



Akasha's Web



HOME * Online Training * CyberDungeon * Story Archive * For Women Only * Articles * Miss Blue

Stories

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

The Forced Femme Archives:

Rookies
Akasha's World
Billy In Panties
The Fortune 500 Fucktoy
Gym Boy
Hotel Domination
Jessica's HUMILIATION
More Sissy Training
My Precious Whore
A Pair Of Panties For You
A Sissy In May
So You Want To Be My Sissy
The Training of Paul
Wrestling with Femininity

More Archives:

Strap-On & Anal
Humiliation & Groups
Chastity
Cuckold
Pussy Worship
Feet
Seduction & Lust
Sheila's Show
Romance
BDSM
Illustrated Stories
Unfinished Stories
Behind Closed Doors
Space Age Love Song
The Corporate Slut

Akasha's World

I decided I would really test Marshall.

He was a good slave. Yes. He knew how to crawl to me. How to greet me after a long day. How I liked to have him on his hands and knees, his ass propped up into the air.

He knew how I liked to have him work an entire day in his big office. In suit and tie, behind his large desk. All of that power. The power to control people's lives.

Only to know that I would take it all away at the end of the day.

And he would be mine.

**

I decided I would need to push Marshall further.

Not just wearing my panties (the frilly little pink ones) every day at work. Now we would go even farther.

Marshall would feel what it was like to really submit to me.

To my friends.

That's when I decided to have a little panty party. With him as the special guest.

**

I invited all of my girlfriends for the party. Marshall had no idea; he just went about his duties, cleaning my apartment spotlessly in his little maid outfit.

How I loved to watch him in his maid outfit. It was black and white, all latex. He wore thigh high stockings with it and black patent leather pumps (his ankles used to hurt so bad, but he got used to it..). His ass - when he bent over -- looked so inviting. Of course, I could imagine him over the horse waiting to take my biggest black latex cock but that is another story.

Watching Marshall prepare in his nasty little maid outfit, I almost felt sorry for him. Almost. But the night was about to start, and I had waited all week.

It was what I really wanted.

The ultimate sacrifice from him.

*

My girlfriends are all very beautiful women. About my age - late twenties, early thirties. Some a little younger. All fit, attractive, feminine women.

Of course, they knew about Marshall a little bit. But none knew the length to which he would go to please me.

I had Marshall dressed in a suit. Sort of. Almost a tux - very classy. Underneath his tight black trousers he was wearing black panties and a slick plug. The plug was the largest he had worn in a long time - I'm sure he felt quite full. I'm sure he felt it every time he moved.

His hair was slicked back. He was wearing white gloves. Underneath his clothes he was shaved completely, as I required. He had spent the afternoon touching up - his cock and balls were smooth, there was not a hair on his body, I know, except for his eyebrows and head. Just how I liked it.

And he served our drinks perfectly. On a little tray. Gliding around the room like a natural as we talked our girl-talk. I wondered if he listened. I wondered if he wanted to be a part of that girl talk. Of talking about panties, and orgasms, and giggling as we talked about the size of our boyfriends' cock.

I knew Marshall could fit right in. Fit right in talking about blow job technique and periods.

After all, Marshall was just as much as a woman as any of us. Of all of my girlfriends.

I know Marshall saw me looking at him. It made him uneasy. And that turned me on even more.

*

My girlfriends had consumed a few glasses of champagne each. I guess that is why I felt we could elevate it to the next level. And watching Marshall squirm in his outfit made me want it even more.

I felt that familiar ache in my panties. In my crotch. As I watched Marshall squirm in anticipation, knowing my eyes had fallen on him.

"I bet Marshall can tell what color panties you are all wearing," I said out of the blue.

There were a lot of giggles. They all looked at Marshall. Tammy, in her low cut black blouse, her long blonde hair spilling over her shoulders. April, in a dark bob, heavy makeup, and a body to die for, just looked at Marshall with a smirk. And Tracy. And Ellen. They all looked at Marshall, snickering.

And Marshall - the poor boy - stood there, mortified. I had never been so turned on in all my life. And my girlfriends

were just drunk enough to make it easy.

"Let me prove it," I said.

And that was all it took.

*

I had Marshall on his knees. Blindfolded. My girlfriends were all gathered around. He was going to tell them all what color their panties were.

"And then, we can all guess what color panties HE is wearing!" I joked. It went over their heads, but I could see Marshall squirming. He wondered, I am sure, if I would make him pull down his pants in front of them all.

He started with April. "Black," he said, kneeling in front of her, his hands on her knees. April stood up, without hesitation and unsnapped her trousers. We all whistled at her. She pulled down her trousers a little to reveal -indeed - the sides of her panties. Black.

I patted Marshall's head in approval. Then shoved him, without even letting him enjoy the moment, into my next girlfriend's lap.

He stammered. There was some mocking.

"He lost his touch!"

"I think he's getting scared! Look him, he's SHAKING!"

"So Akasha - does he guess YOUR panties as easily??"

Marshall wet his lips. He was terrified and nervous. I was getting hotter.

"Uh..." he said. "Red..I think..."

Lots of snickering. I looked at Ellen. She shook her head.

Then it was all over.

The panty game - so soon - had come to a close.

And maybe it was because I was so hungry for domination. I have no idea. But the next thing I knew, I had Marshall sucking cock in front of them all. In panties. On his hands and knees.

And they all giggled at him.

*

It was seeing him there. On his knees. Trying to guess the color of their panties. And the champagne.

I wanted to see latex in his mouth. A big, latex cock. I wanted to show my girlfriends what a good little whore he was. I wanted to show them how he could easily deep throat 8 inches of latex, licking and sucking. Slurping. My hands in

his hair. Holding his head still.

My girlfriends watched me. I took out my latex cock and they all oohed and ahed over the size of it, commenting about how they could use something of that size. Of course, Marshall was kneeling there next to the couch, mortified.

I brought it over to his mouth. I could see how humiliated he was. How he wanted to be anywhere but there at that moment. When he looked at me, I almost melted.

But not quite.

Instead, I started by placing it on his lips. I heard whispering behind me. April's voice. They were all whispering. Giggling. I imagined that eventually they would be helping me hold him down and fuck him in the ass..but all in good time.

For now, I thought to myself, it was enough to just have him suffer as my girlfriends watched, and he sucked all 8 inches my latex dildo.

*

"Suck it," I ordered. Marshall opened his mouth. His eyes were closed, he was on his knees. His wrists were behind his back - like a proper slut, and he deep throated the cock just as I had trained him. I was quite impressed.

As were my girlfriends.

"Jesus," April said. "he really knows how to do that, doesn't he!?"

There were giggles from my friends.

I was tempted - oh, god I was tempted, to show them what he looked like being fucked in the ass.

Marshall looked so tormented, though. Gagging a little every time I shoved the cock all the way into his mouth. I know he could tell how hot it was making me, and it made it worth it to him to continue enduring, knowing that later he may be allowed to worship my pussy.

After being so turned on all night.

My girlfriends watched as Marshall sucked my cock. On his knees.

It was silent, for a bit. I watched them, smiling at me, looking at me. I knew they were intrigued. I wondered, then, if I should really show them what a whore he was. How far he would go.

The night was young, though. And I decided to see how things went.

By then, the latex cock was soaked. And when I saw the look in Marshall's eyes as he peered up at me, I was soaked as well.

(c) Copyright 1998. All rights reserved. akasha@akashaweb.com

© 2007 **Akasha's Web** All Rights Reserved.