



Akasha's Web



[HOME](#) * [Online Training](#) * [CyberDungeon](#) * [Story Archive](#) * [For Women Only](#) * [Articles](#) * [Miss Blue](#)

Stories

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

Converting Chad



The Illustrated Story Archives:

Jigsaw

[The Twins: Part Three](#)

[The Twins: Part Two](#)

[The Twins: Part One](#)

[Gregory's List: The Cuckold](#)

[Bitch](#)

[Deconstructing Stephen](#)

[Foot Fetish Frankie](#)

[Machines](#)

[Party Girls](#)

[Using His Mouth](#)

[Milking Apprentice](#)

[Converting Chad](#)

[Pussy Collar Torture](#)

[Cum Guzzler](#)

[Casting Call](#)

[Dual Lust](#)

[Femdom Reflections on](#)

[Strap-On Play](#)

[Milkmaids](#)

[Milking Matthew](#)

[Pussy Boy](#)

More Archives:

[Forced Femme](#)

[Strap-On & Anal](#)

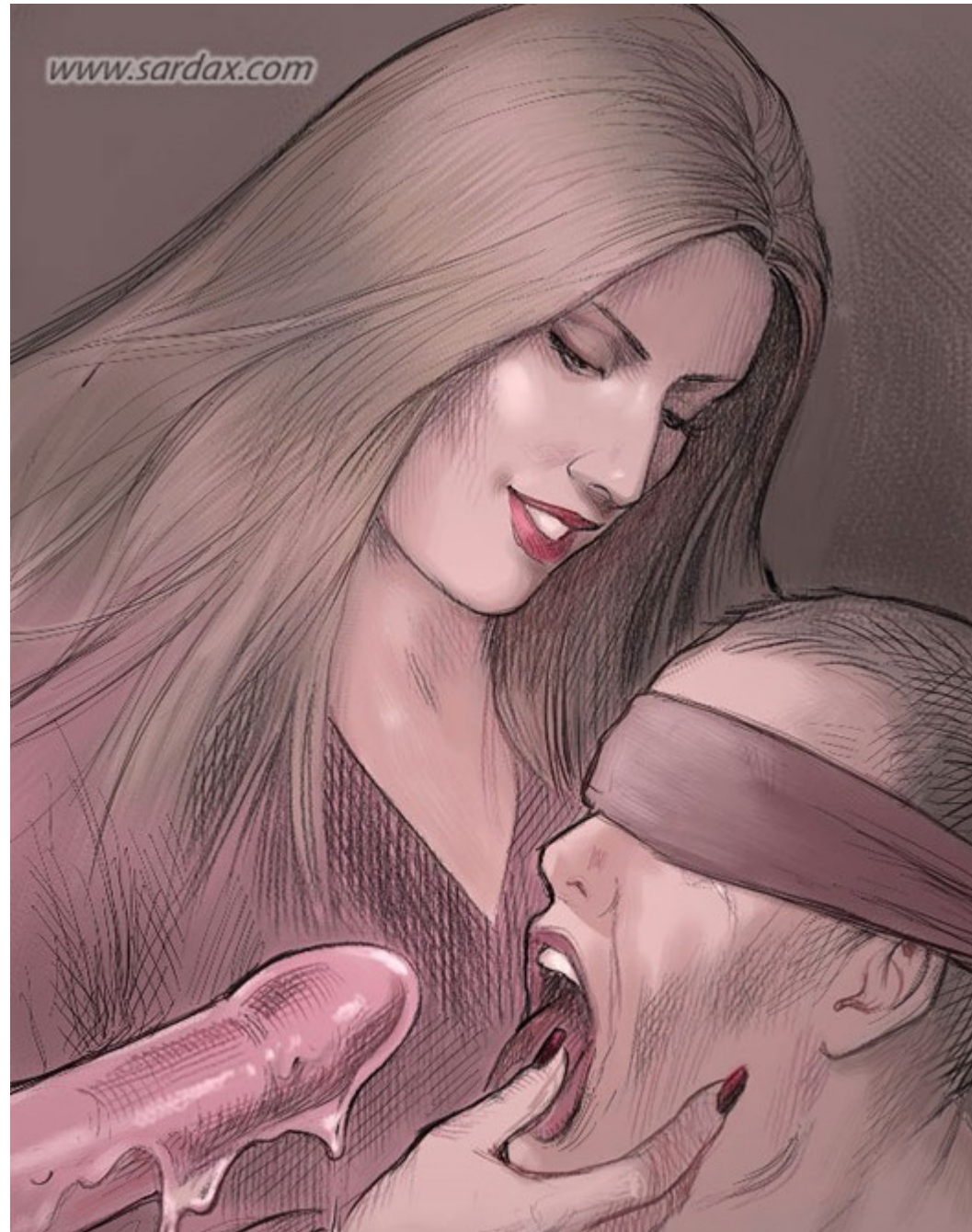
[Humiliation & Groups](#)

[Chastity](#)

[Cuckold](#)

[Pussy Worship](#)

Feet
Seduction & Lust
Sheila's Show
Romance
BDSM
Unfinished Stories
Behind Closed Doors
Space Age Love Song
The Corporate Slut



There was no doubt in my mind that Chad was completely straight.

In fact, I could say with authority that there wasn't a homosexual bone in his body. Perhaps that's what made it so much hotter making him do the things I did. Sure, I could have made any number of submissive or submissive-curious guys go down on my vinyl cock or endure the humiliating tasks I set up, but making Chad go through these things was so much more erotic. Because he did them for me.

Chad didn't worship my strap on cock because he wanted to; Chad didn't crawl to me on his hands and knees and offer up his ass because he knew it would feel good. He did it because he was incredibly turned on by my dominance and desire, and his own arousal would get the best of him every time. But only when he was aroused.

"I'd never put anything in my mouth like that," Chad laughed one night at dinner a few years ago. We were dining at Morton's, celebrating my work promotion. He was talking to me about a scene he'd caught me watching on a little video porno on my laptop that day. It was a clip of a portly man in a gimp outfit sucking a large, black strap on dildo worn by a gorgeous professional dominatrix in London.

I was complaining that the men in those videos were never hot, masculine men like my own Chad.

"It's because straight guys couldn't be paid to do anything like that," he confessed to me. I had to smirk at him. I'd only been seeing Chad for a few months, but he was incredibly predictable. I'd only scratched the surface with him - playfully tying him up, making him kiss my ass delicately, made him eat from the palm of my hand. Always, the result would be the same. An incredibly hard cock and increasing willingness to go farther. Just a little each time. It was like peeling an onion.

I think that's why I delighted in such conversations. "You could never get me to do that." or "I'd never submit to something like that," or "You know, it's clear who's really in control in those situations, it's the submissive guy, or slave or whatever."

I'd nod, listen to Chad, and push my fork around on my plate imagining what he'd look like in a rubber straitjacket wearing a cock gag, his own erect penis defying him and making him weak.

It was only a matter of time. Chad - or, I should say Chad's cock - was no match for me. Because when a man is turned on, he will do anything. This I knew; I knew this for a fact, ever since I was old enough to date.

**

"But I don't WANT you to spoon feed me right now."

That's what 18 year old Jimmy Ladreaux said to me at Harbour House, on the beach, in 1989.

I was 21, and he was 18. The place was packed full of post-club-goers, pushing 3am, on a Saturday morning. We'd been out drinking on the town, dancing, and he was my project at the time. Masculine, self confident Jimmy - he wouldn't do such a thing as allow a woman to spoon feed him a little ice cream after the date we'd had. To do such a thing, especially with his peers at a table nearby, would be too embarrassing. Much too embarrassing.

I just smiled, licked my spoon, nudged his feet with mine under the table. I flirted, sat back in my seat, wet my lips and told him about how much it would turn me on to see that spoon in his mouth. I told him about the pink lace panties that I was wearing, how I danced all night in them wishing they were gone. I told him how they felt, how wet I was, imagining how such a small little act would make me want to disappear into the tight ladies room and pleasure myself. I told him how I'd give him those soaking wet panties in the parking lot to prove to him just how serious I was.

Jimmy sat there, stunned, unable to really put much together in the way of a sentence. He looked around the crowded patio of the restaurant and put his hands over his face for a second, coughing and shaking his head. I didn't have to put my foot up under the table into his lap to know he was rock hard and helpless. I didn't have to tease him by curling my toes against his crotch. I just continued to slowly lick my spoon and asked him to tell me whenever he was ready.

Jimmy did what I said that night. Not only with the spoon, but on his hands and knees on that patio, picking up every piece of silverware I purposely dropped, until his peers themselves were waiting to see what I dropped next. He walked behind me, his head lowered, when we exited and he "allowed" me to tie him up in the backseat of his daddy's BMW.

He also sucked my latex cock. Even though he said he'd never do such a thing. And if I had not gone away to college, I'm sure he would have sucked a lot more. He was still a new project, after all.

**

I had Chad worshipping my latex dildo within a week after he confidently stated he would never do such a thing. Not only did I have him deep throating it, I had him begging for the privilege. It's amazing what a little teasing and denial will get a man to do.

Chad looked fantastic crawling to me on his hands and knees, begging to first kiss, then lick the shaft of my flesh toned, realistic strap on dildo. I smiled and spread my legs, playing with the head of my cock with two fingers. "Kiss it right here, Chad. Lick the tip. Tell me you want to taste the pre-cum, tell me you want to drink my load."

Poor Chad. He was horny beyond belief, hard despite himself. He uncomfortably leaned forward and said the words, quickly, as if the sooner he got them out, the sooner it would be over with. I think he left out any unnecessary particles, just to cut down the time, to pretend he couldn't even hear himself. I would not let him off that easy.

"Say it. Say, 'I want to suck dick.' Say 'I need to have a big thick cock in my mouth'"

This was pure torture for straight Chad. Straight Chad said the words quickly, but that wasn't enough. It wasn't enough because Chad wasn't looking at me when he said it. He was humiliated to say it in front of such a beautiful, feminine woman. He was humiliated beyond belief. So I took him by the chin, direct his gaze to me, and restated my order.

"Say it slowly, and look at me when you say it. Then, take my cock in your mouth, and suck it. Suck it like you mean it."

This nearly put him over the edge. I could see him struggling with the words, struggling with himself. All I had to do was take his hand and guide it between my legs, under the harness. My black lace panties were soaked right through. He took a breath as I slid his fingers down under the panties and to my warm, wet pussy. "You don't want to stop now, do you?"

He was shaking. He was a mess. Oh, he said it alright. He told me what a cocksucker he was. He begged to suck my strap on. By the end, I was standing up, holding him by the head, fucking his face with my dick. He was gagging on it but slurping it down, and when I stopped moving, he picked up the pace on his own, his head bobbing back and forth, worshipping my cock like the gayest porn star ever.

And his cock remained hard. The entire time.

**

"Would you suck a real cock - if I asked you to?"

Chad nearly choked on his wine and picked up a napkin, managing to gasp, "Excuse me?"

I said it. A little louder this time, causing him to take my hand over the table and look around the crowded restaurant, ashamed, as if someone heard. The waitress arrived at our table and I smiled as she delivered bread. Chad was still bright red. She smiled at him. I bet he'd suck her cock, too, I mused.

When she disappeared, Chad leaned forward and lowered his voice. "I'm not gay," he said to me. "I would never do that. You know that. You don't even have to ask that question."

I smiled.

Chad looked at me for a moment, then shook his head. "You just like seeing me squirm. You really like making me uncomfortable, don't you? The answer is no. Under no circumstances. I'm not even bi-curious, not one bit. There's not a bone in my body that is curious."

"Oh, I know, Chad," I told him. "I know you aren't gay or bi sexual, it's not about that, really. It's about something far deeper than that."

"You scare me," Chad said.

I smiled. I was already imagining what kind of cock I'd like to see in Chad's mouth. I could never tell him that, though. After all, he was still just learning how to suck cock; he had a lot more practicing to do.

**

Chad was sucking my strap on cock at least twice a week. In fact, he was starting to miss it, when it didn't happen, and he was the one to ask for it. We hadn't moved to penetration yet, because Chad was far too tight and too self conscious. I was aching for it, of course, but didn't want to scare him off. He got incredibly hard when I finger-fucked his asshole, but anything larger intimidated the hell out of him. I was completely content with our oral adventures, and besides, he was excellent in bed.

I'd moved up to a thick, realistic ejaculating dildo, and it took some time to get him to actually suck it. He was milking his own, saved cum from the dildo, sucking so hard that his mouth hurt the next day. I made Chad lick the head of it, lick the drops of precum first, then start sucking harder and hard, deeper and deeper, until I'd squeeze the bulb and shoot the load full into his mouth. He gagged and choked, swallowed it all, then dutifully licked the cum drops off the shaft. Chad was so diligent, I couldn't help but imagine him sucking off a real cock for my pleasure.

After eating the cum, he'd earn the reward of eating me out. His cock was in a cage by then, locked with a small padlock, and I'd keep a record on the calendar, even though he knew the days in his head. As he was going down on me, my fingers digging into his hair to guide his pace, I said simply, "I want you to suck a real cock for me, Chad."

He pretended not to listen and kept to his task, bringing me easily to orgasm. I was already so turned on from watching him devour my realistic dildo, it wasn't going to take much.

Chad didn't say no, though. That was his first mistake.

**

It was a Thursday night. Chad was completely immobilized for most of the evening, mounted in several positions. Not only by me, but by my girlfriend, Rebecca. She was a friend from out of town, someone

equally as kinky as me. Chad had agreed to allow her to participate, but had no idea just how far I would take it.

Judging from the reaction by his cock, Chad was enjoying it all too much. Rebecca and I were taking turns teasing him, seeing which one of us could get him harder or make him beg. He was playing the role of quite the masculine man, which made the entire evening more delicious.

Rebecca knew all about my desires and fantasies, and she knew about my gear. She was eager to try some of my new, more comfortable and dynamic strap on harnesses, and she looked incredible in them. It made even me want to suck her cock.

Chad was bound and gagged helplessly, curled up in a little ball in the corner of my bedroom. He looked so turned on, and unable to do anything about it. He watched as I fastened Rebecca into the sharp, black leather harness, her 9 inch realistic cock bobbing. She modeled in the mirror, reached around and started stroking the cock in her hand. "Akasha, it feels so real!" She shot me a knowing smirk, and all I could do is smile back.

Chad tried to turn away. He didn't want to look, because his own cock would defy him. He was naked, except for a too-tiny black thong panty. It had been 28 days since he'd cum. The black thong was soaking wet with precum. He couldn't stand being helpless that way, wanting so bad to participate, even wanting to suck that strap on. It shamed him by turned him on all at the same time. What a conflict! The energy from that tension made me ache for him.

I leaned over and slid my hand slowly up and down the shaft of Rebecca's strap on cock. "Yes, it's the most realistic cock on the market! It cost a fortune, but it is so worth it, don't you think? Chad hasn't even sucked this one yet."

Chad knew what that 'yet' meant, and the humiliation of knowing he'd be sucking her cock in front of me was enough to make his cock even start to spurt and shake. I feared he was about to shoot his load right there! To prevent him from inadvertently bucking his hips and rubbing his cock against the floor, I walked over and rolled him over even more. "Now, now, Chad, don't get any ideas. You have to save your strength for some serious dicksucking."

I made Chad beg to suck her cock. This was hard for him to do, because he wasn't used to the humiliation of being in front of a beautiful total stranger. Rebecca was amused and entertained, and I got to watch with pleasure as she walked over and slapped him across the face a couple of times with her realistic dildo. She took over with ease, telling him to look at her dick and compliment her on the size and realistic nature of it.

"Makes you want to suck a real cock, doesn't it?" she laughed.

When he tried to object, she slapped him against the face with it again, this time a little harder. He winced

and looked at me for help, but I just smiled, making sure he was fully aware that I was pleasuring myself as I watched the show. His cock popped more out of the tight panty, the head of it glistening.

Rebecca turned to me and smiled, "You have quite a man here, Akasha. He really thinks he doesn't want a taste of the real thing, doesn't it? He doesn't know what he's missing!"

It took us both about 10 minutes to get Chad begging for a real cock. We had him begging for a man's dick, any dick, describing it to us, how it would taste, and how he would gladly suck it until the man shot his load all over his face, his chest, or into his mouth. I was just teasing Chad by wiping the taste of my pussy over his lips, and Rebecca was lightly stroking his cock through the panties. His hips were buckling, he was sweating hard, and he was begging for it.

"Do you really mean it, Chad?" I asked, loving every moment of his confession, of his begging. I laughed with Rebecca that we should get it on video tape or get a signed document for him to show him later once we made him complete the sex act! I told him I had a friend, a male friend, on his way over.

"As long as I get to taste you," he gasped to me, looking up at me, desperate. I was aching. I wanted his tongue inside of me more than anything.

I excused myself for a moment and fetched a simple, but effective cloth blindfold. Chad did protest when I put it on him, complaining that Rebecca and I were "so fucking hot," he could not stand it if he could not see us. Then he proceeded, to beg, without being told, to suck Rebecca's cock.

"I need a cock in my mouth so bad," he said. All the pretty, perfect phrases I had taught him came back to him, and he used them all. "Please, I need to suck cock, I need to eat cum."

Rebecca looked at me and smiled, impressed. I gave her a nod of approval, and she worked her strap on cock into position, stroking it, covering it with realistic precum. The dildo was dripping in no time, because I had loaded it with enough cum to last for three sessions at the least. She was having so much fun making it drip that I thought she'd never move forward and slide it into Chad's begging mouth.

I told him to open wide and be prepared to take it all, to take a real cock. Chad opened, then hesitated, so I reached over and held his mouth open for her. There was a pause, and some time went by, and I think Chad believed a man had entered the room, and he was actually going to be sucking a real cock. The idea made me even more wet; I wanted it to be a reality. All in good time, I reminded myself.

Rebecca pushed her dripping cock toward Chad's face and into his mouth. He gagged at first and then started to lap it up, as if the taste of the cum only made him want more. He struggled to move forward, choking slightly as the cock filled his mouth. Chad moaned in approval, taking it all in. Soon, his mouth was completely full, and Rebecca was fucking his face hard.

Watching the act, it became clear that soon Chad would be doing, again, what he claimed he would never do. A little at a time, once again, I stripped Chad of his defenses. Despite himself, Chad was incredibly turned on, his own cock spurting cum as he sucked Rebecca off. She finished her load on his face, completely covering him with creamy white cum. I think he was grateful for the blindfold at that point.

As he remained there, bound and on his side, blindfolded, I watched him catch his breath and I smiled at Rebecca. In reality, he had no idea that the night was just starting, not ending. And that his mouth was not finished either.

In the meantime, I leaned over and kissed Rebecca on the mouth. While he recovered, I had some catching up to do also. He could hear us, I think, disappearing into a mix of giggles and moans on the bed.

He also had no idea who else was coming over.

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