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A Good Man pt. 5

It doesn't take long for my thoughts to wander again. I found myself thinking about the next time I would violate Matthew, about the next time I would make him center stage at a party. The next time I would offer his mouth, his ass up to anyone who felt like getting off.

There's something so incredibly hot about turning my Matthew into nothing more than a sex toy. Making him into a complete object. I feel like the director, calling the shots, creating situations that seem so unthinkable now, but in the heat of the moment are absolutely mind blowing. I get off on watching Matthew endure it all, a little at a time, watching how he musters the strength, the energy and hangs onto what shred of ego he can in order to go as far as I need him to. Even if it means going against everything his masculine male ego and pride tell him.

One night last week I took Matthew to the intimate, fetishy club in Hollywood that we frequent from time to time. I made him dress in nothing but a tight pair of latex briefs, combat boots and a leather collar. I was wearing a skin tight latex dress that often rolled up a little at the bottom, nearly revealing my ass crack and thong. I was also in thigh high black patent leather boots with semi-reasonable heels this time, elbow length gloves and a black choker. My hair was pulled up away from my face in long curls, and I did my makeup to the extreme. This look always made Matthew want me more than anything.

It didn't hurt that I was also teasing him relentlessly. I had denied him release for nine days and counting, but had him on the edge many times. Now, at the club, all I had to do was stand in front of him and press my latex ass against his crotch and I felt his stiff erection. He would moan and talk down into my ear, but I pretended not to hear him, not to listen at all because I was too busy watching a man across the room.

The club was crowded with the fetish divas and various male boytoys, and of course the occasional tourist or wanker that was just there hoping to see women like me. Hoping to maybe score a change to just lick my boot, or get me to talk dirty to him. I always had to scan the place several times to identify the prey that I thought would suit me best – usually a college aged Betty Page type girl, the more exotic, the tighter body the better. Tongue piercings a plus.

That night, though, I was looking for something else. Matthew was standing behind me leaning against the bar, oblivious to anything but how nice his hand probably felt resting on my ass. I turned and leaned over and went into my purse, taking

out a metal chain leash.

As soon as Matthew saw it, his eyes took on a different look. He knew, then, that this was going to be one of those nights. We weren't there to just enjoy the view and say hi to a few friends. We were there for another reason – and it was all about me. The leash meant he wasn't going to have a choice any longer. And the leash also told all the fetish ravens who were checking out my man that he was off limits unless I was the one calling the shots. Ironically, even though I got off on whoring Matthew out, nothing infuriated me more than women hitting on him or propositioning him; I am extremely possessive. I want to whore his mouth and ass out for my pleasure; it must come from my direction.

I fastened the clasp of the leash to the O-ring on the leather collar that was around Matthew's neck. I often thought collars looked silly on men that didn't wear them well. Matthew was the opposite. The collar on him only accented his firm body, his masculine look, making him appear almost like a captured gladiator or historical male prisoner.

Just attaching the leash to him made me wet. I could feel the moisture between my thighs. The latex was incredibly hot to begin with, but the added warmth just compounded it. My thong was uncomfortable, and I was eager to get rid of it, but wary of flashing anyone on accident thanks to the latex dress that was barely there.

I lifted up a gloved finger, close to Matthew's face, and he looked at it. "Stay here," I ordered him. He reached around with both hands, deliberately putting his palms down on the edge of the bar as if to say he was virtually locked there. I smiled. As I turned to walk away from him, I knew he was staring at my ass. I knew Matthew so well; he was staring at my ass, his dick was stiff in his briefs and he was hoping tonight was the night he'd get some relief.

Poor Matthew. As I headed out toward the dance floor I knew his eyes were scanning the crowd, looking at the gorgeous redhead in the fishnets and mesh top. Looking at the Asian beauty in the schoolgirl outfit. Looking at the tall, statuesque blonde in the sheer bodysuit. Hoping I would pick this one. Or that one. Or the one over there.

I wonder what he was thinking when I stopped in front of the tall, wiry gentleman in the business suit. The tourist, he was probably thinking. Of all the fetish Barbie dolls available, what was I doing talking to a man in a suit who was probably from Toledo, Ohio and there on a business trip?

This man, I could see, was out of his element. I don't think he had ever seen a woman like me standing so close to him, my latex-clad breasts pressing into his button up shirt, our eyes exactly level because I was in heels. "Uhm..." was all he could stammer, looking at me, afraid to look at me, wanting to look down at my cleavage, but not wanting to look, but not wanting to look like he was trying not to look.

I smiled at the businessman and put my palm on his chest, pushing him back against the wall with a little pressure. I

knew this must be driving Matthew crazy, but he was busy stationed at the bar and unable to leave. I knew he was standing there, watching like a hawk, ignoring any casual comments made by a passersby about the leash he was wearing, about why he was standing there like that.

Teasing Matthew from afar was just a mere warm-up for me, something to continue to make me hot, to get me into a mood where I would continue to push the envelope. It wasn't the conservative businessman I wanted anyway; I was after another prey that had apparently disappeared when I came looking. Hopefully, that person had not left.

I turned my back toward the nervous man and pressed my ass into his crotch, looked over my shoulder and asked him, clearly, if he had ever been fucked in the ass. It was a loud enough question to be heard over the music, so I knew he heard.

The man looked flustered. I swear he might have cum in his pants right there. The look on his face was priceless. In fact, I probably would have considered taking him into a back room for some amusement, giving him my own fetish makeover, because underneath the glasses and clothes he actually looked pretty cute.

But those thoughts were squashed when my original intended victim walked by. Tall, well over 6ft and built like a truck, he had huge biceps and a single tattoo on his arm, short hair and a nice prominent bulge in his black pants. The man had short, well kept blonde hair and a European look to him. I could just imagine an accent – German, possibly Dutch. And he looked kinky as hell; I could just tell that about him.

I left my businessman behind (I think I heard him calling after me, something about buying me a drink) and caught up to the muscle bound treasure, touching him on the arm to get him to stop and turn toward me.

If Matthew had seen what came next, he'd certainly have been aching with jealousy and desire. The man and I had one of those moments – that just happen – when you look at each other and things just start happening. Sort of dancing, but not really, and I was not shy about giving him a serious look that meant I wanted to fuck him. Shy is something completely foreign to me. When I want someone, I make it clear.

Within a few moments we were deep in a lustful kiss, and I could swear even his mouth tasted European. As that thought occurred to me I questioned what European tasted like anyway, and just as quickly lost the thought, completely distracted by the bulge pressing into me. He wasn't hiding anything. I wanted him.

And Matthew, poor Matthew, I'm sure he watched us both with aching balls and a combination of fear, lust and betrayal, but the kind of betrayal that was like an intoxicating too-sour yet addicting piece of candy.

Matthew knew that he was mine, and only mine, and that my flirtations with other men were merely steps toward bringing

them to where I really wanted them. He knew what my ultimate goal was. But he still got that achy feeling when he realized I could have any man in that club, and we both knew it.

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The club has a dark area upstairs where people find hidden corners and hideaways for the underage that need a place to pass out. I found myself up there with my new prey, Karl, who was, sadly, not European. He was from West Hollywood.

Matthew was led up there behind me, by his leash. Going up the stairs must have looked quite interesting, me in the arms of the stocky pseudo European Karl, with my regular side dish trailing behind on a long chain lead. He had his head down. There's something about being led on a leash in a public place that just puts Matthew into such a mind frame. I knew he was reeling.

Our own private corner was not very private at all, but at that point I didn't care. I was full of an incredible lust, I could swear my pussy was aching and my thighs were slick. The latex dress was no longer sleek and sexy, it was tight and confining. I wanted to be naked. I wanted a lot of things; but in all of this my thoughts of lust went in one direction.

Matthew. I wanted to use him right then. The aching in my pussy wasn't for my new found stud; it was for Matthew, and my mind racing through thoughts of what he would do for me. I wanted to use him. I wanted to turn him into a service-whore, a slut that was there to facilitate a random, public fuck. The lowest of the low, I thought to myself, is a slave that services total strangers for his Mistress in a public place, risking humiliation and disdain.

Oh, but what a cocksucker he was. And I knew once I saw his lips wrapped around Karl's huge dick I'd be right where I wanted to be. Public or not, it had to happen. "The bathroom," I hissed to Karl between kisses, as Matthew stood, quietly, just a few feet away, connected to us through the lead I was still holding.

Karl apparently knew what I was thinking, and we made our way into the bathroom and finally into the handicapped stall. It was a unisex bathroom, and I'm sure the regulars there had seen far worse than three people going into the largest stall alone.

Immediately my thoughts went to bondage, restraints, strap ons and all the toys I wish I had there with me, but did not. It didn't matter. I wasn't stopping. I pushed Karl up against the wall and kept kissing him, and at the same time reached over and put my hand over Matthew's face, somewhat recklessly, and pushed down. This gesture, crude and deliberately cold, told him his place was on the floor.

Matthew had to kneel there on the hard floor and watch me unzip Karl's pants and slide my hand down. When I felt him, I was even more turned on. He was so big, so thick, that I knew Matthew would be further humiliated and objectified. He

was even bigger than Matthew. The bulge had not been a lie.

Karl was moaning into my mouth, feeling up my breasts over the latex, pushing his hips toward my hand as I held his cock. I lifted one leg up and put my boot up on the toilet seat, opening my thighs, making my latex skirt roll up. No one had known that I'd earlier gotten rid of my thong, something I had learned to do in public many times without someone even noticing, backed up against a wall, with one fluid movement, quickly into the nearby trashcan. I reckoned I should have saved it, as a souvenir, for Karl from West Hollywood.

When I had Karl's cock completely out of his pants, I broke the kiss and turned to kneeling Matthew, grabbed him by the collar, not even the leash, and yanked him over. "Suck it!" I ordered.

This didn't seem to shock Karl at all. In fact, I had expected some hesitation or even a question or two, but Karl said nothing. He leaned over so his huge dick was thrust in Matthew's face.

Matthew looked up at me, his expression one of desperation, humiliation and need. He didn't need to suck a dick; no, he needed to please me, to get me off. I knew there was nothing more disgusting to him at that very moment than taking this man's dick into his mouth; but at the same time, it was as if that was the only thing in the world that would satisfy him. Because it was what I wanted. And he could see, as my skirt was rolled up, that I was already fingering myself a little, watching, a hungry smile on my face, a bit of a knowing smirk. He knew I'd been waiting for this all night, and he didn't want to keep me waiting any longer.

Karl moaned when my Matthew leaned over and starting sucking his cock. Karl's eyes were closed, he was leaning with his palm up against the opposite wall of the stall for balance, pumping his hips ever so slightly.

Matthew was gagging on the warm cock because of its size. He could barely get a couple inches in at first, that is, until I told him he had to. I grabbed him by the hair and told him not to disappoint me, that I wanted him to deep throat all of that cock, and that I knew he could do it.

While he was sucking I lifted my boot off the toilet seat and moved my leg over, pushing my heel against the bulge in Matthew's tight latex briefs. I started sliding it up and down, slowly, tracing an outline of his erect cock underneath the trappings of the material. This made his hips quiver and some deep moans come amid the gurgling and choking. Matthew was incredibly turned on, so turned on that I bet I could've made him cum in his latex briefs just from what I was doing.

Karl was groaning even louder, his eyes shut tight, hissing loudly, "Oh yeah, that's good. Keep sucking it. Keep sucking it down..." Hearing guys talk dirty has always been a turn on for me, and as I heard Karl's words and Matthew's obedient moans in response I found myself getting dizzy with lust and need.

Matthew was sucking the entire length of the man's dick now, and I watched every moment of it. I watched how he sucked so eagerly, knowing every ounce of his effort was going into giving me the show I wanted. I watched him knowing he was going to try to make the man cum if that was what I wanted. I knew he would not stop until I told him to.

"I'm getting close," Karl moaned, alerting me more than Matthew. It was decision time for me, suddenly faced with a difficult choice. Did I make Matthew stop so Karl could slide his wet, throbbing cock into my pussy – or did I make Karl cum into Matthew's mouth so he could swallow every drop?

Both were incredible to ponder, but at the last minute, I did something entirely different. Instead, I pulled Matthew's head back by a fistful of hair and held him there, letting the stream of cum shoot all over his face, startling him. It was something he had not expected, and I think the second stream shocked him even more as Karl just seemed to keep cumming and cumming, his groans the loudest yet.

Matthew's face was covered with the creamy white cum, and when he reached up with his hands instinctively I pushed them aside. "Not yet," I told him. "Look at me. I want to see my cum slut. Let's see how good you look with your face covered."

It embarrassed Matthew to look up. Both Karl and I were looking down at him, and Karl was stifling a chuckle as he caught his breath. "Shit," he said. "That felt good."

It did, I thought to myself. It felt amazing to me, and I had not even cum yet. It had all been just the warm up for me, my climax would come much later. I pressed the heel of my boot a little firmer into Matthew's bulge to make him wince. He kept his eyes up on me as ordered, straining a little, grimacing, and a small drop of cum dripped off his chin.

I thought about making him remain that way. With cum on his face. I thought about putting him there in the unisex bathroom and then going out and ushering in the most gorgeous fetish women one at a time to get their instant reactions to my cum covered cocksucker. It was such a hot idea, I thought, but somehow knew the timing was not right. It was an idea to file for later.

Instead, all I wanted to do was lead my Matthew out of the club by the leash, have him drive me home while I masturbated and replayed the events of the night in my head. The sooner we got home, the sooner I could get my hands on my toys, and give Matthew the ass fucking he so deserved.

The next round of humiliation would simply have to wait.

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