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Penetrating Anthony

I never thought I'd actually miss using my strap on. At least, not that much. It was a day in October, and I found myself simply longing for the feeling of having a man surrender before me, on his hands and knees, desperate for me to take him from behind.

Maybe it was the device itself, how it felt when I wore it. Or maybe I was just longing for that rush of power that comes with taking a man in such a humiliating way. Or, maybe, just maybe, it was the way the base of the dildo felt pressing against my crotch with each thrust, bringing me to orgasm without fail.

I just knew I needed it, and knew who I wanted to be on the other end of it.

His name was Anthony, and he was my desired prey.

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I had met Anthony at a party. I was certainly the one that came onto him, and he didn't stand a chance. I was dressed conservatively for me - nothing way too fetishy or kinky, no latex outfits that night, I didn't even wear my thigh high black patent leather boots. The only hint of my kinky nature was the shortish leather skirt and spiked stiletto heels. The rest of the toys were resting safely in the trunk of my car. I was always prepared, just in case.

Long glances across the room showed Anthony I was interested. I've never been shy, and this time was no different. See, I get this almost predatory hunger when I am in the mood to dominate; it is something I can't quite get out of my head. When I see a man as attractive as Anthony, I immediately start thinking of how he would look restrained.

I think of how he would look on all fours, wearing a leather collar and on a leash. I imagine whether or not he would resist the pulling on the leash (out of pride), or bow to me and follow my lead almost instinctively.

I think of how a ball gag will look in his mouth. Or, even better, an inflatable butterfly gag - how his eyes might water as the bulbs in his mouth filled with air ruthlessly. Oh, just the thought of the look in his eyes would start to make me melt, just staring at him and imagining it all unfold in my mind.

It was no different with Anthony. He returned my smile shyly. I bet he was imagining that I was thinking innocent, vanilla thoughts. Like how he might kiss or whether or not he was a good lover. Sure, I was thinking of a kiss; but in my thoughts

he was in a latex straitjacket and I had just peeled the duct tape off from across his lips, hissing less than an inch from him, "Make me want to kiss you."

I was wondering if he knew how to beg.

So, I introduced myself to him, and found him as charming as I had hoped. He had a great laugh, and a slightly boyish feature about him, even though he was easily in his late 20s. He was about 6ft and built on the lean side, like a swimmer. Perfect. His hair was dark and thick, and I could easily imagine how it would feel between my fingers.

And my next thought, of course, was how he would wince when I tightened my gloved hand, close to his scalp to make sure I was getting him at the most tender spot. That wince, the gasp of pain, the tension his jaw - that would just be my own little foreplay.

Leading up to what I really wanted.

Like so many before, I wondered how Anthony would react to the strap on. Would he laugh? Would he think I was joking? Would he be terrified? Would he beg me not to do it...or beg me to do it? Regardless, I knew that he would surrender to it. Part of the thrill was knowing I might have to seduce him into it, or lure him with my sensuality. Or, make him desperate to please me, to appeal to that deep submissive side that all men possess.

I knew one thing for sure. I was looking forward to it.

**

We had been dating for three weeks when I knew it was the night that I would introduce Anthony to my leather strap on. He already knew I was pretty kinky; we'd experimented with light bondage, ice cubes, he even surrendered to leash training and drank from a bowl at my feet. He got to experience a few of my latex outfits, and slathered his tongue all over my thigh high black patent leather boots. And judging by the stiffness of his cock, he was enjoying these various acts of surrender.

And, delightfully, he was excellent at going down on me. I could leash him and drag him between my legs, press his face to my pussy and hold him in place to keep him at his task. He let me ride his face with little resistance, and didn't shy away when I told him I wanted him to worship my ass. And when he didn't do it with enthusiasm, I gripped the base of his balls with my fist and dug my nails into his delicate flesh. It surely got his attention.

Anthony was resistant to some of the darker extremes. I think he thought I was joking when I mentioned an enema, and he still just stared at me with this blank look when I told him, "Oh yeah. I have an enema set up in the bathroom. I could tie you down in the tub and fill you right up, and make you beg for release. Don't tell me you wouldn't find that intriguing."

He changed the subject.

I giggled at him, sucking on my fingers suggestively and then starting to trace his body. We had just been cuddling on the couch, and the slight affection was enough to make me want more. I wanted to get into my dominant mode as quickly as possible, because I was hungry. In no time I was playfully pinning him on the bed. He fawned resistance for me, amuse me, and didn't resist the natural next step of me taking out the restraints.

The restraints I use are leather. This time, I restrained him face down on the bed by the wrists, leaving his ankles free. I undid his belt and pulled down his trousers. Anthony didn't resist. I'm sure he was thinking I'd tease him with my naked body, writhe on top of him, making him beg to lick me, and then we'd make love all night.

He had no idea what was in the bedside drawer, what I wanted to use on him.

First, though, I wanted to loosen him up. Just to be sure. The restraints were really turning me on; I knew I couldn't wait much longer. I was soaking wet right though my satin black panties already; it was no time before I slipped out of them and used them to gag him. He'd had this treatment before and his muffled protests, followed by hungry moaning, were enough to make me want to do it again. Over and over. I wish I had that duct tape handy to ensure he couldn't spit it out and protest the upcoming anal violation.

There is nothing that turns me on more than invading a man's tight, tight ass. I knew Anthony was a virgin, and that made me hot. I straddled the backs of his thighs and when he heard the lubricant lid pop open he turned his head toward the sound. I bet he thought it was for my vibrator, and that I was going to pleasure myself while straddling his ass - I'd done that to him a few nights before.

The way he tensed when my fingers traced down the crack of his ass was priceless. "Shhh," I ordered. "Don't tense up. Trust me, you're going to like this."

He thrashed his head back and forth a few times, and when he looked into my eyes I could see it. Fear. He was breathing hard. I was so overwhelmed with lust, it all took over. I leaned down toward him and put my hand tightly over his nose and mouth, ramming the panties deeper. "Shut up," I hissed, pushing my index finger into his virginal ass - slowly, but firmly.

Anthony gasped and yelped into the panties. "Taste it!" I whispered. "Taste my pussy in your mouth. You taste that? That's NOTHING compared to how wet you are making me right now, bitch! If you want to get me off, you need to suck it up, slave."

These words he had never heard. I could tell. And I could feel his cock stiffening when I reached down to check with the other hand, letting loose from his mouth just for a moment. He was rock hard in no time. I smiled. He was already mine.

Two fingers were in his ass in no time, and he was bucking his hips with the thrusting of my hand. The whore was really enjoying it. And I was aching with lust; there was no stopping me now, and all I wanted was to step into my fine leather harness, wiggle my hips to pull it up and into place and put that big, black dildo right in his face.

When I went to the drawer, he lifted his head to follow me. Curious.

**

Anthony's eyes widened when I pulled the lifelike black dildo from the drawer. He watched, horrified, as I smiled and slid the cock through the metal ring in the leather strap on harness. "Never seen a strap on?" I grinned, buckling it into place snugly. "Do you know what I am going to do with this cock? Do you know what a whore I am about to turn you into?"

Anthony was blushing. He was breathing hard. He shook his head slowly, and said, in a muffled tone from behind dripping panties, "No..."

I slowly, leisurely began to lubricate the 8-inch cock as I walked around toward him, pacing around the bed, using long, deep strokes with one hand. I took my time massaging the head of my latex dick, then cupping and rubbing the balls. Long, suggestive strokes, right in front of his face. I even took a moment to slap the side of his face slightly with it, startling him.

I couldn't help but chuckle.

Anthony must have thought it was all for show, because when I got behind him and straddled him, he gasped and tried to turn and look at me, whimpering. I pulled him by the hips with both hands to bring him up onto his knees, lifting his belly off the bed. "Get up onto your knees and hold onto the headboard, bitch!" I ordered.

When he didn't comply, I slapped his ass. "Don't make this hard on yourself, you pathetic whore. Let me give you the ass fucking you will never forget! I'm going to cum all over you."

This dirty talk certainly did the trick. For me, that is. I was so turned on, I knew a good 15 minutes of pumping would stimulate my pussy enough from the pressure that I'd be able to cum with ease. I was only wishing I had my ejaculating dildo ready and filled so I could give him a real surprise in the form of a milky white stream across his face. Next time, I reminded myself. Next time.

The whimpers that came from Anthony were to die for. At first, the head of my cock was way too big for his tight, timid hole. I had to add more lubricant and slowly push forward until the head popped through. In no time, after that, I was able to slide the length in by a half inch, testing the strength of his ass muscles. Damn, he was tight!

As soon as he was adjusted to the feel of it, I did a favorite trick of mine. "Back up onto it," I ordered him. He whimpered. I reached under him and gripped his balls and pulled backwards, pulling him firmly right up onto my cock. Watching the length of it disappear between his ass cheeks was mesmerizing. I was eager to start the real ass fucking, though.

There's something amazing about getting into the full rhythm of an ass fucking. When I had Anthony in place, pinned and terrified at what he was feeling, I started to real fuck him hard. I slammed into him with the strength of my entire body, pumping with my hips until the bed creaked louder than it ever had. His muffled whimpers were drowned out by the headboard slamming into the wall. He was able to take the whole 8 inches! I was impressed, and riding close to orgasm.

"You're such a whore!" I told him, pulling his head back by the hair and thrusting with every word. "You want me to cum!? Do you want me to cum all over your face, bitch?"

Anthony whimpered desperately and I kept pumping. I kept pumping and I made him beg for more; beg with his eyes, beg for me to give him more, to go deeper. He was indeed a whore, and loving every minute of it.

When I came, I gave him a last, hard thrust. I told him then that he was mine; that any man who let me fuck him that way, to take his virginity, would always be mine. That no one would own his ass like I did after that, and that this ass fucking was only the beginning. He was panting when I pulled the panties from his mouth and curled up next to him. Blushing, he finally opened his eyes again, barely able to speak.

Anthony didn't have to say anything. I could see it all in his eyes.

He was indeed mine. It had gone exactly as planned.

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