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Cum Drinking Devon

It took a lot to get Devon to eat his own cum. But he was a whore, and it was something I knew he needed to learn to do. Not only did he need to learn to do it, he needed to LOVE to do it. The first time I told him he would learn to love it, he laughed at me. He learned something else that day. Never laugh at what I am capable of doing.

Devon was extremely hot. He was a corporate slut to the core. I met him from my site because he had emailed me a few times in 1997 and I dominated him on the phone once. His emails were intriguing; he wasn't afraid to even use his work address. I knew his name so I called his work one day by looking the number up on the net.

When he answered, I said simply, "On your knees, bitch."

Devon was shocked, I could tell by the silence on the phone. Then we both had a chuckle and agreed to meet for lunch - I was going to be on business in his neck of the woods. We had a pleasant lunch, and I decided I wanted to have him on his knees. And what I wanted, I always got.

We met that night at my hotel.

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Devon was tall, dark and handsome. But, I was already imagining what he'd look like kneeling, begging, and trembling. I wanted him on his hands and knees in front of me begging to suck my strap-on cock. I wanted him in tight, red panties that barely covered his ass and could not even cover the base of the plug that was shoved into his ass.

I wanted him in a bra and thigh high stockings so the lipstick would match. The red lipstick that I would put on him and then see him smear it all over an 8 inch dildo I pumped in and out of his mouth. All the time, saying, "Deep throat it, cunt! You know you like big cock!"

I wanted to tie up his cock and balls and tuck them under so they didn't even show in his tight panties, then shove him up against a full length mirror and press my strap on teasingly into his ass. Press it against his butt cheeks. Make him kiss the mirror and leave a slutty imprint.

See, I had plans for Devon. Sweet, sweet Devon.

Why is it that I take these men and want to turn them into whores? Because it makes me wet. Pure and simple. When we had dinner that night at the hotel, I smiled a lot. I was smiling because I was imagining the transformation. Imagining how

different he would soon be.

I knew he was staring at me, thinking about how beautiful I was, probably wondering if I was wearing sexy lingerie and how I'd tie him up later and we'd have hot, kinky sex. Oh, he was hoping for a real good time. He thought getting together with a dominant woman would be a real trip, probably. He was checking out my cleavage and his eyes would wander down to my legs when I crossed them at the side of the table, dangling a high heel. He would sneak a peak up my thigh, probably hoping for a glimpse of my hot black panties.

Little did he know, he'd be the panty boy later!

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I made Devon pay the check and I felt him up in the elevator on the way up to the room. I felt him up to make him feel objectified already. I whispered to him, "You're a bad, bad boy for getting hard while you were checking me out."

"I couldn't help it," he said, whispering, obviously very turned on.

I reached for his balls right through his trousers and squeezed hard. "You're going to learn to help it, bitch."

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In the room, I handled his transformation. He looked so fucking hot as a bitch toy. He looked so hot, I had to stop half way through and lock him in my pussy collar and make him service me. I did it while suffocating him with my thighs a little, making him whimper, making him beg to please me. I taunted him with my ass, making him beg to lick it, beg to lick my asshole and always keeping it right out of reach. Oh, it was such fun making Devon beg.

But Devon still laughed when I told him he would eat his cum.

This was when I was butt fucking him with my strap on. I had him on all fours facing the mirror, plunging all eight inches into him with ease now, because he was well lubricated and very turned on. He was in full lingerie, his lipstick smeared from the cock sucking he had delivered earlier.

He begged me to let him cum, and I said no, not unless he was going to eat it all. "I will!" he said, gasping as the cock pushed into him. I was pushing my hips hard into him, moving in circles a little, really ramming him deep.

"You liar!" I said, grabbing him by the back of the head to ride him. "You are going to chicken out as soon as you squirt your load!"

He begged me again. He begged and begged, and every time he got close to cumming, I cupped his balls and squeezed until it hurt, or pinched the head of his cock. The poor thing was nearly crying!

I dismounted him and went across the room, leaving him in a trembling heap. "Please let me cum..." he gasped. "Please, I'll

do anything. You just like to see me beg...."

I was putting together a device. A clever device a reader had made for me. It was pretty simple actually, a funnel, a tube, and a gag. It all locked together nicely. I directed Devon to the bed and put him on his back, hiked his legs high over his head and fastened his ankles to the head board.

He grunted. But he had not scene what I was hiding, and when he asked why this terribly uncomfortable position, I told him it was so I could see him cumming and so I could get my vibrating inflatable dildo deep into his ass. Devon seemed to like this.

But he was helpless now, looking at his wrists, which were also chained down. His wet, throbbing cock was bouncing up above his face. I pulled out the gag and he looked at it. It was an O-ring gag with a very tight buckle. Before he could protest, I locked it into place and told him to shut up.

I was smiling. He looked desperate, his mouth wide open. He was scared, and he had not even seen the tube and funnel yet!

When I attached the tube to the gag he started to squirm, rocking the bed. But there was nowhere he could go, and this time I was the one laughing. It felt good to see him so desperate. In fact, I took some time to just watch him writhing there. I sat his face even, thinking about pissing into his mouth but thinking better of it. I didn't want his cum drinking to be anti climatic, after all.

I bounced on his face, telling him to work his tongue through that O-ring to get to my pussy, and that maybe I would reconsider the cumfeast he was about to enjoy. He whimpered, and I just bounced more.

When I tired of that, I got off of his face and locked the tube on. I did this despite his wiggling around, and then attached a funnel to the other end of it and stood behind him to hold his cock in place. I was squeezing and stroking him with a gloved hand, taking long, luxurious movements with my wrist. He was in agony, dying to cum already.

The head of his cock was pointed straight down into the opening of the funnel and the tube was almost straight up, so the force of gravity would inevitably bring all the cum into his mouth once he shot it. "Too bad," I reminded him, 'If you were going to drink it from a cup at least you could do it fast. Now, you are going to have to watch it slowwwwwwly drip down....waiting..."

I let go of his cock to get the lubricated vibrator and slowly insert it into his asshole. It was tight at first, reflecting his tension and fear. Poor thing. I finally got it into place, down deep, and I knew that once I turned it on, he would not have a chance.

"Ready to drink your own cum, Devon?" I smiled.

All he could do is plead with his eyes. I wish I could have

taken a picture. What a contrast to that same Devon who had laughed the first time I said it.

It took just a few strokes of his cock and he exploded, despite his muffled protests, and I watched, while pleasuring myself, as the milky white cum slowly slid down the clear tube. What made it even better is that he was cumming like mad; it must have been quite a load and a long wait because it seemed he just kept squirting.

He gagged on it. He shut his eyes tight and I was the one to laugh at him. "How does it taste!? You are going to learn to love it!" I told him as he swallowed it down. "You are going to be coating your lips with it. You are going to be drinking it from my shoe. You are going to be licking it off my pussy. You are going to be sucking it off a dildo. You are going to be begging me to let you drink every single last drop!"

This, I knew was true. Poor Devon, though, could just remain there, helpless, and taste it all. I was in no hurry. Whatever was left in the tube, I told him, I would wash right down with more fluid.

And the rest I left to his imagination.

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