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

Cum Guzzler



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When Tammy asked Ron to drink his own cum, he refused.

"What's wrong with you?" she scoffed, holding up a full palm of the creamy white substance, freshly collected from his cock. "You told me ten minutes ago you'd do it! You said you'd LOVE to do it."

This wasn't the first time Ron "chickened out" on his promise. In fact, it was starting to be a regular occurrence. Sure, he'd promise, he'd even beg to drink his own cum. Nothing made him more hard then when Tammy held his cheeks tight between her fingertips and growled tauntingly at him, telling him in great detail about how he'd soon be sucking back every last drop of his own load.

But every time, Ron chickened out. Ron's cock deflated as quickly as his guts, Tammy mused, and every single time he shot his load he suddenly got cold feet and completely backed out of the proposition. Ron, apparently, didn't think this was a big deal. After all, Tammy was only "doing the domination thing" because it was a turn on for him. After all, it was Ron's idea.

Tammy was getting pretty good at it, he noted, but he knew she was doing it just for him. It didn't occur to him that perhaps her soaking wet panties were a sign that she was truly getting off on it. It didn't occur to him that the last few times she'd jerked him off right into her palm and made him beg her to be allowed to drink it, she was doing it as much for herself as for him.

And it definitely did not occur to him that Tammy was actually getting annoyed at his frequent 'backing out' of his end of the bargain – not only when it came to drinking his own cum, but on other promises as well. Like cleaning out her shoe closet, washing her panties by hand and scrubbing the toilets.

It seemed that whenever Ron had a hard dick and Tammy was in charge, he'd agree to do just about anything – even swallow a load of his own cum. But the moment he orgasmed, his desire to please deflated like a punctured balloon.

This time, it was Tammy who decided to take matters into her own hands, and to teach Ron a lesson after all. He would learn, the hard way, that Tammy was enjoying domination more than he ever knew – and she was getting off on it for her own pleasure. Not his.

**

Ron actually did believe he wanted to drink his own cum, he told Tammy. But for some reason, as soon as he came, all his desires just washed away and it was like the idea never existed. He went so far as to promise, many times, he would NEVER make that "force me to drink my own cum" request again.

Sure enough, he was making the same request almost the next day. Just like begging to suck the strap on cock she was wearing, or begging to be forced to bob his head up and down on the dildo on the floor as she watched

and made fun of him. The more he wanted to cum, the more he would totally degrade himself for her.

As long as he did not cum!

Tammy reckoned that this would be easy; just never let the sob cum! He would be hard all the time and willing to do anything and everything. Unfortunately, Ron was a horrible masturbator, and Tammy had not learned yet about the wonders of locking chastity devices. Instead, she let the man continue to jerk off at will, but he always saved up his biggest explosions for the nights he wanted to submit to her.

At least, he pretended he was submitting to her. He'd kneel and suck the strap on cock (that he bought for her) and worship the boots (that he bought for her) and even lick her ass (well, he did that even when they had normal sex). And when he was getting close to cumming (she liked to make him jerk off while he was sucking her latex strap on), that's when she started talking to him about how he'd eat his own load.

"You want to swallow a load of cum, don't you?" she'd ask. Tammy watched as his cock throbbed and seemed to grow in his palm. She watched as his cheeks got flushed and he started to get even more ravenous on her latex cock. He started sucking like he really loved it, as if he could actually get real cum to shoot out of that thing!

"You want to be a cum drinker, don't you?" she cooed, petting his head and moving her hips back and forth suggestively, pumping the large, long cock in and out of his mouth. He slurped and moaned and jerked faster with his hand. She watched the precum glisten at the tip of his dick.

Tammy reached over and took his hand, stopping it, stopping him from jerking off. He looked up with his eyes only, his mouth still full of 8 inches of her latex cock. Tammy smiled. "Come on baby, lick it off your fingers now, lick it up!"

Ron moaned. He was still sucking the cock and he didn't want to stop.

"You want to taste it, don't you!?" she smiled. She was so incredibly hot and she knew it – she knew Ron was staring up at her, at her half naked, toned body in the lingerie, at the harness that hung so beautifully over her hips. She knew he would do anything to be allowed to cum.

Tammy took him by the forehead with one hand and pulled her hips back, removing the cock from his mouth before he could protest. Then she took his hand, the one he'd be jerking off with, and lifted it to his face. "Lick it up! LICK!" she ordered.

Ron grimaced and flinched and shut his eyes tight, barely letting his tongue flicker over the glistening moisture that barely had a presence on his palm. He was being overly dramatic. She'd consumed loads of his cum! He had no idea what a baby he was being.

"After all that begging, this is all you can do?!" Tammy scoffed. "You want to suck my dick, but you won't swallow the load, is that what you're telling me?"

Ron turned red. But all he wanted to do, all he could focus on, was getting his lips around her cock again. He was such a whore for that act, she noticed, that he forgot everything else when he was slurping her latex dick.

She let him get back to it, that time. She went ahead and put her hands on her hips and watched him start bobbing and slurping on her latex cock, she watched him deep throat it for some time until his fist was pumping so fast on his own dick that she knew he was ready to explode.

Tammy knew he'd go ahead and shoot his load one more time and not say anything, not lick it up and certainly not drink it. The times she'd fetched a glass he'd scoffed at the idea of drinking it moments after he came. Always the same routine; he'd cum into the cup then absolutely refused to drink it and tell her, after cumming, that he'd not ask to be forced to drink it again.

"Don't you ever put me in a position to force you to do something," Tammy warned, "Unless you are prepared to be forced. Literally."

Apparently, Ron didn't listen. Again.

**

Months later Tammy had planned the trap. Ron, of course, had no idea. They'd been having plenty of sex, and plenty of domination sex, complete with him tied up and blindfolded, often in various positions. Sometimes he'd cum on her tits or in her mouth, sometimes he'd cum inside her. Sometimes he'd be blindfolded and had no idea where he was cumming, but would pass out shortly after and much later, after the blindfold was off, he'd not question it, or even think about it.

He had no idea Tammy was actually catching the cum, one glass at a time, then sauntering off into the kitchen to carefully store it as he remained there, half asleep in submissive bliss, content to have promised once again he'd be "her perfect cum drinker" then not touching a drop. Not on his lips, not licking it from her skin, not even letting a drop touch his tongue.

Glass after glass Tammy saved. She had them combined and stored in a large tumbler at the very back of the freezer. Once she got started, she was consumed with the idea. Originally she was only going to save two cum loads, just in case one got tossed or spilled in the "fight" she predicted.

But something came over her that made her want to really prove her point.

Not only was she going to make him drink his own cum, for real, she was going to make him guzzle it. Ounces and ounces of it. Maybe even a full gallon. She wanted to make such a huge impression on him that he'd never deny her again. Ron would never again think that he could make submissive promises then back down, simply because his little dick was soft and the idea was no longer "hot" to him.

Ron, she mused, would learn that submission was about what was "hot" to Tammy; and what was hot to Tammy

was Ron being forced to guzzle loads of his own cum, glass after glass, until he could not believe there was more coming.

Tammy didn't care if it would take months to plan. She just kept at it, and every time she poured more of Ron's captured cum into her special container, she felt the warmth in her panties and the aching between her legs.

This is what domination felt like, Tammy smiled. She wasn't just acting it out. She wasn't just playing make believe to get her boyfriend off. She was doing something for her; she was going to make him keep his word.

No more empty promises from Ron. Tammy was born.

**

It was a late night in February that it all came together. Tammy wanted it to be a memorable night for Ron, so she planned accordingly.

First, she was careful not to allow him to cum for several days. Ron-the-chronic-masturbator was mighty cranky during this time, because she playfully forbid him from even touching himself, promising him that the wait would be worth it.

Tammy called her best friend Lily for this night. Lily was a good friend of Ron's also, and Ron thought she was incredibly sexy. Ron had the biggest crush on Lily and everyone knew it, but Tammy knew that nothing would ever happen between them. Ron, even though he was a bit of a pain in the ass in bed, was incredibly pussy whipped and devoted to Tammy.

Using Lily as an added ploy was devious to the core. Tammy chose this not to turn Ron on more, as one would assume (being with two beautiful women, after all, was every man's fantasy), but to humiliate him even more. Ron never wanted Tammy to even joke about his cum drinking fantasies, especially in front of another woman.

That's why Tammy's final plan was so devious. Ron thought he was going to not only have a great night of domination and sex, but when Lily showed up dressed conservatively after work (this was one of Ron's "favorite" looks) but hinted she was there to "help train the boy," he was sure his fantasies were about to come true.

Tammy had done a fine job strapping Ron down on the small bondage table they had used as a portable play toy. He strained against the bonds just enough to arouse Tammy even more; she was so thrilled knowing that he was going to face the ultimate act. She was pacing herself, because the idea had been such a turn on in her mind. To say that it had been brewing for months was an understatement.

The gorgeous Lily, still moving slyly in her business suit, paced around the table and made candid observations about Ron and his body, pointing to the erection in his briefs and asking Tammy what on earth she'd been putting in the water.

Tammy laughed and said something about what Ron REALLY liked to drink, but he shot her a look of

embarrassment and shook his head a little, giving her a warning stare. Indeed, the thought of his gorgeous neighbor knowing his most humiliating fantasy was too much to take, no matter how much of a turn on it was.

Tammy excused herself and left for the kitchen. Lily, meanwhile, went into her purse and started to remove something. Ron was transfixed. He couldn't believe what he was seeing or witnessing, and almost wished he were gagged because at least then he'd have an excuse for being so dumfounded and silent.

To his surprise and arousal, Lily was removing a simple pair of latex gloves. What for – he wondered – but the idea and sight of it was enough to push him even closer to the edge. His hips were bucking uncontrollably, his body shifting against the leather straps. He felt as though the slightest touch would make him explode!

He heard the beeping of the microwave in the next room. The microwave of all things! What was Tammy doing – he wondered – making microwave popcorn to watch? Maybe heating up wax – no, no he thought, Tammy knew he wasn't into pain. Maybe she was making tea – tea for her guest? Ron was confused but his mind was so muddled already, his thoughts quickly shifted to more pressing matters. Namely, the state of his erection.

Lily leaned over his bound frame, the gloves now on after a distinct "snap" of the fingers, and he was intoxicated with the scent of her perfume, the crisp freshness of her breath and the faint odor of powdered latex. "When Tammy called me to come witness this, I couldn't say no."

Ron had no idea what she was talking about. It didn't matter; he felt like if she leaned any closer, if her breasts, even through that suit, touched his skin, he might explode right there.

Tammy entered the room and he only saw a glimpse of her. She was carrying a glass measuring cup and it appeared to be full of milk. Between that and the microwave sound, he wondered if she was making cookies or something – nothing made sense at all. But he ignored it, because he was in the middle of the greatest fantasy of all, and he didn't want to miss a thing.

Tammy's words were sharp and harsh, and startled him right out of his stupor. "Lily wants to know just how much of a cum drinker you are."

The words – cum drinker – made him red with humiliation but also made his cock twitch with excitement. He couldn't help it. And Lily's laugh didn't help – when she laughed, his cock bobbed and twitched more. Hearing them talk about it, then, started to make him crazy with humiliation and desire.

"He wants to drink his own cum?" Lily asked. "Does he suck cock too?"

"Oh, he wants to drink a load of cum, but the chickenshit always backs out!" Tammy laughed. Now, Tammy was right next to him, and when he turned, he could see the measuring cup. Suddenly, he realized what he thought was impossible.

"What is that!?" he gasped.

Tammy took her pinky and dipped it in the creamy white fluid, then held it up in front of his face. "This, my slave, is cum. It's your cum. Probably from about – oh, March of this year. Hard to tell which load is which. They were kind of separate, and then I thawed them out, and stirred it up real good."

Ron's heart was pounding. His throat closed up. He tried to speak but couldn't – he could just hear Lily giggling, and then saying, "eww, that's kind gross. Look, it's still lumpy in some areas....how weird."

"No," Ron finally said, "You can't – Tammy, come on..."

It was too late. Tammy was already jerking him off. She was slowly stroking his cock, so perfectly. His hips were pumping, he was on the edge. He needed to cum so bad. "I will not let you cum," she said. "Until you drink this entire load!"

Ron groaned. It was unthinkable! But his cock throbbed more and oozed more precum.

"I'm not letting you cum – you can stay here all night with us teasing your dick. It's going to be a long night."

Lily had to step in and add her two cents. "I also brought something—a little something – I found on the Internet. It's a gag, with a hole, and a funnel. I don't plan to be here all night, you know. So, Tammy, that's always an option..."

Ron looked up, gasping, his face covered in sweat already. Right under his nose was a measuring cup full of warm cum. The scent of it, musky and old, filled his nostrils. He almost started to gag. He turned his head.

Tammy smiled and leaned over, whispering into his ear. "It's not your fantasy anymore, Ron. It's mine."

Lily started to scoop up a latex-finger-full of the creamy white cum, bringing it to his lips. Ron gasped, helpless, as she let it drip on his bottom lip and then his tongue. He was so turned on by Tammy's stroking that he couldn't do anything. She threatened to stop, to leave him there, so he just shut his eyes for a moment and let the cum fall in drops on his tongue. At least he couldn't taste it, and he hoped to swallow it in one quick movement.

Then he felt the unthinkable. A pair of fingers plugged his nose, and he was put into a headlock. The sound of female giggles filled his ears and he struggled desperately but the bonds were too tight. His mouth opened with a gasp when he ran out of air, and then his mouth was flooding with the warm, thick fluid.

A latex-gloved hand clamped over his mouth, and he was dizzy as the fluid choked down through his lungs, some coughed up through his nose.

All he could hear was Tammy's voice whispering, contently, "Well, aren't YOU a cum drinker...."

When his eyes opened and his vision cleared, lashes still wet from the tears that came with gagging, he saw the

measuring cup. It was still three quarters full.

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