



# Akasha's Web



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## Rookies

Andrea knew that rookie hockey player Connor Davis couldn't believe what he saw. Standing there, silent, with a somewhat defeated look on his face, the athlete took in his own reflection in the mirror. His previously athletic body, now shaved in the most inappropriate of areas, now scented with sweet bath oils, and his legs in thigh high stockings and suspenders.

Of course, the leather corset was the final touch, and the most humiliating of all. It took three women, even with him not resisting (he had given that approach up hours before), using all their will to brace his body and tighten the laces. Squeezing his thick, muscled frame into it, creating the sexiest of little waists, even for someone as manly as poor Connor.

Totally emasculating.

Connor was one of the three rookies in her downtown studio dungeon, experiencing a brand new flavor of rookie hazing. "Hazing...with a decidedly feminine streak," is what Andrea had promised the team captain (and her new main squeeze).

Never had Connor experienced such a thing, Andrea knew this. Sure, rookie initiations in Junior hockey were harsh, she'd heard about that. She'd heard about the bus trips and 8 guys naked in the bathroom (talk about needing lubricant); she heard about the strolls down main street in full women's garb, flanked by drunken teammates that created even more of a spectacle. But this kind of feminization, a transformation to the core, surely stripped his pride to the core.

And it didn't hurt that his peers, his teammates, giggled like schoolboys in the back of the room, hanging around but not getting in the way (except for goaltender Chet Watson, who she had to toss for poor behavior, and was apparently in a side studio trying to chat up her young assistant).

Connor's body filled the lacy outfit well. His legs were long and the muscular tone was creatively diminished behind the lace of the thigh highs. Of course, shaving his legs was a favorite part for Andrea; oh, how he resisted. It took three of his teammates to pin him down for that, but that was at the start of the ordeal.

Now, Connor appeared appropriately defused, standing there, regarding himself with a sense of defeat, perhaps. At

least he put up a fight when he could, Andrea mused. She reached up and put her hand on his shoulder, standing behind him and looking at his reflection in the full length mirror with him. His painted lips were in a decided pout, his curly blonde locks, which lent themselves to the task, were tousled. "I look like a fucking fruit," he said under his breath.

"Actually," she whispered into his ear, making certain the bad boys in the back of the room, who were busy hooting and hollering, didn't hear. "You look fucking hot." Andrea wasn't kidding, either. Something about the sight of a fully masculine man, after being transformed into a sort of cheap prostitute, really made her wet.

She lost herself for a moment and didn't really care much about the potential audience, sliding her hands down over his chest, over the beads of the corset, and down to the front of the sheer panties that struggled to cover his crotch. Just the slightest touch of her hand created an immediate bulge in the panties, causing him to wiggle out of her reach and blush a little, tossing his head over his shoulder to make sure no one was looking.

They – the boys – were three sheets to the wind, Andrea knew, and weren't paying any attention. In fact, a mini-card game had broken out in the very back, as the guys became restless and wanted to just take their tart out on the town. "Please," he whispered back, closing his eyes as he gently took her hand and moved it away from his crotch. "Don't let them take me out like this. I can't handle that...You have to do something. Look, I was good, I ...I became good."

Andrea laughed. She laughed because Connor was anything but good.

When he got there, that afternoon, flanked by his teammates, he was belligerent, arrogant and defiant. Typical, she mused. He knew he was going to be the center of attention and the victim of some sort of stunt, but when he saw the three latex-clad divas in the downtown dungeon, followed by the wardrobe he was going to be forced into, his words were fairly simple and straight forward.

"No. Fucking. Way."

This, of course, made his guy friends just go nuts with excitement, setting them all off. This was the reaction they dreamed of. They took great pleasure in overpowering him, manhandling him, and moving the kicking and screaming athlete into separate quarters where the ladies had them strip him down, restrain him on a table (legs spread wide) and then exit the room so they could privately begin the procedure.

There were many groans and a variety of expletives, in many languages, when his teammates were informed that they had to leave the room for Connor's "prep."

No, Connor was not good. Andrea and her girlfriends, Nina

and Lindsay, took turns shutting him up (with gags, with their hands, and with balled up lingerie) and holding him still as he was lathered up, shaved, and beautified.

Andrea found his struggle to be valiant but vain, and she took great pleasure in his final surrender, when he promised he'd behave because the restraints were digging into his skin. "See," Andrea teased him, "You're really just a fragile femme thing under that tough boy, big mouthed exterior, aren't you?"

He scoffed and looked right at her, his serious tone somewhat ridiculous as he'd just had lipstick and blush put on him. "Whaddayou know about my big mouth?"

There was some accent there, one she couldn't pinpoint, but it was interesting only for a second. Sure, the captain had told her enough about the team's on-ice strengths and weaknesses, of which Connor's big mouth was a little of both, depending on the situation.

"I think your big mouth probably needs a big cock in it to shut you up," Andrea said to him, a comment that shut him up for a brief second, but then made him erupt in laughter.

"Fuck that," he said, and then he watched her reach into a drawer and take out a tiny plastic clothes pin. "What's that?"

"That's the fuck tax," she said, reaching down and affixing the tiny, biting device to the tender flesh of his inner thigh, close enough to his crotch to be dangerous. He shrieked, both in shock and anger, and his voice cracked.

"Every time you say 'fuck,' you get another one," she warned him, reaching for the mascara. "And by the way, you scream like a girl."

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Cock sucking certainly may not have been in Connor's future, but it definitely was in his teammate's.

Bryan Roth, the other rookie on his line, was the one that seemed doomed to the fate. In reality, there was nothing new about homoerotic overtones on rookie initiations; hell, Bryan had an experience in Juniors that was quite unthinkable, but he'd long forgotten it. This time, it was something he was certainly not going to be forgetting any time soon.

Standing in front of him, as he was forced down onto his knees, was the most beautiful woman he'd seen. In her early 20s, a body to die for, dressed to the nines in nothing but high heels and a lace bodysuit.

And a big, huge dick.

Now, at first, Bryan burst out laughing, laughing and looking at the other two ladies in the room who stood there at his sides to make sure he didn't stand up. He was laughing hard because he didn't know what else to do, probably, because

there was no denying that as he knelt there, in nothing but white briefs, that his own cock was swelling up despite his best efforts.

The vixen before him was Maya, and she knew a thing or two about rubber cocks. The one she was wearing was her favorite, held comfortably at her hips in a fine leather harness, the base of the cock pressing into her crotch. She stood before the kneeling athlete, looking at him with what appeared to be an appetite, one hand on her hip. When she walked closer, her latex cock swayed a little, and she reached out to wrap her hand around the base.

Bryan was still laughing, looking to each side, as if waiting for someone to laugh with him. Perhaps he was trying to mask the fact that he was, apparently, incredibly aroused by this situation. His hands moved, casually, to hide what was going on in his briefs.

The girls that flanked him reached over, grabbing him by the wrists, pulling his hands behind his back as Maya waved a warning finger. There was a clicking of metal handcuffs behind him and he started to blush in embarrassment, realizing he couldn't so easily hide what was going on.

"No, no, no," Maya warned. "You can't just pretend that your dick isn't hard because of what you're seeing," she smiled. "I see it. I see it clear –" she stepped over, leaned way down and poked her latex cock into his briefs, running the tip of it along the lines of the bulge, "Clear as day."

Now Bryan was really uncomfortable. He looked away and shut his eyes and shook his head and was going to say something – probably come up with some logical explanation – Maya had heard them all. All reasons to explain away why a totally straight guy would get a huge erection when looking at a nine inch dick that was in his face. Maya took her cock and stood up straight, putting it in his face.

That was enough for him. Bryan recoiled and spat out some obscenities, started to struggle, and had this remarkably disgusted look on his face, glaring at her, almost threatening.

Her girlfriends reacted coolly and swiftly, shoving a bright red ball into his mouth and pulling the straps tight around his head, infuriating him even more, causing him to shake his head and resist, growling and making all kinds of angry faces.

Meanwhile, the action in his briefs also died down, but Maya just smiled, reaching down with her fingernails to tug at the waistband. "Oh, look here. Suddenly you aren't hard anymore, now you're too angry to be turned on. That's ok, Bryan, I like it this way. I like it when a man fights so hard to deny he's completely turned on. No matter how hard you try, you won't be able to keep it soft. I promise you that.

Bryan was looking up and away, breathing hard though his nose, his eyes searching the ceiling for something.

"I know what you're doing, you're thinking about everything you can to not get hard. Just like you do when you're trying to not blow your load right after you stick it in that hot young thing you're fucking. It won't work, Bryan, you can't deny that you want to wrap your lips around this big cock."

Maya had her hands in his hair but he tried to wrench free, and she was pushing the latex cock closer to his face. This struggle went on for a few minutes, him not looking, him closing his eyes, him occasionally growling at her. Meanwhile she just smiled, fingered his hair, pushed the head of her cock closer, and sometimes reached down to stroke it.

"Make him look," she ordered, backing up and away from him. Her girlfriends braced his shoulders and forced his head her way, but of course he resisted. "Come on, you are such a pussy," she laughed. "You KNOW you will get totally turned on just by looking at me. Are you afraid, Bryan? Are you that much of a pussy? You are giving up already?"

The challenge worked with ease, and he turned to her defiantly, staring forward with intent, almost settling down for what appeared to be a competition. Maya smiled and again swayed her hips, reaching down and wrapping her fingers around her cock, knowing that no matter how straight a man was, he could not deny the erotic power of a woman, so beautiful and feminine, wearing a harness with such confidence and pride.

"All I have to do is tell you how bad I want to fuck you, Bryan," she smiled. "That's right, me – fucking you. You, on all fours, face pressed into the ground. You, so helpless, as my cock filled you up, filled your mouth first and then your ass. You know you want to feel me inside you, feel me take you, feel me turn you into a total whore."

That did it. Bryan turned his head away and growled something that sounded like "Fuck!" as his cock popped right out of his briefs, the head of it glistening. The girls holding him giggled, like they'd seen this before, and tightened their grip on him.

When Maya stepped forward he shut his eyes tight, his face wrenched in a sort of self loathing, self hatred, and she felt compelled to console him, because he seemed so helplessly conflicted. "Don't take it so hard, Bryan," she said, again putting her hand in his hair. "You're not unusual. Just accept it. Don't fight it. Look at it. Look at me."

Bryan shook his head, eyes shut tight, now biting down so hard on the rubber ball that the paint was starting to flake away.

Maya smiled. She knew it was going to be a long process. But oh, what a process.

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Rookie Connor, meanwhile, was resigned to his fate and

despite himself almost seemed to be enjoying the attention his new feminized persona was receiving from his teammates. In fact, one of his friends had to leave the room, and the roving joke was that he was uncomfortably aroused by the new, femmed out Connor.

He asked Andrea about the fate and his teammate, because all he knew was that the young athlete was in the studio next door. He was musing what decidedly masculine Bryan would look like in such garb (not nearly as pretty as him, was the compliment he was seeking from the ladies, obviously) and he wanted to know.

"Oh, he has a totally different torture," Andrea told him, going through her jewelry box for earrings that would complete Connor's outfit. The guys, lingering in the background, were still whining about going out, but Andrea seemed to be doing Connor a favor by putting it off. And for that, he was clearly making all kinds of small talk to stall. And it hurt to walk in the heels, he confessed to her, quietly under his breath, making sure no one was listening.

The devious idea came to her as a way to rescue Connor from his fate but introduce him to an even crueler one, simply to see the look of terror in his eyes. "I'll tell you what, I won't let them take you out like this, but instead you'll have to accompany me into the next room with Bryan. Your teammates will soon drink themselves into oblivion and forget about you."

"I don't know about that," he said, glancing over at them. He was somewhat hopeful, it seemed, and for some reason seemed almost resigned and comfortable in his fate; as long as no one else had to see him that way.

Andrea took him by the arm and looked over to the group of athletes, excusing the two of them. "I'm taking Connie here over for the final touches," she announced.

The statement drew tons of hollering, laughter and wolf whistles from the group, with screeches of "CONNIE!"

"Fuck you!" he groaned loudly back at them, giving them the middle finger, knowing that nickname would follow him into the locker room.

When Andrea affixed another small plastic clothes pin, this time to his ass cheek, he shrieked once more.

"How soon you forget."

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Bryan was covered with sweat in no time, using all of his will and energy to fight the simple, undeniable reaction his body was having to Maya's presence as she strolled around him, flaunted her sexy frame, talked about how she liked to use her cock, and occasionally made him look at her.

She told him all about it. All about how she used her own juices from her arousal to coat the tip of the latex cock

before making a man lick it. About how she once came on a man's face as she fucked his mouth. About how she fucked her girlfriend with the cock while making her victim watch helplessly, only to make him crawl to her to clean the latex cock of the juices.

All the licking, sucking, and fucking talk was clearly getting to him, yet he seemed defiant and determined to concentrate his way out of arousal. There were times, when she talked, her hand brushing his face, that he would literally start shaking visibly. He was trembling all over, and she couldn't tell if it was from anger, fear, or simply trying to hold it all in.

"Maya," her girlfriend called to her, apologizing for the interruption. She was in charge of holding his left shoulder as he knelt there helplessly. "Come look at this."

Maya stepped over and peered at the situation her assistant was referring to, leaning over his shoulder. His wrists, while in handcuffs, were clearly more chaffed than they should be. Her girls knew what they were doing; the handcuffs were double-locking and would not tighten once in place. Bryan, apparently, was deliberately pressing the metal into his own wrists, as hard as he could, to create a painful distraction.

"Unbelievable," Maya exhaled as she stood up, taking him by the chin. "Are you so afraid of your own arousal that you'd do that to yourself? Ladies, let's put him into leather shackles. No, wait, let's have his teammates come in here and do it. Let them see how hard his cock is when I wave my dick in his face."

Bryan struggled at this idea, but he wasn't in any position to negotiate obviously. She turned away to make her way into the next door, and much to her surprise, saw a statuesque, yet clumsy, blonde making her --- or his -- way over. It took a second for her to realize it wasn't a tranny client who had lost his way, but it was Connor – from the next studio, led in by Andrea.

Bryan didn't even recognize his teammate (and, arguably, best friend) at first which was hysterical to both Andrea and Maya. Connor, on the other hand, was shocked and uncomfortable at what he witnessed, and appeared to be overcome with a combination of anger and sympathy for his friend. It wasn't until he opened his mouth to speak that Bryan recognized him.

"What the fuck are you doing to him? OUCH!" he hissed, as Andrea had the next plastic clothes pin ready. Nearly a dozen were hanging off of various parts of his body at this point. He stumbled on his high heels to move forward, nearly tripping, and the shoe fell off.

Bryan, meanwhile, appeared totally dejected, his shoulders now slumped, the resistance gone. He had his head down, he was catching his breath, his eyes closed. It was as if being seen that way, right then, by his friend, was devastating. Which is ironic, considering Connor was the one

dressed like a street hooker. And apparently not having much of a problem with it.

Andrea held Connor back by the shoulder. "Connie," she said. "Stay back."

When Maya turned around so Connor could see her fully, he saw for the first time that the gorgeous exotic beauty was sporting a glistening nine inch fake cock. "Holy shhhhhhhhhhh...." he trailed off, pursed his lips and looked at Andrea, who had a clothes pin at the ready.

Maya smiled, and walked around the kneeling Bryan, taking his head by a fistful of hair and wrenching it back, his head up so Connor could see him. "You are his best friend, right, his brother. Perhaps you can shed some insight into his little pea brain."

Connor was clearly shocked – off guard, confused – by the sudden flurry of activity. Once again he was totally unsure of what was going on or why, and he'd thought he and Andrea were getting along pretty well (after all, she helped him get out of going out into the street dressed like that), but now she was hustling him, after calling over the help of another girlfriend, over toward his teammate. Her fingernails were digging into the flesh of his arm in a no-nonsense way, and the speed with which she was pushing him toward his teammate was unsettling.

"Wait wait wait, what's this, hey, stop, easy," he said, tugging his arm away and looking at Andrea, "What's this?"

Bryan grimaced and wouldn't look Connor's way, probably mortified that his fate would be compounded by similar feminization, either before or after the cock activities Maya so eloquently described.

The women made Connor kneel down next to Bryan so they were side by side, shoulder to shoulder. Connor looked at his friend sympathetically and then toward Maya, and even though nothing was choreographed, it was as if these women could all read minds.

The girls that flanked Bryan moved to hold Connor, leaving the bound and gagged rookie free enough that he immediately inched away a bit, distancing himself from the prettified Connor.

Maya, meanwhile, didn't hesitate a bit before she grabbed Connor's golden locks of hair and unceremoniously shoved the head of the latex cock into his mouth. He struggled, and despite his feminine appearance, only a fraction of the strength of the athlete was required to pull free from the ladies and remove himself from the situation. Almost comically, he reached out and took Maya by the hips, actually lifting her little frame off the ground a few inches when he pushed her back.

Andrea was quick to intervene, taking him by the hair and hissing to him as Bryan continued to quietly, under the



radar, move away little inches at a time, probably hoping to disappear entirely. "Listen Connie," she hissed. "You either cooperate, here and now, in front of us, or I get your friends in here to hold you down. You know they'd just LOVE to watch you do THIS before your night on the town."

Connor looked at her, his expression strained, his eyes angry. It was clear he couldn't believe what was happening. "You can't be serious." He looked over at Bryan, who was now a couple of feet away, clearly sporting a "better you than me, bro," look on his face.

When Connor got no support from his helpless friend, he turned back to Andrea. "Not with him here."

The girls liked that; there was some giggling and whispering. Maya folded her arms across her chest and looked at Andrea, raising her eyebrows. "Afraid of what your friend might think? Tough guy here has been on the brink of losing his load for a half hour just LOOKING at my dick. Trust me sweetheart, he's gonna love the show."

"That's just too f'd up," Connor hissed. "I said EFFED!" he spat at Andrea when he saw her reaching into her little pocket. He looked at Bryan and said, "You owe me for this, man, if this is saving your ass."

Maya made a gesture to her girlfriends and gave Andrea a nod. The ladies went to Bryan and took him by the arms, guiding him toward the door, but not letting him get up off his knees. Maya had never seen a guy hustle so fast while kneeling, with not so much as an apologetic look back at his blonde friend. So much for blood brothers, she mused.

When the door clicked signaling his exit, Andrea looked at Maya with a smirk. "Irony thing is him jacking off every night for months thinking about what could have been," she said. And she knew it; she knew she was right. "Now he'll never know what it's like."

Maya moved over and took Connor by the chin. His eyes were on the door that just shut, signaling his fate. He looked up at her slowly. Maya smiled. "I'm sure you'll tell him all about it."

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The two girls that were alone with Bryan didn't say anything to him. The adjacent room was small and had nothing but a couch and a small table in it. He was still on his knees, eyes closed, breathing in what seemed like relief.

The blonde girl, Chelsea, unlocked the buckle that held the gag in place and pulled it from his mouth as Karen removed the leather shackles from his wrists. He breathed a long sigh of relief, panting a little, falling forward to the couch with his elbows propping him up, his face in his hands.

The ladies exchanged knowing looks, attending to their own business, one getting him a glass of ice water and the other putting something away. He was keeping to himself, not

facing them, reaching down in freedom to shove his erection back into his briefs as best he could.

Karen handed him the water and he reached for it, feeling his jaw with his free hand and muttering about the gag. "Do you feel guilty?" she asked him.

He took the water and gave her a dismissing look. "No. The fucker's probably enjoying it," he said, meaning to be sarcastic in a way, but the ladies knew better.

Chelsea leaned over and said to him, "He will. And you – you will always wonder."

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The entire following week, no one said anything about what happened. Apparently that was some sort of code they followed, the captain told Andrea over dinner one night. She shared with him only the vaguest details, and the somber athlete confessed that he didn't really want to know the rest.

He did, however, confess that there was some ribbing between Bryan and Connor, but Connor would share no details of what happened between him and Maya in the room. The fact that they were dating now, though, pretty much said it all.