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Pussy Boy

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."

**

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 right 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.

**

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.

**

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.

**

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 reigns 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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