



# Akasha's Web



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## Gym Boy

I met Grant at the gym, but I'll be honest, I never thought he'd be a guy I'd get together with, let alone dominate and humiliate. He really wasn't even my type. I don't go for the overly macho type, and I certainly don't go for guys that blatantly hit on me even when they know I have a boyfriend.

Sometimes he'd drop subtle hints to insinuate that he thought he could "do better" than my boyfriend. He said something like that when I was on the Stairmaster, and when I looked over at him to smirk sarcastically, I saw that he was just staring at my upper thighs and ass. The tights I wore left little to the imagination, and he certainly didn't try to hide that he was staring, either.

I stepped off, tossed my towel over my shoulder and made my way to the locker room. I guess that's when I decided to find out what "Grant" was made of.

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My single friend Lexi was a perfect choice to help dupe Grant. She was 24, built like a porn star with a smile that made men melt. Well, maybe it was her tits that made them melt, but they sure tried to hide it. She was tall and strong, but maintained a distinct feminine look with her long dark hair and blue eyes. She was exotic, and toned, and men stopped in the street to look at her.

She also worked at a salon some evenings, so that made it even easier.

I asked her if she wanted to help me with a little stunt, and when she heard the details she was game instantly. She knew of Grant from the gym also, and had a resentment against him ever since one afternoon when he tauntingly slapped her ass lightly after aerobics. He also called her "baby" which she detested.

Lexi was going to set him up for the fall, and I was going to be there to make it all come together. We were going to see just how much of a man Grant was.

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It was quite simple. Lexi asked Grant out, and he gushed for a moment then tried to maintain his cool (maybe he'd never been asked out before) and pulled himself together to accept. The 6'2, built stud sauntered proudly through the gym parking lot after getting her phone number, and the plans were set.

Lexi had no problem getting to second base with Grant just a little while after he arrived at her apartment that Friday night, and when she suggested some playful bondage, he smiled broadly and said, "Sure, I'm game! Bring it on!"

I had loaned Lexi my leather shackles, and they were probably nothing like what Grant had expected. They were strong, and meant business. But he let her put them on him and shackle him to the bed in nothing but his jeans, his crotch bulging visibly. Once his wrists were shackled down over his head, Lexi smiled and walked across the room, removing her top.

Grant was visibly in awe, his broad shoulders straining as he tried to sit up a little bit to see better, his thick legs twitching a little with excitement. If he had been turned over, he would have been humping the bed.

That's when I made my appearance.

I entered the room, slowly, dressed in a short leather skirt, black low cut top, thigh high stockings and stiletto heels.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, his mouth dropping slightly.

As I approached Lexi, then stood behind her, wrapping my arm around her front and placing my head on her shoulder with a smile, a slow grin of realization crossed Grant's face. He looked like he had died and gone to heaven.

The chains rattled with excitement as he leaned up. "Oh yeah, baby! I get it! I know what's going on here, hey, I'm cool with that!"

"Oh really?" I laughed, reaching around behind me and pulling out a large, flesh colored dildo hanging off of a leather strap on harness. "You ready for anything?"

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Grant's expression changed to one of shock, then he looked at us both carefully, and watched as I stepped into the leather harness and started pulling it up around my thighs, under the short skirt.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You mean...ohh," he smiled again. "Oh, I get it, you girls, you want ...oh, I see, you're gonna do her, right, you want me to watch, right?"

I laughed, reaching around and adjusting myself so the flesh colored cock was positioned properly. Frustrated, I finally just unzipped the skirt and stepped out of it, remaining in my high heels. The cock bobbed quite obviously in front of me. "No, we aren't going to fuck each other, Grant. I'm going to fuck you."

Grant looked visibly confused, then upset. Then, he started to struggle. But there was no way he was getting out of those shackles, he knew it. Then, he started to try to

negotiate, to reason with us. But that wasn't going to get him anywhere, either.

Lexi and I had a mission. We were going to see just how much of a "man" Grant was, and we were going to teach him a few things about respect, and how to treat a lady.

And the first way to make him learn how to appreciate being a lady, was to make him into a lady. First we would turn him into a sissy girl, then I would fuck him like one.

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Grant did not make a very attractive woman. Lexi and I looked at each other with a shrug, confessing that we did the best that we could with what we had to work with.

We had pulled off his jeans and jockey shorts, mocked his average sized cock for a bit and then completely shaved his crotch area with a razor. This left him whimpering and begging us to be careful, so worried about his precious jewels. We mocked him for being such a pussy and told him to stop blubbering, and I gagged him with his own sweaty underwear. That put him in his place.

Next, we shaved his legs. This completely humiliated him as we laughed and asked him how he was going to explain this too all his gym buddies, because they knew he was not a swimmer or a cyclist. Lexi suggested he start looking into some new sports to cover up his sissiness, because he would be needing to embrace his new feminine side. We suggested ballet, and even contemplated finding some sort of ballerina outfit to put him in so we could take pictures for blackmail later.

Instead, we settled on a tight pair of white lace panties to start, and I smirked at him as I slid them up his legs. He knew resistance was useless at this point, so there was no need to re-shackle his ankles.

Grant was pathetic and embarrassed, and his cock stayed shriveled in the panties he was wearing. All it took was Lexi straddling his lap, though, and reaching up and playing with her breasts, and he was popping up and poking out of the panties. "Ohh your little dick still works!" Lexi taunted, reaching down and squeezing the head of his cock until he let out a muffled yelp, his mouth still stuffed full of his own boxers.

I reached over and pulled the boxers out and tossed them aside. "Time to start referring to yourself by your new name," I informed him. "You're not Grant any longer. You're Grace. Gracie Ann!"

Lexi laughed, sliding one long leg over to climb off his lap. She walked away, sauntering a bit, and opened a closet door to start pulling lingerie out. Special lingerie. Lingerie that we had purchased just for this night. Lingerie that would be too tight, too frilly, and too embarrassing for Gracie Ann to be seen in.

Lexi also opened her large, professional cosmetic case and started to browse through the eyeliners, lipstick, mascara and more. "Let's make Gracie Ann pretty. Right now, she's not much for beauty."

I looked at Grant to see his expression. Indeed, he looked helpless. Terrified, maybe. Certainly not the jock stud from the gym that I had remembered. In fact, he looked quite sensitive, and vulnerable. I liked this side of Grant. In fact, this was the first time I actually found him attractive. Imagine that, Grant in panties, his eyes red from being near-tears, his lips in a definite pout.

Inadvertently, I had started stroking my strap on cock. I do that, from time to time, if I am wearing it for a long period of time before actually using it. I sort of forget that it is not real, and forget that it is even there, and then find myself with my hand wrapped around it, sliding up and down the shaft.

Grant was watching me, and he looked bewildered. He'd probably never seen that look in a woman's eyes before, the look of lust she has when she's about to fuck his hole, not vice versa. That same predatory look he got in the gym when he was sizing up his next target, imagining what she'd feel like.

I couldn't help but smile. I watched Lexi bring the lingerie and make up over, and sat back as she continued our prey's transformation. As I watched, I sat in a nearby chair, my legs propped up, my hand stroking all 8 inches of my latex dick. Watching Grant, soon to be Grace, completely sissified.

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Much later, there was not much left of the "Grant" that we knew. Now in complete make up, but still looking absolutely ridiculous, "Grace" was revealed. Lexi did as good a job she could with the wig and make up, and now in a white lace teddy and stockings he looked laughable.

He was unable to even look at himself in the mirror. That didn't matter to me much; I was just getting impatient and horny having to sit there and watch as Lexi had her fun. I was tired of sitting, stroking my strap on cock, imagining how the new slut was going to take it when I popped his cherry, so to speak. I wondered if he would cry and ruin all that make up that Lexi worked so hard to put on.

I didn't waste any time before I walked over to the new, improved "feminine" Grant. I waved my cock in his face and he looked at it sideways, not turning his head. The thick, black mascara looked silly on him.

Slapping him in the chin with my cock, I asked coyly, "I heard you like to suck dick."

A flush came over Grant's face. He looked away. The lipstick on his lips was already a little smeared. "That's not true."

"Oh, but it is. You WILL learn to love to suck my cock, in fact, you will be begging to suck it. You will be begging to drink a load of cum, too. You will be begging for me to pop your cherry, my little ass-virgin. You've got a nice, tight pussy there for me to use, and I've been thinking about that all month."

Lexi was laughing a little bit as she put away the make up. Occasionally, she'd repeat one of the words I said for effect.

I reached over and took Grant by the chin and pointed my latex cock toward his face, using my hips to push forward. He resisted, but it wasn't hard to pry his lips open and push past his teeth with my cock, smearing the lipstick and making him gag.

Grant was chocking and gurgling as I slid my cock in and out of his mouth, using my hips for leverage and not even giving him enough room to turn his head. "That's a good cocksucker," I encouraged him watching his eyes water, his make up smear. He was able to take at least half of the length of the shaft almost right away, which I found amazing. Indeed, perhaps he was a natural.

When I looked over my shoulder, I saw that his dick was rock hard, poking out of the panties and bouncing, throbbing. He was actually getting off on it! I laughed out loud and pointed it out to Lexi, who had to come closer to investigate.

"By god, you're right!" she laughed. "His dick is hard, he actually **LIKES** to suck cock!"

"I knew it from the moment I saw you," I smirked down at him as I continued to work my shaft in and out of his mouth. He gagged on it, choked, and struggled as the drool started to roll down his chin.

"Get me a cup," I ordered Lexi. Off she went, and I pulled my cock out of his mouth and moved aside, immediately going to get my lube.

Grant said nothing. He was just a panting, slurping mess - his hair disheveled and his make up smeared. Returning, I took both his legs, now in stockings and high heels, and pushed them up so his knees were to his chest. I reached down and peeled the white lace panties aside, giving me access to his virgin asshole.

There was nothing more than a defeated whimper from Grant, followed by a gasp when I slid my lubed fingers up and down his ass crack to prepare him, then lubed up my cock while he watched. I stroked, smirking at him, sliding my hand up and down the shaft, rolling it over the head.

His tight hole was quivering, his legs pulled up tight against his chest. The 4" stilettos he was wearing dangled off his feet as I got up onto the bed on my knees to direct my cock into his asshole. It wasn't my favorite position, but Lexi helped by propping some pillows under him to angle his hips

just right. Then, I was ready to go to town.

Grant screamed like a pussy at first, shocked at how tight the cock was as it pushed into his virgin asshole. I shushed him and slapped his ass cheeks, told him to take it like a lady, and worked up into a nice rhythm. His cock went limp for only a few moments, and as soon as my thrusts became deep and even his cock started to come to life right in front of me as Grant moaned.

"What a slut you are!" I hissed at him, thrusting deeper, rotating my hips, working my cock up and inside of him. His cock was dripping precum down to his belly. It was apparent just how much he liked it.

I reached over and took the cup Lexi was standing by with. I knew Grant was going to cum with the slightest bit of stimulation, and I didn't want to miss a drop. I held the cup under the head of his cock, tilted to catch it all, and slowed my pumping to a slight tease. I reached over as he moaned, and simply started to slide two fingers up and down his stiff erection.

That was all it took. I pushed my cock into him a few more times and kept that motion, and with a girlish squeal he came into the cup in jerky, shaking spasms. I kept my cock inside of him for a moment, listening to him breathing hard, his legs shaking. One shoe had fallen off.

Then, without hesitation, I slid my cock out and he gasped, then I went around with the cup of fresh cum that he'd just ejaculated. He looked at me and at the cup, now soft, now realizing where he was and what was going on. Grant protested; what previously might have seemed like a surreal, acceptable idea was now horrifying to him. But there was nothing he could do when I tipped the cup over his head and let the cum start dripping onto his face.

He gagged and spit and tossed his head back and forth, but I made sure I got all the cum on his face. I reached over and smeared it around to be sure, and I sensed Lexi behind me with the Polaroid camera, ready to capture the moment.

"Well, look at you," I sighed, putting down the cup and folding my arms.

Grant turned away, eyes shut tight. He looked even more pathetic with cum smeared all over his face, but I hadn't forgotten how much he sucked that cock, and how he seemed to enjoy it. I knew, more than anything, he was dealing with trying to reconcile why he loved what just happened to him.

Sure enough, when I turned around, I saw his cock already coming back to life, barely.

Lexi saw too, shaking her head and then looking at me. "It's small, but it sure tries."

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The following weeks at the gym, Grant was nothing but a gentleman. He nodded politely to Lexi and I when he saw us, and seemed to primarily keep to himself.

It was about a month later, though, when Lexi and I were on Stairmasters side by side. She leaned over and nudged my arm, then nodded in his direction to get me to look.

Grant was there, in front of the workout mirror. He was wearing tight fitting sweat pants, and we could make out the outline of a thong panty underneath.

Indeed, he had changed. For the better.

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