel, and with a giggle, Crystal had to move her cup of water so it didn't tip over.

"Oh, now THIS is good," Raven paced, keeping eye contact with the prisoner as she saw him use all his might to focus and control himself, try to control his growing, throbbing milked cock in the tube above him. "You are wondering where it's going to go, even as you feel the orgasm building in your balls. Will you soon have a huge load of cum racing through this machine and pumped through that gag, or will you feel it squirting out of that cock in your ass, filling you up?"

"Should we make him choose?" Crystal offered, leaning over to get a look at his face as well. "Oh, now that's an idea!" Raven smiled. "Let me ask you this, first. How does it make you feel that all your pathetic milking and ass pumping is making me oh, so, so wet?"

Raven waited for a reaction in his face but he just gave her a stern, stoic look. Unsatisfied with the response, she spread her legs a little, moved her fingers to her pussy and purred down at him. "You can't look away. Even if you wanted to. Even as your cock is pumped and milked, even as your ass is stretched and bleeding with the force of that pounding dick, you just can't help but look and wish you could taste me." Crystal saw, too, just how wet Raven was. Raven always got wet during these situations, though, sometimes even squirting when she climaxed from the little "shows" she created, sometimes squirting on the face of the prisoner if she could time it right. Crystal could tell that Raven was preparing to squat down over his face and squirt on him, just to make her point.

Brent could do nothing but try to remain still, remain unemotional, even as his cock started to change color, his balls swelled a little and the first waves of unintentional orgasm started to rack his restrained body. He grimaced and groaned, contorting his face as he mustered

self control but realized he had none, and the creamy white cum was soon shooting up the clear tube in spurts.

His eyes were closed in mid-climax and Raven was waiting for that reaction – the look in his eyes – when he realized the cum was filling the insides of the gag he was wearing. He would wonder how - just how it could be pumped so quickly through the machine to fill up the surrounding areas of the gag and drown his mouth. And soon, he would wonder how much cum he had produced, because the load would grow and grow in size. Crystal wondered if he'd figure out, in time, that the gag wasn't just filling up with his fresh cum. Oh yes, that was there, to start. But another load, and another, and a third and more, all from the day before, all collected! And so much cum, it would keep pumping into his mouth even as his cock grew again in the milking device to produce another load. Whose cum? His own? Someone else's? Would it taste different? How many loads?

"I hope you are very, very hungry!" Raven hissed down at him, as she reckoned he'd be feeling his mouth filling up with at least the seventh full load. And when he opened his eyes, to look at her pleadingly, she squatted down square over his face and let the fluid from her pussy spray down on him without warning, stinging his eyes, sticking to his hair.

"Surprise!" she gasped, with a heavy laugh, and Crystal peered over from her control panel to just shake her head before turning a few knobs.

She wondered, if next, Raven would be raining down on him with something else entirely. It was clear, by her reaction, that she was just getting start. And there was plenty more cum saved in the machine. If Brent would remain conscious, that is.

...to be continued? you tell me!

## Twins - Part Three

With illustration by Sardax

X



Brent never confessed to anything.

He didn't reveal any sensitive information, either. Despite the cruel torture, the extreme milking and torture devices, the threats to remove his testicles completely and begin the transformation process to turn him into a brainless, spineless "bimbo-fied" blow up doll to be passed around the womens' quarters. To all involved, the young man seemed remarkably "unbreakable."

That's not to say Raven and Crystal, the "twins," were not enjoying themselves. Katrina observed by the interrogation logs that the girls had taken him to three additional sessions, and while reviewing the video files on their procedures, found herself to be quite impressed and undeniably aroused.

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The twins were magical at their approach to interrogation. Their prison, even while bound and gagged and nearly unconscious, was absolutely smitten by them! She had seen this before – prisoners developing deep affection and strong lust for his gorgeous captors – but this man, Brent, was starting to look more and more like a teenager deep in puppy love, especially with Crystal, who usually was tucked away behind the measurement devices just giving him a sly wink now and then.

This infuriated her jealous sister, Raven, who wanted all of his attention for herself, and the competitive juices began to flow. Among other juices. Constantly wanting to prove herself as the more dangerous, more seductive and more sadistic sister, Raven had to increase her intensity with each session, proving something to herself and to Brent.

As if, in his delirious state, he was well aware of anything – even the flow of her warm, dangerous piss down the winding tube that fed into the funnel fastened over his mouth, ("My nectar," she told him, "Will only addict you to me more, you bitch!").

(Yes, it's true, she did take a sort of black market drug that mixed with her own chemistry made the taste of her piss – well, addictive. It was in "trial" stage, like many of the twins' procedures). Delirious Brent just took it all, occasionally stealing a glance from the quiet sister, who merely smiled at him, but the smile was never reassuring. It was a smile that said, "Oh, I would be the one sitting on your face if I were not busy reading these medical devices that are telling me how your pathetic body is betraying you."

Betray him it did. Monster erections, huge ejaculations (load after load was saved, processed, frozen and packaged, marked with a big pink "b" and put into a storage freezer in the corner of the medical center in his full view, "for later.")

Despite her ability to hide her affection for him, Crystal worried that her mind-reading sister would catch on to her fondness of the man, and the reality that it went beyond just competitive amusement. She longed to kiss him – he had the most beautiful mouth – and she found herself thinking of how his body would feel, his thick, hard cock, as he fucked her.

These thoughts made her giggle, sometimes, when she just gazed at her sister, mounting him with the large, thick latex cock attached to the menacing harness. Brent, locked down on all fours with a collar pulling his head down to the floor, his ass raised up high, keeping him prone. As her sister thrust, grunted and groaned, ramming the length of the glistening shaft into his fine ass, Crystal imagined it was her being fucked, and it was his cock. Brent's cock always managed to remain hard, even when he was fucked or degraded, even under the threat of castration and even when guzzling the most degrading fluids that were forced into him.

The young soldier clearly still had the hormones of a youthful and horny boy, even though he was quite the man. Trying to take her mind off the highly sexually charged ass-fucking (and his eyes starting longingly at her), Crystal searched his medical records to see if any experimental "youth-influencing hormonal drugs" were being

pumped into his body that Raven failed to tell her about. Nothing, she found. Listening to him grunt – his soft, desperate whimpers that came with each of Raven's thrusts – Crystal pondered that he was merely just a very, very horny man.

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The next time Crystal pleased herself while observing the prisoner named "Brent," she was watching a video of him eating an apple. She had hours and hours of footage from his cell, since everything was monitored, and she used the footage sometimes to observe whether or not a prisoner was medicating, self medicating or doing anything else that might otherwise interfere with their ongoing interrogation. But Brent was just sitting on the floor of his cell, in tight black shorts and nothing else, eating an apple. Slowly, methodically; not desperately, nor weakly. He just regarded it for a brief moment before every bite, turning it slightly, and then staring at the wall as he chewed slowly. He seemed proud, unaffected and not the slightest bit disheveled. It was hard to believe this was the same man that four hours earlier had been sucking a large, phallic inflatable cock at her sister's command, forced to endure a long electrical torture through a metal rod in his ass, until ultimately, finally, he licked up the entire load of his own cum that had shot across the floor when Raven wanted to show him how she could elicit an orgasm with the snap of her fingers (and the flip of a switch).

Brent seemed to have a remarkable calmness about him – and, again, that incredible mouth – that made Crystal ache inside. Oh how she wanted some alone time with him! But her sister would never have it. It occurred to her, briefly, that Raven had a few commitments the next afternoon that would keep her out of the picture. And if – in fact – the prisoner needed some medical evaluation in preparation for the next night's "lengthy debriefing," she'd need to attend to that.

While she may have to take a medical doctor along with her, she was certain she could find plenty of reasons to schedule a private visit with him.

Then, maybe, she could see if Brent's longing look at her were a simple diversion for him, a method of self-hypnosis, or a figment of her own imagination.

And she could get a piece of him for herself. Finally.

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Alone with Brent.

Well, almost.

The medical technician – a square type, despite being admittedly sadistic (it was a job requirement) was named Beth, seemed almost harmless on the outside.

Crystal was the superior ranking officer, so she instructed Beth to simply administer the appropriate medications to the prisoner, and be present should any trouble develop. She was really seeing Brent in a bit of a secret encounter, and being there without her "sister" seemed almost – wrong. But lust is a powerful thing, and it quickly consumed her mind. Brent was handsome; the subtle bruises on his face already subsided a bit, and his frame looked solid in the simple black shorts he was allowed to wear. The dutiful guards had already secured him in what Crystal found the most exotic and exciting interrogation tables – with his legs spread and in steel bonds, his arms pulled out and away from his body and locked in place with cool metal bands. He wasn't going anywhere.

Without her sister hovering around and taking control of things, dark and moody Crystal was able to soak in the moment, and she could tell, from the expectant look on his face, that he was wondering where Raven was.

"You can speak," she finally said, breaking the silence. She was surprised and pleased at his polite – yet, in a way, subtly deviant – posturing.



"Where's your twin?" he asked her quietly. His voice was soft. Unassuming. It wasn't a demanding-type question, it was gentle, careful. It was one of the first times she heard his voice (other than groans, whimpers, and screams) and Crystal found it to be smooth and warm.

"She's busy," was her simple response, laying out a few plastic and glass vials, unrolling some rubber tubing on the small medical table. Beth was in the corner of the room, checking some equipment. Obviously not that interested, and perhaps even bored. The ever present, nearly invisible technician – Crystal knew the type. For her purposes, this time, it was perfect.

Crystal took her time putting on cool, menacing black latex gloves. She could feel Brent staring at her, looking at her body. Without even looking at him, she could tell that his eyes were scanning her body, taking in every curve as it was accentuated in the skin tight uniform. It was a sixth sense she had; she could tell when men looked at her, longed for her. She could feel him desperately wanting to be held by her. It was intoxicating.

Mostly, though, it made her want to possess him. To hear him scream, to beg her name. Not Raven's name, but her name. Free to speak, free from judgment from her most critical peer, she slid close to Brent and leaned to his face, holding his chin in her gloved hand. "Now I can have you all to myself," she said to him softly.

"I...think I like that," he responded, licking his lips – nervous, perhaps. Or just coy. She could smell what seemed like faint traces of cologne on him (how could this be, she thought to herself, he's been locked up for days). She ignored the thoughts for a moment and just held his chin and looked at his mouth, his slightly swollen bottom lip, his very straight bottom row of teeth.

It all made her ache. A dull, throbbing ache in her pussy. Her uniform felt warm. She was keenly aware of the nagging present of Beth, who rattled bottles as she assembled some non-essential equipment.

Rules were rules though; a lady was never alone with a prisoner. It was not safe. For anyone. Crystal felt free to speak her mind, nonetheless – after all, what would Beth know. Posturing, dominance, seduction – cruelty. It all sounded the same.

“I could enjoy fucking your face,” Crystal said. It sounded like something Raven would say. “I could enjoy lowering this table, squatting over you, creating a very precise tight seal so the only thing you could inhale is all of me. My moisture, my scent. My cunt. I could kill you, you realize, with the strength in my thighs.” “I don’t doubt that,” he said softly, not lifting his head, not moving his head, but tilting it, so slightly, so little strands of hair fell in his face. As if timed. He looked genuinely innocent. “But like I told your sister, I don’t know anything. I can’t tell you anything. She’s made it clear that she will take everything from me, my pride, my soul, my masculinity. I believe her,” he said.

There was a pause.

“Did you bring me here to have your way with me, before she does?” he finally asked. This made Crystal laugh. She laughed at him and realized too late that the forced laughter was too obvious. Yes, he was right. And it made her mad on some level, but on another level she didn’t care. There was a bored yawn from Beth.

“Bring me the milking tube,” Crystal ordered the blonde technician. “Lube the equipment. He was milked dry last night, but I know there’s more. This time, we do it my way.”

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Finally, Crystal was going to have her way with Brent. She took her time fastening the simple, yet effective ball gag, pulling the leather straps just tight enough to solicit a muffled protest from him. She felt his eyes searing into her – not defiant, but unwavering.

Cutting his tight shorts away with medical scissors, Crystal remained silent and undeterred. His cock sprung to attention at once. He never disappointed. Again, she found herself pondering where he hid all that youthful sexual energy, because despite the endless hours of erotic torture, his body always responded favorably.

The milking tube slid over his rigid cock with ease. She added a fair bit of slick lubrication for added zest, possibly just for the excuse to teasingly, tauntingly stroke him with a content smile. Her gloved hand slid up and down the entire length of his cock, lingering over the tip and occasionally tightening two fingers, and she smiled with amusement when his hips twitched and he let out a muffled gasp with a wince. "Sensitive?" she purred at him. When the tube was in place over his cock, she instructed Beth to prepare the rest of the equipment. It was a job she would have done, if Raven was in charge. Now she was able to enjoy the close proximity to his body, to actually hear his ragged breathing, to place a hand delicately on his chest and feel his heart beat.

"This time, when you cum," she told the prisoner, "It will be for me. The first time, the second time, the sixth time," she continued, watching as the machine began to work on him. Relentless and without mercy, the milking device would pump and massage his cock and force him to cum despite anything he tried to resist – as many times as she wanted, as quickly as she wanted. She could make the orgasms come quickly and pleasurelessly, or drive him to the erotic edge and shut the device down to leave him on the edge of a horribly spoiled ejaculation. Only to press a button and lead to his release without warning or satisfaction. It was the kind of control that made her so wet, and his reactions to it only made the experience more rewarding.

Unlike most prisoners, Brent did not beg or break down. He kept his eyes open, he alternated between watching her, and watching the thick stream of white fluid shooting up the vial through the tube, unaffected, it seemed. He wasn't defiant, really, he was just present.

The presence was such a turn on to Crystal that she pondered telling Beth to step aside so she could mount his face – even though he was so tightly gagged – and ride him to her own orgasm.

She imagined how it would feel sitting on his face, facing the tube, watching the extraction of his cum as she moved her pussy over him. His ragged, strained breathing against her pussy would be enough to make her cum, in time. She could smother him with her ass cheeks just enough to make him strain against the unforgiving shackles, she could force him to plead, wordlessly, for air.

Just gazing at him, watching him watch helplessly as the machine milked load after load of cum from him, Crystal found herself needing more than just his surrender and suffering. She did long for the feel of his tongue inside of her ass. She wanted to know how much he'd be willing to trade for his life. She knew he was obviously a very sexually robust creature; she felt like a cat in heat. Why did he have this effect on her? Beth had stopped what she was doing, for the moment, to take a more intimate view of the proceedings. She seemed unusually amused for such a conservative type, so Crystal assumed that Brent's charisma and charm, despite his total degradation, was equally intoxicating to the medical assistant.

"He's very interesting," Beth observed, noting that he'd ejaculated a fifth time already. The machine was not giving up; it would continue forcing the orgasms from his body so long as Crystal demanded it. And when his body was too tired to ejaculate, she'd move to anal probing, of course, to continue to milk every last drop of cum from him. Her goal was to leave him absolutely dry, and then make him consume every drop, one tiny spoonful at a time. On his knees. Begging for each bite.

(Where she got these ideas, Crystal had no clue – but it was an image that had stuck with her since morning, and she was determined to get it. She'd write it off as experimental interrogation, after all.) Everything was going according to plan, and Crystal was

swimming in contended bliss with the imagery in her mind. Until her sister showed up.

Inside the doorway, arms folded across her chest, a fuming Raven scoffed. "How dare you work on this man without me!"

Beth looked up, more startled than Crystal, who just shut her eyes and paused a moment, before composing herself. She opened her eyes to address Raven, but caught a glance of her bound and helpless victim. Brent – looking at her – seemed to so easily convey without words what he was thinking. And it turned her on more than anything. Through his pain and humiliation, he managed to somehow say with his eyes, "Don't let her do anything to me; I want you to do it to me." The rest of the afternoon, Crystal thought, was going to be very interesting. As if right on time, Beth announced, "He's dry."

Raven scoffed and entered the room, grabbing her gloves to put them on. "We'll see about that."

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...to be continued

# Gregory's List: The Cuckold Bitch

Illustrated by Sardax

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It very well could have been the 77 days of consecutive chastity that pushed him over the edge. Or maybe it was just me.

Gregory was easy to manipulate at that point. In fact, he begged for it. He begged for such humiliation and degradation that the mere words made me wet. I made Gregory describe to me – again and again – just how far he would go for me. Sometimes I even made

him write it down and read it back to me – a list, so to speak, of the things he'd do to earn just a little relief. I had scraps of paper everywhere – little mini contracts I called them – of the most disgusting and degrading things he promised to do. Listening to him whimper and moan, sometimes smirking at him, other times teasing him with my fingers hidden underneath my satin panties, it became quite clear what must be done. I couldn't pull back at that point, I couldn't not go through with the threats. I would lose all credibility as his sadist and his Mistress, and that was simply not an option. I had dozens of pieces of paper with all kinds of humiliating promises at my disposal.

And to be honest, I had never been so turned on. Touch, solid Gregory was before me, begging in the silkiest, sexiest pink lingerie, and corporate Gregory, the CEO, was going to go far beyond simply worshipping my strap on dildo for hours.

The length, the width, the feel of my thick strap on had to be second nature to him by that point. Gregory had been sucking it, worshipping it, every night for 74 days before I told him that he'd soon be sucking off the real thing.

Ejaculating dildos no longer terrified him; saved cum cascading over his own face did not degrade him enough to satisfy my growing hunger. The ache in my belly was intense and unforgiving. It was his fault; after all, he put those images in my head in the first place. Clearly Gregory wanted it even more than I did.

Hearing Gregory describe to me – between sucking my dildo and worshipping my pussy –just how he would deep throat any real cock was mind-blowingly erotic. His words –how he stumbled over some of them, leading me to sometimes lean over and give his balls a squeeze. The words – they seemed to get caught in his throat, he had to shut his eyes (oh, how I loved to slap his face with my latex cock at those moments). He had to close his eyes as if not seeing would keep him from hearing the words he was speaking. Illogical, I

know. But he was certifiably insane at that point. 77 days of chastity will do that to a man.

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It's true. Not being able to cum makes a man insane. A sort of cock-lusting, cum-whoring kind of insane. There really is no other way to explain it. Around day thirty, a man becomes so weak and delirious that his imagination starts to play tricks with him. Curled up at the foot of my bed, when he didn't sleep in the cage, I could hear Gregory whimpering in his sleep like a puppy having bad dreams. The nights that I made him sleep in full shackles, the constant rattling of the chains would disrupt my own sleep and I'd escort him into the basement, cage him for the night, and mutter something about coffee and tea being ready on time in the morning. His cage was unlocked by a timer, and the nights where I felt really cruel after being woken up, I'd force him to sleep in a large, latex dildo gag that fastened to his leather hood.

But I'm not that mean, really. He really was asking for it.

By day thirty, Gregory was trying all kinds of offers and ploys to get me to reconsider our target timeframe of him not cumming for 100 days. He was trying to come up with scenarios that he knew, himself, would push him to the limits of his own masculinity and challenge the far corners of his ego. Confident, cocky Gregory was a mere facade he played during the day at the office. He'd return home, strip out of his corporate clothes and down into his pink lingerie, and I'd laugh at him as he sucked and worshipped my toes while I talked to my girlfriends on the phone.

I'd tell my giggling girlfriends just how delirious he was getting, sometimes making him kneel between my wide open thighs and start the deep, methodical bobs up and down the length of my cock, slurping loud enough that my girlfriend could hear on the line and squeal, "That's so disgusting! I can't believe you're making him do that!"



I laughed and said, "Oh this is nothing. I'm getting him geared up and trained to suck a real cock!" That got silence from my girlfriend and a deep, guttural moan from my Gregory, who was bobbing up and down so fast and furious on my cock that the rhythmic pulsing against the base of the strap on against my crotch was starting to get me hot. Well, hotter than just watching him suck dick. It was too good to pass up, though, so I continued describing to my girlfriend on the phone what plan I had set in motion. "I put an ad on Craig's List. Pull it up right now. It says – sissy bitch ready to suck dicks all night."

I'm sure Gregory heard my girlfriend gasp as she read it – parts of it out loud – and then ask me, in shock, how many responses I had to the ad.

"Most guys just send me pictures of their huge, hard cocks," I told her. As if on cue, Gregory moaned and gagged on my latex strap on. I gave his face a light slap and pointed a finger, indicating that it was time for him to turn around, pull down his panties, and lift his ass obediently to me. Holding the phone between my ear and shoulder, talking to my girlfriend, I squirted lube down his ass crack and began to rub it in place. I did this all so casually, so coolly, you'd think I was just rubbing lotion into my feet after a day at the beach. Surely, my girlfriend heard the distinct squirt from the tube of lube, but she said nothing. She just re-read the advertisement out loud.

"I'm going to meet a few of them at a bar tomorrow night, check them out, make sure they are the real thing. If they are hot, I might just fuck them. After all, since Gregory has been locked up for so long, I haven't had a real cock in me in ages!"

"I don't know how you stand it!" my girlfriend Julie exclaimed.

My latex cock popped through Gregory's tight ass with little more than a defeated whimper from him in the background.

"I know," I agreed. "I've had enough of it. It's about time I got fucked by a real man anyway, and Gregory is so desperate and horny, I bet he'd beg to lick my pussy clean when the guy's done fucking me!" "That's gross," she replied.

I could see the cock cage filling up with precum if I leaned over just right and caught a glimpse in the mirror as I fucked Gregory's tight "pussy." I couldn't help but stop and give his tight ass cheeks a few swats, listening to him grunt and moan as I penetrated him again and again, deeper each time, until my cock was sliding in and out of him with a cool, fluid motion.

Sure enough, with eyes closed and the vivid scenarios rolling through my head, imagining what would soon be happening as a result of the ad, it was not difficult for me to reach climax. Just the pressure of the base of the strap on against my crotch and his desperate, sweetly pathetic whimpers put me over the edge. After I came, I made him roll over so I could sit on his face. I made him use his tongue to worship my pussy as I started dialing the numbers from the printed page I pulled off my computer. Sixteen men out of the 75 that emailed me. Surely, I'd find a few cocks for him to suck.

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The details are not important, and to be honest, they are quite boring compared to the actual night of dick sucking itself. Because I can assure you, it takes a great deal of planning to get nine guys lined up (yes, nine) for a free blow job, and possible a ride in the sack with a woman who is incredibly hot. After all, I needed to find guys that were both sane and attractive. And they had to have a huge dick. That was the first thing I needed proof of, because some guys were sending pictures of cocks that were clearly not their own!

I can't remember all their names. I just remember their dicks. Mostly I remember Gregory's dick – the tiny, shriveled, crying (if a dick could cry) cock trapped in the plastic cage, withering and wasting away as it endured the ultimate humiliation.

Gregory didn't believe it at first, I don't think. The hotel room, the elaborate set up, I am sure he thought it was all a huge mindfuck. I had him kneeling in his sexiest lingerie, looking like a prissy little tart, and I was humiliating him as I fucked his mouth leisurely with my largest, thickest latex strap on cock. "Little bitch likes it!" I laughed, cradling his face in my hands as I often did, holding him steady as my entire shaft slid in and out of his wide open mouth. His jaw was loosening up, his eyes were watering and he was adjusting so that he could accommodate the entire cock with ease. The weeks of practice certainly had paid off.

Gregory had no idea that the men were starting to filter into the main room of the hotel suite. He was so intensely focused on sucking my strap on that I think he probably didn't even hear some of the voices nearby. Gregory did just what a good little whore should; he sucked my cock with eager desperation, because he knew it made me smile.

When I added the blindfold he didn't make a fuss. Blindfolds were common for me – I was much more likely to blindfold him when I wanted to focus squarely on the task at hand – in this case, violating his mouth – without the distraction of his pleading, desperate eyes.

The blindfold served another purpose, though. And this was the most turned on I had ever been while applying a cover to his eyes, because I knew the reasoning behind it. Surely, deep down, Gregory must have had some clue what I had in store for him.

I made sure he was thoroughly focused on the task of sucking my cock, I coolly gave him seductive commands as my "new boyfriend" Phil entered the room at my gesture. I told Gregory to open wide, to deep throat, to lick and worship my balls. This string of commands made Phil's already hard cock start to nearly pulse before my eyes, and I marveled at the size and perfect shape of his magnificent cock. (I have to admit, when I saw Phil's cock, the first thing that came to mind was how good it would feel deep inside of me. After so many days of not fucking Gregory, having a real cock inside of me was all I wanted, too. And let's face it – Phil's cock was much better built than

Gregory's meager dick.) I took my time, though. Standing half clothed, my hands on my head, tossing my hair a bit, fucking the mouth of my blindfolded whore, I have to admit I felt a little bit like a sexy porn star. Fucking his head while I held his face in my hands and made him gag a little at a time, I felt quite sexy and empowered, and seeing the naked, well built man waiting his turn just added to my excitement. Phil knew the rules. He said nothing. He waited his turn. He just stood there, and I looked at his monster cock, which was, ironically, about the same size as my strap on cock. But clearly it would feel much, much different when it filled Gregory's mouth. My whore would soon be sucking off the real thing – sucking a man's dick while I watched with delight – and he had no idea it was about to happen. Yet, he had begged for it! He had begged for it as early as that morning when I teased and denied him, sat on his face, made him lick and worship my asshole, because that's all he'd get from me that day. He begged to suck any dick, as many dicks as I lined up, and I told him I just might have to take him up on it. He had written it down in great detail and presented the piece of paper between his lips. And there was Phil – Phil with the huge, perfect cock – smirking at me. The way Phil looked at me, kind of checking me out, obviously getting off on the way I thrust my hips with vigor toward Gregory's face, reminded me of being checked out in college by the hottest guy on campus. Phil's dick clearly gave him all the confidence in the world, and I decided right there I was going to take him to stage two that night. Phil would be fucking me – hard, fast, deliberately – while Gregory just watched – sad, helpless and pathetic. My pussy ached.

Wanting to move the production along so I could get as quickly as possible to the grand finale, I stepped back and let Gregory catch his breath, his lips stretched and swollen after sucking my latex dick for a good solid 45 minutes.

"Keep it open," I ordered as he tried to stop and lick his lips, swallow. "I might get out my ejaculating dick!" I laughed at him, and gave Phil a knowing nod. "Open wider, whimper if you want it, beg for my huge thick cock!" I ordered.

Gregory obeyed, desperately, and the moment Phil's huge, warm cock entered my slave's mouth his body started to shake all over and convulse, nearly throwing the blindfold off from his mere body spasms. He knew, at once, he was now sucking off the real thing. But he didn't pull away – no, he didn't at all – in fact, maybe it was because I was right there pleasuring myself and he knew it. Maybe he could smell my pussy so close, because I was clearly more wet than I had ever been in my life. Watching Gregory suck cock was magnificent. Phil's dick was magnificent. Gregory choked and gagged on it and Phil held his head steady with big hands as he pumped, and I watched his fine ass thrusting as I teased and rubbed my clit. I realized I could watch this little show for hours, but what I really wanted was Phil's cock in my pussy. And when I realized how that would push Gregory to the brink of humiliation and despair – a place he so desperately needed to go – it was a no brainer. When I sensed Phil was getting close to cumming, I backed him off. It's not that I had not considered making Gregory eat a full load of cum, or having Phil cum all over my slave's face. I knew there was time for that later – after all, several men were milling around in the next room, waiting their "turn." I removed the blindfold from Gregory's face, and he did not dare look up at the big, built man whose dick he'd just sucked. His eyes were cast down, surrendering, so humiliated. To keep him motivated, I let him taste my fingers for a brief moment, and his eyes closed dreamily when he recognized the sweet flavor of my pussy.

"You want me to be fucked by a real man, don't you?" I whispered into his ear. "You want to see me get pleasure from being fucked by that big, hard dick, don't you?"

This made him melt in my presence, I could tell. His body started to shake and I swear if he were not in a cock cage under his pink panties, his dick would explode. I could imagine the points of intrigue were nearly piercing his skin as his cock grew as much as it could inside the device, and I could see him wincing in pain, a sure indication that he was liking what he was hearing. Even though it

totally degraded him. "Into the chair, bitch," I ordered, and I took him by the arm and with a shove indicated where he was to go. He crawled, too, instead of even getting up, a sure sign that his mindset was exactly where it needed to be – total surrender, total devotion, and unrelenting need to suffer for me.

Or to see me get fucked.

I tied Gregory to the hotel room chair with swift ease. In his lingerie, sweating, his lips stretched and full of precum, he looked genuinely pathetic. It was incredibly hot to me. I was more turned on than I had ever been – and all I wanted and need at that moment was a good fuck, one that I would not be getting from my locked-up bitch, that's for sure. I gagged him, cruelly, and told him that I'd better only hear grunts and moans of approval, and that he was not allowed to close his eyes or look away. I told him he had to watch every moment of this glorious fucking so it would be forever imprinted on his pea brain. Phil seemed to watch this all unfold with a masculine sense of amusement, a youthful arrogance, and he was just standing there with his arms folded across his broad chest, his thick cock standing straight at attention. Without a moment of hesitation I positioned myself over the table in the room, pulled down my panties and lifted my skirt. "Fuck me," I ordered Phil. "I need a real dick inside me." The "real dick" comment resulted in a pitiful moan from Gregory, a moan that made me even more excited. Phil was behind me in no time, and his big hands felt fantastic around my hips. His cock, not surprisingly, felt like a jackhammer going into my pussy, and the immediate pounding was a welcome, intense sensation. He fucked me quite hard, and I loved it, listening intently for Gregory's pathetic whimpers behind the gag. That was all the further lubricant I needed. Every whimper seemed to make me ache even more. Phil's grunting was a bit of a distraction, because I really just wanted to hear the soft moaning from my pathetic slave. I glanced over at him, my hair disheveled, my body glistening with sweat. I know I looked absolutely stunning to him, my body rocking with the thrusts, the curves of my frame accenting the femininity that he found so alluring

in contrast to my cruel and commanding nature. More men were lurking around by now, some of them casually walking into the room to look, then walking back out. They'd give a look to Gregory and disregard him at once, then look at me, some of them holding onto their hard dick, waiting for their number to be called so leisurely it was as if they were waiting in line at the bank.

"You like this, don't you?" I said breathlessly to Gregory as Phil picked up speed. His dick felt huge inside me; it was difficult to keep a cool composure, but I managed a smile, despite being ridden close to orgasm. It took self control but I held off so I could order Phil to pull out so I could turn over, lift my legs over his shoulders and let him finish off fucking me in my favorite position, spread open wide to take his pounding.



This made Gregory whimper so pathetically, because it had been so long since he'd ever been that close to me. Sure, his tongue had worshipped my pussy and ass for hours; but his cock had not been in my pussy for months. He probably forgot what it felt like.

When I came, it was loud. I made plenty of noise so it elicited a few chuckles and a soft round of applause from the next room, where the men were now playing cards and getting to know one another, it seemed. Gregory was breathing hard, his body straining in the chair. I had no intentions of letting him loose with a full night ahead of us.

"I'm done with you," I told Phil, pulling up my panties and adjusting my loose bra straps as I got up. "But if you would be up for round two, stick around a few hours."

"Cool," Phil said, running a hand through his hair and giving his body a stretch. His half-erect cock was dripping a bit, and I couldn't help but look over at my slave, watching us both from his helpless corner in the room. It occurred to me that he should be the one cleaning Phil's cock, or at least, cleaning out my pussy. But the night was still quite young. I didn't bother getting up. "You can clean me out," I told Gregory, "Once there are several more loads inside." I chose to be direct, blunt and crass about it, because those were the kinds of words he needed to hear.

And I wanted him to know this wasn't going to be just a taste, so to speak. I was ready to test the full limits of his desperate chastity – and after all, he'd promised me the night before just how many loads he'd eat for me.

And I had made him write it down. Surely he remembered.

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# Deconstructing Stephen: Merciless in Manitoba

X



## Illustration by Sardax

Perhaps Stephen was surprised that it started with him face down. Unable to move. Restrained at every limb. A hood over his head. And a room that was very, very cold. I guess I don't know if anything ever really surprised Stephen though; he was fairly calculated and thoughtful, sometimes difficult to read. I told him, though, that it was only a matter of time before I made my way to Manitoba to unravel him. Of course he believed me on some level. But face down?

After all, I couldn't really see him that way. And it was such an unconventional way to start a relationship. Face down, on a medical table, in a warehouse somewhere, with dripping water in the background and a cold chill in the room. He was still half drunk maybe, a little delirious, definitely cold, and still had not said a word to me. Typical.

Not that it really mattered. I could sit there all day and just watch him, face down on the table, waiting for him to start to come to grips with his reality, waiting for him to be the first to blink, so to speak. He had a hood over his head anyway, and couldn't see that I was pleasuring myself, just kind of watching him, sometimes taking a break, sometimes stopping to read a book.

Stephen took his sweet time (again, very typical) before lifting his head up that first time, turning it toward my direction (how he knew, I am not sure, he must have been listening after all), and saying my name. Just one time. Not a question, not a call for help, not a whimper. Just saying my name, matter-of-fact, as if to say "Of course you did this. I am not surprised. Bring it on." I couldn't help it really. I was excited. I'll admit. But he couldn't see me anyway, couldn't see me kind of blushing, skin flushed with a combination of arousal and glee. I walked over and leaned down low, putting my lips close to the side of his head, whispering so he could hear through the fabric of the hood. "Giddy up," I said.

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Seven days I had set aside to deconstruct Stephen.

Day one he remained face down on the table, and once I was aware that he was awake, I played a little cat and mouse game where I whispered things to insist that he beg, plead, whimper his way into getting me to take off the hood so he could see.

He would have nothing of that. His only response was to say my name again. Again, not a call for help, not a whimper, not a plea. Just a statement of fact. And, he made sure I could hear him breathing, of course, so deliberate, so subtle, but very calculated.

He was naked, so I took the time to walk around his frame a few times, trying to get various reactions from him. Sliding my fingers up the soles of his vulnerable feet (I think there was a giggle; I bet he was biting his lip to stifle it), moving my palm over his ass cheeks, stopping briefly to pinch. I slid the riding cop up his ass crack to make him tighten, and even that he seemed to go about in a very deliberate manner. It was only day one, so I wasn't too worried. I took off the hood before he had to beg for it. I wanted to see my prize anyway. See if his cheeks were flushed or his eyes were red, see how messed up his hair was. See if he'd keep his head down to the side or lift it up, strain to see me, or rest his chin on the table. Face down had to be getting tiresome for him.

Stephen blinked, yawned, and looked at me sideways, and said, simply, "Hello, I'm Stephen." He didn't stare too much at my outfit, sadly. I was in a tight latex catsuit-type outfit, thigh high leather boots with extremely long laces, elbow length gloves that were more medically suited than anything. I had a tray for medical instruments next to me, and on top of it was a sealed plastic bag. "So then, let's get started," I smiled. I was admiring his eyelashes and his lips for a moment, but soon longed for the first desperation in his eyes, or crack in his deliberate breathing, or whimper from deep within him.

I opened the plastic bag, which was sealed tight, and Stephen watched me carefully. Inside was a mix of colors and fabrics all together, and soon enough, he could see that they were pairs of panties. "Seven of them," I said. "Seven, I came in all of them. I came masturbating in each one of them, thinking of a different thing I would do to you."

He didn't say anything, but I knew what he wanted to say. Probably something like, "Fascinating." But Stephen just watched. I was quite content, happy, buzzing.

"I'm going to tell you what I was thinking about when I came in each of these panties, Stephen. Let's start with this pair." I held up a darling little pink French cut panty. "When I was touching myself in this pair, I was thinking about what it's going to be like when I have my name tattooed on your ass." I paused, thought for a moment, then added, "Akasha's BITCH." I played with the fabric in my fingertips a little, then smiled approvingly, and finally leaned over with it.

Stephen knew, and he didn't really resist, but he didn't necessarily cooperate either. I pushed the panties into his mouth – hard – much more cruel than my tone would have suggested, and then went back into the plastic bag.

I removed a black lace thong. "Oh, this was special. I thought about how long you'd last when I put a plastic bag over your head, showing you just how serious I am about this breath control thing. Actually, I came twice here." I reminisced a little, sighed, and then leaned again to Stephen's mouth. "Open up." This time, he did give me a disapproving grunt, but he took it anyway. Hearing him breathe through his nose made me wet. I thought about adding an 8th panty to the mix when the list was finished; surely, by then, they'd be soaked right through.

Next was a cute, polka dot cotton pair of panties that wasn't much in the sexy department, but wet was an understatement. "Oh boy. I remember these. This time, I was thinking about sticking seventeen needles in your ball sac."

That got a bit of a grunt from him. Arousal or fear, I am not sure. "Don't ask me where I came up with Seventeen. Oh, I guess you can't ask me anything. Open up, slaveboy." I turned this pair inside out and pushed them into his crowded mouth deliberately. It was clearly getting uncomfortable for him, but it was just the start for me. "Five more to go," I announced. "Moving right along."

I heard some movement around the table. Finally, Stephen was testing his bonds. Good for him, I thought. He'd find that the straps around his ankles were even tighter than those around his wrists. He'd soon find out that there were straps pulling down over his thighs and his lower back. He'd find that a collar was tight around his neck. Soon, he'd find out he was in a spiked cock ring, and his balls were trussed up in unforgiving leather straps.

"This pair," I continued, retrieving a white satin thong, "I used my vibrator with these, and I came in them thinking about what you were going to do when the needle plunged through your tongue," I paused, brought them to my lips, kissed them delicately. "I'll admit, I fantasized about some tears here." The white satin thong was difficult to shove into his mouth. He choked a little, and his brow was furrowed, and it was the first time he looked to be something close to angry. But he was hard, I knew it, and he was loving it – on some dark, twisted level.

When I went back into the back, I saw his fingers digging into the sides of the medical table. That thrilled me. I was getting to him. He was uncomfortable, breathing harder now, but watching, listening. The bag must have seemed stuffed so full to him. He had to imagine how on earth would I get all those panties into his mouth? Surely he would choke.

Next I pulled out the lavender boyshorts. "These took a long time. Well, the panties didn't take a long time, I just took a long time cumming in them," I announced. His eyes were staring right into me. He was finally starting to try to screw with me, I thought. I reached over and covered his eyes with my hand as I continued to talk.

"These panties took awhile for me, because I was having way too much fun. These are still soaking wet. I remember the orgasm very well. I was loud that time. I think the neighbors heard me. I was imagining how you'd handle the day I plan to turn you into a fucking whore; dressing you up, stripping away all that tough boy exterior, forcing you into acts that are illegal in some states. The details – there are many. That's why it took a long time," I sighed. I looked at Stephen, thinking for a moment. "This may be tough. Work with me. Open up." I reached over and removed my other hand from his eyes. Stephen just gave me a disapproving grunt, but somehow, I managed, after a lot of shoving, stuffing, prodding, to get them into this mouth. When he appeared to be attempting to spit them all back out, I reached over from behind and grabbed him squarely by the balls. That was all the threat he needed. The next pair of panties were red lace, part of a cute lingerie set that I considered including in the bag, but knew the entire mass of fabric would never fit into his mouth. "It's a shame such a pretty mouth is going to be so stretched, so violated. You'd think I would want to spend our first day together enjoying your mouth, admiring your soft lips. Maybe even kissing you," I thought out loud. "That's ok. I'd rather see you suffer." Stephen was listening, but clearly uncomfortable, perhaps a tad upset. But sometimes I saw in his eyes that he was just dealing with it, and was determined to remain unflappable.

"In this pair of panties, I was thinking about fucking you in the ass. Hard. For hours. With a strap on cock that's going to be too large, even for a whore like you."

To be honest, those barely fit. But I found a way.

The last pair of panties were beaded in some areas, probably going to be very uncomfortable for him. I sighed, remembering my recent encounter with them. "I came in these on the airplane, on the flight over here. In the lavatory. But I was enjoying myself under the blanket during the whole flight." I knew, as I was trying to find a way to get those into his full mouth, what he was thinking. Despite the discomfort and awkwardness of the situation, he wanted to know what I had been thinking about. "I'll tell you only after you get it into your mouth. MAKE it fit, Stephen." He shut his eyes tight. He concentrated. But I knew he wasn't doing it for me, he was doing it for himself. He gagged a few times. He nearly choked. He kept repositioning himself as I held them in place, applying pressure, trying to find a home among the rainbow of colors in his stuffed mouth. Finally, I was satisfied. I picked up the duct tape and pulled a strip off the roll loudly. I applied the strip firmly over his lips (well, over the massive wad of panties that were protruding). Then, I took the roll and started pulling off larger strips to wrap around his head tightly, ensuring it would remain tightly in place. He choked as I did this.

"Those panties," I said softly. "On the plane."

There was a silence. Just his labored breathing, a subtle half gag, muffled, on cloth. "I was thinking of your tongue in my pussy."

I'll be honest, I expected a whimper. But he held himself together. I guess that made me angry. Seven pairs of panties and he still wasn't even slightly cracked. He was clearly holding it together. But it was only the first day, I reminded myself. What fun would it be if he fell apart in the first hour?

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The next days are a blur, really, and it would take novels to explain them all. And yes, I did all seven things to Stephen – sort of - in my own special order, in my own way, as a deliberate means to

deconstruct him. I wanted to strip away every inch of protection he had, internally and externally, and then sink my nails into his most tender, vulnerable soul, before putting him back together in just the manner I found to be useful to me.

I denied him food and water, sometimes denied him air. I had assistants in and out – both licensed and unlicensed – to apply the tattoo, to complete the piercing of his tongue (he did not cry), to be on medical standby when my breath control games did lead to a bit of unconsciousness. I couldn't figure out if he was scared. I didn't really care, to be honest, I just wanted an excuse to use that oxygen mask and sweetly brush the hair on his forehead back and tell him he was going to be ok. All while clenching my fist around his balls to wake him up so I could continue. When his half gasps turned to little shrieks, I knew I got through to him.

The needles seemed to make him angry and hot at first, then deliriously serene and almost post-orgasmic. I had to check his cock to see if he came. I remember holding him tightly by the chin and growling, as my girlfriend drove another needle into his flesh, hissing at him, "You aren't supposed to ENJOY this." He appeared drunk, kind of half laughing and half wincing, and the only other notable reaction was that the way he writhed in his restraints, now on his back, was nearly poetic. I'd never tell him that though, it would go straight to his head.

The sixth day was when he started to crack, barely, and he looked so sweet with a little facial stubble and his hair dirty, his body straining. He never resisted during the various repositioning moments, not that he could (I had help. Big, strong help), but on the sixth day he asked to be unrestrained, "just for a few minutes."

"Why?" I asked him. Of course, I wanted him to say the correct answer, "So I can hold you." Instead, he was Stephen. "So I can stretch."



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On the seventh day, I knew our time was coming to an end, and he wasn't nearly as deconstructed as I had wanted. His hair was dyed black. His ass cheeks were tattooed- and a fine job, I might add – with the words, "Akasha's Bitch." His tongue was still sore from the piercing, but he seemed to actually enjoy it. The various violations he'd taken in stride, sometimes getting to the point that his breathing turned to a whimper, but never outright begging me, or groveling in any fashion. It was difficult to imagine what a groveling Stephen would look and taste like.

I was fairly exhausted, also. I wondered if I had not planned intensely enough. Maybe day eight was what was needed, a day when IVs would be brought in, and a heart monitor beeping in the background, and Stephen would be injected with drugs that were usually reserved for war criminals or victims in sci fi movies. Maybe water boarding was the answer.

"Are you afraid of me?" I asked him on the morning of day seven. "Yes," he responded. This was nothing out of the ordinary, he'd never deny that he was afraid, he was just able to do it in a manner that appeared very brave. This fascinated me so much that I asked him probably four times a day, and he'd always answer the same. But he'd never elaborate. I couldn't figure out why if he was afraid and I knew he was afraid, why I wasn't satisfied yet. I surely had many orgasms – both in the panties before seeing him, and over the course of the six days prior. I'd cum while watching him, cum while hearing him scream in pain, cum while seeing him take the needle or the cock.

This time, he was in a rubber straitjacket. I saved that for the last day, and made sure it was painfully tight. I added chains around his body just for good measure, padlocking it. He looked like an escape artist. I liked that. "If you don't behave yourself," I warned him, "I'll

throw you into Lake Winnipeg. See how long it takes you to get free.”

Stephen just smirked at me. He liked the straitjacket, I could tell. And he liked the plug that was way too large for his ass, and the way his ankles were tightly shackled together, and his cock was surrounded by spikes, forcing him to remain focused.

My luggage was packed and sitting there near the exit. I showed him my plane ticket so he could see that I was, indeed, leaving that night. That his freedom was coming soon. He looked at me, puzzled, as I straightened my business skirt, checked myself in the mirror. After all, I was going straight to New York for a business trip, and would be going into a meeting after the red eye. I was no longer the latex clad diva, I was a stunning executive in an expensive suit with insanely sexy black pumps.

Stephen didn't like being ignored. And he was so used to me telling him everything, every single little detail about what I would do to him and what I was feeling, that the sudden silence from me must have been deafening. I got on my cell phone and called one of my business contacts to discuss my meeting. I paced. Stephen listened, and watched. I could hear the rattling of the chains as he changed positions. He was on the floor of the warehouse, his new black hair a furry mop, but at least he'd stop talking with a stumble from the tongue piercing.

Clearly, his thoughts were on the panties, and day seven.

Day seven was the day, I told him, that he'd have his tongue in my pussy. At times, I think that thought got him through the tortures. At times, I think he kept that in his mind's eye as the reason for all of this; after all, we had not cuddled, had not kissed even one time. There was no real intimacy, unless you consider me ramming 9 inches of strap on dick into his ass. No, it was all about power. Not intimacy. At least, not that kind of intimacy.

I shut my cell phone and the snap echoed in the warehouse. My high heels made the same distinct sound as I walked to him. He looked up at me. New Stephen. New in appearance, but not in attitude. He looked quite lively, actually. A bit sleepy, but doing just fine.

"Are you forgetting something?" he asked me. Flirtatious. Clearly flirtatious.

I crouched down and placed my lips close to his. He breathed, but did not make a move. Even though I was in control and had tortured him for six days, he was readily willing to play the tease. We remained there for some time. I could see he was looking at my lips.

"Go ahead," he said.

"You first," I challenged.

There was a moment that seemed like a long time. And it probably makes sense to no one, just how significant it was. But I was not going to move to kiss him, because I knew he'd turn away. Just to fuck with me. And he was not going to move to kiss me, because he knew I'd turn away. Just to fuck with him. I debated the responsible, dominant, appropriate action at that time: Grab him by the hair and not kiss him, but essentially rape his mouth with my tongue. In a very sensual, deliberate, erotic, suggestive way, until he whimpered into my mouth, shook in the straitjacket.

But I couldn't do it. Because that would mean he won. And he was stubborn, even after six days of torture. So we remained that way for what seemed like several seconds.

I wished I had a gag handy. I didn't. So I reached under my skirt and started to slide my panties down. Pair number eight.

Stephen swallowed but kept his eyes on my lips and didn't move. And he didn't resist when I pushed the clearly-most-wet panties into

his mouth. "You surely didn't forget what happens on day seven," I said to him. I used my fingers, under my skirt, to tease my pussy for a moment, to massage my clit. When I brought my fingers to his lips, he surely knew how wet I was. I coated his lips with it, then leaned over and gently licked just a small portion of it off of his perfect upper lip. I could feel his breath, from his nose, on my face. I knew the makeshift gag was probably painful as hell on his fresh piercing. With careful studying, it appeared that his eyes were tearing up, but I knew it wasn't from desperation, it was a mere reaction to the sharp stinging in his mouth. "I'm not going to do number seven," I told him. "There will be no tongue in my pussy today." He looked at me, confused. It must have been confusing, because he knew how wet I was, and for days I had talked about how much I was looking forward to the grand finale. And I knew, for him, this final act of intimacy would be a stamp of – well, purpose – behind the torture he'd endured. I ran my finger over his top lip. "Nope." I said, sighing. "Not that I don't want to, Stephen. God, want to. I imagined how I'd pull up my skirt, push you over and sit on your face, ride you, looking down at that tight gorgeous straitjacket and taking in your helplessness as you licked...and your tongue...I'm sure...you have a fantastic tongue."

Dismay is the only word I could use to describe the look on his face. But it was brief, and he corrected himself, put himself right back into the game, not willing to be manipulated. But I had seen a glimpse of it, and I knew it was there.

I remained leaning down close to him, my lips close to his mouth, my hand under my skirt, masturbating as I whispered what I knew his tongue felt like. It was clearly a bit awkward to stand in such a position and bring myself close to orgasm, but I was turned on enough, I could do it. He remained painfully still, almost unbreathing, unemotional, as if he knew that any reaction on his part, any discomfort, would just bring me to orgasm and end the game. At least, that's what I read into it. Maybe he was just bored. With Stephen, I never knew.

"Maybe I need to come back, for eight days next time," I breathed into his ear, leaning closer. "Maybe I didn't torture you hard enough. I needed to see you broken and begging. And it's still just out of reach. If I can't have my ultimate pleasure, than neither can you."

Finally he let out his breath, but tried not to pant through his nose, instead just calmed it and quieted it, swallowing hard. His eyes were down. I was looking at his beautiful eyelashes. "I'm going to miss you," I said.

I saw a little bit of struggling in the straitjacket, and a tension in his jaw. A cab pulled up out front, I could hear the engine idling.

"Someone will be by in one hour to free you," I said to him, kissing him on the forehead. I turned and walked away, collecting my luggage on the way out.

"You can keep the panties," I said after him, with a wave, and then exited the warehouse doors, letting them close loudly behind me.

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In the back of the taxi, I imagined Stephen still there, on the ground, looking out after the door, perplexed. I wonder if he spit the panties out, or kept them in his mouth as he waited. "Where to, Miss?" The cab driver asked me.

I put on my sunglasses. "Just drive me around for a half hour. Then right back to this location." I removed my cell phone from my purse and called the airlines to change my flight. One more day would do Stephen some good.

And 45 minutes of waiting, thinking he was truly abandoned, might be what it took to strip that last piece of armor away.

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# Foot Fetish Frankie

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Foot-fetish-Frankie came to me and my girlfriends one night in a club and we immediately sized him up as cute and quite trainable. He was in his 30s and charming, mature and sophisticated, and seemed to say all the right things. My femdom juices were already flowing after a heavy night of play and seduction, and Frankie had great eyes and a nice ass.

It was one of those “sure – why the hell not?” moments for me and a few friends – usually, men who approached me randomly with big offers to serve and pamper were taken with a huge grain of salt. In no time, though, Frankie was kneeling right there in the crowded club, massaging my sore toes. My feet had to have been a sweaty mess at that point after dancing most of the night. He’d unzipped my boots, after asking for permission, and very delicately removed them and placed them next to my chair. I was chattering with my girlfriends, mostly ignoring Frankie, as he rubbed and massaged the soles of my sweaty feet and each of my toes. At least he did not start licking, slobbering or pressing my feet into his crotch – inappropriate behavior I’d experienced before from overzealous foot boys.

No, Frankie was different, and had a nice touch. I liked his hair, too, and back then, that was just about all a man needed to end up on the other end of my strap on cock. “I’m taking you home,” I told Frankie. My girlfriends laughed, thinking it was a matter of speech. But I wasn’t really kidding.

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No matter how submissive a man is, he can always use more training. I learned this rule the hard way, after being disappointed so many times by ‘agendaless’ subs who professed to me that they really wanted nothing but to serve me – at any cost, and without any needs of their own. Frankie was no different. While he admitted he was ultimately in love with my feet, he insisted that more important was my pleasure – regardless. I asked him over breakfast

a hypothetical question. "If serving me forever meant never touching my feet again, or even seeing them, would you still be my slave?"

This caused him some great turmoil. He had this adorable look on his face – confused, bewildered. What kind of a question was that? I knew it made him think, and realized his submission did have some limitations.

As a cruel and sadistic lady, admittedly, I enjoyed finding out each and every one of those limitations. Simply so I could push a man every so uncomfortably past them. Just a bit. Just enough to get me hot, so to speak.

In a few days, I knew all of Frankie's hesitations and limitations, and I knew also that I could get him to do just about anything if I teased and taunted him with the promises of adoring my lovely pedicured feet. Frankie would do anything to kiss and suck my toes, he would do anything to have my feet on his face. I would simply deny him the pleasure of my sweet footsies for a short while, all along teasing him about it, and then he'd start begging and pleading.

That's when the fun started.

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Frankie didn't like to suck cock.

This amused me a great deal. I had no intentions of ever making straight-Frankie suck a real dick, but I sure loved to watch him grimace and choke as he struggled to take all eight inches of my latex strap on dildo. He'd refuse at first, but with the promise of getting fifteen minutes with my feet after they'd been stuffed in running shoes for an hour, he'd be on his knees begging for a chance to suck and clean them. I told him quite clearly that he'd first have to worship and suck this (pointing to my thick black shaft), and then we'd see about those toes.



Poor Frankie; I can still see the look of conflict on his face, the obvious bulge in his jeans. He wanted so bad to see, touch and taste my feet again. I taunted him that so many men would DIE to suck my strap on dick, yet he was kneeling there with his nose in the air, being such a pill about it. I slapped his face a couple of times with my latex cock, purred at him, told him how wet I was. And indeed, I was wet. I was wet, undeniably, because Frankie was in that moment. The moment that I adored. The moment that is really golden, I think, for any femdom. Because Frankie wanted what he wanted so bad, that he was trying to talk himself into sucking my strap on cock, something he wanted NOTHING to do with. There's a moment for every submissive man when his fear and dread about an act becomes small enough, because he wants what he needs so bad. He was willing, at that moment, to ignore his male ego, to ignore his fears and self dread, and go ahead and not only suck my strap on cock, but worship it like nothing else mattered.

Oh, just a little teasing and promising about my cute toes and tired soles and he was slurping and gurgling and even begging for more. Once I got him going, there was no stopping Frankie. I just slipped off my shoes and started pressing my toes into the bulge in his jeans, pointing out to him that he was hard as a rock as he sucked my dick. I made him unbutton his jeans so I could tease and press my toes into his bulge. Eventually I had his cock out of his pants completely and was foot-fucking him as he sucked my cock. Little did he know that this was the beginning of the end. By foot-fucking him while he sucked my dick, I seared into his brain the inevitable reality. He'd be a cocksucker forever, it was just a short matter of time.

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I was getting a little frustrated with Frankie's single-mindedness as a submissive foot fetishist. We'd been seeing each other for a couple of months, and as he got more comfortable, it started to become more about my feet than the rest of me, and this was clear.

Sure, it was nice having him constantly wanting to go shoe shopping and giving me endless foot massages. But if I denied him access to my feet for more than a day he'd become pouty and depressed, passive aggressive and whiny, and it took a firm spanking or caning and a lecture to straighten him out. Frankie insisted that this was all because of his deep devotion to me and my feet. My feet were unlike any other, he told me. I knew this was not true. The simple fact of the matter was that I was the first woman to cruelly control him with my feet, by making him want them so bad, then giving him a little at a time. Or, by pushing his fetish to the extremes – shoving both of my feet into his mouth (this took quite some time to maneuver), making him cum between my soles, making him lick and clean my wet feet after every bath and shower, making him worship my feet and ankles after every workout. I'd make him suck and lick them while they were in stockings, making sure they were spit-clean through the actual fabric of the stockings before he was through.

After dinner, he'd have to lay on the floor while I used his face as a footrest, shutting up his chatter by shoving my toes into his mouth or telling him to keep licking.

Frankie was in foot-heaven, really, when he was behaving. But when it started to become more about my feet than me, he was in serious trouble. He groaned when I wanted to fuck his ass with my cock, he grumbled when I wanted to sit on his face and make him eat my pussy (can you believe it, a man who loved feet more than pussy? It's true). He was simply intolerable when I wanted to put him in tight bondage and pleasure myself while he struggled to get free.

That's when I knew Frankie needed a serious reality check, a serious attitude adjustment. And the outcome would determine if it was time to have Frankie move on.

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For the entire length of our relationship, one thing Frankie would not do is eat his own cum. It was amusing to me, because most men were like this at the start of our relationships, but ultimately, they all ended up being rabid cum drinkers. It was just a matter of proper training.

Frankie, though, would turn his nose up at the idea and no matter what, after he shot his load, he'd make up excuses and change the subject and then tell me it was a "hard limit." I tried saving up his cum without him knowing it and then making him beg to eat it in order to cum, but he never would. Even taking precum and trying to make him kiss it off my fingers wasn't working. I knew that using my feet would be his downfall, but I was pretty determined to get him to eat it without resorting to that. Finally, I needed it. I was tired of his needs and whining and wanted to see a hot, nasty level of submission from him. "I'll never eat cum," he had said so many times.

"You'll be begging for it!" I laughed. "What if I told you that you could never touch my feet again until you ate your entire load?"

This mortified him and he shut down for a moment, then finally confessed that he would be heart broken. He gave me the best puppy dog eyes and I saw his hands instinctively reach for my feet, which were in pretty summer sandals.

"One day," I warned him, "You'll be guzzling cum like a hungry little whore."

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That one day, ironically, was the four month anniversary of our first date in the club. Frankie looked so handsome – he had a great body and fantastic smile, he always had the scent of fine cologne. My girlfriends all adored him, and most could not believe that he was really more a slave to my feet than anything else. "I'll prove it!" I

told Jackie and Shelia, who mocked me when we were shopping and told me I was exaggerating.

“Richard likes to give me foot massages, too,” Jackie confessed as she browsed through a rack of g-string panties.

“This is nothing like that,” I assured her. “Frankie would do ANYTHING to massage my feet, anything to suck my toes – even things that are disgusting.”

“I can think of some disgusting things,” Shelia laughed. My girlfriends giggled – they always liked to come up with the ideas, but were too timid to act on them. As a result, they lived vicariously through me, always eager for the chance to watch or observe but never being responsible for the actual dominance. It made it easy and carefree for them.

My wheels had already been turning, anyway. Frankie had been denied any access to my feet for three days. It was killing him. He always was not allowed to cum. As a result, he was depressed and cranky, horny as hell, and starting to waffle on many of his ‘hard limits’ in our discussions. But he was not quite there yet. I wanted him totally broken, and so horny that he’d accept crazy offers for a chance to sniff or kiss my feet – and I was going to put him to the test.

“Keep Saturday night open,” I told my girlfriends. “I think I’ll have a little party and you can see just what I’m talking about.”

This got both of them excited. They loved to get in on the action. In fact, our shopping trip immediately turned into a trip to find the perfect outfits – to torture Frankie. I told my girlfriends the outfits didn’t matter. It would be all about the shoes!

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On Friday, before my party, I got Frankie to go into a public bathroom and shove a butt plug up his ass just for a chance to sniff my feet, still in socks, outside in the food court at the mall. This was double humiliation for him, because he had to wear the plug in his ass, then he had to be publically embarrassed as college girls and soccer moms watched him take off my tennis shoes and sniff my feet in open public. Just sniff!

He looked pathetic there, kneeling uncomfortably. I'm sure the plug felt tight and frightening in his ass and he was worried it would pop right out as he tried to get into the best position to inhale the scent of my stinky feet right through my dirty socks. I made him shut his eyes then I took off one of my socks and rolled it up, stuffing it into his mouth. "Let that taste keep you busy for awhile" I said, and then I changed into new sandals from my mall bag and made him carry my tennis shoes and other sock. The bulge in his shorts was so big he looked like a walking tent.

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Saturday night was my big party. I let Frankie dress up and think the party was just a few couples coming over to enjoy a bottle of wine. I made it a point to dress up specifically to torture him – I was wearing a tight dress, no stockings and super sexy sandals that expose my freshly pedicured feet. I had spent an hour at the salon that day and told him all about how the sweet male therapist had massaged and pampered my toes. It was all simply to get Frankie so worked up that he'd do anything later – and it was working. Frankie was so horny that I caught him looking at all the ladies' feet. He didn't even ask why it was an all-girl party after all, he was too caught up gazing at the lovely toenails and pretty feet present. My girlfriends got into it in a huge way. I'd planned a contest that we all knew about but Frankie did not, and that was who could have the cutest feet, toenails and toes. So as a result, all the girls clearly got pedicures, and they were all wearing dead-sexy sandals and high heels that accented their arches, their ankles and their beautiful

toes. Some sparkled, others were done traditionally – but they were all gorgeous, and poor Frankie had no idea this was planned to contribute to his downfall.

The night before, I had reminded Frankie of his 'hard limit' with regards to eating cum. Under no circumstances, he told me, would he ever eat his own cum. I just smiled and listened to him as he presented his platform, establishing clearly that he was simply not like other submissive men. He also claimed the act was "gay." I asked him if sucking my big strap on dick was gay, and he said no, of course, as he was choking on my cock. I pumped it in and out of his mouth threatening him – telling him that perhaps I was wearing my ejaculating dick and the load would soon be oozing down his throat before he could deny it, and if he were tied down, he would have no choice.

This scared him. But it wasn't enough for me.

I didn't want to trick him into eating his own cum. I wanted to make him BEG to eat his own cum. That's a big difference.

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The Saturday night party was in full swing. We had music and some girl-girl dancing, the wine was flowing, and Frankie tried to remain invisible as he served drinks and attended to our needs, but was always looking at the feet of the ladies present. It was so obvious that even my girlfriends started to comment on it, and a few of them began to believe me and realized that I had not been exaggerating when I told them he liked feet more than pussy.

The room was buzzing though in anticipation of the main event. My girlfriends knew what I had in store for foot-fetish-Frankie, and it was going to be the ultimate in humiliation and mindfuck. Thawing in my kitchen, hidden from Frankie, was a bowl of cum so large that he'd be mortified. I'd been saving the loads for quite some time, and he'd know immediately when he saw it, for sure. And he'd be

begging for it, begging to slurp it up, to guzzle it, anything. This I knew for sure. At 11pm, the ladies knew we were going to start teasing him. I had my girlfriends one at a time suggest that they needed a foot massage and had heard that he was the best at giving them. He'd look at me hopefully but I would deny him.

"Frankie isn't doing feet tonight ladies," I told them. "He's on foot restriction." There was a groan from the ladies – a group groan. One at a time, they complained about their tired feet, took off their shoes slowly, massaged their toes in clear view, stretching their fine legs, moaning somewhat suggestively. "I would LOVE to have him suck on MY toes," Victoria said, teasing him mercilessly. The bulge in his pants grew visibly.

"I just got my toes painted today," Caroline announced, "And I was looking forward all day to having my ankles massaged and my toes rubbed!"

"My feet STINK!" Leslie laughed. "And I just wanted a tongue bath!"

All the girls laughed and Frankie just stood there, shellshocked. I made him sit on the couch and then I made an offer to the ladies.

"Come line up," I said. "You can all put your feet on his crotch and on his chest and he can look but cannot touch. This is his punishment!"

Frankie protested. "For what? I've been good – haven't I?"

I laughed. He knew what I was talking about. And he knew that I just wanted to see him teased and tortured. One at a time my pretty girlfriends lined up and came over to him as he sat on the couch. It was our version of a strip club, with lapdances, where the patron had to sit there and not touch. Except instead of rubbing tits in his face, we were teasing him with our feet, rubbing them over him but not letting him touch or lick. He was going insane!

I had no idea what an effect this would have on him. Or on my girlfriends. My friends were loving it, because his reactions were hysterical. He was visibly shaking, looking almost delirious, like a druggie who needed a fix. Feet in his face, under his chin, all over his body, and every time he would go to touch, I would reach over and grab him by the wrist and tell him no.

"I bet those feet smell and taste so good!" I hissed into his ear. He had Leslie's perfect pink toenails right under his nose and he was shaking. He wanted to lick so bad, I could tell. "Please," he finally broke down. He looked at me with begging eyes. I could see he was sincere. There was a big wet spot in his pants – the precum had oozed right through his briefs and his pants and the spot was growing! It looked like he pissed himself.

"Please," he said again.

I was waiting for those words I loved to hear so much. So I kept on letting him beg, and kept encouraging my girlfriends to tease him. Mandy was dunking her toes in a champagne glass and asking him if he wanted a drink! Soon, all the girls were putting their toes in the glasses and getting the champagne soaked into their skin, then making him drink the rest. He was getting a fine mix of champagne and feminine foot stink, and it pushed him over the edge.

Finally, the words.

"I'll do anything!"

A hush fell over the room and then there were a few giggles. My girlfriends knew what this meant. It was as if the entire party switched into high gear at the moment he said the line. He knew, too, that he was done for. He was sweating, and squirming, and half laying there looking desperate. The ladies around him had been too much – the teasing, the feet. The taste of the champagne. He needed to worship them all, he needed a night with all those gorgeous feet – and he would do anything to get it!



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My girlfriends were playfully holding him down when I emerged from the kitchen with the bowl. He looked at it with dread and fear. He was visibly sweating. "What is that?" he asked. One of my girlfriends gasped, "Ooh. GROSS! Is that CUM?!"

That seemed to clarify it for him. He shut his eyes tight and started to shake all over even more. I could tell he was trying to process it all in his head – the humiliation, the shame, the dread, the fear – and the need. The desire, the lust. He was surrounded by more gorgeous feet than ever and had been denied for days! He needed to worship these pretty feet more than anything – even if it meant eating a bowl of cum right there in front of everyone.

Ironically, given the choice, he would surely kiss and worship every foot there – instead of pussy. That's how bad he needed it and how teased and horny he was.

He had his eyes shut tight. I loved seeing him that way – so conflicted, so horny. I could see the bulge in his pants shifting. He was desperate. I bet a long session of foot worship would actually make him cum right in his underwear! I imagined the kind of humiliation that could turn into!

I crouched down with the bowl of cum and told my assembled girlfriends to line up their pretty feet for a little fun. Giggling filled the room as the ladies complied, and poor Frankie just squirmed there, helpless, horny. "You want to worship our gorgeous feet, Frankie?" I said to him. "Then you have to give me a little of what I want, too. And right now, it's to see you turn into a total cum drinker. A cum worshipper! You want it? Beg for it." I taunted him by showing him the bowl of cum – creamy, white, disgusting. He grimaced and looked like he might be sick, but at the same time, he was rock hard. One of my girlfriends, Julie, teased him by waving a foot in his face – she had the best feet of the bunch, so cute and

dainty, freshly manicured and gorgeous. He tried to look away but could not – he wanted to kiss her toes desperately.

“So what’s it going to be?” I asked him. “Are you a cum drinker tonight, Frankie? Or are you ready to be sent to your room for the evening while we ladies give each other pedicures and talk about what a pussy you are!”

My girlfriends giggled a bit and started to complain to each other about how they needed a foot massage and had had head so much about his skills. Frankie was just looking at the bowl of cum. I decided to take action. Veronica was already sitting across from him, taunting him now and then with her foot, so I coated it with cum and she squealed with laughter and disgust. Without hesitation, she shoved it into his face, ordering him, “Lick that off! LICK IT OFF!” – because, clearly, she was disgusted by it. Frankie could not do anything but lick. Her foot was planted in his face and the cum was smearing all over his cheeks. He struggled but my girlfriends held him still. I have to admit, I was incredibly turned on as I watched him – it was clear that he was overcome with lust as soon as his tongue touched her precious feet. In no time, he forgot about the taste and texture of the cum, and instead was lapping hungrily and eagerly at her flesh. Her foot was clean in just moments, and then he needed more – and was more than willing to beg.

I wanted those moments to last forever. Seeing and hearing Frankie beg for more and more cum was exhilarating. He was lapping at the cum eagerly – from the feet of my girlfriends, from the bottom of the bowl. We were all getting into it, scooping the cum onto our fingertips and shoving them into his mouth, creaming it between our toes and seeing how strong his tongue was.

Really, though, Frankie just wanted to be buried in our feet, cum or no cum. He got what he needed so desperately, at one point having six or seven feet at once smothering him, crushing him, smashing his face. He moaned and squirmed under the weight of our delicate

feet and little toes, and all I needed to do is press the arch of my foot into his crotch and massage gently before he exploded right into his briefs. He twitched and groaned and shook with a little bit of embarrassment, curling into a ball for a second, only to look up and see us all laughing at him.

"You were right!" Veronica said. "He likes feet more than pussy. Unbelievable! Did you just CUM?" He did. And I knew what this meant. My girlfriends, though, surely would not understand. He turned red and pushed his wet hair from his face, grimaced at the bowl next to him, made a sour face as if he's just eaten something foul. He was coming back to his senses, essentially. He was not going to be eating any more cum, that was certain. And, sadly, even the allure of the pretty feet was going to be taken down a notch. I cursed myself for making him cum!

"Frankie," I ordered. "You have more feet to clean."

"Yes, Mistress," he said softly, eyes down, holding the delicate feet of Julia in his hands, resting in his lap. He shifted uncomfortably. I considered for a moment making him take off his pants and creamed briefs and licking them clean for all to see – but knew there would be quite a battle to get him there. Instead, I let him massage each of my girlfriend's feet, taking a half hour or more on each set, on his knees, quietly, knowing that in his head he was reflecting on the unthinkable degradation he'd suffered so willingly and eagerly just moments before.

My lady friends were pleasantly oblivious, chatting and enjoying the attention, occasionally reminding him of the cum drinking show he'd given. He just shrugged and would not acknowledge it, really. I knew, though, that in a matter of a day or two, he'd be horny again, horny and desperate. And next time, I'd make him eat the cum slowly, and never give him release, until he had consumed so much while worshipping my feet that he was well on his way to being reprogrammed. Unfortunately, we never did get that far, because

Frankie really did enjoy my feet more than my pussy. The last time I sat on his face and caught him more interested in massaging my toes than working his tongue, I told him I was pretty much done with him. I enjoy a good fetish just like any other domina; but if a man doesn't have his priorities straight, I send him on his way. I do miss the foot massages though. And so do my girlfriends.

# Machines

illustrated by Sardax

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Tricia couldn't deny her fascination with machines.

When she was in college, her sadistic fascination with machines came through in her imagination, primarily, and in the ominous devices she would invent in her head. There was always a man at the center of the predicament, tortured by the machine, degraded,

humiliated. And at the controls of the machine, always, was a beautiful and cruel woman.

Sadistic, creative Tricia indulged her fantasies completely when she was older and could afford to pay her own machine-maker, so to speak, a sweet old man who would create anything and everything she could imagine, always up for the challenge of making the machines work, and making them inescapable and diabolical.

Ryan was often befuddled by the devices, subjected to them, surrendering to them to satisfy her insatiable cravings and urges, often left in a bit of a state of shock with what she'd come up with, but always intoxicated by her wet pussy and her need to see him endure for her. Just speaking about the machines would often put her into a state of mind he could only describe as relentless. Tricia drew sketches of devices and passed them along to her machine-maker, and he came back in days or weeks with just what she wanted. She flipped through the sketch book hungrily, her slim vibe deep in her pussy, Ryan reading quietly a few feet away in front of the television, sometimes shaking his head. The frenzy did not always lead to the ultimate creation of the machine, but the times that it did, he found himself unable to say no to her – and always wondering just how far it would go.

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She was horny and cruel when the machines would arrive. The day the "fucking machine" made its way into their loft, Ryan found her with a sadistic smile on her face waiting for his footsteps to enter. There was no stopping her. She pushed him backwards, undressing him, unbuttoning his shirt before he could even take in the moment, pushing and prodding him onto a table that was still smelling of fresh chemicals and leather. "What's this...machine..?" he asked, almost laughing, because he knew, so well, that the mere line would set her off. He had learned that years before during passionate lovemaking, that just the word could set her into motion. Combined

with any kind of line that communicated curious, tentative vulnerability would just make her explode from the inside out, make her squirt sometimes, but always accomplish one thing – push her to the next level.

Tricia delighted in the sounds of the shackles locking into place. The table was large and almost plain looking, but it had inescapable shackles at the corner of it, and Ryan was soon face down with his ass elevated and exposed. Tricia's machine-maker knew that she absolutely adored metal and leather shackles, lots of them, and arranged in a way that would allow her to be unforgiving in the way she locked down Ryan's thighs, ankles, wrists, even elbows. The machine-maker had all of Ryan's body specifications memorized, and he did a fine job making sure that the restraints were properly placed. If he were not so loving and trusting, maybe this would be the time Ryan lost himself in horrible worry and terror. He'd been violated in the ass before – always by Tricia – but never by a machine. "Say it," she hissed into his face, just a few inches away from him, her chin resting on the table so they were eye to eye. He saw the look – the look of delight, of frenzy, of excitement. She was gone. Long gone. "What do you want me to say?" he asked innocently. Levers moved and things went into motion. The machine-maker always made sure the devices were loud and ominous, and levers would crank and turnstiles would turn, sometimes compressors would hiss or motors would whir. All the sounds made her hot. Unbelievably hot.

"What do you want me to say, Tricia?" he asked again, trying to turn his head to see what was going on back there. She found a lever that effectively spread his legs at the thighs, propped up his ass, and at the same time tightened down on his ankles. "Ouch," he responded. He inhaled.

Tricia had both her hands in his hair in no time, ruffling it, messing it up, digging fingers into it in a way that felt so good, but he knew what was coming next, the inevitable tightening until his eyes would



water and he'd be forced to cry out, so he tried hard to avoid that by clarifying, "You want me to talk about the machine?"

She shoved fingers into his mouth. "Say it, yes," she breathed. He could open one eye and see through a mess of hair that she had her eyes closed, was half crouched down, the one hand half in his mouth and the other one between her legs, under her skirt. She was balancing there somehow, in a bit of an awkward position, as he listened to a cranking sound behind him and struggled between trying to find words, trying to calm his own nervousness, and trying to absorb the beautiful, sensual image of her there lost in lust over his predicament.

"Ow," was all he could manage, at that moment, because he felt the cool, unexpected sensation of his ass being prodded, violated, slowly, mechanically. His breathing turned ragged and his eyes started to water, and all he could do is attempt to blow the bangs out of his face so he could see her for a second and make sure she was at least paying attention in case this machine took on a mind of its own. Tricia was there watching him as he tried to not bite down onto her fingers in his mouth. "You want to suck? To take your mind...off...of ...IT?" she whispered sweetly to him, her face close to his again. She took her fingers out of his mouth and licked them, then kissed him deeply, and he moaned, eyes shut tight, as the machine picked up a rhythm and indeed started to fuck him. First softly, then hard, until the whole table rattled and shook.

She kept kissing him, holding his face, muffling the whimpers and gasps and moans, kissing him while the machine fucked his ass; she kissed him in a position that allowed her to see up over his shoulders, down his fine back, to the sight of the large black dildo on a big silver rod as it pumped again and again. His body was stretched from the restraints, his toes kept curling with every thrust, and his breathing was soon so ragged and strained that she had to break the kiss to make sure he could breathe. At that moment the only thing she wished for was a modification to the machine. She

made note, to tell the machine-maker, that the next model needed to have way she could sit with her legs spread open, with a fine view, as his face would be buried between her thighs.

Regardless, she still came, her mouth on his as his moans turned to desperate whimpers, she came when he relaxed his body in the restraints and gave into the machine, allowing it to fuck him at the highest speed without an ounce of resistance.

Oh how she loved it when she came while kissing him. The new machine, she decided, was a keeper.

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Like many times before, Ryan found that Tricia's machine fascination went into remission for a little while. But he knew what that meant – it meant something was brewing and it was just a matter of time before she unleashed some sort of diabolical masterpiece that would make the other machines look like child's play. The longer time went by, the more extreme and cruel it would be. Combined with her easy-going, pleasant, playful demeanor, he knew for sure she was planning something devilish.

And the fact that she kept saving every drop of cum from him was another warning sign. She'd jerk him off three times a day, milk him essentially, then capture it in a vial and disappear in a whirl of giggles, never answering any of his questions. She'd make him pull out when they were fucking, only to shove his cock into a nearby wine glass and then disappear from the room and say nothing of it. Breathing hard, licking his lips after sex, he'd regard her for a moment and ask what – what the HELL was she up to (playfully of course) and she'd just smile and shrug and say, "things." He probably pushed her over the edge himself, though, the night they were making love and he whispered into her ear, "Are you building another machine?"

Her body tensed in response, she breathed into his ear, her legs seemed to spread as if on command, the heat from her pussy was remarkable. She moaned into his ear and he felt nails pressing into the small of his back.

"What is this machine going to do?" he asked as he fucked her. "Don't push me," she breathed in response, wrapping her legs around him tightly, urging him to plunge deeper. "You don't want to know...you don't want to go there...it's so cruel...I'm so cruel..." "It's ok," he whispered, kissing her neck, fucking her lovingly. "I can take it. I can take you. I can take..." he kissed her near the ear, "the machine."

Suddenly her hand was over his face, palm smashed against his nose and mouth, fingers sprawled over his eyes. He knew he flipped the switch. Much like a machine, Tricia was easily flipped on and off, and when he flipped the switch, there was no "off" motion. The moment she snapped like that and began to treat him like an object – hence, slapping her hand rudely over his face to shove his head and make him avert his eyes – he knew he was doomed.

He turned on the machine.

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After days and days, maybe more than a month total of collecting cum and letting her desire apparently boil over into a frothing lust, Tricia seemed to indicate to Ryan that the day had finally "come." He never saw the actual machine, just came home from work to see evidence of its presence. Shipping containers, foam everywhere, plastic wrappers, instructions, and then Tricia, of course, wearing nothing but a thin lined nightie and high heels, looking like she'd cum a few times, as if she'd really worked hard to doll herself up earlier only to collapse in her bed and have a self induced roll in the hay a few times. She had a post-orgasmic, pre-orgasmic bliss illuminating her.

Ryan precariously set his car keys on the counter and started to remove his suit jacket as he looked at her, and in just a matter of moments she had her hand around his tie and was pulling him toward the upstairs play area. "Can I unwind – " he started to ask, but she shot him back a look that meant to shut up, that she indeed had other plans.

Watching her fine ass move up the stairs, trailing her from behind, he found himself getting hard despite the knowledge that something truly diabolical was about to happen and he had no idea what it was.

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Ryan always pondered that he knew what it must feel like for a magician's assistant to sit there while new gear is placed around him, on him, or over him with no clue as to what the end result may be or what the purpose was. Except in his case, with every layer of restraints that were added or device that was locked in place, Tricia got visibly more excited, breathing a little harder, having to pause occasionally to just take in the image of him sitting there not knowing what was going on.

This time was no different. He was completely naked and placed in a chair and his ankles were locked to it, his thighs were strapped down and a milking tube was attached to his cock. It fit securely, unforgiving, as the machine-maker had every last spec on the designs of Ryan's body – right down to the size and shape of his cock, both flaccid and erect. It fit him like a glove. Oddly, it turned him on. Or maybe it was the look in Tricia's eyes or the smell of her wet sex, because it already surrounded him. At the end of the production, of her manipulating restraints and placing gear in appropriate areas, Ryan found himself inside what appeared like a locked box, only his head remaining out and free. The purpose of this, he had no idea. Underneath the box his cock was still encased in a milking sheath of some sort, the other end of the tube in Tricia's hand as she smiled menacingly.

"It's a gag, isn't it," he groaned out loud. A gag, he thought for sure, attached to that tube, and some diabolical milking-forced-drinking device. He'd dreaded such a thing for months now because he knew that was how her mind worked, so somehow he'd almost prepared himself for it. On some level. But Tricia just smiled and teased her thighs under her nightie with the other end of the milking tube. "No...noooooo that's not it, Ryan. Come on, that's too predictable, that's downright boring...you know me better than that."

His cock twitched and he tried to move his body but could not even shift it. He felt downright ridiculous on some level, but it was so easy to forget with her standing right there practically getting off with a plastic tube in her hand.

Tricia stepped away, though, disappeared from sight, and Ryan was left to think about his fate alone for a moment. He shifted in his tight little box and sighed, looked up at the clock. He'd given up trying to guess what kinds of things Tricia designed, so he just sat there, grateful for a moment that she did not have an equal fascination with videotaping these humiliating and painful experiments she put him through. In a moment Tricia returned with a large clear bowl of some sort, still fresh from the packing, with little white balls of Styrofoam still attached. She brushed off the packing materials and proudly held onto the clear device.

Ryan was still baffled, confused, bewildered. Those were all emotions and states of mind that just turned her on more, and Tricia was visibly smiling when she brought the large, clear bowl over to where he was so helplessly posed and vulnerable. Any struggling that went on inside the confines of the cage just made a useless rattling noise, but even those noises just served to arouse her even more. The futility of his situation only made her wet with desire and arousal. She wanted to enjoy the moment for as long as possible. His protests were soon echoing inside the confines of the chamber surrounding his head as she fastened the clear cage around him with a pleased grin. It locked down tight, nearly air tight, and he

looked like such an objectified little slave she could not help but stop to admire him, if only for a moment or so. "Look at you," she smiled. "You could be on display at a museum. My poor Ryan. You have no idea what you have gotten yourself into this time, do you?"

His eyes started to search for some answers, first from her face and her expression, then by scanning the insides of the clear enclosure that covered his head. He saw the hole at the top and when Tricia went to screw the tubing to it, suddenly it all start to make sense. Then, and only then, did he really try to struggle. "I don't like this," he protested.

"You aren't SUPPOSED to like it..." she reminded him, pausing only to pleasure herself, just a bit, with the other end of the long, clear tube before fastening it to the lower portion of the box. It was connected, inside, to his cock, of course. But beyond that it was also connected to another box inside, per her instructions – a box that contained every ounce of saved cum from the last weeks. And that was a lot of cum. All melted down, even warm, ready for use.

"I was thinking of ways to drown you, to humiliate you, to make you terrified," she mused, even stopping to knock on the outside of the clear casing that surrounded his head, just to hear the thudding echo. "But water just would not do. My own piss wouldn't do, really. I wanted it to have a remarkable, lasting impression on you."

"You can't be serious," he breathed, starting to sweat. If Ryan knew anything, it was that the devices were always designed to perfection. There would be no flaws. The machine would do just what she said. And there would be no escape for him.

Tricia smiled and flipped a switch that started a soft humming noise, and he winced as his cock was simultaneously pumped and milked – but he was so far from aroused he was certain there would be no cumming in his future.

As if she could read his mind, Tricia walked over and leaned down to smile close to him from the other side of the glass. "It's ok if you don't cum right away, Ryan. There's plenty of cum, just plenty of it, waiting for you already. What's going to be fascinating is how you are able to get hard, and actually cum, while you are swimming in your own cum load. How could you get hard and get off in the middle of such nasty degradation?" she asked him.

He could not answer. He could only look at her, pleading with his eyes, trying to find some shred of mercy in her face. But there was none. Just amusement, arousal. She was playing with herself, enjoying the terror in his eyes, waiting for that moment when his fear would turn into a look of devotion, a resignation of his fate. As it always did. In time.

In no time the machine started to pour the contents of the saved container into the chamber that insulated his head. Warm, creamy white cum spilled down on him, and he could not believe for a moment that it was actually happening. By the look in Tricia's eyes, though, it was clearly happening. He was being slowly, deliberately covered with massive amounts of his own cum (or, perhaps, even the cum of others, a thought he found mortifying). And she was delighting in every moment of it.

Just like with the other machines, Tricia was so pleased with her own invention and seeing it work before her eyes. She was laughing a bit, surprised at how shocked Ryan appeared in those first few seconds that the cum spilled over him. She leaned down, though, to peer through the front of the box where his body was trapped inside, so she could view through a little glass door just what was going on with his cock. Ryan was hard! She laughed, and lifted her head to chuckle at him, noting out loud, "I told you that the extreme humiliation of this all would just get you harder. You enjoy it. Admit it." Ryan could not understand why he was hard. There was not an aroused bone in his body, just sheer humiliation and shock, and pain in his joints from trying to struggle within the confines of the

restraints inside the tight box. But his cock was being pumped mercilessly by the machine, and as usual, the device was designed so impeccably that the pump employed must have been of the highest quality. Or maybe Tricia was right, and the sheer humiliation of the act was turning him on more than he could even realize. He was glassy eyed, in shock, feeling the warm fluid soaking his face, coating his hair, tasting it on his lips and sensing the odor surround him. How much more would she dump in? What would happen to his cock? How long would this torture last? He couldn't speak because he was afraid to open his mouth and drown in it, because it was coming up over his chin. All he could do it look at her, with pleading eyes, and hope she could read his mind.

Tricia was in another world though, soaking in the image of him soaking in his own cum, knowing that soon his own fresh load would be oozing from the top and put the amount just at the right quantity – that is, just below his nose, just so he could not open his mouth, but barely be able to breathe. Then the real torture would begin, as she threatened to keep pumping, a little at a time, to push the amount just to the level that would nearly drown him.

But not before indulging herself. Tricia came while watching him struggle in the confines of the clear chamber that surrounded his head and made him swirl in cum. When he coughed and sputtered it against the insides of the glass she chuckled at him and licked her own fingers clean, tilting her head affectionately and giving him a sympathetic pout.

Ryan could only shut his eyes and wait, gritting his teeth and riding the orgasm that racked his body. Feeling such intense pleasure at a moment of total humiliation was not a new feeling for Ryan, but feeling it at such a tragic moment was. He had never been so emotionally compromised in his life – and for being with Tricia so long, that was unbelievable.



"When – "he sputtered, shaking the cum out of his face. "When are you going to stop this, Tricia?" She smiled, letting one finger trail across her own bottom lip, considering him. "I don't know. I like to see you there. You look so disgusting. You look pathetic. You are swimming in cum. And you are hard again. Can you believe it? You're hard!"

He shut his eyes tight. "It's not me," he hissed.

Tricia laughed and leaned closer to the device to turn another lever. This one, he had no idea what it would do.

"It's not me..." he said again, straining to keep his head above it all, his mouth above it. "Adding just a little water..." she said softly. "This should make it interesting." He gasped and kept his eyes shut tight, wondering, panicking for a second, thinking, oh God, I'm going to drown in my own cum!

"Just...a little..." she said. Her words were laced with thick arousal, pure sex. He found them completely intoxicating despite his horrific situation. His own cock twitched and he found himself cumming again, despite himself.

"It's not me..." he hissed for a third time. He could barely get the words out. Tricia knew what he was trying to say, though. "It's not you," she smiled. "It's the machine. I know." The cum crept up toward his nose and it took every ounce of strength in his body to sit up straight enough to avoid being submerged.

"You have no idea what else this machine can do," Tricia smiled. "We're not even close to done yet..." She paused, and knocked on the glass until he opened his eyes. "Ryan, you know, if you were smart, you'd realize there's one way to save yourself from drowning."

There was a long, painful silence as he blinked at her, shaking.

She smiled. "Just open your mouth. And drink it."

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# Party Girls

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Vince said he had been a long time reader of my web site. I was going to be in his home town anyway on a business trip, and my girlfriends were joining me so we could attend a hockey game and get a hotel suite and go out dancing. It was all harmless and in good fun, but I don't think Vince knew what he was getting himself into

when he said he'd drop by our section at the game and if we "liked what we saw" we could "have our way with him."

Sure, I get offers like this all the time. My girlfriends and I laugh it off – sometimes we indulge a little with some harmless flirting and teasing, but it never really goes farther than that. Vince, though, must have been at the right place at the right time.

My girlfriend Natalie leaned over to me from our seats at the game and said, "Is that your guy over there? Is that him?" Leslie had binoculars, which we didn't need because we were ten rows from the ice, but she used them to spy Vince.

"Oh," she said, "Nice ass."

"Give me those," I hissed, yanking them out of her hands because people near us were looking at what we were looking at. Instead of training the specs on the penalty box as I had been doing all night, I turned them toward the man standing at the top of our section, at the time we instructed, occasionally turning to face the concourse as I had ordered in the email earlier. "So we can see the full package," I had teased him. Leslie was trying to pull the binoculars back but I wouldn't budge. "He's cuter than his picture," I commented. Indeed, he was. Early 40s, corporate type, decent body but nothing to write home about. Great hair though, and a super smile. He had a boyish, coy grin, his arms folded across his chest. The usher was flirting with him.

Natalie leaned over and whispered, "So he's one of those kinky guys that reads your web site?" she teased. "Submissive," Leslie corrected. I heard her munching on popcorn as I kept my predatory eyes trained. "He's a submissive, Natalie. He likes to be told what to do."

"Tell him to bring me a drink," Natalie responded.

I smiled. Of course, I had something else in mind. "Ladies, ladies," I instructed. "All in good time. Fortunately, he knows what he's getting

himself into, he's been reading my site for more than five years." At that point, my attention was diverted, as Natalie nudged my arm and said simply, "Penalty." I swiveled around and turned my gaze to the box down below us, as a Phoenix player was shoved unceremoniously into the bin. He swore, banged his stick on the glass and sat down angrily. This just made me smile. Nothing like a little penalty box display to make me wet before my girlfriends and I could get a closer look at Vince.

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My girlfriends approved of Vince (after swapping the binoculars a few times) and we spent most of the third period talking out loud about what we could "do" to him. The girls seemed preoccupied with my statement that, "We can really do just about anything we want to him."

The thing I have found with aggressive, open minded, sexual women is that when they are with a femdom friend, and they find they have "permission" to do what they want – when they have no fear that the man may reject them or put them off – their imaginations run wild. It's as if the "tiny femdom" inside each of their feminine souls comes alive with the notion that rules and limits are out the door, and their fantasies can become reality. Since Vince was a regular reader of my web site and new full well what he was getting himself into, I knew that he was probably going to be open and willing to do anything – he'd indicated as such, after just a few emails and phone calls. Of course, at the time, I didn't think anything would come of it beyond a handshake, a pleasant conversation and a few drinks to be polite. And, I had made it clear that this was probably all it would be. That didn't deter Vince though, and I know deep down he'd hoped he would end up my helpless visitor later that night.

As my girlfriends talked louder and louder about what "they" would have prisoner-Vince do, I noticed the older couple in front of us exchanging looks and slouching down in their seats. I gave Natalie a nudge and told her to keep it down, but it was no use. They were like

two kids in a candy store, plotting out Vince's ultimate doom. I had to laugh at them, because I was the only one that really had a sense of how real it all was.

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We met Vince after the game at the designated "abduction point" (I had joked with him about) – him standing as instructed, arms folded across his chest, head down slowly, ordered that he could not look up or look at us at all until we gave him approval.

So he was standing there in the concourse under the designated sign, and I knew the moment that we walked up to him would be intense and painful for him to endure. Would he look up? Would he blow his first rule, or do as told, hoping that showing his obedience would lead to better things? I'm sure he was dying inside. With his head pointed toward the ground as instructed, he got a great view of all of our shoes, boots and legs, and it must have been killing him, because we made him stand there for a few minutes while we had a conversation about him. A couple of men walking by were flirting with us; Leslie got rid of them with a laugh and a wave, turning down their offer for drinks, saying we had "some plans in place already."

Vince was standing there with his arms folded, looking down at our feet. I was wearing knee high leather boots, Natalie was wearing gorgeous red pumps and Leslie was in strappy high heeled sandals. Braving the cold of the arena, indeed.

"Can I look up now?" he finally asked. I could see his breathing was a little strained; he was nervous, turned on, or both.

"What do you think, ladies?" I smiled. "Should we let him move yet? Or just keep looking at him like this for a bit."

"Turn around," Natalie ordered. "I was to see your butt."

I smirked. Indeed, Natalie was always the first to sort of “Turn Femdom” at the drop of a hat – as soon as she knew that the man was surrendering and would do as told. She never held back with the commands and did not worry about being subtle.

Vince did as told, turning around and standing there with his back to us. People continued to hustle past us through the concourse, hurrying to the parking lot, eager to get home.

“Let’s take him back to our room,” I said out loud, taking him by the arm and allowing him to spin around. “You can look now,” I told him, but I was already leading him by the elbow to the door. We weren’t really paying much attention to him but I know he was staring, taking it all in, wondering what the hell was going to happen to him and probably questioning his own sanity; after all, he’d read what I was into, and he knew about my friends. But he’d said all along he was game for anything, and that he’d been reading about me for a long, long time.

“Blindfold him,” I told Natalie.

We were half way to the rental car when she got the blindfold over his eyes. He was laughing, saying, “Well, this is getting interesting. Aren’t people going to think something is weird –” I gripped his arm tighter and pulled him close to direct his walking because he could not see. “We’ve done this before.”

As we made our way through the parking lot, to the car, he must have wondered for an instant how serious we were. Indeed, we did seem to have this down to a science. He’d hear girls giggling and people making comments, to which Leslie would respond with girlish glee, “Bachelorrette party!” and they’d laugh and cheer us on.

Once in the hotel lobby, he heard, again, some mumbling and a few chuckles, and Leslie just exclaimed, “Bachelorette party!” and was greeted with cheers and chuckles.

In the elevator, when the doors closed, he said quietly, "Are we alone?" That question kind of turned me on. I looked at him, standing there, blindfolded, and I realized how aroused I was. My focus had been entirely on the task at hand – getting him through the parking lot, into the car, back through the hotel lot, through a crowded lobby, maintaining the charade my girlfriends and I had set up to deter any suspicions.

But now that we were alone in the elevator speeding toward our suite, I had a moment to look at him, standing there, helpless, probably wondering what this was all leading to. I took it in for a moment, sliding my hand down from his arm over his jeans and possessively grabbing his ass. "Yes. We are alone. Do you have any idea what you have gotten yourself into?"

He bit his lip, and then started to smile, and was about to respond when the doors dinged and opened. The first thing he heard were more female voices and laughing as a party seemed to be happening right outside the elevator door, a pack of young women ready to make their way into it. They all giggled as soon as they saw us.

"Bachelorrete party!?" one of them asked us with a laugh.

"How did you know?" I smirked.

All he heard was the whispering and giggling as we made our way out and they made their way into the elevator. "What room?" one of them asked us, eliciting chuckles from her friends. "We're in 1407," I said. "Join us later if you want!"

I am sure that made Vince nearly die inside. And he had no idea how many girls, or what their ages were. It's a good thing he did not see – it was what appeared to be a bunch of sorority girls, or a pack of puck bunnies who were hoping to get laid by half the professional hockey team who were staying in the same hotel, and if they struck out, they'd surely be looking to party in 1407 later. They were dressed to impress, or to get laid at least, and all four of them



seemed outrageous and ready to party. We escorted our prisoner down the hall, passed an elderly couple who looked at us oddly, to whom Leslie said softly, in an innocent whisper, "Bachelorette party." The couple chuckled, and said "Have fun." "Oh," I responded, even though they were already out of ear shot, "We WILL." With that, I gave Vince a delicate shove into our suite, and when he reached up to remove the blindfold, I told him, "Don't you even think about it."

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Looking back, I realize Vince had no idea what he was getting himself into. It wasn't that Vince lied to me, it's just that he had highly exaggerated what he told me about his experience and about reading my web site. It turns out, he had only found it a few months prior, and only read a couple of the stories – and he could not recall which ones.

When he was tied down, face down on the bed, it was probably not the most ideal time to reveal to me that he really had not been one hundred per cent truthful. I had just locked my leather training collar around his neck and had the chain leash in my hand, while Natalie and Leslie were in the bathroom "freshening up." I could hear them giggling and laughing. The thought of explaining to them that our little "toy" had misrepresented his experience would be a blow to them; after all, it was clear they both wanted to enjoy a night of doing whatever they wanted to him – and I had assured him he knew full well what he was getting himself into.

Vince looked at me, his arms outstretched and chained to the bed posts, his legs spread wide. Restrained face down, he had to arch his back a little to look at me, as I was standing at the foot of the bed with my hands on my hips. "You lied to me?" I asked him sternly.

He stuttered a little, would have shrugged if he could. The chain hanging from his collar jingled. He looked perplexed, nervous, and a definitely unsure of what to say next. Clearly he was turned on – we had seen great evidence of this when forcing him down on the bed,

stripping him of his trousers and tying him down in the manner that I selected. "I didn't really lie, I just – I kind of exaggerated a little. But don't get me wrong – Akasha – I really did like – what I read – well, I am pretty sure, I know it was hot." Suddenly, it was starting to become amusing. "So, you like it when women take control, when they use you sexually, then?"

A wide grin came across his face. Charming, definitely. I listened to him ramble – he started to tell of his fantasies as I went into my luggage and started searching around. I was still in my short leather skirt and tight black top. I casually unzipped my skirt and stepped out of it as he continued to talk and talk about his fantasies, hesitating slowly only for a moment to comment on my body – then going into a long explanation of how he really was a tongue slave, a good "pussy worshiper" and was great at oral. As I pulled my strap on harness from my luggage, it was painfully clear that his fantasies of submission were really fantasies of self indulgence. I just smiled at him as he kind of gave my harness a double-take, then turned his attention to Leslie and Natalie, emerging from the bathroom in various stages of undress. Natalie loved to lounge around in lingerie, and Leslie had just unbuttoned her blouse a little and let her hair down. They both looked stunning. It was clear they were ready to play.

Sadly, it was not the kind of play that Vince had in mind, I am sure. Still, it excited me tremendously to know that not only was he going to get more than he bargained for, but he was going to end up begging for it, and ultimately be left a degraded and humiliated whore; and in the morning, he would wake up, his ass leaking lube, his jaw sore and aching, his body aching – and only wishing he could have more. Vince didn't know whether to stare and gaze at the two beauties that came from the bathroom, or to stare at the eight inch shaft that I was now wearing. It was obvious he had never seen a strap on cock before. This was both disappointing and arousing at the same time. I found myself getting wet at the sight of him, nervous, unsure, but undeniably turned on.

"He wants to suck it," Natalie observed, walking right over to him.

"Wait, wait, wait – " was all he could say – protesting a little, looking to me for mercy and then to Leslie, giving that look that said, "Slow down."

I just smiled and walked forward, wrapping my hand around the shaft, slowly stroking, taunting him with it. "Come on, Vince, you read all about how much I love to use my strap on. And you said yourself you love to please with your mouth."

Before he could clarify, I shoved my cock in his mouth. He tried to resist but I kept it in place, and Natalie grabbed his head to hold him still. "I hope you brought some cocks for us, too, Akasha," she smiled as Leslie went to the other side to learn down and taunt him.

Leslie loved to verbally humiliate men, I found. Which was amazing, because she was generally more soft spoken and never swore; but when we got into the games, she would start in on men and come up with the most degrading, relentless things, sometimes even she shocked me.

"I think he's had a dick in his mouth before!" she laughed. "Come on, pussy, gag on that cock! Suck it, bitch!"

That made Natalie laugh. I was content just to keep pumping my hips and moving my cock in and out of his mouth and not allow him to turn his head, to escape the thrusts, or to stop my movement. He was choking on it, gagging, his eyes watering. Natalie grabbed a fistful of his hair and said, "Look up at her, bitch." He had no choice but to obey, and soon my cock was sliding in and out of his mouth with ease. I felt little sympathy for him. Even though he was clearly uncomfortable, desperately trying to turn away, I also could tell by the way his ass was quivering and his hips were thrusting that he was incredibly turned on. I motioned to Natalie to check, and she knew what I meant. She let go of his head and I took hold of his face instead, slowing my thrusts to a nice steady pace as the cock slid in

and out of his mouth with ease and he gulped down his own saliva. He winced as he felt Natalie's hand reach under his crotch. "Yeah, hard as a ROCK," she laughed.

Leslie shook her head and leaned down even closer to his face. "Makes me think you'd actually love to have a real dick in your mouth some time soon! You want my cock in your ass, too? You want to be fucked like a little slut? Are you a cocksucker?"

Finally, Vince was merely moaning in agreement, his eyes watering. He was lapping at my strap on cock as I held his head and fucked his face. Natalie returned and grabbed his hair again, smiling at him. "Where do you find these eager cocksuckers, Akasha?" she asked me, cooing as he slurped and gulped desperately at my latex dick. He moaned with every thrust, his hips still pumping in steady motion as he helplessly fought his own arousal.

"Put my vibrator in his ass," I told Natalie. This drew a moan and whimper from Vince, who looked up at me with begging eyes. What he was begging for, I have no idea. Perhaps for more fucking, perhaps for lube. Maybe he was begging for more cock. At that moment, I didn't really care. I wanted to keep doing what made me wet, and what was making me wet was seeing his ego compromised as he paid for his exaggeration.

"You haven't even read my stories," I whispered to him, "And now, look, you are going to BE one of them. Other men are going to read about how a big tough guy got tied down by three women and fucked in the mouth, in the ass, and ultimately was turned into a total sissy bitch for our amusement. Is that what you were hoping for? Or were you hoping for an orgy, where three ladies took turns sitting on your face so we could experience your so-called expert tongue?"

Poor Vince. I don't know if he was wincing at my words, or at the feeling of the cold lubricant as Natalie spread his ass cheeks and squirted a load of it liberally into his crack. She took my thin vibrator

and started smearing the lube up and down his crack, saying to me, "Whenever you're ready!?" "Is Vince a VIRGIN?" I asked, still pumping my cock in and out of his mouth. He looked at me with wide eyes, his body now shifting uncomfortably. Natalie was just about to thrust it into his ass but I held up a hand to stop her and she froze.

I slowly backed up, moving my hips so that my cock slid out of his mouth with a definitive "pop." He was panting, his lips red and glistening with saliva.

"What do you say, Vince?" I asked him. "You know what we want, don't you?" He buried his head for a minute. His hesitation, the conflict he was feeling was so apparent. I felt a familiar aching in my pussy. He was so afraid of what he was feeling and so humiliated but turned on at the same time. When he lifted his eyes to me, I couldn't help but smile. "Fuck me," he said. "I want you to fuck me."

I nodded to Natalie and she start to push the vibrator into his ass. He cried out, eyes shut tight. "Relax," I told him. "Relax and it won't hurt." Even though he was over 40, he was all virgin, in the ass, it was clear. But as soon as the vibrator was inside and Natalie turned it on, he was twitching with arousal. "You're a nastier bitch than I thought," I told him. Leslie giggle and went to my toy bag and started to rummage around, obviously looking to see how she could get in on the action. I reached between my legs, under my harness, and felt the moisture. To say I was wet is an understatement. Breaking down Vince had been incredibly erotic, and it was just the start. He had his eyes shut tight and was trying to concentrate as Natalie leisurely slid the vibrator in and out slowly, cranking it up to high speed. His ass cheeks started to quiver and his hips were pumping. I could tell he was actually about to cum from the stimulation. Pulling him by the hair to lift his head up, I put my cock in his mouth again and told him to keep sucking. "It will keep you from cumming," I told him. "And trust me, you don't want to cum yet. We want you to last a long, long time."

Vince kept sucking, eyes shut tight, now sweating. Leslie came up behind me with a plug and a pair of nipple clamps. "When's my turn?" she asked.

At that moment, we heard a loud knocking on the door that startled us all. I stopped pumping, holding my cock in place in Vince's mouth, filling him up completely. The knock silenced us all, and all we heard was a defeated whimper from our guest.

Natalie walked over and peeked through the peep hole on the door, then looked back with a smirk. "It's the girls from the elevator," she laughed. "Should I let them in?"

Leslie and I looked at each other. There was a soft, defeated whimper from Vince. "Of course," I said. "The more the merrier!"

The door swung open, our room filled with giggles and laughter, and one of our new guests exclaimed, "Oh, now THIS is a party!!"

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# Using His Mouth

X



(Illustration by Sardax)

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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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."

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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.

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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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# Milking Apprentice

X



(Illustration by Sardax)

Katrina never thought she might actually tire of her job. Where else could she spend countless hours with men in her clutches, with the sole purpose of breaking their spirit, crushing their ego or destroying their precious bodies? Katrina thrived on the challenge, but more importantly, she loved to see the reaction in the men they brought her. By the time they reached her chambers, most were very aware, from the other prisoners, of her capabilities.

Perhaps she was getting bored in her job because the men lately were just giving in. Without any kind of a fight. It must have been six, seven prisoners in a row that divulged sensitive information, confessed to crimes or volunteered to betray their comrades before she even opened her bag of tricks. She almost thought someone was playing a joke on her.

When they brought Ales to her, she assumed it was going to be another wasted afternoon. There was nothing assuming about him. He looked to be far too young to be a soldier anyway. When she flipped through the papers they gave her, as the armed guards pressed the prisoner down into the metal chair. "Have a seat," she said out loud, not even looking up. Her tone was matter-of-fact. The familiar jingling of buckles and tightening of leather straps aroused her only slightly. Maybe she needed a change of routine, she pondered. Maybe some new gear. She stared blankly at the second page of his captor report and pursed her lips, thinking momentarily about taking a look into the latest interrogation technology, maybe something even more devious than she'd even imagined.

"Miss," the guard at her side said. "Your prisoner is ready. May we be excused?" Katrina nodded and gave them a wave, then took a second to give her prisoner the once over, hoping he'd at least provide some sort of interesting challenge.

Ales was all she had on him – a first name – or maybe an abbreviation. He was tall and somewhat hansom, but of course she could care less about these things. What she cared about was his

level of resistance. And Ales seemed intriguing, only because he was looking right at her. He had nice, pretty blue eyes and dark hair, disheveled and slightly wet.

Without hesitation, she reached over and took a fistful of his hair, tightening her fingers and testing his reaction. He continued to look at her, not showing much in the way of emotion. Still dressed in simply black shorts and a tight, slightly torn white t-shirt, his chest barely moved against the leather straps that held him in place. His wrists were shackled behind the chair, and his ankles were spread and fastened to the legs of it.

Katrina smiled, slightly, and lifted a knee, placing it between his legs as she leaned in, getting her face closer to her prisoner's. "Ales," she said, moving closer and closer, her nose close to his, holding his head tight enough in her grip that she knew he could not wrench free. "Let's me see if I can smell anything." Fear, of course, was what she was talking about, but she wasn't even aware if he understood her, or was listening. He was stoic enough to perhaps already be in some sort of self defensive trance, after all. She continued to smile, tilting her head to look more closely at his eyes, which he kept fixed on her. He wasn't breathing hard at all. His mouth was closed calmly. His jaw wasn't even clenched. Her knee precariously close to his crotch, she eased a little closer, leveraging her weight on one leg. "Let's see," she said softly, staring intently into his eyes, watching for any change of expression. Then, without warning, she kneed him hard in the crotch. It took little effort on her part, but she knew the impact was tremendous because the entire chair shook. Ales inhaled, but didn't take his eyes off her, and stifled what must have been a hell of a wail. Impressive, she noted. She kept her knee there, and continued to push, to grind her body into his, a little harder, watching for any change in his expression. He strained, finally, and lowered his eyes, inhaling through his nose, and then she heard the rattling of the chains behind the chair as his wrists struggled with the bonds.



"Don't tell me, " she sighed as she stepped back, removing her knee from his groin. "You're going to give in, that easy? A little pressure on your balls, your sac smashed, just the tiniest bit, and your eyes, are they already watering? Are you going to cry?"

He had his head down, just for a second, then he looked up. Indeed, his eyelashes were a little wet, but his expression was one of defiance, fury. "I won't tell you anything," he said in a thick accent, one she could not place, but she noted as interesting. "I'm not like other men."

Katrina raised her eyebrows, intrigued. "Not. Like. Other.." she paused, enjoying the words as she repeated them. "Men." She walked around a little, paced around his chair, listened to his labored breathing as the effects of her ball crushing blow started to reverberate through his body. "You have no idea how much I enjoy hearing that," she said with delight, stopping to put her hands on his shoulders. "Ales."

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Ales provided just the right kind of delicious, stoic resistance that Katrina needed to light her fire again. It wasn't that she was attracted to him in any way – men really didn't do it for her. But something about the way he continued to try to challenge her, almost as if it was a game, made her want to see how far she could drag him down. It had been some time before she was so wrapped up in her captive that she almost forgot what information she was looking for. She was having entirely too much fun tormenting him. It was in the second room that she delivered an inspection designed to strip him of pride and ego, make him feel more vulnerable and remove the protective layer of masculinity that he was hiding behind. Her newest assistant, Nina, was just sitting quickly in the corner, perhaps shellshocked at what she was witnessing. Nina had been through classes and watched videos, but really had never seen anything like this before. She was dressed unassumingly, seemed

uncomfortable in the room, and almost seemed to want to disappear into the shadows.

Not that Katrina would have noticed, anyway. Ales was mounted over the inspection table almost on all fours, stripped completely naked, his thighs and ankles in gripped metal bonds. The position was designed to make him feel wide open, his cock and balls dangling precariously, his ass cheeks vulnerable. "Sometimes in this very chair, I start a session by removing a man's testicles completely," Katrina smiled as she paced, now passing in front of the semi kneeling man, trying to catch eye contact. In the position over the table, with his wrists shackled down toward the floor, he had to lift his head to make eye contact. He chose not too. Instead, he stayed very, very still, and just clenched his fists. Katrina stepped forward in her leather suit, his crotch at even level with his face, and pushed her body against him. She used her hands to grip him by the hair and tilt his head up, so that his nose and mouth were pressed tightly against her crotch. She'd done this enough times to know what it meant. It meant he really couldn't breathe.

"Come around, Nina," she ordered. "I'll keep him quiet while you tend to his sac." This made him struggle. The shackles on the chair rattled. Katrina smiled.

"There, there, Ales, you know better than that. You should save your strength. Nina, put on the latex gloves. No, those ones. Yes. Now pick up the metal rod. Take the lubricant." Ales was struggling now, without a doubt, but Katrina held his head firmly in place, feeling his nose wrestle against her crotch. It stirred something inside her, a combination of arousal and amusement. She reached down, unzipped the front of her body suit, and pressed her flesh against his face, creating an even tighter seal. "If you dare open your mouth, if I feel anything in the way of teeth, my prisoner, your balls will be gone in a mere instant."

Ales apparently knew better, because all he did was try to breathe, somehow, somehow, during the brief instants that Katrina would break the seal long enough. Katrina was busy instructing Nina, meantime, who was staring at the metal rod she'd lubricated. Finally, Nina was smiling. Apparently, the energy in the room was getting to her.

"Slide it into his ass," Katrina ordered. "It will liven him a bit, trust me. But don't turn it on yet. Put the milker on his dick."

Nina appeared to look through the available instruments with some confusion as Katrina looked down at her victim, backing up just a little to see how much he'd gasp for her, to see if he'd look up and try to plead for some kind of mercy. She used a gloved finger to lift his chin. His face was sweating, his hair wet. But his eyes showed nothing but stubborn defiance, and not much fear at all. Surprising, she thought. But she did enjoy the grimace he made, and the whimper that came out of him, when Nina slide the iron rod into his ass, holding him by the hips with the other hand. "How far in?" she asked. "All the way," Katrina told her. "Now, the milker. Yes, stick his cock in it. It's ok that is limp. Oh trust me, that won't be for long. Little thing, isn't it. What a shame, such a handsome man so deficient downstairs. Can you get it in there? Do you need a smaller milking tube?" It would seem such trivial matters would not impact a man in his situation, with such serious issues at stake, but the discussion of his cock seemed to create the most reaction in him by far! Katrina smirked to herself; how predictable, she thought. He had been so easily resistant to drugs, to pain, and to intense restraints. But the moment a lovely, feminine hand guided his useless cock into a milking tube as they discussed the pathetic size of his manhood, he started to quiver all over, shaking visibly, making little whimpering sounds. Maybe the rod, angled carefully into his ass, had something to do with it. "I think I got it," Nina said, locking the milking tube around his body so it was held in place. "You've never seen a man milked, have you?" Katrina asked her. "You're going to like this. You

won't believe what it does to a man. Milked dry, without any sensation of pleasure, it goes against everything in their nature."

Nina walked around slowly, standing next to Katrina, holding a device in her hand. Katrina took the prisoner by the hair and wrenched his head up so her assistant could see him clearly. "Look at him," Katrina said. He was breathing hard, his teeth clenched.

"He's handsome," Nina observed honestly. She looked at him, and he looked at her, perhaps hoping that somehow, some way, she would secretly feel for him and want to show him some shred of mercy. But Nina just smiled. These women, they all seemed the same; simply driven by their own sadistic desires, and motivated insanely by the increasing helplessness and pathetic state of their prisoners.

"Can I turn on the machine?" Nina asked.

"Wait," Katrina said. She stepped back and took a large, inflatable gag that held a phallic shape. She took Ales by a fistful of hair and gripped it until he yelped in pain, shutting his eyes tight. She pushed the gag into his mouth and reached around, fastening the buckles tightly behind his head. "This will shut him up and remind him, as the cock grows in his mouth, of what real manhood would taste like. She inflated the gag until his eyes started to water, and then she told Nina to turn on the machine. With a slight giggle of delight, Nina flipped the correct switches and the machine started to hum. Ales reacted by pumping his hips, uncontrollable, as the combination of the electric rod and the sucking of the milking tube went to work on his helpless body.

"Keep it on," Katrina ordered, "Let it milk him dry. It might take some time. When he stops squirting, let it go; he will start again."

There was nothing Ales could do but writhe there in his restraints, his hips bucking with what little freedom he had, the glass tube attached to his cock filling steadily, in spurts, with creamy white fluid. Katrina leaned over and whispered to Nina, loud enough so

that Ales could hear her, "This cum, I tell you, it's better than any truth serum out there. We take away his manhood, and he will give us everything else he has. And beg us to take it."

There was a silence.

"I can't believe he's still cumming," Nina said.

:"He's young, virile man," Katrina observed. "Too bad the cock that he's been given is so useless. No worry, he won't be needing it any longer anyway."

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Ales lost consciousness for some time, but that was to be expected. Katrina used this time to have her guards relocate him into her favorite interrogation device as she explained to Nina what was about to happen.

"He'll be faced with an unthinkable scenario," Katrina told her younger assistant as she wrapped an O-ring gag around the unconscious man's face and put it in place, prying his jaw open and tightening the dual strengths straps. The locks clicked loudly.

As she screwed a clear tube into place against the O-ring, she continued. "The cum we milked from him is already in the jar and will be the first to go down. He'll see it coming through the tube and know what it is; but, then he will realize, it's just the beginning. You'll be already taking the next load from him, and as his body spasms from the rod, he'll be swallowing the first load. And he will never know when this process ends. "How long can it keep going?" Nina asked, holding the next milking container in her gloved hands. "Until he passes out," Katrina replied. "But the milking will continue. I've injected him with a drug that will speed up the production in his body. He'll be able to produce five or six times the normal amount in the next hour. But again, with no pleasure."

Nina seemed to smile with pleasure over this. She watched the sleeping victim, who seemed so peaceful. His eyelashes were already starting to flutter, though, and his body strained a little against the uncomfortable bonds. The ladies had him held up in the relentless harness-type vice that totally exposed his manhood again, but his head was held up high to accommodate the O-ring gag/tube device that would soon be pumping creamy white fluid into his mouth. His arms were stretched painfully behind his back. The first thing he seemed aware of was the tube in front of him, and both women seemed to enjoy the way his eyes followed it up and out of view, wondering, dreading, what it could possibly be for. His eyes twitched as he tried to look down and he could obviously feel that his cock was once again encased, his ass was penetrated, and he was all too familiar with the sensation of the milking rod. A muffled whimper got no sympathy from the women, and Nina enjoyed stepping close to him to get a better view as she held the glass in place to capture the next load.

Katrina seemed to enjoy the painful, silent moments of anticipation, and like many times before, she just opted to let her prisoner take in his scenario and test the bonds uselessly. She felt that it added to his sense of despair. She reached up and pushed some of the hair out of his face. "Since your cock is nothing to look at, Nina and I will enjoy looking into your eyes as you eat your first meal as our prisoner." She smiled. "A meal best served warm. I hope you will find it fresh. If not, I can assure you, there's much more where that came from, and it's indeed, quite fresh."

Nina giggled and took that as her cue to flip the switch once again, only this time, Ales' hips were restrained in a manner that prevented him from bucking in response to the rod working closely against him from the inside. This time, as if his body was trained, the fluid started to squirt with ease into the glass container. "Now, the fun really begins," Katrina announced from her side of the room, pressing the controls on the device that would start pumping the stored cum through the tube. As the creamy white fluid started to

descend down the clear tube, Ales tried to wriggle free, but it was useless. His eyes were wide with fear, but as the fluid moved down the tube, he shut them tightly.

"Get used to it," Katrina said to him. "As you swallow it, realize, Ales, that you have no control any longer. Even your manhood has been taken away. Nina and I are going to use you in any way we see fit; even if it is just for our amusement. You'll notice I have not even asked you any questions. What does that tell you?" Ales had his eyes shut tight as the white fluid continued to disappear as it swirled down the clear tube and into his mouth.

"In fact, you couldn't even talk if you wanted to, because your mouth seems to be full." Katrina observed. Nina looked up from next to him, holding the glass jar, which was now full once again. "It's full already!" She gasped. "That's unbelievable."

"Give it to me," Katrina ordered. She didn't want to waste any time, and she wanted Ales to see how serious she was. Within moments he was being force-fed the contents once again, this time, making his eyes water. Nina pulled another clear glass tube from the supply cabinet and brought it over, holding it up. "Do we keep going?"

Katrina folded her arms and took a long look at Ales once again. Breathing hard, spent, his eyes slightly red, his eyelashes wet. She was very familiar with that look. It was the look of a man ready to tell her anything she needed to know. In fact, she could see him begging her with his eyes to remove that gag so he could start talking. He was finished. It was all too clear.

But Katrina smile, and nodded to Nina. There would be plenty of time for talking later. For now, she wanted to see just how much more he could take before he was milked dry. "Let's keep going," she said. "And when we cannot get another drop from him, you can take him to your room and use him in any way you desire. Nina raised

her eyebrows with interest, taking another look at the prisoner. A perk of the job, she figured. And one that pleasantly surprised her.

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# Converting Chad

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There was no doubt in my mind that Chad was completely straight.

In fact, I could say with authority that there wasn't a homosexual bone in his body. Perhaps that's what made it so much hotter making him do the things I did. Sure, I could have made any number of submissive or submissive-curious guys go down on my vinyl cock or endure the humiliating tasks I set up, but making Chad go through these things was so much more erotic. Because he did them for me. Chad didn't worship my strap on cock because he wanted to; Chad didn't crawl to me on his hands and knees and offer up his ass because he knew it would feel good. He did it because he was incredibly turned on by my dominance and desire, and his own arousal would get the best of him every time. But only when he was aroused.

"I'd never put anything in my mouth like that," Chad laughed one night at dinner a few years ago. We were dining at Morton's, celebrating my work promotion. He was talking to me about a scene he'd caught me watching on a little video porno on my laptop that day. It was a clip of a portly man in a gimp outfit sucking a large, black strap on dildo worn by a gorgeous professional dominatrix in London. I was complaining that the men in those videos were never hot, masculine men like my own Chad. "It's because straight guys couldn't be paid to do anything like that," he confessed to me. I had to smirk at him. I'd only been seeing Chad for a few months, but he was incredibly predictable. I'd only scratched the surface with him - playfully tying him up, making him kiss my ass delicately, made him eat from the palm of my hand. Always, the result would be the same. An incredibly hard cock and increasing willingness to go farther. Just a little each time. It was like peeling an onion.

I think that's why I delighted in such conversations. "You could never get me to do that." or "I'd never submit to something like that," or "You know, it's clear who's really in control in those situations, it's the submissive guy, or slave or whatever."

I'd nod, listen to Chad, and push my fork around on my plate imagining what he'd look like in a rubber straitjacket wearing a cock

gag, his own erect penis defying him and making him weak. It was only a matter of time. Chad - or, I should say Chad's cock - was no match for me. Because when a man is turned on, he will do anything. This I knew; I knew this for a fact, ever since I was old enough to date.

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"But I don't WANT you to spoon feed me right now."

That's what 18 year old Jimmy Ladreaux said to me at Harbour House, on the beach, in 1989. I was 21, and he was 18. The place was packed full of post-club-goers, pushing 3am, on a Saturday morning. We'd been out drinking on the town, dancing, and he was my project at the time. Masculine, self confident Jimmy - he wouldn't do such a thing as allow a woman to spoon feed him a little ice cream after the date we'd had. To do such a thing, especially with his peers at a table nearby, would be too embarrassing. Much too embarrassing.

I just smiled, licked my spoon, nudged his feet with mine under the table. I flirted, sat back in my seat, wet my lips and told him about how much it would turn me on to see that spoon in his mouth. I told him about the pink lace panties that I was wearing, how I danced all night in them wishing they were gone. I told him how they felt, how wet I was, imagining how such a small little act would make me want to disappear into the tight ladies room and pleasure myself. I told him how I'd give him those soaking wet panties in the parking lot to prove to him just how serious I was.

Jimmy sat there, stunned, unable to really put much together in the way of a sentence. He looked around the crowded patio of the restaurant and put his hands over his face for a second, coughing and shaking his head. I didn't have to put my foot up under the table into his lap to know he was rock hard and helpless. I didn't have to tease him by curling my toes against his crotch. I just

continued to slowly lick my spoon and asked him to tell me whenever he was ready.

Jimmy did what I said that night. Not only with the spoon, but on his hands and knees on that patio, picking up every piece of silverware I purposely dropped, until his peers themselves were waiting to see what I dropped next. He walked behind me, his head lowered, when we exited and he "allowed" me to tie him up in the backseat of his daddy's BMW.

He also sucked my latex cock. Even though he said he'd never do such a thing. And if I had not gone away to college, I'm sure he would have sucked a lot more. He was still a new project, after all.

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I had Chad worshipping my latex dildo within a week after he confidently stated he would never do such a thing. Not only did I have him deep throating it, I had him begging for the privilege. It's amazing what a little teasing and denial will get a man to do.

Chad looked fantastic crawling to me on his hands and knees, begging to first kiss, then lick the shaft of my flesh toned, realistic strap on dildo. I smiled and spread my legs, playing with the head of my cock with two fingers. "Kiss it right here, Chad. Lick the tip. Tell me you want to taste the pre-cum, tell me you want to drink my load."

Poor Chad. He was horny beyond belief, hard despite himself. He uncomfortably leaned forward and said the words, quickly, as if the sooner he got them out, the sooner it would be over with. I think he left out any unnecessary particles, just to cut down the time, to pretend he couldn't even hear himself. I would not let him off that easy.

"Say it. Say, 'I want to suck dick.' Say 'I need to have a big thick cock in my mouth'" This was pure torture for straight Chad. Straight

Chad said the words quickly, but that wasn't enough. It wasn't enough because Chad wasn't looking at me when he said it. He was humiliated to say it in front of such a beautiful, feminine woman. He was humiliated beyond belief. So I took him by the chin, direct his gaze to me, and restated my order.

"Say it slowly, and look at me when you say it. Then, take my cock in your mouth, and suck it. Suck it like you mean it."

This nearly put him over the edge. I could see him struggling with the words, struggling with himself. All I had to do was take his hand and guide it between my legs, under the harness. My black lace panties were soaked right through. He took a breath as I slid his fingers down under the panties and to my warm, wet pussy. "You don't want to stop now, do you?"

He was shaking. He was a mess. Oh, he said it alright. He told me what a cocksucker he was. He begged to suck my strap on. By the end, I was standing up, holding him by the head, fucking his face with my dick. He was gagging on it but slurping it down, and when I stopped moving, he picked up the pace on his own, his head bobbing back and forth, worshipping my cock like the gayest porn star ever. And his cock remained hard. The entire time.

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"Would you suck a real cock - if I asked you to?"

Chad nearly choked on his wine and picked up a napkin, managing to gasp, "Excuse me?" I said it. A little louder this time, causing him to take my hand over the table and look around the crowded restaurant, ashamed, as if someone heard. The waitress arrived at our table and I smiled as she delivered bread. Chad was still bright red. She smiled at him. I bet he'd suck her cock, too, I mused. When she disappeared, Chad leaned forward and lowered his voice. "I'm not gay," he said to me. "I would never do that. You know that. You don't even have to ask that question." I smiled.

Chad looked at me for a moment, then shook his head. "You just like seeing me squirm. You really like making me uncomfortable, don't you? The answer is no. Under no circumstances. I'm not even bi-curious, not one bit. There's not a bone in my body that is curious." "Oh, I know, Chad," I told him. "I know you aren't gay or bi sexual, it's not about that, really. It's about something far deeper than that."

"You scare me," Chad said.

I smiled. I was already imagining what kind of cock I'd like to see in Chad's mouth. I could never tell him that, though. After all, he was still just learning how to suck cock; he had a lot more practicing to do.

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Chad was sucking my strap on cock at least twice a week. In fact, he was starting to miss it, when it didn't happen, and he was the one to ask for it. We hadn't moved to penetration yet, because Chad was far too tight and too self conscious. I was aching for it, of course, but didn't want to scare him off. He got incredibly hard when I finger-fucked his asshole, but anything larger intimidated the hell out of him. I was completely content with our oral adventures, and besides, he was excellent in bed.

I'd moved up to a thick, realistic ejaculating dildo, and it took some time to get him to actually suck it. He was milking his own, saved cum from the dildo, sucking so hard that his mouth hurt the next day. I made Chad lick the head of it, lick the drops of precum first, then start sucking harder and hard, deeper and deeper, until I'd squeeze the bulb and shoot the load full into his mouth. He gagged and choked, swallowed it all, then dutifully licked the cum drops off the shaft. Chad was so diligent, I couldn't help but imagine him sucking off a real cock for my pleasure.

After eating the cum, he'd earn the reward of eating me out. His cock was in a cage by then, locked with a small padlock, and I'd

keep a record on the calendar, even though he knew the days in his head. As he was going down on me, my fingers digging into his hair to guide his pace, I said simply, "I want you to suck a real cock for me, Chad."

He pretended not to listen and kept to his task, bringing me easily to orgasm. I was already so turned on from watching him devour my realistic dildo, it wasn't going to take much. Chad didn't say no, though. That was his first mistake.

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It was a Thursday night. Chad was completely immobilized for most of the evening, mounted in several positions. Not only by me, but by my girlfriend, Rebecca. She was a friend from out of town, someone equally as kinky as me. Chad had agreed to allow her to participate, but had no idea just how far I would take it.

Judging from the reaction by his cock, Chad was enjoying it all too much. Rebecca and I were taking turns teasing him, seeing which one of us could get him harder or make him beg. He was playing the role of quite the masculine man, which made the entire evening more delicious.

Rebecca knew all about my desires and fantasies, and she knew about my gear. She was eager to try some of my new, more comfortable and dynamic strap on harnesses, and she looked incredible in them. It made even me want to suck her cock.

Chad was bound and gagged helplessly, curled up in a little ball in the corner of my bedroom. He looked so turned on, and unable to do anything about it. He watched as I fastened Rebecca into the sharp, black leather harness, her 9 inch realistic cock bobbing. She modeled in the mirror, reached around and started stroking the cock in her hand. "Akasha, it feels so real!" She shot me a knowing smirk, and all I could do is smile back.



Chad tried to turn away. He didn't want to look, because his own cock would defy him. He was naked, except for a too-tiny black thong panty. It had been 28 days since he'd cum. The black thong was soaking wet with precum. He couldn't stand being helpless that way, wanting so bad to participate, even wanting to suck that strap on. It shamed him by turned him on all at the same time. What a conflict! The energy from that tension made me ache for him.

I leaned over and slid my hand slowly up and down the shaft of Rebecca's strap on cock. "Yes, it's the most realistic cock on the market! It cost a fortune, but it is so worth it, don't you think? Chad hasn't even sucked this one yet."

Chad knew what that 'yet' meant, and the humiliation of knowing he'd be sucking her cock in front of me was enough to make his cock even start to spurt and shake. I feared he was about to shoot his load right there! To prevent him from inadvertently bucking his hips and rubbing his cock against the floor, I walked over and rolled him over even more. "Now, now, Chad, don't get any ideas. You have to save your strength for some serious dicksucking."

I made Chad beg to suck her cock. This was hard for him to do, because he wasn't used to the humiliation of being in front of a beautiful total stranger. Rebecca was amused and entertained, and I got to watch with pleasure as she walked over and slapped him across the face a couple of times with her realistic dildo. She took over with ease, telling him to look at her dick and compliment her on the size and realistic nature of it. "Makes you want to suck a real cock, doesn't it?" she laughed.

When he tried to object, she slapped him against the face with it again, this time a little harder. He winced and looked at me for help, but I just smiled, making sure he was fully aware that I was pleasuring myself as I watched the show. His cock popped more out of the tight panty, the head of it glistening. Rebecca turned to me and smiled, "You have quite a man here, Akasha. He really thinks he

doesn't want a taste of the real thing, doesn't it? He doesn't know what he's missing!" It took us both about 10 minutes to get Chad begging for a real cock. We had him begging for a man's dick, any dick, describing it to us, how it would taste, and how he would gladly suck it until the man shot his load all over his face, his chest, or into his mouth. I was just teasing Chad by wiping the taste of my pussy over his lips, and Rebecca was lightly stroking his cock through the panties. His hips were buckling, he was sweating hard, and he was begging for it.

"Do you really mean it, Chad?" I asked, loving every moment of his confession, of his begging. I laughed with Rebecca that we should get it on video tape or get a signed document for him to show him later once we made him complete the sex act! I told him I had a friend, a male friend, on his way over. "As long as I get to taste you," he gasped to me, looking up at me, desperate. I was aching. I wanted his tongue inside of me more than anything.

I excused myself for a moment and fetched a simple, but effective cloth blindfold. Chad did protest when I put it on him, complaining that Rebecca and I were "so fucking hot," he could not stand it if he could not see us. Then he proceeded, to beg, without being told, to suck Rebecca's cock. "I need a cock in my mouth so bad," he said. All the pretty, perfect phrases I had taught him came back to him, and he used them all. "Please, I need to suck cock, I need to eat cum." Rebecca looked at me and smiled, impressed. I gave her a nod of approval, and she worked her strap on cock into position, stroking it, covering it with realistic precum. The dildo was dripping in no time, because I had loaded it with enough cum to last for three sessions at the least. She was having so much fun making it drip that I thought she'd never move forward and slide it into Chad's begging mouth. I told him to open wide and be prepared to take it all, to take a real cock. Chad opened, then hesitated, so I reached over and held his mouth open for her. There was a pause, and some time went by, and I think Chad believed a man had entered the room, and he was actually going to be sucking a real cock. The idea

made me even more wet; I wanted it to be a reality. All in good time, I reminded myself. Rebecca pushed her dripping cock toward Chad's face and into his mouth. He gagged at first and then started to lap it up, as if the taste of the cum only made him want more. He struggled to move forward, choking slightly as the cock filled his mouth. Chad moaned in approval, taking it all in. Soon, his mouth was completely full, and Rebecca was fucking his face hard.

Watching the act, it became clear that soon Chad would be doing, again, what he claimed he would never do. A little at a time, once again, I stripped Chad of his defenses. Despite himself, Chad was incredibly turned on, his own cock spurting cum as he sucked Rebecca off. She finished her load on his face, completely covering him with creamy white cum. I think he was grateful for the blindfold at that point. As he remained there, bound and on his side, blindfolded, I watched him catch his breath and I smiled at Rebecca. In reality, he had no idea that the night was just starting, not ending. And that his mouth was not finished either.

In the meantime, I leaned over and kissed Rebecca on the mouth. While he recovered, I had some catching up to do also. He could hear us, I think, disappearing into a mix of giggles and moans on the bed. He also had no idea who else was coming over.

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# Pussy Collar Torture

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My piece called "The Pussy Collar" was one of the first things I ever wrote and posted on the Internet. It was one of the first articles on my web site. The pussy collar was invented out of need; it was

created because I knew what I wanted, and the concept seemed fairly obvious and simple at the time. I knew at a young age that I needed complete control when I forced a man to go down on me. Whether I was sitting on his face and smothering him with my pussy, crushing him with my thighs or pressing my ass cheeks over his nose and mouth, I knew that the most important thing was that I controlled everything about it.

His ability to breathe His ability to move. His ability to lick.

Locking his collar to my thighs and controlling the pressure and intensity while he worshipped my pussy was so simple, so devious. Keeping my "slave" locked in this collar for more than an hour was the minimum. In fact, any other form of pussy worship started to seem mundane. Boring. I wanted the extra stimulation. I needed the whimpers, the struggling, the ragged breathing between my legs and into my cunt in order to bring me off.

When I forced a man to worship my pussy, he did so until his lips and tongue were raw. He did so despite being unable to breathe or move his head. He did so even though I was relentless and unforgiving; his tongue was my property, just like his cock was.

It was only a matter of time before the simple, almost harmless "pussy collar" would evolve into something more devious and delightful.

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I was dating Max at the time, and Max came with some "fringe benefits" – one of them was that he was an excellent metalworker and could design and develop anything I could describe.

Of course, this was a design he never could have imagined, and one that would eventually put him in the most painful and surreal positions of his life.

I described to Max what I considered “the ultimate Pussy Collar” – in fact, it was a pussy machine, essentially. The machine itself was developed with one goal in mind – to provide me with the ultimate in pleasure. To provide me with the ability to control my slave in the most painful and delightful way. To turn pussy worship into torture and nirvana at the same time. I wanted to have his life in my hands, to make him suffer with the most subtle moves, to make him not only want to lick me, but to need to lick me to survive. That, I knew, would bring oral sex to an entirely new level.

And oh how I loved the look of such devices. All metal, shiny, so inescapable and menacing in appearance. We went through several sketches until I came upon one that I liked – one that would fully encase him, trap him, and even underneath the metal he would be in extreme bondage.

It started with a comfortable and semi reclined chair for me, sweetly padded and all in fine leather. Underneath it was the metal cage, something that would appear that it had been designed by a magician for a dangerous escape.

But there would be no escaping from this device. That is, until I had been satisfied. As many times as I wanted.

Inside the metal cage the slave would be locked down in a kneeling position but forced to lean back, a position not comfortable at all. His balls would be squeezed inside a metal cage and his cock locked in a tube. Both of these devices would be manually controlled at my leisure to provide either pleasure or pain; I could apply suction to his helpless dick with the touch of a button, or slowly turn the crank on a vice that would squeeze his balls until ultimately they felt as though they would pop. Who knows what would happen if I suddenly lost my mind in frustration should he be unable to perform! His ankles would be locked in place, down on the floor of the device, and his arms would be in armbinders. Additional bondage could be added on a whim, of course. The most important part of the device, though, was how it locked his head in place.

You see, it was designed quite simply so that I could sit on it, recline back, and hold his head in place between my legs without giving him the least amount of freedom to move away. More than a step above the pussy collar, it locked his entire body in place, trapped his cock and balls, and held his head securely so I could slide my pussy into place with ease.

Holding the reins of the head harness, I could direct the position of his head with ease. I could make him turn, I could hold him in extreme positions, and I could simply let my body slide down into place and completely smother him.

I added another feature, though, to really maximize control, giving me even more freedom with my hands should I decide to not rely on the reins. I attached the head harness to a horizontal bar at foot level, allowing me to direct the position of the slave's head with my feet. Because my legs were incredibly strong, this would assure even more control of his posture and the positioning of his mouth. Relentless! Having this level of control, turning him into essentially a piece of furniture for my sexual pleasure, was the ultimate in objectification. When Max finished the device and presented it to me, to say I was pleased would be an incredible understatement.

I was more turned on than I had ever been.

It was time for a little party.

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Even though Max was very outgoing when we were alone, he was painfully shy around my friends. I'd never gotten Max very comfortable with suffering humiliation in front of my girlfriends, but he'd endure it because he knew how much it turned me on. Actually, he would endure it because he really had no choice; most of the time, he was already bound and gagged when Aimee and Kayla showed up. This time was no different.



I'd been explaining the device to both of them, and neither of them took me seriously. They thought it was a joke, of course, until they saw it for themselves. Aimee found it to be too "medieval" and bizarre; Kayla was "on board," no pun intended, and wanted to see for herself just how well it worked. Max had been "hiding" in the back office, intimidated by the sound of our laughter and the giggling of my friends. I was already wet thinking about making him submit to the three of us; no matter how many times I experienced it, I could never get over the excitement of seeing him surrender to my friends. Some women would be incredibly jealous by this or threatened by it; not me. I got completely aroused when I saw my friends getting off thanks to Max, and it was intensified when I knew he felt objectified and humiliated. Poor Max. When I brought him into the room and he saw them there, he knew he was in trouble. Aimee always made him more uncomfortable because he was so attracted to her. She had a perfect body and a conservative look to her, but he knew she was incredibly erotic and unstoppable. Kayla, on the other hand, was vivacious and a complete extrovert, exotic in her tastes and not afraid to try anything. "Get him in the machine!" she said at once, laughing a little. "I want to climb on board this thing. Show me what you got."

Max was already blushing. There was a visible bulge in his trousers. It was pathetic and amusing at the same time, how his body betrayed him. He was trying so hard to remain composed but all it took was me smiling at him to break him down. "Max is going to be a whore today," I said, "Aren't you Max? Are you ready to put that tongue to use?"

Max swallowed hard. He was getting more nervous. Of course, it was making me even more wet. I felt my panties start to heat up; I felt moisture against my thighs. My skirt was feeling uncomfortable. As soon as I had him undress (he was so humiliated standing naked in front of me and two female friends), I slipped out of my skirt and blouse and got comfortable in my camisole. It would also give him easy access to my pussy when it was time for me to climb on board.

This time, though, I planned to make him attempt to eat me right through my lace white thong – just to make it interesting.

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It was definitely the most turned on I had ever been watching Max service one of my friends. Kayla was on the device, excitedly clenching the reins as if she were riding a pony for the first time. She had stripped down to her cami top and was eagerly pressing her mound against his face, urging him to go deeper, lick faster.

Max, on the other hand, was overwhelmed and groaning in confusion and pleasure, both petrified and humiliated. I'd covered his face with a half-head harness because he was too embarrassed to even look at anyone. Plus, the hood only turned me on more – I knew that the more objectified he was, the faster I'd be coming to orgasm when it was time for my ride.

Aimee was enjoying the show, crouched down beside us to investigate the handiwork and design. She was complimenting Max, almost tauntingly, as he moaned in discomfort and tried to decipher Kayla's commands. "Stick that tongue in there, bitch!" she laughed, yanking the chains and roughly adding pressure to her right foot, forcing his head to wrench to one side. He yelped in pain. "Easy, cowgirl!" I said. "Don't break his neck, he's no good to me if he can't move!" Kayla giggled a bit, then eased down into a more comfortable position, opening her thighs even more. She created a tight seal over Max's mouth, and I knew then it would be just a matter of time. She tilted her head back and moaned in pleasure, tightening the reins and wiggling her mid section just a bit. Her skin was slightly flushed.

Meanwhile, Max had been reduced to nothing more than a pussy licking machine to us; I'd see an occasional glimpse of his pink tongue when Kayla eased up to give him room and make him struggle to reach the lips of her pussy. She teased him and taunted him that way, easing up and then sliding back down on him, using her feet on the device to position his head to the right and left at her

leisure. She was operating him like a video game, and the results were obvious to us all.

Max responded diligently, despite the pain. I was manipulating his cock and balls through the additional lever on the side, and adding just the right amount of pain to make him grimace through the mask. I could see it in his lips, when Kayla wasn't smothering him. She was soon lost in the ride, bouncing up and down on his face with an even pace.

"Oh, my," was all Aimee could observe, looking at me with raised eyebrows. I knew what she was thinking – she was wondering what such a device could cost.

Meanwhile, I was obsessing on my own about my turn. I wasn't shy, of course, but I wasn't keen on letting my friends know I was secretly touching myself, one hand up between my thighs under my camisole, lightly flicking the outside of my pussy lips. I couldn't resist. Seeing Max's tongue work desperately on Kayla was making me ache.

Kayla's tight cami top was already getting sweaty and her nipples were popping out. If Aimee hadn't have been there, I would have got up and started teasing her nipples with my tongue right through her top. To say I was getting a little sexually delirious would be an understatement. I was ready for a little threesome myself.

Max's lips were getting puffy and his tongue looked swollen. I'd seen Kayla press down on his face and hold the reins tight for up to two minutes, thrashing her head back in pleasure as he flicked and poked and desperately worked on her pussy in exchange for the opportunity to breathe. What a devious and effective trade off, I mused to myself.

When Kayla came, I'm sure even the neighbors heard. Max's moans were muffled, but we could all hear the rattling of metal from inside the cage. He was struggling to keep his tongue moving the entire time, but Kayla was ramming his face with her pussy. The sound of metal against metal was loud. I couldn't help but smile. Not only

because it was always fun seeing my girlfriends get off in this way, but because I knew my turn was next.

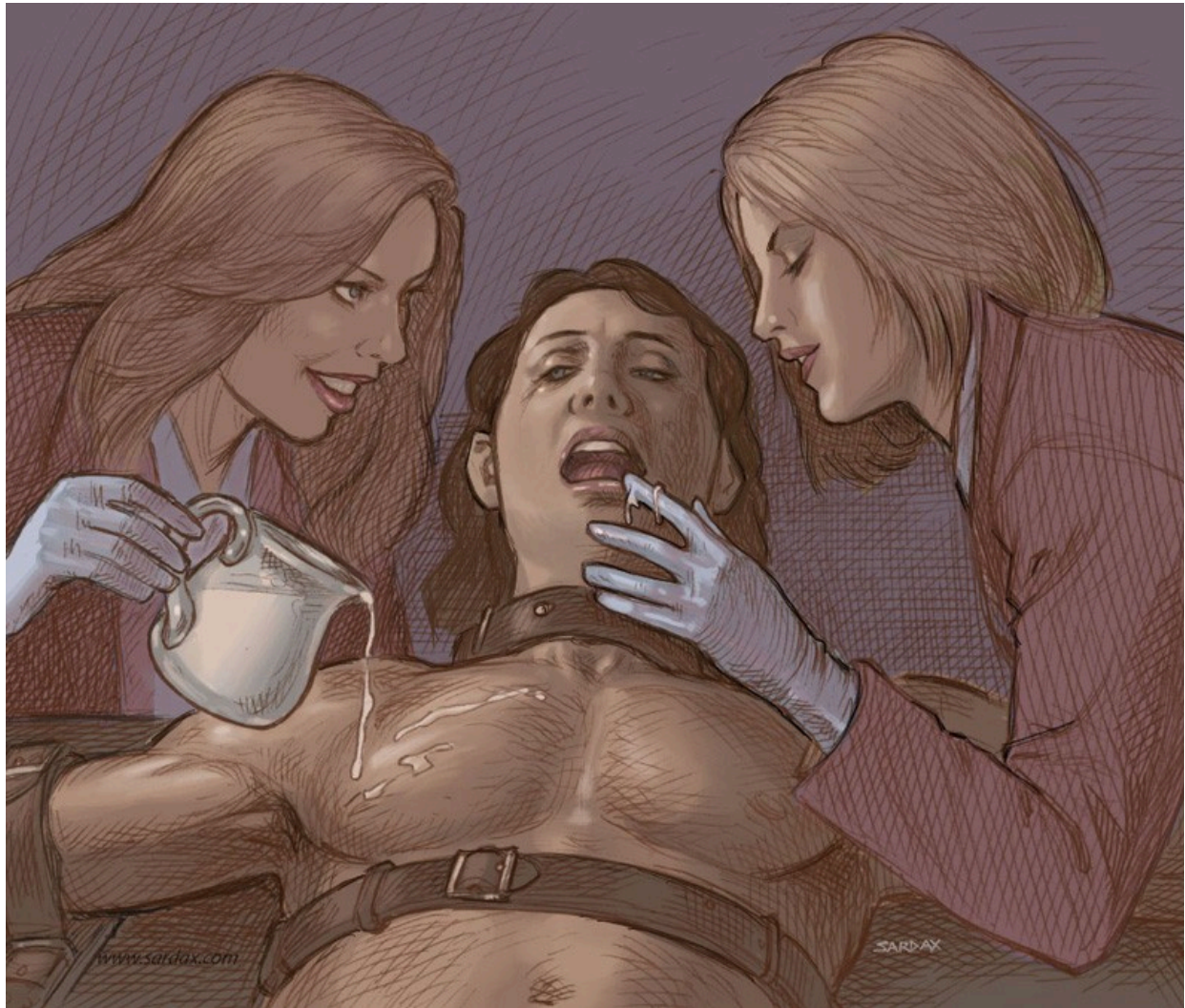
And, I knew the device was mine. The pussy collar was no longer even needed. Max's device would be a suitable replacement, indeed.

However, portability would be a problem, I noted. At least, for the time being. Max would have to work on that as well.

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# Cum Guzzler

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When Tammy asked Ron to drink his own cum, he refused.

"What's wrong with you?" she scoffed, holding up a full palm of the creamy white substance, freshly collected from his cock. "You told me ten minutes ago you'd do it! You said you'd LOVE to do it." This wasn't the first time Ron "chickened out" on his promise. In fact, it was starting to be a regular occurrence. Sure, he'd promise, he'd even beg to drink his own cum. Nothing made him more hard then

when Tammy held his cheeks tight between her fingertips and growled tauntingly at him, telling him in great detail about how he'd soon be sucking back every last drop of his own load.

But every time, Ron chickened out. Ron's cock deflated as quickly as his guts, Tammy mused, and every single time he shot his load he suddenly got cold feet and completely backed out of the proposition. Ron, apparently, didn't think this was a big deal. After all, Tammy was only "doing the domination thing" because it was a turn on for him. After all, it was Ron's idea.

Tammy was getting pretty good at it, he noted, but he knew she was doing it just for him. It didn't occur to him that perhaps her soaking wet panties were a sign that she was truly getting off on it. It didn't occur to him that the last few times she'd jerked him off right into her palm and made him beg her to be allowed to drink it, she was doing it as much for herself as for him.

And it definitely did not occur to him that Tammy was actually getting annoyed at his frequent 'backing out' of his end of the bargain – not only when it came to drinking his own cum, but on other promises as well. Like cleaning out her shoe closet, washing her panties by hand and scrubbing the toilets.

It seemed that whenever Ron had a hard dick and Tammy was in charge, he'd agree to do just about anything – even swallow a load of his own cum. But the moment he orgasmed, his desire to please deflated like a punctured balloon.

This time, it was Tammy who decided to take matters into her own hands, and to teach Ron a lesson after all. He would learn, the hard way, that Tammy was enjoying domination more than he ever knew – and she was getting off on it for her own pleasure. Not his.

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Ron actually did believe he wanted to drink his own cum, he told Tammy. But for some reason, as soon as he came, all his desires just washed away and it was like the idea never existed. He went so far as to promise, many times, he would NEVER make that "force me to drink my own cum" request again. Sure enough, he was making the same request almost the next day. Just like begging to suck the strap on cock she was wearing, or begging to be forced to bob his head up and down on the dildo on the floor as she watched and made fun of him. The more he wanted to cum, the more he would totally degrade himself for her. As long as he did not cum!

Tammy reckoned that this would be easy; just never let the sob cum! He would be hard all the time and willing to do anything and everything. Unfortunately, Ron was a horrible masturbator, and Tammy had not learned yet about the wonders of locking chastity devices. Instead, she let the man continue to jerk off at will, but he always saved up his biggest explosions for the nights he wanted to submit to her. At least, he pretended he was submitting to her. He'd kneel and suck the strap on cock (that he bought for her) and worship the boots (that he bought for her) and even lick her ass (well, he did that even when they had normal sex). And when he was getting close to cumming (she liked to make him jerk off while he was sucking her latex strap on), that's when she started talking to him about how he'd eat his own load. "You want to swallow a load of cum, don't you?" she'd ask. Tammy watched as his cock throbbed and seemed to grow in his palm. She watched as his cheeks got flushed and he started to get even more ravenous on her latex cock. He started sucking like he really loved it, as if he could actually get real cum to shoot out of that thing! "You want to be a cum drinker, don't you?" she cooed, petting his head and moving her hips back and forth suggestively, pumping the large, long cock in and out of his mouth. He slurped and moaned and jerked faster with his hand. She watched the precum glisten at the tip of his dick. Tammy reached over and took his hand, stopping it, stopping him from jerking off. He looked up with his eyes only, his mouth still full of 8 inches of her

latex cock. Tammy smiled. "Come on baby, lick it off your fingers now, lick it up!"

Ron moaned. He was still sucking the cock and he didn't want to stop. "You want to taste it, don't you!?" she smiled. She was so incredibly hot and she knew it – she knew Ron was staring up at her, at her half naked, toned body in the lingerie, at the harness that hung so beautifully over her hips. She knew he would do anything to be allowed to cum.

Tammy took him by the forehead with one hand and pulled her hips back, removing the cock from his mouth before he could protest. Then she took his hand, the one he'd be jerking off with, and lifted it to his face. "Lick it up! LICK!" she ordered.

Ron grimaced and flinched and shut his eyes tight, barely letting his tongue flicker over the glistening moisture that barely had a presence on his palm. He was being overly dramatic. She'd consumed loads of his cum! He had no idea what a baby he was being.

"After all that begging, this is all you can do?!" Tammy scoffed. "You want to suck my dick, but you won't swallow the load, is that what you're telling me?"

Ron turned red. But all he wanted to do, all he could focus on, was getting his lips around her cock again. He was such a whore for that act, she noticed, that he forgot everything else when he was slurping her latex dick. She let him get back to it, that time. She went ahead and put her hands on her hips and watched him start bobbing and slurping on her latex cock, she watched him deep throat it for some time until his fist was pumping so fast on his own dick that she knew he was ready to explode. Tammy knew he'd go ahead and shoot his load one more time and not say anything, not lick it up and certainly not drink it. The times she'd fetched a glass he'd scoffed at the idea of drinking it moments after he came. Always the same routine; he'd cum into the cup then absolutely refused to drink it and tell her, after cumming, that he'd not ask to be forced to drink it again.



"Don't you ever put me in a position to force you to do something," Tammy warned, "Unless you are prepared to be forced. Literally."

Apparently, Ron didn't listen. Again.

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Months later Tammy had planned the trap. Ron, of course, had no idea. They'd been having plenty of sex, and plenty of domination sex, complete with him tied up and blindfolded, often in various positions. Sometimes he'd cum on her tits or in her mouth, sometimes he'd cum inside her. Sometimes he'd be blindfolded and had no idea where he was cumming, but would pass out shortly after and much later, after the blindfold was off, he'd not question it, or even think about it.

He had no idea Tammy was actually catching the cum, one glass at a time, then sauntering off into the kitchen to carefully store it as he remained there, half asleep in submissive bliss, content to have promised once again he'd be "her perfect cum drinker" then not touching a drop. Not on his lips, not licking it from her skin, not even letting a drop touch his tongue.

Glass after glass Tammy saved. She had them combined and stored in a large tumbler at the very back of the freezer. Once she got started, she was consumed with the idea. Originally she was only going to save two cum loads, just in case one got tossed or spilled in the "fight" she predicted. But something came over her that made her want to really prove her point. Not only was she going to make him drink his own cum, for real, she was going to make him guzzle it. Ounces and ounces of it. Maybe even a full gallon. She wanted to make such a huge impression on him that he'd never deny her again. Ron would never again think that he could make submissive promises then back down, simply because his little dick was soft and the idea was no longer "hot" to him. Ron, she mused, would learn that submission was about what was "hot" to Tammy; and what was hot

to Tammy was Ron being forced to guzzle loads of his own cum, glass after glass, until he could not believe there was more coming.

Tammy didn't care if it would take months to plan. She just kept at it, and every time she poured more of Ron's captured cum into her special container, she felt the warmth in her panties and the aching between her legs. This is what domination felt like, Tammy smiled. She wasn't just acting it out. She wasn't just playing make believe to get her boyfriend off. She was doing something for her; she was going to make him keep his word. No more empty promises from Ron. Tammy was born.

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It was a late night in February that it all came together. Tammy wanted it to be a memorable night for Ron, so she planned accordingly.

First, she was careful not to allow him to cum for several days. Ron-the-chronic-masturbator was mighty cranky during this time, because she playfully forbid him from even touching himself, promising him that the wait would be worth it.

Tammy called her best friend Lily for this night. Lily was a good friend of Ron's also, and Ron thought she was incredibly sexy. Ron had the biggest crush on Lily and everyone knew it, but Tammy knew that nothing would ever happen between them. Ron, even though he was a bit of a pain in the ass in bed, was incredibly pussy whipped and devoted to Tammy.

Using Lily as an added ploy was devious to the core. Tammy chose this not to turn Ron on more, as one would assume (being with two beautiful women, after all, was every man's fantasy), but to humiliate him even more. Ron never wanted Tammy to even joke about his cum drinking fantasies, especially in front of another woman. That's why Tammy's final plan was so devious. Ron thought he was going to not only have a great night of domination and sex, but when Lily

showed up dressed conservatively after work (this was one of Ron's "favorite" looks) but hinted she was there to "help train the boy," he was sure his fantasies were about to come true. Tammy had done a fine job strapping Ron down on the small bondage table they had used as a portable play toy. He strained against the bonds just enough to arouse Tammy even more; she was so thrilled knowing that he was going to face the ultimate act. She was pacing herself, because the idea had been such a turn on in her mind. To say that it had been brewing for months was an understatement.

The gorgeous Lily, still moving slyly in her business suit, paced around the table and made candid observations about Ron and his body, pointing to the erection in his briefs and asking Tammy what on earth she'd been putting in the water.

Tammy laughed and said something about what Ron REALLY liked to drink, but he shot her a look of embarrassment and shook his head a little, giving her a warning stare. Indeed, the thought of his gorgeous neighbor knowing his most humiliating fantasy was too much to take, no matter how much of a turn on it was. Tammy excused herself and left for the kitchen. Lily, meanwhile, went into her purse and started to remove something. Ron was transfixed. He couldn't believe what he was seeing or witnessing, and almost wished he were gagged because at least then he'd have an excuse for being so dumfounded and silent. To his surprise and arousal, Lily was removing a simple pair of latex gloves. What for – he wondered – but the idea and sight of it was enough to push him even closer to the edge. His hips were bucking uncontrollably, his body shifting against the leather straps. He felt as though the slightest touch would make him explode! He heard the beeping of the microwave in the next room. The microwave of all things! What was Tammy doing – he wondered – making microwave popcorn to watch? Maybe heating up wax – no, no he thought, Tammy knew he wasn't into pain. Maybe she was making tea – tea for her guest? Ron was confused but his mind was so muddled already, his thoughts quickly shifted to more pressing matters. Namely, the state of his erection. Lily leaned over his bound

frame, the gloves now on after a distinct “snap” of the fingers, and he was intoxicated with the scent of her perfume, the crisp freshness of her breath and the faint odor of powdered latex. “When Tammy called me to come witness this, I couldn’t say no.”

Ron had no idea what she was talking about. It didn’t matter; he felt like if she leaned any closer, if her breasts, even through that suit, touched his skin, he might explode right there.

Tammy entered the room and he only saw a glimpse of her. She was carrying a glass measuring cup and it appeared to be full of milk. Between that and the microwave sound, he wondered if she was making cookies or something – nothing made sense at all. But he ignored it, because he was in the middle of the greatest fantasy of all, and he didn’t want to miss a thing.

Tammy’s words were sharp and harsh, and startled him right out of his stupor. “Lily wants to know just how much of a cum drinker you are.”

The words – cum drinker – made him red with humiliation but also made his cock twitch with excitement. He couldn’t help it. And Lily’s laugh didn’t help – when she laughed, his cock bobbed and twitched more. Hearing them talk about it, then, started to make him crazy with humiliation and desire. “He wants to drink his own cum?” Lily asked. “Does he suck cock too?” “Oh, he wants to drink a load of cum, but the chickenshit always backs out!” Tammy laughed. Now, Tammy was right next to him, and when he turned, he could see the measuring cup. Suddenly, he realized what he thought was impossible.

“What is that!?” he gasped.

Tammy took her pinky and dipped it in the creamy white fluid, the held it up in front of his face. “This, my slave, is cum. It’s your cum. Probably from about – oh, March of this year. Hard to tell which load is which. They were kind of separate, and then I thawed them out,

and stirred it up real good.” Ron’s heart was pounding. His throat closed up. He tried to speak but couldn’t – he could just hear Lily giggling, and then saying, “eww, that’s kind gross. Look, it’s still lumpy in some areas....how weird.” “No,” Ron finally said, “You can’t – Tammy, come on...”

It was too late. Tammy was already jerking him off. She was slowly stroking his cock, so perfectly. His hips were pumping, he was on the edge. He needed to cum so bad. “I will not let you cum,” she said. “Until you drink this entire load!”

Ron groaned. It was unthinkable! But his cock throbbed more and oozed more precum. “I’m not letting you cum – you can stay here all night with us teasing your dick. It’s going to be a long night.” Lily had to step in and add her two cents. “I also brought something—a little something – I found on the Internet. It’s a gag, with a hole, and a funnel. I don’t plan to be here all night, you know. So, Tammy, that’s always an option...”

Ron looked up, gasping, his face covered in sweat already. Right under his nose was a measuring cup full of warm cum. The scent of it, musky and old, filled his nostrils. He almost started to gag. He turned his head. Tammy smiled and leaned over, whispering into his ear. “It’s not your fantasy anymore, Ron. It’s mine.” Lily started to scoop up a latex-finger-full of the creamy white cum, bringing it to his lips. Ron gasped, helpless, as she let it drip on his bottom lip and then his tongue. He was so turned on by Tammy’s stroking that he couldn’t do anything. She threatened to stop, to leave him there, so he just shut his eyes for a moment and let the cum fall in drops on his tongue. At least he couldn’t taste it, and he hoped to swallow it in one quick movement.

Then he felt the unthinkable. A pair of fingers plugged his nose, and he was put into a headlock. The sound of female giggles filled his ears and he struggled desperately but the bonds were too tight. His mouth opened with a gasp when he ran out of air, and then his mouth was flooding with the warm, thick fluid. A latex-gloved hand

clamped over his mouth, and he was dizzy as the fluid choked down through his lungs, some coughed up through his nose.

All he could hear was Tammy's voice whispering, contently, "Well, aren't YOU a cum drinker..." When his eyes opened and his vision cleared, lashes still wet from the tears that came with gagging, he saw the measuring cup. It was still three quarters full.

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# Casting Call

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Lance was a frustrated submissive.



At 35, he'd been searching for the perfect dominant woman most of his adult life. With the exception of one fiery three-month fling with a strict nurse who used to like to bring home her own special toys from the hospital, Lance's track record was dismal. He'd been to a few pros, he'd tried the local BDSM scene, he'd even tried online personals. Every woman he met wanted his money, and the other ones just vanished -- always just prior to a first time meeting.

Lance was about to give up. It wasn't worth the frustration, he told himself, and he was certain that the dominant woman of his dreams was just that -- a dream. A fantasy that would never come true. A series of expectations that would never be met. A woman that simply did not exist. When he saw the advertisement while browsing what he swore was the last femdom porn site he would ever visit, he had to re-read it several times.

CASTING CALL: Male submissive with endurance? Flash Pictures is casting for "Domina Dreams," featuring the finest cast of all new femdom stars. Young, up and coming talent with a sincere sadistic streak are about to devour their prey. Only serious men need apply.

Lance bit his lip and stared at the screen for a few moments. He was familiar with Flash Pictures. In fact, he had a half dozen of their DVDs. The dominas in them were spectacular and real. Immediately he was distracted by the fast stiffening of his cock. He shifted in his chair, again, considering the possibilities. There must be hundreds of subs trying out for the shot to be the guy in the next film, he pondered. And what submissive wouldn't? For an opportunity to spend days with these sensual, sadistic women -- to meet them, and to give them a chance to get to know him. Surely one of them would find him of interest -- after all, they were probably inundated with men who treated them like sex objects or mere porn stars. Lance looked at the ad again, searching for a phone number. He figured he had nothing to lose. However, there was no phone number. Just an address -- in West Hollywood -- and a casting call time of 2pm on

Saturday. Even better, he thought. He'd have a chance to show them in person that he had the right body and the right attitude.

Suddenly he felt like this was about to change his life. He had no idea why, but he honestly felt like he had a shot.

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Lance arrived at 2pm sharp. It was a small business office in a normal looking building. In the halls he noticed a lot of young, pretty women in cute business suits carrying leather briefcases. He figured a marketing firm must be in the same building, probably looking for interns. Because they were all cute, young and looked fresh out of college. Most were in pairs.

When he arrived at the right office, he soon forgot about the college girls. He'd dressed conservatively in a nice pair of jeans and golf shirt. Lance didn't see any other men in the office – just an older woman behind a reception desk. He checked the printout he'd brought with him and then looked around, wondering if he was in the right place.

The older woman swiveled in her chair to face him. "Are you here for the casting call?" she asked him in a raspy voice. She looked like she hadn't slept in days.

Lance walked up to her and nodded, nervous, suddenly questioning himself. He wondered if he'd have better luck staying out there with the cute college interns; suddenly, he was nervous about the entire thing. The woman pushed a button on her phone and said into the intercom, "Got another one for you. You want to take a look at this one?"

Lance swallowed. Apparently, the men so far had not been satisfactory. He had visions of walking into a room and having someone look him over and say flatly, "No thanks." Just like online, just like the fetish parties, he would appear simply plain enough to be

overlooked. He wished he'd dyed his hair, or cut it and spiked it, or wore something more edgy. At once he realized he'd taken the wrong approach. A door behind the receptionist opened and a woman in a light colored business suit peered out. She was tall, with blonde hair tied up in a clip. The woman was also wearing glasses, and Lance's heart suddenly was pumping as he felt his knees weaken. She was beautiful – with that studious, bad-girl-under-the-glasses look he'd always been hopeless for, ever since 4th grade with Mrs. Landers. "Come on in," the woman gestured to Lance, smiling pleasantly. She was just a tad taller than him with her high heels, and he could smell her perfume as he approached her. Intoxicating. "My name is Madison," she said as she held out her hand. He shook it, meekly, and realized his palms must be sweaty. Clearing his throat, he tried to remind himself that he should calm the hell down, that this casting director was just that – a casting director. Not a femdom, probably not even kinky.

But as he walked behind her, trying to not stare directly at her fine ass and the way her hips moved with each stride, he found himself longing that she were, in fact, the domina he had dreamed of. Because she sure fit the part. She looked it, she walked like it, she even seemed to control him with her smile and the way she moved with confidence.

Madison stopped in a room that was empty except for a wooden stool and a camera. The stool was in front of a white back drop. Madison gestured to the stool and then picked up a clipboard, asking for Lance's stats. Name, phone number, email address, height, weight. He rattled them all off with a few nervous pauses in between.

Madison just kept going down the list as he shifted on the wooden stool, trying to get comfortable. She asked about medical conditions, acting experience, and then cock size.

Lance hesitated. He acted like he wasn't sure but Madison just looked up, peering at him through her glasses, tapping her pencil. "Do you want me to get a ruler?" she asked with a bit of a teasing smile.

Immediately Lance was blushing. He rubbed his palms on his jeans and laughed, finally saying, "Seven...uh....I guess seven and uh," he bit his lip. "Is that going to be a problem?" Madison snickered and said, "No."

"Six and a half," he corrected.

Madison turned the clipboard around and showed him where she had already written "Six and a half." She shook her head at him. "Men. Very predictable."

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The next half hour was anything but predictable for Lance. Madison took a few headshots of him and then told him to wait as she went into the next room. The room was eerily quiet now, and all he could do is look around and wonder if his time with Madison was about up. He wondered if he should ask her if she was available for lunch sometime. He might as well make the best use of his time, he figured, since he felt based on the questionnaire that he was a long shot for the film. It didn't really matter, though, because meeting Madison was enough for him already. He hoped it was fate, because she was simply gorgeous.

Madison came back into the room after what seemed like another half hour. "Sorry to keep you waiting. They were having trouble with the film crew. We're ready for you now." "Ready for me?" he asked, shocked. "Ready – now? For filming?"

She nodded and looked at her watch. "We've got a couple of hours, and the director said you're just fine – in fact, just what she wanted. That is, unless you've changed your mind." Lance stuttered. Suddenly, thoughts of asking Madison out were gone – he was actually about to go BE in a femdom movie. Something about the way he looked – the way HE looked? Like a normal guy, apparently! Lance was thrilled.

He was full of questions as he followed Madison into the next room. "What about, uhh, what about a script? What am I going to wear? I - I didn't plan, really, for this..." Madison shushed him. "You just do as told. I'm sure you can do that, can't you, Lance?"

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Meanwhile, on the other side of a two-way mirror, three sharply dressed women observed Lance's interactions with Madison. Jasmine, the leader of the group, immediately saw the potential in him. "He's definitely our guy," she stated firmly. "He'll agree to do anything."

Katherine, the tall redhead, laughed softly. "He has no idea what he is getting himself into. The original submissive guinea pig. Every sub's dream, and every sub's nightmare. He won't last more than 15 minutes, ladies."

All that Rebecca could contribute was a soft chuckle. The three women knew what was in store for the young "actor," and it was a screen test unlike any they had conducted before. In fact, Lance wasn't being screen-tested at all. He was merely a prop – a prop in a screen test for the next "new femdom talent" – a prop that would be used and violated by some 75+ women that lined up outside the office doors waiting for their chance to audition for the chance of the lifetime. College girls, fashion models, and even a few seasoned bdsm fetishists lined up outside with script in hand, all waiting for their chance to show just how naturally they could maneuver their strap on cocks, just how much their dominant beauty would shine on camera.

In the nearby waiting area they were led to several drawers and boxes and told to find the strap on harness and "cock" that best defined their personality. Among giggles and oohs and ahhs, the collection of young beauties rummaged through the assortment of colored, jellied, ejaculating, vibrating and pulsing dildos and matching leather harnesses, then eagerly helped each other into them. By wearing them around in the waiting room, they had a chance to get

used to their new “equipment” – and warm each other up for their big chance at stardom.

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Lance found himself in a relatively plain room with a video camera and a simple wooden desk. There were two female assistants there who made him strip naked and spoke to him in a casual manner. The lack of props made Lance curious, but even though the atmosphere lacked a fetish flair, he was still rock hard when his pants were taken away from him.

Lance watched as one of the women walked off with his clothes in a pile in her arms. He was about to ask her about it, when he could retrieve them, but she was gone and the growing activity in the room distracted him.

Lights were on and people were moving about, and he noticed at once a few lovely women stripping down. These two women were absolutely stunning. They had “girl next door” looks about them that made his heart melt. Dominant, no, he reckoned they did not appear dominant at all. But when he saw them giggle and fasten leather harnesses on, suddenly something about them changed. Chrissy was the blonde, and she had been staring at him. She seemed to be checking him out and whispering to her friend, and when he tried to introduce himself to her, he was silenced when her tall dark haired friend pushed him toward the wooden desk and said “I think you belong down there for this!” It startled him. Lance found himself pushed over the desk, and heard women giggling, and once again all he could ask was, “Is there a script?!”

Looking up and forward, all he could see was a camera in his face. The woman behind it was mysteriously hidden. He wondered if it was Madison. He saw only the outlines of her face because a bright light was shining in his face. He started to sweat.

No one would answer any of his questions. Every time he tried to turn around to look, the tall woman would push his face back down. Someone was asking for lubricant. He heard giggling, and saw through a side door that more women were entering the room. These looked like the college girls he had seen before. The camera was rolling when he gasped, feeling fingers wet with lubricant sliding up his asshole. It was sudden, unexpected, and he yelped repeatedly, jumping, but was held down. "What the hell!" he gasped, but again his head was pushed down. He knew the ladies were in strap on harnesses, but wasn't expecting such a sudden violation, with absolutely no warning, and no warm up. Then he felt fingertips on his butt cheeks and his ass spread, followed by the large rubber head of a dildo pushing against his hole. He screamed out, this time startled even more, but was silenced by a hand over his mouth. The scent of pussy filled his nose. He felt a woman behind him pushing harder and harder. The sweat was pouring down his face.

His vision was blurred a bit, but he could not mistake what he saw. As the pressure built in his ass, as the pumping continued, he saw various women walking around the room, some staring, some gasping, some giggling – and they were all in harnesses. They all were wearing similar strap on harnesses but their cocks were all different. Some of them were playing with them, some of them were standing with hands on hips. All women of different height and style but all very beautiful, and the room just kept filling up. Lance's ass, however, was already full. The dark haired domina behind him had fully penetrated him and was building up her thrusts into a rhythm, slapping him on one ass cheek and laughing, "This is how you do it, ladies!"

Her announcement was met with cheers and laughter, and the ladies seemed to move forward, pushing for a chance to get into what appeared to be a line. Lance's eyes were watering, his ass burning, his vision blurred by bright lights and damp eyelashes.

A woman stepped in front of him, blocking the view of the camera. Lance was painfully face to face with a large, flesh colored dildo, the largest one in the room. He looked up, wincing, and asked between breaths, "I thought this was...for a movie?"

She smiled at him, fingering the length of the shaft she was wearing, wrapping her hand around the base and then reaching under to touch the large, realistic balls on it. "This is just a screen test." Lance groaned, hoping his screen test was over soon; this was not what he had bargained for, and the pumping behind him seemed to stop only briefly and start again; he realized the second woman had mounted him. "I'm finished!" he hissed. "My screen test is over!"

The woman in front of him with the huge cock just smiled and reached over to him, stroking the hair out of his face. "No, dear. This isn't your screen test," she looked up, and then gestured around the room. "It's their screen test. I'm looking for the perfect woman. I have seventy five to choose from. And I want to see how they all look while fucking a man in the ass. While fucking YOU in the ass." Lance felt his face turn more red, his heart pounding. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Seventy five women. He looked up, straining a bit and grunting as the next lady in line seemed to have trouble positioning her cock properly, and his ass seemed to tighten with each one. "Wait," he winced. "I can't – " His words were silenced with ease. The woman merely slid the head of her cock into his open mouth and then held his head, looking down at him and smirking. "There's a cocksucking requirement, too. But we'll shoot that later."

Lance choked slightly on the cock, tried to resist and move but found that two more women were standing by, ready to hold his arms down. As if they had anticipated his resistance, leather straps were ready to fasten his wrists down and in place. He felt shackles being attached to his ankles and then his legs were spread and a bar was locked between them.

The cock in his mouth started sliding in and out and he had no choice but to loosen his jaw and try to accept it, try to resist gagging on it.



Drool began to form around his lips and down his chin, his eyes watering even more, his muffled protests almost completely drowned out by the giggles and laughter of the ladies around him.

Lance couldn't help but notice the sheer number of cocks in the room, realizing that all of them would have a turn on him – either his ass or his mouth, or both. The women, he could not deny, were all so good looking. Some of them made him ache with desire, but the humiliation he felt being put on display was unbearable. The inability to endure the act with any dignity was overwhelming. This was not the way he wanted them to see him!

The next cock he felt in his ass was metallic. The one after that was a jelly-type and it vibrated. The ladies all behaved differently when they mounted him; some were gentle and nervous at first, and some just shoved their cock right into his ass. Re-lubrication was needed every fifteen minutes and he found himself nearly ready to pass out. All the while, his cock alternated between being embarrassingly flaccid and remarkably hard. No one, though, paid any attention to his cock except to sometimes reach over and give it a squeeze.

Much later he found himself staring up at the camera again, unable to identify the woman that was behind it, the woman that was doing the filming. But he did see that she had her hand down, her skirt pulled up, and it appeared she was fingering herself between the legs. He saw the tops of her stockings and an occasional glimpse of her fingers. She wasn't wearing panties. She was pleasuring herself while filming him; she was getting off on filming him being fucked by all these women. For some reason, that was the most erotic thing he had considered.

The fucking itself was relentless. Often unemotional. Violating. Some of the women treated him like a piece of meat, reaching under and pinching and twisting his nipples, then slapping his ass and calling him things like "dirty whore" and "pussy boy." One lady actually came around front and made him lick and suck her ass momentarily while

her best friend fucked him with a hand held device; apparently, the screen test was not limited to strap on cocks.

Each of the acts seemed worse than the others, but once he saw his director was enjoying the show, the price to pay didn't seem quite as unthinkable. In fact, he started to find himself responding enthusiastically, or at least trying to. He found himself wanting to please his director, he wanted to see her pleasuring herself more. He wanted to see it all, up close, but only caught a few glances. More than an hour had gone by when Lance felt as though the room was finally starting to empty out. He watched the ladies sign papers and exit. Some blew him a kiss, some waved. He could never respond because he usually had a cock in his ass and mouth at the same time, and was trying to simply keep his head up.

When all was said and done, Lance was left strapped down on the table, barely supporting his own weight. He waited, painfully, for the woman behind the camera to step out so he could see her. All he saw was the occasional lift of her hand, from between her legs, up toward her face and behind the camera. He strained to lift his head more, his jaw sore and his ass leaking lube. There was a woman remaining, behind him, but she was not fucking him. She was writing something on a clipboard. Finally, she moved around to the front and said, cheerfully, "How are we doing?"

Lance grimaced and turned his head toward her. "I....I'm really tired, and I'd like to go now...." The woman with the clipboard smiled. "It's just lunch, sweetie. We've got another group coming in shortly." Lance blinked and strained to turn his head and follow her as she walked to the door. "Wait!" he gasped. "I don't think ---- I can't --- "

The door opened and closed with her exit, and just outside of it he could hear a myriad of female voice chattering, giggling, whispering. Waiting their turn.

He looked back up at the woman behind the camera, but she still would not reveal herself. He could tell she was watching part of the

video back through the camera lens, perhaps watching her favorite parts again. And her fingers were still between her legs, under her skirt.

Lance had no idea if he would ever find out who she was. He knew who he wanted it to be. He pretended it was, and hoped he served her well. He realized it may be his only opportunity. Soon after, the next group of ladies filled the room. Their screen tests were ready to begin.

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# Dual Lust

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[www.sardax.com](http://www.sardax.com)



It was easy to pick Cole as my dual-fuck victim. He had the perfect look about him - the longish hair I adored, the fine, tight ass. Cole was tall and handsome, and he was still just a novice in so many ways. Whenever I dominated Cole, he maintained a certain demeanor about him that made me want to take him farther.

But it was really all about me. My new friend, Angela, had been asking me for advice about how to use a strap-on. Her boyfriend had bought it for her, a clumsy piece of crap, and she brought it to me for help. "What the hell am I supposed to do with this?" she groaned. I would have to agree with her; if I were not into strap on play myself, I would have been equally turned off. What she needed was a nice piece of equipment, and a suitable guinea pig.

I knew that Cole would be perfect.

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Cole arrived on time in a button down shirt and nice fitting jeans. Angela looked stunning in a tight black dress, a traditional knockout blonde with large breasts. I could tell Cole was a bit speechless. I had told him we were going to be "sharing" him but I did not tell him of the details. Being the novice that he was, I assumed he thought it would be some light bondage play and maybe I'd make him suck my strap on. Little did he know that there was so much more in store for him. Just seeing him there, shyly taking the soda I offered him, I was already getting wet with anticipation. There is nothing hotter than fucking a man with a girlfriend of mine, having him on all fours while we pound simultaneously into his mouth and asshole. I was so looking forward to showing Angela just how hot strap on play could be with the right man, and Cole was the right man.

I wasted no time. "Angela, let's go change," I said. "Cole, find your way to the spare bedroom, and take off all of your clothes. Your leather collar is on the bondage table. Put that on, as well as the wrist and ankle cuffs. Leave them unfastened for now."

Cole nodded quietly, excusing himself from the room. I watched Angela take him in as he went by; she was checking out his ass.

"Handsome, isn't he?" I nudged her.

"Mmm-hmm," she agreed, folding her arms and watching him until he disappeared into the next room,

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I had Angela change into an outfit I had selected for her, complete with matching elbow high gloves like the ones I wore when I dominated Cole. He had a huge fetish for the gloves, especially with the boots, and I knew he would need to be completely aroused to be able to endure the complete humiliation we were about to put him through.

I helped Angela into her strap on harness, a much high quality one that I had picked out for her. I had a nice pink dildo ready for her to use, and she held it curiously for a moment as we were getting dressed. "So, I am going to fuck him with this, this dildo, right into his asshole?"

"Yes," I said. The way she asked that question made me wet. I was actually getting turned on just thinking about it, turned on while I laced up my thigh high boots. My own strap on harness was beside me, a huge red cock ready for use. This was a custom design, fitted right into my skin tight body suit, so accurately sewn that the base pressed perfectly against my crotch. I had a small vibrating egg installed at the base of the dildo, so that I could add additional pleasure should I require it. It was by far one of my most exciting inventions. Orgasms were never a problem while wearing it; in fact, I often didn't even have to use the vibrator. Just thrusting my large red cock into a tight ass was enough, providing I was using long, deliberate strokes with the proper pressure right against my crotch.

Once I had my strap on tightly in place I stood behind Angela as she faced the mirror. Reaching around, I helped her buckled the leather harness, angling the pink dildo just right. She looked at herself in the mirror, at her crotch, then up at her cleavage, adjusting herself. "Your dick is poking my butt," she pointed out. I laughed. Indeed, my latex cock was bobbing in front of me, apparently with a mind of its own, not so unlike the real cock of a man. "Sorry about that. It stands at attention quite readily." I took Angela's hand and let it around, wrapping her fingers around the pink dildo. "See how that feels? Nice, isn't it?"

"Makes me just want to wave it around," she laughed, wriggling her hips. "So he'll get turned on just seeing this thing?"

"Oh yeah," I told her. "He'll nearly die with arousal."

With that, I took her by the arm to lead her into the next room. I was pretty turned on, and didn't want to wait any longer.

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Cole was standing next to the bondage bench, naked except for the leather collar around his neck and leather buckling straps around his wrists, ankles and thighs. They were fantastically adjustable, meaning I could lock him down anywhere in my playroom - onto the bondage table, to my bondage chair, or hanging from the ceiling. He was "bondage-ready" as I liked to call it.

And did he ever look hot. His hair was disheveled a little, his blue eyes were sparkling. He looked a little scared, nervous. When he saw that we were both wearing strap ons, his own dick immediately got hard. "Don't get so excited just yet, slut," I said to him, stroking my cock tauntingly with my gloved hand. "I'm going to show Angela just how it's done. So you behave yourself, and stretch out over the table," I ordered. "Face DOWN."



Cole obliged, moving slowly a bit, slightly trembling. I could sense his fear, his nervousness, and it just turned me on more. He was so hot, and so willing to do anything, he was growing into the perfect slave and I had only known him three months. I'd fucked his ass many times, and his mouth many times, but he had never submitted to two women at once, and certainly not a dual fucking. I took my time locking Cole down on the bondage table. I locked his wrists above his head and then spread his legs, letting my gloved fingers trail down his bare back first. I opened his thighs with my knee, and then leaned down and locked his ankles to the legs of the table. I told him that he had better keep his legs wide open, or I'd add a spreader bar between his thighs, which he recalled was terribly uncomfortable. He nodded agreeably, looking over his head at Angela, who was watching him and idly playing with her pink dildo, sliding her gloved hand up and down it. When she caught him looking, she smiled, and said "You like it when I stroke my dick?"

A natural, I thought!

Cole responded nervously. "I...I don't know what to say. Yeah...yeah I do."

I took Cole's chin in my hands and made him turn to face me, his face inches from my crotch, my red latex cock resting against his cheek. I used my other hand to toss a small plastic bottle of lubricant to Angela. "Lube up your cock, and then his ass. Take your time."

Cole wanted to turn and look, but I wouldn't let him. I held his face there so he could do nothing but look at me, because I wanted to see the expressions on his face change as Angela slid the cool, slick lubricant up and down his ass crack, as she pushed a finger into his asshole and commented, "Hmm...tight." I watched him wince, listened to him gasp. "You're making me very, very wet..." I encouraged him. He was sweating already. He was amazing the way he reacted; I was ready to rape his mouth right there, but I knew I had to wait until Angela was ready.

Plus, I wanted to see the look on his face when her huge pink cock entered his tight ass for the first time. Angela took her time, and I had no intentions of rushing her. She teased Cole's ass cheeks with the pink cock, slapping it into his right and left alternatively. She pushed just the head into his ass, using her hands to spread his cheeks for a better view.

Cole groaned. I shoved a few gloved fingers into his mouth and ordered him to suck. I loved it when Cole sucked on my fingers, and he could easily take a mouthful of my gloved ones, alternating between sucking and licking them.

"It's so tight," Angela said, grunting a little.

"Spread his cheeks," I told her. "And just push the head of your dick through..he'll loosen up, won't you Cole?"

He moaned and whimpered slightly, and Angela let out a soft grunt and then cooed when the dildo found its way into his asshole. She slid her hips closer to his ass, watching with a bit of awe as the shaft disappeared between his cheeks.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" I asked her. She was already a bit in her own world, sliding slowly in and out to get the rhythm, to find her own pace. Indeed, she was a natural at it, and was already pumping in a way to stimulate her own crotch, holding his hips with her gloved hands. She was keeping him in perfect position, even pulling back on his ass to make him meet her thrusts.

That was all it took for me. At once, I wanted all eight inches of my cock in Cole's mouth. I pulled my fingers from his lips and moved my hips closer, telling him to open wide. Cole obliged, his whole body jerking forward with each of Angela's thrusts, his breath coming in short gasps. He opened his mouth and I used a hand to guide the head of my red cock into his mouth, holding his face with the other hand.

He looked up at me desperately, his eyes watering. There he was, with my cock now fully in his mouth, his entire body shaking with the pumping of Angela's hips. I held him by the head and maneuvered all eight inches of my cock into his mouth, gagging him slightly. I knew he could accommodate the entire thing, I had seen that many times. He was simply distracted by the penetration he was receiving on the other end, and the moans of pleasure coming from Angela.

Every time Angela gave Cole a deep thrust, he'd be pushed forward onto my cock and gag on it more, trying desperately to press his hands into the table for leverage. Nothing worked; Angela was strong, and she was getting into it more and more.

"You never thought you'd see this, did you, slut?" I asked Cole, making him look up at me as I pushed my latex cock deeper and deeper down his throat. His mouth was watering, the cock was making a distinct popping sound each time I pulled it from his lips. He slurped, licking up his own drool from the head of the dildo, then opened wider to accommodate even more of it.

Cole knew from experience that the closer I got to orgasm, the more he would be able to smell my pussy with each thrust into his mouth. Sometimes he could even see me getting wet right through my panties, all around the area where the base of the cock pressed against my crotch. I was close to cumming, indeed. And Angela was sweating gloriously, holding him by the hips and pumping wildly. She was on the edge, too, I could tell.

"Angela," I said, "Come over here. Let him get you off," I said breathlessly. "He's lubed up this big dick with his mouth and I want it in his ass."

Angela nodded, backing out of his ass and saying breathlessly to me, "That's pretty hot," I smiled, and noticed she was looking at the glistening red cock I was wearing. Indeed, he had made it dripping wet from the head to the base from all his eager sucking, and lubrication was not even needed. Angela unbuckled the leather

harness of her strap on and stepped out of it, and without hesitation or shyness hiked up her lingerie and pulled down her panties, stepping out of them. I knew Cole was in for an unexpected treat.

I immediately got behind him and pushed my cock into his ready asshole. It was still a little tight, but I managed to slide the length of it in without much resistance, and immediately picked up my familiar rhythm. I was already on the edge, and eager to watch Angela get some fine tongue servicing from my prized slave. Angela walked around and took Cole by the face. He was sweating, and breathing hard, but still was gorgeous. I knew she was taking in the features of his weary face, and she was smiling. "You have a good tongue, do you?"

"Yes!" I said for him, giving him my vote of approval as I fucked his ass, enjoying the pressure against my crotch, watching his ass cheeks jiggle with each thrust.

Smiling, Angela slowly turned around, eased up her lingerie and bent over. She reached around with her gloved hands and pulled apart her ass cheeks, pressing her butt right into Cole's face. What a surprise, I thought!

Cole went straight to work, knowing what needed to be done. Angela had to brace herself against the wall to keep her ass pressed tightly against my slave's face, because my thrusts were pushing him forward hard. He was licking her ass, indeed, and doing it with deliberate passion. Angela was moaning, and I could tell she had never been serviced that way before, at least not by someone with the talent he had. "Keep licking her ass, slut!" I ordered Cole as I pumped his hole, not letting up at all. I fucked him harder, until I was unable to continue without cumming. Just watching him lick Angela's ass was divine; I especially loved how she sometimes didn't even let him breathe, backing up onto his face to completely cover him with her ass cheeks.

I don't know who came first. I did with quite a frenzy, closing my eyes tightly and hearing nothing but Cole's muffled groans and Angela's purring encouragement. I know she came as well, because her moans were louder than mine.

When we were finished, we took a moment to sit back, both breathing hard, and look at the exhausted one still sprawled across the table, his skin damp and flushed. He was ready to pass out, apparently. I smiled at Angela, and had to ask her. "What did you think?" Angela laughed a little, took Cole by the chin and lifted his face to look at him. "I'd say he's a keeper." Of course, I had asked her about the strap on; but, her answer said it all.

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# Femdom Reflections on Strap-On Play

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When I was about 16, I used to roleplay fucking a man in the ass. At that time, I never really thought I would feel the sensation for real,

but I found the mere suggestion of it very empowering. I would have my boyfriend lay face down on the bed, and I'd straddle his back. Kneeing his thighs apart, holding his face down with one hand to the back of his head, I would position my hips in the right place, sneering at him, rubbing my crotch suggestively over his ass. I'd growl, pull his hair, thrust my hips toward him in a rhythmic motion, gaining momentum (and enjoying the pressure and stimulation) until I was slamming into him as if I were the man and he were the woman. The power rush was sensational. Having him face down, holding his face down, hearing the muffled protests. I wondered how good it would feel to be able to have that ability for real -- to really \*fuck\* a man, to be a penetrator, not a penetratee.

I didn't actually think I would know one day. But then again, I was only 16 - I also didn't think I'd develop an interest in leashes and gagging men with my panties.

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I remember the first time I wore my strapon. I modeled in front of the mirror and felt somewhat silly, but very sexy. It has a lot of leather straps and buckles, and can be tightened to fit snug enough to provide great stimulation to the pelvic bone. As a teen, I used to be able to orgasm from a good make out session while rubbing my jeans up against the hardness in my boyfriend's pants -- so you can imagine how stimulating it was to have that added bonus to my upcoming strapon play. I can't say how many times I have modeled my strap on alone or in front of my victims, looking in the mirror, admiring the length and thickness of my new dick, sliding my hand up and down it. Simulating masturbation (I often wonder what that feels like for men -- really feels like). There is nothing like the visual impact of it -- how it protrudes almost lifelike from my body if the lights are dimmed just right, or the room is only illuminated with candlelight. I catch reflections in the mirror and feel like the cock is really part of me.

Just strapping it on gets me wet. It's like a sign of what is about to come -- the power, the total ownership of my victim, the ability to be plunging into his most delicate of areas, controlling every sensation.

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A strapon was definitely not the first thing I shoved into a man's ass. I had experimented lightly with sticking lubricated fingers into my victim's ass during anal-exam fantasies, or just to make them feel violated. I had inserted plugs and various dildos, simulated some fucking sensations. But as I sat there, ramming the dildo in his ass with rhythm, my mind drifted to the more practical, more erotic, more stimulating \*for me\* option -- having the cock connected to me. Fucking him -- literally.

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There is a difference between the mindframe and objectives when it comes to dildo and plug play vs. strapon play. I can have my victim tied down, his legs up and apart, ass cheeks open to me -- and very carefully and invadingly violate his ass by inserting a dildo or a plug. I can talk to him, tease him, stop and get up and look at him, stop and play with other toys while he has to hold the toy inside of him, testing the durability of his muscles.

Using the strapon is an entirely different sensation and mentality -- it is about taking him, using him, and penetrating him with a lust and passion that is not matched by hand-inserting a dildo into his ass. With the strapon, my dick becomes an extension of me, and every thrust of my hips (sexual in nature) equates to a violation of his ass (domination). I can watch the look on his face if I have him on his back, or I can revert back to my schoolgirl position having him face down, gripping the bed sheets or shackles, depending on whether or not I have him locked down.

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Another thing, terribly overlooked in some erotic contexts, is the power of using the strapon for things other than ass fucking.

I like masturbating in front of my slave when he is not allowed to. Tying him down and having him watch me alternate between jerking myself off and massaging my pussy, until I cum in an orgasm that simulates his. And he can do nothing.

I like making him watch me strap it on, locking the leather straps tight around my hips and thighs, staring into his eyes. Making him watch me lubricate it slowly, moving my hand up and down the long shaft with precision, making it shine with lubricant. Saying, "You know what I am going to do with this, don't you?" But, I suppose, the second best thing to the actual ass-fucking with it is making my victim get down on his knees, crawl to me, and worship my latex cock.

Making him open his mouth so I can slide the tip of it between his parted lips, hands on my hips at first, moving just slightly back and forth. Telling him what a nasty cocksucking whore he is. Making him stick his tongue out and lick -- lick the tip, then to lick down the sides. Finally opening his mouth to accept the full length of me -- all 8 or 9 inches, holding him by the head now, sliding my cock out of his lips slowly. It's glistening now, and I can feel the resistance as my hips move back and forth slowly.

It is then that I can reach over with my other hand, feeling down under me, feel the wetness, rub my pussy, soak my fingers while I give myself additional pleasure. Taking those wet fingers and rubbing them on the tip of my latex cock as a little treat for my nasty slave, making him lick it off eagerly to taste how excited he has made me.

Fucking a slave in the mouth can be extremely exciting -- especially if I control the deepness, the timing of the thrusts. Holding his head still, holding his chin down to keep his mouth open.

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For those thinking about strapon play, both from the giving and receiving end, I do have some practical suggestions -- based on experience, but limited to my own personal experience. So please take it for what it is worth.

I strongly suggest for women considering strapon play, or men encouraging their reluctant partners to consider it, that roleplaying be used first. It is important to establish the position and nature of the act as highly erotic and sexy.

When I was 16, I was fucking men in the ass in my head. I didn't know it then, but that's what it was. I can easily determine now why using a strapon is so erotic for me -- because at 16, exploring my sexuality, I was mimicking the posture and motions of it while highly turned on, and while stimulating my sexual areas through pressure and gyration -- it became a very pleasurable concept in my head from a young age. Roleplaying allows both people to enjoy the concept of the penetration without the hang-ups, inevitable snags that pop up, and logistics of dealing with objects in extremely delicate human orifices. If both are comfortable with the erotic roleplaying concept, then perhaps it is time to move to the next level, but I strongly suggest not jumping right to strapon play. The woman, especially if she has limited experience with the motions involved in being the \*penetrator\* (by nature this is not how we are built), attempting it right off could result in problems due to a variety of factors -- going too fast, too slow, at the wrong angle, with the wrong tempo. Moving in ways that she might not have as much control over her thrusts. In order to make it more pleasurable and controlled, she should start with hand-inserting objects into her subject's ass, so she can understand the level of resistance, his tolerance for size and deepness, and the general limitations of the anatomy.

Only when she is totally comfortable with that do I suggest she move on -- otherwise, the first strapon experience could be a disaster, and destroy any established eroticism associated with the act. The logistics of this kind of play are covered very well in many other sources. Using a lot of lubricant the first time, going very slow, communicating very seriously during the first trial runs. Do not expect to fuck or be fucked violently and passionately the \*first time\*. Until a woman is aware of your anatomy, it is not feasible that she become the ravaging Mistress-from-hell with the nasty dick, ready to take you. It makes sense, to me, that the first time with a new partner should be a non-headspace event. That is, there are no roles, you are simply two people becoming comfortable with a new position. Talk about it the whole time, discuss feelings and sensations.

Then, the next time, the domina can buckle on the strapon cock with confidence, already comfortable with the positions, the tempo, the measurement and level of the thrusts. That way, it won't interfere with her headspace (sometimes nagging worries can really mess with a woman's control buttons -- there should be little or no doubt that what she is doing is good, is erotic, and is empowering -- not wondering, "oh no, is this too hard? is this too fast?")

There are plenty of times later where the domina can surprise the victim and take him as if it were the first time. I personally enjoy telling the sub that some day it will happen, and he knows he is to resist passionately, desperately, and will be taken ruthlessly against his will.

And because I love the act, because it is so erotic and nasty to me, I can strap him down, hold his face down, and thrust my 8 inch cock into his ass with no worries, no wondering, and no hesitation. I can violate him with deep, penetrating thrusts, until his ass is sore and he has smeared the pillow with sweat and tears. The only way that is possible is because of my lust for the act -- and my understanding of the sensations, and patience to do it right.

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# Milk Maids

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Eric had no idea what Andrea really meant when she told him how much she liked life on the farm. All Eric knew was that Andrea was the most beautiful woman he'd every been with, and had brains and body to die for. She walked with confidence, always in stylish knee high leather boots, and even the way her hips moved had a certain "you can look but don't touch..." air about them.

Eric agreed to join Andrea for a weekend at the farm, and he questioned her why the large outdoor stables were void of horses. He saw no ponies, he saw no cows. Not even a chicken in sight! And for a woman as powerful and passionate as Andrea, he expected to see many handsome farmhands walking around to do her bidding - and he saw none. There were a few women, ranging from cute and youthful women in their early 20s to a few more mature women who also had a certain knowing smile. Often they had riding crops (but where were the horses, Eric wondered?) or buckets. But where were the cows? Lunch with Andrea was exquisite, and it took his mind off of everything. They were seated inside a modest but neat old fashioned kitchen, and the food had already been prepared - he assumed, by some of the pretty farm girls. One came in and apologized immediately for interrupting.

"Oh!" she gasped, flipping back her long blonde hair. She was sweating just a bit. "I'm so sorry, Miss Andrea! I'll come back later."

Andrea smiled, and Eric found himself again staring at her fine ass as she was standing at the counter. She had a perfectly round ass, one he had only had the opportunity to lightly touch once, when she had pulled him by the wrist and laughed, saying, "You don't touch me until I tell you to, boy." Damn, she liked to be in charge!

The young blonde excused herself and Andrea returned to sit down, putting a plate in front of Eric. It was a salad. "We eat light here on the farm," she apologized, smiling as she poured the white dressing over the thick green lettuce. "But you'll get used to it."

Eric chuckled, not commenting or asking why she wasn't eating. "Oh," he laughed. "You make it sound like I'm here for good or something..."

Andrea sat down slowly, intertwining the fingers of both hands under her chin to rest it there, smiling at him. Looking at him as if he was nothing more than a slab of meat. "Oh, did it sound that way? I apologize." Eric bit into his salad and chewed. The lettuce was crisp,

refreshing. Home grown, he could tell. The dressing, however, was warm. And did not taste quite right.

Slowly swallowing, it occurred to him, and he dropped his fork and started to spit out his food. It was cum! She had covered the lettuce with - with actual male semen, he could tell by the musky, disgusting scent, and recalled the texture from a college prank he'd forced himself to forget.

But before he could stand to retreat, to get the hell out of there, he was overpowered from behind by a few of the not so innocent farm girls.

And they must have been quite experienced in calf roping, he reckoned as they pinned him, because they had him hogtied in no time.

Andrea walked over, lifting a leg and putting her boot right on his chest, under his chin, the tip of the boot touching his throat. "Well, cowboy. I guess you haven't developed a taste for it yet, have you?" "What are you talking about!?" he gasped, choking as she pressed down harder on his throat, nearly crushing his adam's apple.

Meanwhile, two of the other women, both with long dark hair, were unzipping his jeans and pulling down his pants. They wasted no time yanking his cock out, and he yelled at them until a wet cloth was shoved into his mouth. The cloth had been pulled out of a bucket one of them held - a bucket full of the same white liquid. He found himself gagging on warm cum.

In horror, he watched as the girls spread his legs at the knees and shaved the hair off his cock and balls with precision, as if they had done it dozens of time.

"The hair and our machines don't mix," Andrea smiled, still holding him down by the bottom of her boot. "You're going to learn a lot about our machines, slave. That's what you are now, a slave for our

pleasure. And you start at the bottom of the ladder. The very, very bottom...."

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Eric was told in detail what it meant to be a slave at the farm. He could not believe what he was hearing, and was waiting for someone to tell him it was a joke - surely one of his banker friends had pulled this off as a practical joke to get back to him for winning the Super Bowl bet. Andrea explained to Eric that his first three weeks at the farm he would be treated like an animal. He would sleep in a cage in the barn, he would eat from a trough and he would not be allowed to speak or use words. If he passed his physical tests, which ranged from pain endurance to agility, he would be promoted to houseslave. Duties there were not much better, including cleaning toilets with his tongue and doing housework with an electric plug in his ass. At least his cage would be in the warmth of the house. There were about 6 levels he would have to pass, the highest level would be her personal slave, where his duties would be to take care of her personal hygiene, be her sexual servant and service the other men that she brought to the farm. Because consuming cum would be a large part of his responsibilities (Andrea herself never allowed a man's ejaculate in her body), the milking and training procedures were a necessity. As a level one prisoner, an animal, he would spend his days in the barn with the other animals. When he was brought there, he was amazed at what he saw. He was led there on his hands and knees (when he tried to get up, he was kneed in his freshly shaved balls; he thought better of it), a collar and leash around both his neck and his ball sac, led by both Andrea and her brunette friend Gloria. Eric saw an entire long line of men in farm stalls, all in an ominous contraptions, all on all fours. He felt his cock shrivel at the sight of it; each man was completely naked, vulnerable to the women that sat on stools next to them, groaning in pain as they were "milked". Buckets were placed under their pulsing cocks, and the women were using long metal rods to stimulate both their ball sacs and also pushed deeply into their asses. It appeared the beautiful women had two controls on the rods,



delivering different sensations as appropriate. The groans were unimaginable!

"You aren't going to do that to me!" Eric exclaimed.

The response was a swift kick in the ass, one that shoved him into the dirt and left the ladies behind him giggling in mockery. "Clumsy one, this one is!" the pretty blonde said. She looked like his former college girlfriend - a cheerleader. Her hair was in two pigtails, typical farm attire, but her smile was far from sweet. Mocking was more appropriate.

It did not take the women long to maneuver Eric into the available stall. One of the ladies already had the rod in her hand, and he found that it delivered an intensely painful shock when she used it properly, a shock she freely applied to his balls, making him scream in pain and curl up into the fetal position, clutching his crotch in pain.

"Are you going to behave?!" Andrea demanded.

Unable to do much more in response, Eric gasped, "Yes..ok..but can't we just talk about this first?" Talking was not an option. An O-ring gag was forced between his teeth, then tightly strapped behind his head. This was all while his head was pressed against Andrea's breasts - the scent, the warmth, he found momentarily distracting.

"His dick is getting hard!" Gloria pointed out, laughing. "Do you think it's the smell of the other cows? The smell of cum!? I think he's going to like it!"

Eric was so humiliated, he almost welcomed the metal cage that was locked over his head. A tube was shoved through the mouth hole and into the o-ring gag, pressing against his tongue. The entire head cage had the smell of semen in it. He wanted to gag.

Next, Eric felt his cock and balls massaged graciously. In fact, he became so hard at once, he could not believe it, considering the

circumstances. His legs were spread wide and he could not lower himself without painful spikes digging into the underside of his sac; all he could do is hold still and try to lose himself in the warm fingers and palm stroking and fondling his cock and balls.

He felt warm breath in his ear, even through the cage. It was Andrea. "You are going to learn to love this, slave," she said. Something about her voice made him almost believe it. The stroking was making him dizzy. He heard Andrea's voice turn away, "Gloria, panties."

"Yes, Andrea," he heard a female voice say, then the maneuvering of some clothing, unzipping of boots, a few female giggles. Someone said something like, "ooh, pink, cute, cute, where'd you get those?" Next thing he knew, he was enveloped in the smell of pussy. Andrea's hand was holding the metal cage and she covered the air hole with the young girl's freshly worn panties. "This will get you ready enough!" she laughed. "Enjoy it, after this time, you'll be prepared for milking with the ass rod, and the ass rod only! You know I can make a man cum by shoving a metal rod up his ass and milking him? I milk fourteen men, four times a day, Eric. Do you know how many gallons of cum a month that is? Do you have any idea the uses for cum? You will be finding out..."

All Eric knew was that he was about to cum. He was about to cum from the smell of the wet panties and the massaging of his cock. Suddenly he felt lubricated fingers pushing into his ass. He jumped and yelped in shock, and someone slapped his ass and told him to hold still.

Pressure filled him - he felt himself being manhandled as if it was nothing, first two fingers, then three, pressing into his asshole and opening up. Then he felt the rod inserted, and he screamed in shock and pain. He easily forgot all about his cock and the pleasure. All he felt was pressure and pushing, and someone was squeezing his balls.

"Get the bucket," Andrea said coyly. "This one's about to blow."

Eric was mortified at what was happening. Chained in a stall like an animal, naked and vulnerable, he found himself shooting a load of cum into the bucket, a combination of pain, pleasure and humiliation coming over him at once.

Just when he thought it could not be worse, he heard the groans of the man in the next stall, and Andrea said, "Open the chute!"

The next thing he knew, warm cum was squirting down the tube and dripping down into the o-ring gag, filling his mouth, forcing him to gag, to swallow it down.

And, he knew it was not his own.

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# Milking Matthew

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My fascination with the milking device started when I was much younger. Perhaps it had something to do with the almost sci-fi, devious aura about it. A device, so simple, yet so cruel. One that would strip a man of all of his pride systematically while I watched. A

sure-fire way to make him squirm; and even as a young girl I loved the images in my mind of a man struggling helplessly against tight bond.

It used to be just a fantasy. Until I was about 19 years old, suffering from insomnia during finals. By then, I had many evil devices, but not the machine. I had been watching late night television, my eyes burning, trying to take a break before returning to my textbooks.

There it was. In front of my eyes. A machine, milking a man, making him squirt his cum through a tube and into a tube. This was before I had a VCR. I could not rewind. At first, I thought I was dreaming. The man, he was struggling. He was whimpering. But his mouth was duct taped shut and his wrists were strapped down. He shut his eyes extra tight just before they showed the cum dripping through the tube. They were showing this on television!

I thought I must be hallucinating. I watched until the credits. The movie was called, "A Boy and his Dog."

After finals, I rented it from the local video store.

Indeed, it was a man strapped down and milked with a machine; only his cum was being saved to fertilize women.

No, that was not what I had in mind. Not at all. Just as I had been telling myself in my poor-starving-college-student days - "some day, I will have such a machine. But it will be even more evil."

Just as I told myself I would have a strap on. And a straitjacket. And one day, own a man, on a collar, and leash him. All of these things, I said to myself, would come in time. And he - whoever I chose, would suffer in the most delightful way for me. By being milked while I watched. And forced to drink his own cum. While his eyes pleaded me for mercy. Pathetically.

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That night, like many others, I masturbated myself to sleep. That's what I had to do during finals, because I got so keyed up from studying. I was a great student; my grades were excellent. And always, like clockwork, after finals I would explode into a femdom rage of lust, need, desire, passion. Predatory.

My college best friend at the time was name Anna. Anna was also a bit on the femdom side, but not so much as me. She used to go along for the ride, and knew that after finals was my prime time for seducing unsuspecting college boys.

That day, as we walked the campus after selling our books back and sighing in relief at the end of the semester, I told her of my fantasy.

"Anna," I said, smiling a little, brushing back my long, thick, dark brown hair. "Have you ever thought of milking a cow?"

Anna laughed. She was blonde, thin and built like a gymnast (whereas I was built like a porn star). Her hair was tied back in a pony tail - wispy bangs - I can still picture them. "Akasha," she said. "You mean, milk, like a cow?"

"No," I said. Before I could explain, she cut me off. "Oh, you mean hand job," she nodded.

"No, I mean with a machine. A pump on his dick, one he can't get away from. And it sucks him off, first slow, then faster and harder. And there's nothing he can do about it. It just pumps him on and on, and you could control it completely. When he cums, he cums into a tube, and then it's ...I don't know. " "Sent to a sperm bank?" she snickered, looking at me, now with obvious interest. We were nearing an area where some college boys were having lunch. They were checking us out. We were both wearing short skirts and my top was quite tight, showing off my breasts.

"No," I continued. "He has to drink it."

Anna seemed to like that idea. She stopped walking and turned to me, now, beaming. No, glowing. In fact, I could see her nipples get hard through her blouse. Apparently the nearby college boys could as well, the three of them were whispering, and chuckling.

Anna took it from there. "You could put it in a glass and make him drink it." I shook my head. "Even worse. I want it fed right into his mouth." We stood there, sort of staring at each other, mesmerized with the idea. Both very turned on. A whistle caught our attention. Young, arrogant, cocky college boys. Probably seniors. They were flirting with us. Pretentious.

I looked at Anna. She knew what I was thinking.

They were lunch. Our lunch.

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This was one of many adventures Anna and I had together. We picked one of them and invited him up to her college flat that her rich dad rented. He was so turned on, thinking he was going to have a threesome, his erection was nearly popping out of his jeans.

His name was Brad. He was a jock - about 6'2 and broad shouldered. He thought he was all the shit. I admit, he was handsome. But all I wanted to do was use him and humiliate him; get all that passion out of my system and sleep off finals, and finally feel content.

It took very little seduction to get Brad stripped down to his briefs and handcuffed to Anna's bed on his back. His briefs had a tent in them, with a nice round wet spot where pre-cum was already soaking in. He was moaning and licking his lips and lifting his hips and saying all the disgusting, predictable things college guys say.

"Come on ladies...come on. Show me your tits. Show me something. Come on, don't be shy. Don't be shy." As if we needed coaxing!

I crouched down to his crotch and investigated the wet spot on his briefs, then used a red fingernail to draw circles around it. "Bradley dear....you have ruined a very nice pair of briefs..." He laughed as Anna got up to get something. "That's ok baby, plenty more where those came from. Take 'em off. Don't be shy. Come on baby, you make me so hot!" "DT," I told Anna. That was code for duct tape. It was also code for "This guy is such a prick he needs to shut up."

Anna returned with a roll of duct tape and a pair of pink frilly panties. I peeled down Brad's briefs and he was so enthralled with that, struggling to lift his hips to get as close as he could to my mouth, probably to even just catch a bit of my hot breath.

In fact, he didn't even see the duct tape as Anna placed it over his mouth. But he let out a muffled protest and rattled the handcuffs. Anna shushed him by placing a finger over his lips, then straddled his chest facing him, her back to me.

Brad couldn't see, but I was pulling off his briefs and replacing them with the pink panties. Anna was unbuttoning her blouse and playing with her breasts in front of him, showing him an occasional nipple. "You're wearing panties!" I told him, rubbing his erection through the pink frilly material. The tip of his cock was sticking out and it was bouncing up and down with excitement. "And it's turning you on!" He just moaned, and Anna exclaimed, "Oh, let me see this!" then turned around so her ass was in his face, leaned down slowly, and as she investigated she casually pushed her ass, in thong black panties, right down over his nose, leaving him practically unable to breathe.

Now, he was struggling. I don't know if he was struggling from embarrassment or from arousal, or if it was because he could not breathe. Anna and I smiled at each other, and shared a deep kiss that he could not even see. I reached up and put my hand in her hair and whispered as we broke the kiss, "One day we will milk a man."

She smiled, her eyes half closed. "One day, yes, we will."



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It was a decade later when I got the machine. I had not seen Anna since we graduated college, but we had kept in touch by mail and eventually email. She was a doctor in Seattle, and I was now an ad executive in Los Angeles. And both of us had plenty of money.

By then, I had dominated many men. My tactics became more subtle, more loving, but I still did have that sadistic streak that was relentless when it came through. I had my share of forced feminization and humiliation games with men - dressing them up in complete outfits including nails and make up and making them walk down Hollywood Blvd., or using my own mini-dungeon to enjoy two hours of cock and ball torture, flogging and candle wax.

Of course, my favorite was teasing, denial and making men drink their own cum. Indeed, it had become a favorite. I made some sluts drink it from glasses, others had to eat it off food. Some I made cum on their own face while I fucked them in the ass with their legs in the air so I could look down with a smile. Some I made lick it out of my pussy after watching another, more endowed man fuck me, us both laughing at the slave as he was hogtied there in a black teddy and black stiletto heels with my wet panties stuffed in his mouth.

But nothing would compare to the machine.

When Anna came through the door of my back dungeon, the hidden area of my house, her audible gasp was enough to make me cream my panties.

She regarded the gorgeous, custom-built device with awe.

It was a large table that could be elevated so that it was up at an angle, and the straps that hung off of it were of the thickest fine leather that could be bought. They were reinforced with steel bolting, so no amount of struggling would break them. The level of restraint

was what I had asked for; no limb should be free, in case I desire that.

The best part, though, was the mouth piece. It was also part of a leather strap that would not only hold the victim's mouth open, but hold his head down so he could not turn it, or lift it. The "O" type gag seemed harmless enough on its own - but the nearby attachment, the tube, which screwed on tight, was the best part.

The tube, which was slightly flexible but firm (and clear, as I had requested, so I could see every last drop of cum) led straight up to the area where the victim's cock and balls would be secured. Tight bands around his cock would prevent him from dare attempting to shift his hips and disrupt the process, and his cock would be secured both at the base and near the head of his helpless member. A large, clear bulb would snap securely into place at the tip of the cock, ready to catch every last bit of cum as it filled up.

"But how does it all flow down?" she asked, always being the medical type, peering at the equipment carefully.

"The air sucks it through, there's a small attachment on the side," I told her, "And it creates an airtight...very tight...suction around the tip of his cock that can be adjusted in pressure...almost to create -" " - a sucking sensation!" she finished the sentence for me, beaming. Now, I could see her nipples were hard also.

"I had it custom made," I said proudly. "It took months of planning." "Have you tested it?" she asked excitedly. I knew her next question would be if I did, did I take videos to show her.

"Not yet," I confessed with a sigh, looking with admiration at my work of art, running a hand over it, my long red nails contrasting the dark color of the cushioned platform.

"We need to find someone right away," Anna said with excitement, "Because I can't stand just looking at it, I'm so turned on."

This is where I was able to really surprise her. As if the machine was not enough. "I have someone." She turned to me, her eyes wide with interest.

"His name is Matthew."

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Matthew was a 38 year old stockbroker I met at a work function. He was suave, quite handsome, and had been courting me for 3 weeks. We'd made love once and he was inadequate in bed (and disappointing in size), but he had great eyes, and I loved the way he breathed hard when I got him turned on. He also had a sense of adventure about him. But, he was still disgustingly arrogant, and sometimes condescending toward women, and that's why I knew he was the one. In fact, what sealed the deal was when he bragged about how much money he made. I made it a point to never gloat about my success, and I hated those that did.

I had asked Anna to bring a safe, but effective sleep aid that I could slip him over dinner, giving us just enough time to secure him to the milking machine. She had happily obliged. All that was required was that she and I both put on our hottest outfits, and wait for the victim to arrive. We both chose something low cut and took a long time tending to our makeup and hair. Since college, Anna had adopted the same hair color as I did but kept it shorter; in fact, we looked like sisters. And that's what I introduced her to Matthew as. My sister.

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Matthew didn't suspect a thing. He arrived just in time, in a nice pair of dress slacks and button down shirt. I introduced him to Anna and told him she was in town but on her way out for the evening. He was cordial as ever, and I could see the hunger in Anna's eyes already. It certainly matched mine. We were both thinking of that machine in the next room. And what poor Matthew would do once he was helplessly secured to it, watching his own creamy white semen drip

slowly down toward his open mouth. Matthew and I had some small talk and Anna offered us both a glass of wine before she was to "finish getting ready and head out."

I said of course, and Matthew, as always, agreed in kind. She brought us the glasses then excused herself to the next room.

"She's cute," Matthew said, sipping his wine, always right on cue with the most inappropriate comments. Despite his casual ignorance, Matthew was a sight for sore eyes. He had the perfect body and the kind of thick, slightly curly brown hair I loved. And he had gorgeous blue eyes, with the ability to show any emotion with them. He could even smile with them, which I found endearing. I found myself getting flushed. Flushed with excitement about what was going to happen that night. Finally, my night. I would milk a man and make him beg me for mercy. I had yet to see Matthew beg, and my panties filled with my own moistness just thinking about it. I rubbed my legs together unknowingly. "Are you ok?" he asked, leaning over to put an arm around me. "You look a little pink. Are you hot?" he continued, leaning over and placing a soft kiss on my neck. Indeed, I was. I lifted my head and gave him access to my cleavage, letting him place little kisses all around the tops of my breasts, thinking in my head this was probably all he was going to get. Almost breathing hard, I said, in a whisper, "Finish your wine, I want to get out of here...let's go to your place."

Matthew stopped his affections, sat up and flashed a perfect smile, downed his wine glass, and said, "Your wish is my command."

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Of course, he had no idea how much he really did mean those words until he woke up strapped to a table with two women grinning down at him.

Matthew was disoriented for a moment, turning his head from side to side (we had not fastened down his head yet, or placed the bulb on

his cock; he was merely strapped down naked to the table, which was in a normal horizontal position).

Squinting at me, he said, "Akasha, what are you doing?"

I just smiled, fingering his hair.

His eyes focused on the figure behind me, which was Anna, collecting the rest of the gear for the milking machine. "Anna? What are you doing here?"

It was then that he realized he could not move. He lifted his head to look at the straps, and then, realizing he was naked, blushed red because of his embarrassment. His cock, which had been erect, shriveled before our eyes.

We both got a giggle out of that.

He tested the bonds, and I think he felt certain he could get out of them. But there was not a chance - not a chance in hell. When I leaned over to fasten the next strap over his neck, I purposely pressed my breasts into his face and enjoyed the "Mmmmph" and hot breath struggle through my cleavage. "Just behave yourself," I told him, "And this won't hurt too much." "MMmPH?" was all he could respond, until I stood upright again and he let out his breath. "What the hell are you doing? Akasha, this isn't funny, is this some sort of joke!? Do you think this is funny!?" "No, Matthew," I said to him. "THAT," I said, pointing to his flaccid member, "is funny." That got a giggle from Anna, who came around with the rest of the gear. "Ready to recline the prisoner, Miss Akasha," she said formally.

Matthew eyed what she had in her hands - the tube, the bulb, the additional restraints and gag with the large "O" ring. "What the hell," he said, "What are you going to do with that?" I was too busy adjusting the controls, and the table began its slow recline backwards, pushing poor Matthew lower, and lower, until his head

was level with my crotch, his hair falling away from his face. He looked simply delicious.

This part, I had planned well. I wore tight fitting leather pants that had a zipper up the crotch, and as Anna moved toward our victim's crotch, I lifted a leg over his head, lowered myself onto him, and made a tight suction over his lips with my crotch. A nice distraction, and something to harden him up enough for her to get the cock and ball straps tightly in place.

Of course, I was wearing silk panties, so despite how hard he tried to lick, and taste, all he could get is a tiny bit. I felt his tongue probing desperately, eagerly, but all I did was bounce lightly on his face and watch Anna with her handiwork.

His balls were soon bulging under the straps, then she took the base of his cock in her hand, squeezed a few times, and then began with the straps around there.

"He's getting harder," Anna informed me. I pressed down on his face more, leaning over a little so I had enough room to squeeze my thighs against his head too. He moaned, a nice muffled moan. Once she had his cock and balls completely restrained, I dismounted and he took a breath. Honestly, I don't think he had any idea what was going on, and his hysteria had calmed down once he had a whiff of my aroma.

But then he saw the "O" gag, the tube, and he put it all together. His eyes widened. He said, "No, NO!" and tried in vain to lift his head, but the neck restraint held him firm. Anna stepped over to help me hold his head still as he was thrashing what he could, and she plugged his nose to get him to open his mouth, which he had clenched shut, eyes now pleading with me. "Poor baby," I said, stroking his hair as I held his head. As soon as he gasped, Anna shoved the ring in place, and we both took each end of the strap and yanked down hard, making him yelp through open mouth as best he could. He was still trying to say, "No, NO!" but it was just coming out

as a whimper. His eyes were starting to water. "Are you as turned on as I am?" I asked Anna, almost breathless myself. "More," she said, already massaging her own hard nipples through her tight top. Fastening the tube in place was interesting, because it took a few tries to get it secure. All the while, Matthew was doing his best to beg me with his eyes; those beautiful eyes. Once it was in place and Anna was running the tube up away from his head, I took a moment to finger his hair and smile down at him. "You're going to be fine. You might actually like it, Matthew!" Now he tightened his eyes shut, his chest straining against the leather strap, his body jumping what it could when she screwed the bulb into place over his helpless cock. "I know you will want to see this," I told him, reaching up and pulling down a mirror above his head. I positioned it so he had a full view of his cock, now turning a pretty red-purplish color. He opened his eyes and watched helplessly as I reached down and started with the controls. Amazingly, his cock began to enlarge - more, and more. In fact, it was the largest I had ever seen it! Meanwhile, Matthew was whimpering, sounding almost like it was just sheer torture more than pleasure. I was too busy watching his growing cock, turning more purple now, and Anna was leaning down to peer closer into the clear bulb that entrapped it.

We experimented with the controls and had his cock and balls so engorged that he squeezed tears out of the corner of his eyes, and he started to sweat, his beautiful hair now beginning to stick together in clumps. In his helpless state, he was the most beautiful I had ever seen him. "The first drop," Anna hissed in awe, and I saw it too. Pre-cum. He was actually leaking into the bulb, and each little drop slowly inched up along the sides of the clear glass, closer and closer to the long tube that fed down to his open mouth.

When I turned to Matthew, this time, he was looking - he was watching in the mirror. As if he could not believe it unless he was seeing it. Then he left out a loud muffled whimper, or at least that's what it sounded like, and his cock started to tremble.

His fists were clenched tight, and he was trying to arch his hips. More pre-cum appeared, now in tiny spurts, and with a wail almost he shot his load.

What a magnificent sight. It filled the bulb almost completely and immediately made its way down the tubing toward his mouth, in a long, steady, fast stream - just as I had hoped. As it made it the last inch he watched with wide eyes then looked at me for help but it was too late. Into his open, helpless mouth it went. He seemed to almost gag on it but had to swallow because more was coming - more and more - it was as if the machine was able to take every last bit of cum from him with ease.

Anna and I were both mesmerized by the act, and watched the last droplets fill his mouth, his eyes now shut tight again, his whimpering finally slowing. His cock was still purple in color, shaking in the bulb. I tapped the tube to encourage the last few drops down, cooing at my victim. "There, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

All he could do is give me an open-mouth whimper, eyes closed, sweat pouring down his face. "What do you think, Anna?" I smiled at her, proud.

Anna looked at me, flushed with arousal. "I think....we should do it again. Right now."

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# Pussy Boy

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Pussy Boy

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Andrew kept on bragging to her that he was the ideal "pussy slave." In fact, he could not go more than a few hours at any given time without bringing it up, all probably in hopes of getting his tongue into her panties. Gina had been holding him off. She didn't know if he was worthy yet. She found him to be presumptuous and pushy, a man who had way too much time to brag about his abilities and not enough time for more important matters - like paying attention to the small details of courting. Andrew was quite arrogant and self absorbed at times, not really pushing Gina's buttons in all the right ways. She was used to coy, intuitive lovers who knew how to look at her, how to lick their lips at the right times and how to lower their eyes but not so obviously, so blatantly, as if to say, "Look! I'm submissive! Is this making you wet?"

Andrew, unfortunately, seemed to use every premeditated act of "submission" to try to achieve his one and only goal - to get his tongue between her legs. Again, she found herself listening to him go on and on about how long he could lick, about how many of his lovers had literally "passed out" from pleasure and whose orgasms were countless.

Gina yawned. She was nearly ready to fall asleep from his tall tales again. They were at dinner, and she saw him once again staring at her cleavage, not looking into her eyes. She saw him reaching down toward his lap, probably squeezing and pressing at his crotch area, distracted by the panties she had made him wear for the evening.

"You'll like my friends," Gina smiled carefully, slowly sliding a fork of rich chocolate cake from between her red painted lips. She stared at him directly, intensely.

"I hope I get the honor of serving them," Andrew puffed up proudly. Gina smirked. "You haven't even earned the honor of serving me, yet," she pointed out. Andrew chuckled cockily, "Oh, but it's coming soon. I know it."

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Later that evening, Andrew had the opportunity to meet Joyce and Elena, two of Gina's closest and most sadistic friends. Gina had designed the evening to be a bit of a rite of passage for Andrew, a test of his desire to serve.

It was quite a turn on for Gina, imagining what Andrew would have to endure to prove that his pussy worship abilities were all they were chalked up to be. For Gina, it was not so much what a man could do, but what he could do while enduring for her.

It wasn't just the man's tongue and his ability; it was his willingness to suffer through pain, humiliation and even public degradation while maintaining that desire to please, to lick, to suck, to worship. Even if it meant serving as a public toilet for her girlfriends, or being humiliated and used as furniture or an ashtray, a footstool or even a face seat.

If he could still show his ability to truly worship her pussy, rather than wail his complaints and whine about his predicament, perhaps he was a keeper. Perhaps that ego could be shaved down through some tests of humility. Indeed, she would shave his body hair off, dress him as a woman and take him to a lingerie store where the sales girls would giggle and point. Or she would blindfold him and place him on the floor, walking across his bare chest in spiked heels and finally squashing his ball sac under her foot. Or, she'd take him to a party and tie him up in a corner with various Polaroids of his night of humiliation pasted all over his body for people to come up and view - Andrew in pink panties, Andrew on all fours sucking a dildo, Andrew open-mouthed as a public piss can for the ladies, Andrew with a high heel shoe shoved up his butt, Andrew looking pathetic in red lipstick and a bad wig buying tampons. That would adjust his ego accordingly, Gina knew.

But first, she needed to determine whether he was worth it. Certainly he had the beautiful body, the toned arms and legs, the modest but adequate penis. But he was a blabbermouth who only liked to brag about his tongue and his pussy worship abilities.

And oh, how she hated the way he wrinkled his nose at the prospect of worshipping her ass. Once, he suggested arrogantly, "Once you feel what my tongue can do, you won't want its ability wasted on your ass." Waste, Gina reckoned, was something Andrew would soon learn all about. And, the importance of attention to all her regions - whether it be toes, ankles, ass or pussy. Andrew was going to be quite the project.

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Joyce and Elena were both tall and stunning. Merely 22 and 23 years old, they still maintained quite a bit of maturity thanks to their skills at controlling and dominating men. Andrew gushed and kissed their hands and Gina had to whisk him away, reminding him of his manners - not to stare at their asses, their breasts and not to mention his tongue. Not once.

Andrew, dejected, assumed his position kneeling near the dinner table as the ladies ate their meal, catching up on the latest gossip and proceeding to act as if the kneeling man was not even there. This blatant ignoring of him seemed to have an obvious effect on him - soon his broad shoulders were slumping and his breathing turned into one sigh after another, until finally the sighs were loud enough to announce his presence as if to say, "Why is no one paying any attention to ME?" Andrew soon learned that it was not all about him. It was not all about his tongue, or his abilities, or his manliness, or his so-special attributes and abilities. He learned that it had very little to do with him, and had everything to do with the ladies.

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Tired of Andrew's pouting, Gina suggested the ladies move into the playroom where she proudly announced, "Andrew has been dying to show me how good he is at licking pussy, so I thought I'd give him a chance tonight."

Oh, Gina could see his eyes light up, the wheels turning in his head. She could almost read his mind! "Three ladies!" he must have been thinking. "All for him" - three delectable pussies to worship, or perhaps an audience, and then they would line up for their chance to feel his talented tongue! His mouth watered. He could taste it already, taste the succulent sweet pussies. Andrew was ready.

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Andrew found himself strapped down on a low table, cuffed at the thighs and biceps. His heavy leather collar around his neck was fastened down, keeping his head in position. There was little he could do but stare up, or to the side, where Elena and Joyce had assembled and pulled up chairs to watch, as if sitting comfortably at a bar.

Now, as Gina walked by, Andrew caught glimpses up her short dress, and saw that she was wearing no panties, just thigh high stockings that hugged her firm thighs teasingly. His cock was already at attention, dripping precum. Without hesitation, Gina started to tie abrasive, tight nylon around the head of his cock, making him squirm uncomfortably.

"Hey, HEY!" he hissed. "That's kind of tight, that's - ow!"

The girls giggled behind the bar, and started whispering to each other. Gina smiled, and just looked at him, tracing a line over his cheek with her gloved hand. She seemed to watch him with a new amusement, a fascination. "What did you say? Was that, ouch? Ow? Is it \*hurting\*?" she asked, tugging on the line.

Andrew arched his back, yelping in pain. Now, suddenly, his eye caught a glimpse up her dress again as she deliberately stepped over his face in her slow stride. She was glistening! She was wet - and he could see the moisture forming all around her neatly trimmed pussy. Around the carefully trimmed short dark hairs he saw moisture forming. Surely, in anticipation of his tongue!

But Gina didn't mount him. Instead, she purred to herself, fiddling with the lines, now pulling more nylon cord into play and then reaching for some fierce nipple clamps. Andrew had very, very sensitive nipples and had warned her days ago about that. Surely she must have forgotten. When she attached the clamps to his nipples he yelped in pain, eyes shut tight, and this time was muffled into silence as she lowered her pussy onto his face. His screams of pain were moistened, smothered, and covered by her wet pussy as she placed just enough pressure to silence him. She tightened her thighs slightly as a reminder.

"Shut up, pussy boy. You said you had a good tongue. I feel nothing but whimpering down there!" Gina mocked.

Andrew tried to focus on his tongue, but his lips were trembling with the pain of the second clamp being applied to his tender nipple, followed by the jerking around as nylon was attached to them. His cock was being pulled again, pulled tight, and he could hear muffled voices of the girls but they were mostly blocked out by the thighs around his ears.

Soon, Andrew found his face coated with pussy juices. Gina was practically squirting onto him, every time she pulled on the nylon cord, tearing into his nipples and yanking his swollen, tender cock. He felt at one point as though she was releasing piss into his mouth also, which disgusted and aroused him at the same time.

Gina lifted her body from his face and made Andrew strain to catch his breath, his face still glistening and wet. He was whimpering in pain from the piercing in his nipples, the relentless pulling at his cock. There was nothing he could do, he could not move, he could do nothing but strain to lick her more, finally able to hear the soft, giggling commentary of his all-female audience.

"I say he passes out," Elena chuckled in a purr.

"I think he's got a long way to go, Gina's not even hot yet," Joyce countered. Andrew gasped in pain, eyes shut tight, as Gina pulled on the nylon cord like she was riding a horse. "Come on, pussy boy, you said you could lick for hours. I haven't seen anything yet. Get that tongue up inside me, slut boy, I want to feel you tickling my clit. Show me this talent you brag so much about!" "I - " he gasped in pain, writhing on the table, realizing that the more he struggled the more pain he put himself into. He held still. "Stop hurting me! I can't concentra ---" Gina yanked and he yelped loudly in pain, causing the audience to giggle in unison. "Can't do two things at once!?" Gina mocked. "Surely, you have more talent than that. Look at my pussy. Look at how wet I am. You think I am wet from your useless tongue!? Ha! If I wanted a talented tongue I'd have Elena over here - --"

Elena jumped out of her chair, "Here I come!"

"No, not yet," Gina laughed, causing her friend to pout. "I am giving this worthless pig a chance. Once he realizes I am wet not from his tongue, but from his suffering, perhaps he will learn. Maybe he will realize the soaking pussy is from his stretched nipples, his bulging and purple cock head, his sweat, his tears and his whimpers."

Gina lowered herself down onto the pleading man once more, muffling his desperation again. She shut her eyes and drank in the sensations - his sweaty face, his labored breathing, his trembling in pain. His tongue - barely even there - just pathetically lapped at her moisture, pausing for an occasional whine. Yes, he did need some practice.

But to bring herself closer to orgasm, Gina only needed to increase the tension on the cord to force the pussy boy to jump, to inhale deeply, to whimper between her thighs. She pressed down to restrict his breathing, tightened her thighs to crush his head a little, and then rotated her hips. All very simple, very precise movements. His participation was practically inconsequential.

Gina knew how to use a man as a sex toy; he was, at that moment, her pussy boy. But it was neither his famed pussy licking ability (which she knew was largely imaginary) nor his endurance (which, she confirmed, was non-existent with the addition of one simple distraction - pain). It was his pathetic attempt to keep trying, despite the humiliation and pain. After all, he had not given up, nor had he passed out. (She had predicted he would pass out, actually, and that's why she'd held a full bladder just in case; a perfect wake up call for him would be her warm piss flowing over his face with the laughter of her girlfriends ringing in his ears).

When Gina finally dismounted, she looked down at the soaking wet, red-eyed mess of Andrew. He sniffled, and looked up at her, trembling all over, as she lightly tugged on the nylon reins again in her gloved hands, causing him to yelp. She smiled.

Andrew didn't look at the other women, who were whispering. He just looked at Gina, pathetically, and asked, hopeful, "How many times...how many times did you cum?"

Gina laughed, leaned down and smiled. "Oh, I haven't cum yet. I'm just getting started." Andrew's eyes widened just a bit as he heard Elena and Joyce slide their chairs out. "Ladies, join me," Gina beamed, handing off the reins and going to fetch her toy box. "I'll get the parachute, the weights, and the dildos. I think he's warmed up."

Unable to respond, Andrew just looked up at the beaming, mischievous trio and swallowed hard, realizing he had truly gotten in over his head this time.

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