



Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

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Derek's Date

I had Derek tied up in the backseat of my car, blindfolded, with my soiled panties stuffed in his mouth. Actually, the soiled panties were stuffed into a worn pair of sheer nude pantyhose so that the red satin bikini pair rested right in the crotch of the hose, and then the crotch part was shoved into his mouth and the legs of the hose tied around his head.

Just because I felt like being even more nasty when I had trussed him up for the ride, I added another pair of panties from my gym bag, which probably actually smelt more like sweat than pussy. Those were shoved kind of over his nose and held in place with tape.

Derek, indeed, looked uneasy. When we pulled into the salon, which was closed but my girlfriends were ready, I turned around and said to him, with a smile, "You know I like a challenge."

I know if he had not been blindfolded he would have tried the baby blues on me. The traditional puppy dog look. Even a whimper. But he couldn't, he just laid there in the backseat in his uncomfortable hogtie, drowning in the taste and smells of me.

In the front seat I was carefully balancing two beautiful dozen of red long stemmed roses in vases, and they wobbled as we came up the driveway of the salon.

"Time for your makeover," I said. He did let out a whimper that time. It was a nice one.

**

Don't get me wrong, I didn't do this out of spite. I did it because he basically asked for it, and he had gotten under my skin a few too many times. When I caught him sniffing my panties at the gym, I decided then he needed to learn a lesson. And he knew well of my S&M adventures and when he'd hear about them while we were side by side on the life cycles at Bally's gym he'd chuckle, run a towel over his face and say something ultra macho.

Like "yeah I don't think any woman could take me down." Or "Ladies have told me I was pretty and shit, but I could still never pass for a chick." Or even better, "I'd only let a chick do that to me if I knew I was going to bang her."

I used to roll my eyes at Derek and tell him he didn't quite get it. Derek had slept with about 7 women at the gym, including the kickboxing instructor as well as the aerobics teacher. He had quite a reputation at the gym.

He was a great looking guy, only about 5'11 and not overrun with muscles but super toned and sporting a great swimmers' built. Most guys I thought grew out of the fraternity asshole mentality when it came to women, but Derek still had it all going on at age 32.

When we weren't talking about sex or women though, we got along like best friends. He was hysterical, charming and had an amazing wit. He was also very driven in his career, like me, and was super well read. He was probably a genius.

He was one of those guys who if he wasn't so homophobic, who didn't objectify women without even knowing he was doing it (or caring that he did), and didn't think the holy grail of sex was spurting his seed, he was the kind of guy I'd date.

He knew he couldn't have me. I was the one woman in the gym he'd never have. I think that bugged him.

**

I caught Derek sniffing my panties one day last week at the gym. There is this kind of weird co-ed area where you can stash your gear but people don't use it for changing or showers. Both Derek and I usually showered at home, so we would drop our gear off in the co-ed lockers. I had forgotten my lock that day, so he let me throw my bag in with his.

He had finished his workout and I was going to step aerobics so I was grabbing a towel from the bag. "I'll just leave my lock with you and you can get it Friday," he offered, since he would be taking his stuff and leaving and my gear would still be there.

"Thanks, Derek," I said sincerely. He was also a thoughtful kind of guy, another of his great traits. "See you Friday," I smiled, took my water bottle and towel and headed out. I didn't expect to see Derek again until then.

Unfortunately I saw Derek about five minutes later, tucked away in one of the corners of the co-ed lockers, with my soiled panties to his nose and the other hand down his gym shorts. My extra leotard was at his feet and I knew he had put it on and taken it off, probably to get better access to his dick.

"Derek!" I hissed. He nearly jumped out of his skin and when his hand popped out of his shorts there was a bit of cum on his fingers.

"Oh, fuck. Oh shit," that was all he could say.

Step aerobics had been cancelled, so I had head back to get my stuff and had no idea I would find the king of all macho men after wearing my leotard and then sniffing my panties. He used to tell me that when I made men sniff my panties they "must be kind of fucked up." For Derek, it was all about doggie style and being a manly man, and cumming on a woman's tits. (I used to say to him, "If you can get a woman to let you cum all over her face because it gets you off, why can't she make you cum all over your own face if it gets her

off?" and he would laugh and say "Because that's fucked up, Akasha.")

I grabbed my gear from him, gave him a look, and started shoving it back into my bag.

"I'm sorry," he said, and he gave me this pleading puppy dog look. He has amazing blue eyes, almost grey. For that moment, I could not help but think he'd be a damn good sub if he would get past his ego and surrender a little. And he might learn a thing or two in the process.

"You aren't going to tell anyone..." he stammered. Soft spoken, like a child. A new side of him, again. Interesting, I thought.

I smirked as I zipped up my bag. "Like Julie?" I said - the gym's head trainer that he'd been trying to ask out for a month and she was starting to show interest. "Like Victoria?" I said - she was the gym's latest hot shot, all the men were after her and she kept checking out Derek's ass, I was the one pointing it out to him and he would vocalize his fantasies about her when we ran on the treadmill side by side.

"Please," he said. "I'll do anything to make this up to you. I don't know what I was thinking. It just kind of...it happened. Really. I swear."

"Anything?" I turned to him. The light bulb went off.

He was looking up at me because he was on the bench and I was standing. He still had that look in his eyes. Amazing. Almost tender. Long eyelashes. He even batted them, it seemed like, so innocently. Then, super soft, with a swallow because I could tell he knew I meant business. "Anything, Akasha." Then, he said it again. "Anything."

He knew how to plead, I thought to myself.

And I was so turned on by that pleading, I couldn't help myself. I said what I was thinking. "Too bad you weren't sniffing the panties I've got on right now, pantyboy Because they're soaked right through my tights."

He swallowed again.

"Be at my house at 8pm on Friday night. Skip the gym. Be clean, dressed up and on time."

I grabbed my gym bag, started out the door, then turned. "Oh, and bring flowers."

He looked up and nodded. He was still flushed.

As I walked out the door I added, "Not that cheap grocery store shit you buy for the girls you are trying to fuck. I want the real thing. Two dozen."

And I slammed the door on the way out.

**

For awhile I wondered something. Derek used to scoff at the stuff I told him I made men do. Was he scoffing all that time because it actually turned him on, and he was afraid to admit it? Did his homophobia extend over into fear of women and being out of control? Was his macho cover-up something he used to mask his own helplessness to women and their femininity?

And how many other pairs of panties had he sniffed? He had a female roommate and they were just friends. I wondered if he'd been in her hamper on the weekends. I bet he had.

In the days that I had to think about it, I did some careful reflection on Derek's responses to my escapades and came to the conclusion that he was, probably, repressed. I had never gotten together with him so I had no idea if he was even really crappy in bed and was trying to make up for it. From what I had heard from the variety of women he had slept with, he was decent but predictable; common of many macho type men.

I decided to fix that, among his other short comings.

I called my girlfriends at the salon. They knew of all my S&M adventures also, and we'd laugh and giggle like mad when I would tell my latest adventures while getting a manicure and pedicure. They had even "done up" some of my male friends during after hours, and had fun with it. This time, I explained to Vicki, it was more of a lesson learning thing.

When she heard it was Derek, she nearly died. She knew him because she went to the gym now and then also. And Daphne, the make up artist at the salon, had actually dated him a few times. We agreed this would be a night to remember.

"I'm bringing my camera," Vicki giggled.

"Excellent!" I agreed. "We should actually video tape the entire thing."

Both of us were beside ourselves with ideas. We agreed on 9pm on Friday, and she was going to make sure the shop was locked up and secure. We also agreed on the ladies we'd have involved, including Daphne.

Derek was going to have a night he would not soon forget.

**

He arrived promptly at 8pm on Friday, clean shaven and holding two large vases of red roses. Long stemmed. First task completed, and I was pleased. I answered the door in a hot tight black dress and killer pumps. He was used to seeing me with my hair in a pony tail and covered with sweat, so while he knew I had a hot body he had no idea how good I looked when I did my hair and put on make up. I could see his jaw drop a little, and I also detected a bulge in his pants.

Through the door way I handed him my car keys. "Go put the vases in the front seat of the car and belt them in with the

seatbelt. Make sure they won't tip over on the drive."

"Where are we going?" he asked me as he took my keys. He was being very soft spoken.

"And don't ask any more questions," I added.

He turned and walked to my car, which was parked out front, and I watched him maneuver his way into the front seat. He took some time making sure they were locked in tight, then closed the car door and returned to me. As he was handing me the keys, he also offered like a puppy dog, "I can drive, too, if you want."

Always the gentleman, I smirked. I took the keys from him and smiled. "Derek, you will be in no condition to drive."

**

Later I realized he thought that comment meant that I was going to get him drunk! I found that pretty funny.

Instead of filling him up with beer and tequila, though, I walked him into my bedroom and told him to kneel on the floor. I expected a little fussing from him, but he just did it right away, and when I turned to him he even had his head down. He was ashamed. I could tell. And he looked hot.

I did something I had wanted to do for a long time. I went to him and I ran my fingernails through his thick dark hair, affectionately, then slowly clenched my fist right at the back of his head, harder and harder, until he drew in a breath and visibly clenched both fists. "Not much tolerance for pain?" I observed.

"I don't like to be hurt," he said. It was very soft. Gave me a tingle right where it counted. I was already getting wet.

"You deserve to be hurt," I pointed out, still holding onto his hair. I tightened my fist a little more. "Don't you?"

He hissed a little, eyes now shut tight. "Yes - I -" he stammered to breathe again. "Ouch shit. Yes. I do, you're right. I fucked up."

"You deserve anything I decide to do to you tonight," I told him.

"Yes," he agreed. "Just please - ah-" he drew in his breath again. He let it out. I am sure he was remembering all the stories I had told him - canings, whips, nipple clamps, cock and ball torture. "Go easy on me, please."

Oh, I thought to myself. This is going to be better than I imagined. By far.

**

Fortunately for Derek, pain wasn't really on my agenda that night.

Unfortunately for Derek, total feminization were, as were

teaching him a lesson about humility, surrender and respect for women. I had it all planned out in my head, and knew that the sheer humiliation of what I was going to make him endure would make him rethink his attitudes about women, female power and true beauty.

And would teach him a little about respect. This was not a typical Friday night for Derek, that's for sure.

**

I started by making him sniff my panties.

While Derek was kneeling on my floor, I hauled my dirty laundry hamper into the room and opened it in front of him. "Let's see." I started sifting through my clothes. I pulled out a pair of pink thong panties and turned them inside out. "Oh yes. I came in these the other night."

He was looking at me, he looked awfully embarrassed. I tossed the panties at him and they hit him in the face and fell to the floor. "Pick them up," I said sternly. "Pick them up and smell them. Come on, that's what you like to do, isn't it?"

Derek stammered a little, picked them up, then looked at me pleadingly. "Akasha, look, I have been thinking about this, and I have to tell you, I have to tell you that what I did was just - it was just a fucked up thing I did on the spur of the moment, I don't know what I was thinking - I - "

I reached over and interrupted Derek by taking the panties out of his hand and shoving them against his nose. "If you are going to objectify me by sniffing my panties behind my back, boy, the least you can do is do it while I WATCH."

"I'm sorry," he said. It was muffled. What was even hotter was that I could tell he was affected immediately by the scent. Or maybe the feel of them. Or maybe the way I had them shoved and held into place right over his nose and mouth and refused to let go, even when he backed up his head a little I moved forward.

He had a visible erection in his pants. Still holding the panties in place, I lifted a leg and stuck a heel right against his groin. He tensed. Typical of him, protecting his jewels, fearful of injury. "Keep sniffing," I ordered. "Or I'll start pressing harder."

I made him use his own hand to hold the panties, then I went back into the hamper and dug down deep looking for the purple satin briefs. They were soft and sexy and super hot, and I had plans for them.

"Pull down your pants," I ordered matter-of-factly.

He hesitated.

I turned and lifted my leg again, heel to his crotch, and said "I had to decide tonight between sex games and pain games. Should I get the whips and clamps out instead?"

He reached for his belt. If anything, I knew he hated pain.

**

When he dropped his pants and briefs I realized what should have been obvious, what was probably a large cause for his overly macho attitude and tendency to objectify women.

He had a tiny dick!

For a guy that built, he had the smallest penis I had ever seen. And he was bright red, so he knew that was what I was thinking as I looked at his member. I just stared at it. Then I laughed because I couldn't help it. Then I felt kind of bad - after all, it wasn't his fault. But I was bothered because I knew he was the type of guy that was selfish in bed and used women for sex a lot, yet he didn't even have a nice sized dick to do the job? Guys like that should be all about pleasing their women orally, and he's always talked about that act as if he was above it, and his body was his pleasure machine.

Some pleasure machine, I thought.

"Well, that clears a lot of things up for me," I said. He knew what I was talking about. He looked humiliated. I tossed my hot satin panties to him and said, "Jerk off into these while I watch. I'm going to get a glass of wine first then have a seat." As I left the room, I added, "You know how to jerk off, don't you?"

**

I soon realized Derek's second problem. I barely got the first sip of wine down and he'd exploded into my panties. Two strokes!

I sputtered a little wine. "Do you always come that quick!?" I said. "Or is it that you like panties so much you can't help it?"

Either answer, I knew it explained a lot, again, about why he was the epitome of the selfish sexual macho man. He was making up for his shortcomings! Unbelievable.

He looked a little despondent, was staring down at the creamy white cum all over my panties. My thong was in his other hand. I stood up and walked over, once around him, then said "Now lick it up."

Derek looked up at me. I could tell he was mortified. This indeed was going to be a hard test for him. He used to tell me that he'd rather be shot than drink his own cum (right after complaining to me about a girl he dated that refused to swallow after giving him a blow job, and what a let down that was for him).

I pursed my lips at him. I put my hands on my hips. I saw him looking at my body longingly. I saw desperation in his eyes. I said to him, "Let me go get my canes."

"Wait -" he said quickly. "I'll do it."

And did it, he did. He did it quite well.

Every last drop. Eyes closed. Head slightly down. Shoulders just a bit slouched, he was losing pride fast. He lapped like a puppy. "Every drop," I ordered. He wrinkled his nose. He gagged a little at first. He whimpered.

I was starting to fall for him a bit in his humiliated and humble state. Then he blew it. He set himself back a mile when he finally looked up at me pleadingly and said, "Can't I just make you cum a few times and we will call it even."

As if he was some sex god. I lost it.

I laughed at him, and I pointed to his dick, and I said, "You think you could make me cum with THAT?"

He started to turn red.

"We're going for a ride," I told him, setting down my one-drink of wine since he shot his load in two strokes. "I didn't even have time to finish a glass of wine because you can't hold your load."

He turned even redder.

"You will get into the backseat," I told him. "Then hold still and cooperate. You will be gagged and blindfolded and tied up. Understand?"

"I guess I don't have a choice," he said softly.

Indeed, he didn't.

**

My devious girlfriends were waiting for me when we arrived at the salon. I had a few there for the project. Vicki was going to do his hair. Monica was the waxing and nail expert. Then I had Daphne, who was a star at doing makeup and was quite sadistic also.

Vicki was a hot, buxom blonde. She was not shy that her tits were fake - in fact, she bragged about it. She was quite proud of them. She stood about 5'9 and always wore power heels and had a tiny little body with great breasts. She was a knockout. A lot of men went to the salon just to ogle her body.

Monica was a short haired brunette who was petite, about 5'5, and a firecracker. She was kinda goth in her make up an style and she was dark and mysterious. She was also bi and had propositioned me but nothing ever came of that - it just didn't seem right to me.

Daphne was a dream as well. Medium length auburn hair and fair complexion, she had the body of a gymnast and a stellar smile. She was amazing with make up - I had her do all my make up for any large work events or parties. She had also transformed a few of my boytoys into femmetoys and her work was astonishing.

Derek had no idea what was in store for him.

I untrussed his legs so he could walk, and led him into the salon. Madonna was blasting on the stereo, typical salon music, and the ladies were eating chips and salsa and waiting for us. We got a few wolf whistles and a lot of giggles as he stumbled in with me, still blindfolded. I wasted no time and dropped him into the salon chair.

"Let's tie him up," I said.

"What are you going to do to me?" he asked softly. He could tell he was in a salon by the smells, sounds and feel of the chair.

"Leg's up, pretty boy!" Monica said. "Let's start with the wax!"

Derek was mortified.

**

While the ladies were tying him up and securing him I brought both vases of roses into the shop as a thank you for their donated time. They loved them. I realized I should have made him get three dozen! I figured I would have him send another dozen after the night as a thank you on his own.

He was struggling when I came back in. Vicki and Daphne were oohing over the roses and putting them at their workstations while Monica wasted no time unzipping his pants. She was not a shy girl at all. "Let's get all that hair off you," she said. "Daphne, put on PINK, I need a change of music."

He was still blindfolded. He was whimpering and writhing. He was bucking. He was saying, "Akasha wait, can we talk about this?"

I reached over and removed the blindfold. He scanned the salon quickly and shock registered on his face, especially when he saw Daphne since he had dated her a few times. She was rolling over her makeup counter. Meanwhile, Monica was pulling down his pants and Vicki was bringing over the hair products and a few wigs.

Grinning, I hopped up onto a counter to watch and crossed my legs. "So Derek," I said. "How do you feel about women now?"

He was about to stammer something when Monica exclaimed, "That's a TINY DICK!"

Then all the other girls came over to look.

Daphne was eating a tortilla chip doused in salsa. She said, gazing at it, a little downcast, "Damn. I'm glad I didn't sleep with you."

**

Derek wailed like a little girl when Monica waxed his legs. "I thought gym guys were used to pain?" she asked out loud. The wax was hot and applied in long strips and he writhed and

twisted in his bonds, which were leather straps I had provided for the adventure. When she applied the cooling lotion afterward he looked up, as much as he could, at his new, sleek legs.

"This will feel a lot better for you, pretty boy," Monica smiled. "Nice and smooth and sexy."

"Oh my god," was all Derek could say.

I was looking at his legs. He had great legs, and they did look better clean shaven. Monica rolled the heated wax tray up a little and said, "Now the jewels."

Derek panicked. He looked at me. He pleaded with me, pleaded with my eyes. "Oh my god, that will hurt. That will fucking hurt, please Akasha I don't care about the legs, but not that!"

I leaned down and I petted his forehead affectionately. "Derek, remember two weeks ago when we were on the lifecycles and you were telling me how you insisted - MADE - all the women you date get a bikini wax? A Brazilian wax? Hairless? Because it made YOU hot?"

He was breathing hard. Monica applied the first dab of hot wax right down his crotch line, beside the balls, and he whimpered loud. Daphne peered over for a closer look. "That's a lot of hair for such a small dick."

I petted his head. "I want you to know what we go through for things like that."

"You get used to it," Vicki said from the background, arranging her roses. "It hurts like a sonofabitch the first few times, then you get used to it."

He shut his eyes tight.

Vicki came over and stopped Monica by grabbing her hand just as she was going to apply the first strip to tear off the hair. "Is he gonna scream? Cause the tenants upstairs are working late, real estate stuff, so we gotta shut him up if he starts wailing."

We all looked at him, then at each other.

"I'll get the gag," I said.

**

Even through the gag, Derek made a hell of a lot of noise. He was also sweating more than I had ever seen him sweat working out, and his lashes were damp. He looked more beautiful than ever. Hell, I thought, if it weren't for his small penis size, even I might consider fucking him.

It took about 40 minutes. Then he was smooth as a baby. We all inspected. We made comments. We coo'd and rubbed and pampered him and he finally started settling down and I could remove the gag.

Monica rolled her wax tray away. "We'll do the pits later. Vicki is dying to do the hair."

Derek arched his back to look back toward her then at me and he said to me pleadingly, "How far are you going to take this? You're going to kill me."

I leaned down and put my hand on his cheek. "Derek, this is good for you. You deserve this. I think you have some issues and this will help you work through them."

He looked like he was going to cry. He stuttered a little then finally said, "You took all the hair off my legs and balls!"

Monica was admiring her handiwork. "Gym boy, don't get your little dick in a wad. Do you know how many guys come in here for a wax? Swimmers, bicyclists, athletes. They all get rid of hair on their legs. And there are men that endure this because women actually like a shaved crotch. Less hair between the teeth, get it?"

He looked to Monica hopefully. "Are you telling me this might actually turn some women on?"

Monica was about to talk but Vicki was there setting up the hair stuff. "For most men yeah, but the lack of hair makes your dick look even smaller."

We all started laughing hysterically.

"As if that's possible," Daphne added with a shake of the head. "I need a picture of that thing."

**

He was solemn as Vicki cut his hair. She trimmed it down into a cute feathered look, then told him it would be easier for the wig. Daphne was picking out the wig with Monica, they were debating whether he would make a better blonde or brunette.

As Vicki cut his hair, she asked him matter of factly, the way salonists talk to their customers, "So when you are inside a woman, do they sometimes not even know?"

I kind of felt bad for him, but I got over that fast because I easily recalled some of the sexist, arrogant comments he'd make to me. He would brag for hours. One time we had talked about vibrators and he had the nerve to tell me that women who needed vibrators were frigid and that if any of his girlfriends pulled one out he'd stop seeing them. I realized he was probably intimidated by the buzzing wonders! How old school, I thought. A man afraid of a device that would give a woman pleasure.

That led into a whole conversation between all of us about our vibrators. Monica was raving about the rabbit and Daphne insisted the pocket rocket was still king. She brought it out of her purse and we got into a whole discussion about it. Still naked from the waste down, Derek's small penis started to stand at attention.

We had a giggle about that, and soon were poking his balls with Daphne's rocket. She complained about it getting dirty and gave us a hard time, but Derek's hips start bucking and he shot off a load of cum onto his belly within 45 seconds of us touching him with it.

Vicki stopped doing his hair. We all looked silently at the cum blob on his tight belly. His eyes were shut tight.

"He has that problem, too?" Monica asked, deadpan.

I nodded.

"No wonder he works out all the time," Daphne said, rolling her make up over and sitting next to him. She turned him toward her by the chin. "Gorgeous, you gotta learn that if your dick is small and you cum in two strokes, you need to see vibrators, dildos and sex toys as your friends. Don't be such an insecure selfish prick."

He actually nodded. Slightly. But it was a nod.

She pulled out her foundation first. "Let's fix that pretty face of yours."

**

I took a tortilla chip, scooped a glob of cum off of Derek's belly and held it up to Daphne, giggling. "Dip?" I offered.

"Oh god," she turned her head away. "Please. I like it straight from the source only."

Monica was tweezing his balls, getting the last few hairs. She was down between his legs like a gynecologist. "Bend over and put his cock in your mouth Daph, in about 5 seconds you can get a fresh load."

I brought the cum-soaked snack chip to Derek's lips and he knew by then not to even fight it. Not only did he open his mouth, but he leaned up when I teasingly pulled it away. He bit into it and chomped, swallowing eventually.

Daphne leaned in. "Ok, ok. Let me do my work."

I scooped more cum onto a chip. "But we have more dip left."

Daphne said, "I need to get a different blush. You have a minute to feed him, I'll be right back."

I scooped up the entire rest of the cum onto the chip, leaving his washboard abs clean but a chip dripping with the milky white substance. He looked at me, barely wincing anymore at the monotonous tweezing between his legs. He opened wide, and he took it.

"Good boy," I said. I leaned over, kissed him on the forehead, and said "There's hope for you yet."

**

In about a half hour, Vicki had a stunning curly blonde wig on him and Daphne had his make up done. He had been reclined so he could not see himself in the mirror, but when we propped him up all he could do is drop his mouth and say, predictably, "Wow. I look hot."

I snickered. I knew what he was thinking. Like a typical man he was thinking, "I'd do me."

I was propped against the side of the chair. I hopped off and said, "I'm going to get the corset and stockings and outfit from the trunk. Hold him tight, ladies."

Daphne was touching up his lipstick. "What about falsies? Did you bring tits for pretty boy?"

I turned around and stopped my track to the car. "I didn't think about that. Do any of you have false tits?"

Vicki proudly cupped her boobs. "Just these honey."

"Those won't help us."

Daphne picked up the phone. "I'll call Mitch. He's got them I'm sure."

Mitch was our flaming gay friend. Fag to the core and proud of it. I was delighted at the development. I was sure Mitch would be all over our creation. And Derek needed to get over his homophobia.

**

Mitch arrived, bouncing in less than a half hour later. "Ladies!" he exclaimed, opening arms, holding a shopping bag in one hand. Mitch was a flamboyant gay, and he worked part time in the salon. We all adored him. He was 100% out, gay as can be, and adorable.

Mitch took one look at Derek, trussed up and half naked in the salon chair, now in wig and full make up. He put his hands on his hips, looked the gym boy up and down and said, "Lordy lordy, I have died and gone to heaven!" He turned to me and pointed to himself. "For me!? You shouldn't have?"

I could sense Derek shrinking down in his chair. I laughed and went to Mitch. "No, no. Don't get too excited. You can't have him. We just need help with his outfit and boobs."

Mitch gave me a hug. "Anything for you. He'll be gorgeous, absolutely gorgeous. Not that he already isn't! Where did you find him and where can I get one!"

"You are way too horny," Monica said, shaking her head at him.

Then Mitch spied the small penis. "Oh," he said, dramatic. "That's a bit of a letdown."

Derek sunk down lower. I am sure being put down by a flaming gay guy really rubbed his homophobic tendencies the

wrong way.

Mitch patted him on the head. "It's ok sweetie. Your hot body makes up for it. And I bet you are tight as can be!"

I pulled Mitch aside. "Honey, you can't fuck him. Just help us with the clothes."

Mitch threw his arms up into the air dramatically.. "Use me and abuse me Akasha. As usual. Ok ladies let's do it. Daphne sweetie you look amazing. Did you dye your hair?"

Mitch delivered kisses around the room and gave out petite hugs then pulled out of his bag the best set of fake tits I have ever seen. He nodded at me when he saw me gasp. He lowered his voice. "My ex William left this behind. Great fuck, but awful table manners. Nice tits though, don't you think?"

He squeezed a nipple on the falsies.

Derek was staring. At this point, I think he was in some sort of macho related shock. Unable to even speak.

"Let me get the corset," I said.

Then we all went to work on his body.

**

An hour later, Derek was truly hot. He was corseted, in black thigh highs and garters, in black panties and bra. His falsies gave him nice sized tits (Vicki pointed out that hers were bigger) and the corset made his waist looked tiny. We didn't have shoes for them, but Mitch volunteered to go to the drag shop to buy him pumps in exchange for "thirty minutes alone with the hot tart" - I told him no. That might ruin Derek for good.

I added a cock and ball harness to Derek's cleanly shaven crotch to keep his penis in order, but it kept slipping out. He was indeed small, and this humiliated him. He quietly confessed to me, as the ladies were cleaning up, that he realized he was cruel to women, used them for sex, and objectified them to make up for his short comings.

I made him promise me he would stop. He nodded to me, blinked with his long mascara-ed eyelashes, and looked totally humbled.

"Are you ready for a night on the town with the ladies?" I asked.

"Do I have a choice?" he asked softly.

I was smiling at him. He didn't have a choice, of course. He was mine til the next day. I told him I was going to take his credit card and rent a limo and we'd hit Hollywood, just the girls.

He nodded and said, "ok."

As I pulled his credit card from his wallet he said, "Just be

gentle with me."

I smiled. "Ladies," I announced. "We are hitting the town."

Mitch hooted and waved his fist in the air.

"Mitch, you can't come."

He put his hands on his hips, dejected. "Used and abandoned. My life story. Fine ladies, enjoy your night on the town with pretty boy. I'm going to go call Paul."

We said our goodbyes to Mitch, and the limo pulled up an hour later.

**

So, our night on the town was hot. Derek settled into his feminine attire and actually became so demure and sexy, we were all pawing him by the end of the night. I think he enjoyed the attention.

We mostly cruised the city since he didn't have shoes, and flirted out the windows of the limo. Most men hit on Derek more than us, and that taught him a lesson also.

Derek was humble, and polite, and finally dropped his macho act. By the early hours of morning we were giggling like schoolgirls together.

At around 5am we removed his clothing, cleaned him up and Vicki fixed his hair. Of course, the waxing was not undoable, but he admitted by then that he liked the feel of it.

He asked Daphne out, and she said no, but that she'd consider it later maybe.

Then I took him to his car at my house and he left. We agreed to meet at the gym two days later for our workout.

**

Derek was noticeably different, I will say. And I don't mean to brag, but I think the lessons taught him a few things about himself, and about women, and how to treat women. He no longer saw women as sex objects to use for his own pleasure, but as sensual, powerful beings. He stopped talking trash.

And the woman in the gym he was pursuing agreed to go out with him. She said to me, privately, a few days later, "I always thought he was a bit of an arrogant macho asshole. Recently he seemed a lot more down to earth. So I figured I'd give it a shot."

I wondered what she'd think when she saw his shaved cock and balls and smooth legs.

By the way, he started going to Monica once a month for a wax. He decided he liked it.

Men can change.

**

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