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

Stories

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Casting Call



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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](#)

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[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



Lance was a frustrated submissive.

At 35, he'd been searching for the perfect dominant woman most of his adult life. With the exception of one fiery three-month fling with a strict nurse who used to like to bring home her own special toys from the hospital, Lance's track record was dismal. He'd been to a few pros, he'd tried the local BDSM scene, he'd even tried online personals. Every woman he met wanted his money, and the other ones just vanished -- always just prior to a first time meeting.

Lance was about to give up. It wasn't worth the frustration, he told himself, and he was certain that the dominant woman of his dreams was just that -- a dream. A fantasy that would never come true. A series of expectations that would never be met. A woman that simply did not exist.

When he saw the advertisement while browsing what he swore was the last femdom porn site he would ever visit, he had to re-read it several times.

CASTING CALL: Male submissive with endurance? Flash Pictures is casting for "Domina Dreams," featuring the finest cast of all new femdom stars. Young, up and coming talent with a sincere sadistic streak are about to devour their prey. Only serious men need apply.

Lance bit his lip and stared at the screen for a few moments. He was familiar with Flash Pictures. In fact, he had a half dozen of their DVDs. The dominas in them were spectacular and real. Immediately he was distracted by the fast stiffening of his cock. He shifted in his chair, again, considering the possibilities.

There must be hundreds of subs trying out for the shot to be the guy in the next film, he pondered. And what submissive wouldn't? For an opportunity to spend days with these sensual, sadistic women -- to meet them, and to give them a chance to get to know him. Surely one of them would find him of interest -- after all, they were probably inundated with men who treated them like sex objects or mere porn stars.

Lance looked at the ad again, searching for a phone number. He figured he had nothing to lose.

However, there was no phone number. Just an address -- in West Hollywood -- and a casting call time of 2pm on Saturday. Even better, he thought. He'd have a chance to show them in person that he had the right body and the right attitude.

Suddenly he felt like this was about to change his life. He had no idea why, but he honestly felt like he had a shot.

**

Lance arrived at 2pm sharp. It was a small business office in a normal looking building. In the halls he noticed a lot of young, pretty women in cute business suits carrying leather briefcases. He figured a marketing firm must be in the same building, probably looking for interns. Because they were all cute, young and looked fresh out of college. Most were in pairs.

When he arrived at the right office, he soon forgot about the college girls. He'd dressed conservatively in a nice pair of jeans and golf shirt. Lance didn't see any other men in the office – just an older woman behind a reception desk. He checked the printout he'd brought with him and then looked around, wondering if he was in the right place.

The older woman swiveled in her chair to face him. "Are you here for the casting call?" she asked him in a raspy voice. She looked like she hadn't slept in days.

Lance walked up to her and nodded, nervous, suddenly questioning himself. He wondered if he'd have better luck staying out there with the cute college interns; suddenly, he was nervous about the entire thing.

The woman pushed a button on her phone and said into the intercom, "Got another one for you. You want to take a look at this one?"

Lance swallowed. Apparently, the men so far had not been satisfactory. He had visions of walking into a room and having someone look him over and say flatly, "No thanks." Just like online, just like the fetish parties, he would appear simply plain enough to be overlooked. He wished he'd dyed his hair, or cut it and spiked it, or wore something more edgy. At once he realized he'd taken the wrong approach.

A door behind the receptionist opened and a woman in a light colored business suit peered out. She was tall, with blonde hair tied up in a clip. The woman was also wearing glasses, and Lance's heart suddenly was pumping as he felt his knees weaken. She was beautiful – with that studious, bad-girl-under-the-glasses look he'd always been hopeless for, ever since 4th grade with Mrs. Landers.

"Come on in," the woman gestured to Lance, smiling pleasantly. She was just a tad taller than him with her high heels, and he could smell her perfume as he approached her. Intoxicating.

"My name is Madison," she said as she held out her hand.

He shook it, meekly, and realized his palms must be sweaty. Clearing his throat, he tried to remind himself that he should calm the hell down, that this casting director was just that – a casting director. Not a femdom, probably not even kinky.

But as he walked behind her, trying to not stare directly at her fine ass and the way her hips moved with each stride, he found himself longing that she were, in fact, the domina he had dreamed of. Because she

sure fit the part. She looked it, she walked like it, she even seemed to control him with her smile and the way she moved with confidence.

Madison stopped in a room that was empty except for a wooden stool and a camera. The stool was in front of a white back drop. Madison gestured to the stool and then picked up a clipboard, asking for Lance's stats. Name, phone number, email address, height, weight. He rattled them all off with a few nervous pauses in between.

Madison just kept going down the list as he shifted on the wooden stool, trying to get comfortable. She asked about medical conditions, acting experience, and then cock size.

Lance hesitated. He acted like he wasn't sure but Madison just looked up, peering at him through her glasses, tapping her pencil. "Do you want me to get a ruler?" she asked with a bit of a teasing smile.

Immediately Lance was blushing. He rubbed his palms on his jeans and laughed, finally saying, "Seven...uh....I guess seven and uh," he bit his lip. "Is that going to be a problem?"

Madison snickered and said, "No."

"Six and a half," he corrected.

Madison turned the clipboard around and showed him where she had already written "Six and a half." She shook her head at him. "Men. Very predictable."

**

The next half hour was anything but predictable for Lance. Madison took a few headshots of him and then told him to wait as she went into the next room. The room was eerily quiet now, and all he could do is look around and wonder if his time with Madison was about up. He wondered if he should ask her if she was available for lunch sometime. He might as well make the best use of his time, he figured, since he felt based on the questionnaire that he was a long shot for the film.

It didn't really matter, though, because meeting Madison was enough for him already. He hoped it was fate, because she was simply gorgeous.

Madison came back into the room after what seemed like another half hour. "Sorry to keep you waiting. They were having trouble with the film crew. We're ready for you now."

"Ready for me?" he asked, shocked. "Ready – now? For filming?"

She nodded and looked at her watch. "We've got a couple of hours, and the director said you're just fine – in fact, just what she wanted. That is, unless you've changed your mind."

Lance stuttered. Suddenly, thoughts of asking Madison out were gone – he was actually about to go BE in a femdom movie. Something about the way he looked – the way HE looked? Like a normal guy, apparently! Lance was thrilled.

He was full of questions as he followed Madison into the next room. "What about, uhh, what about a script? What am I going to wear? I -- I didn't plan, really, for this..."

Madison shushed him. "You just do as told. I'm sure you can do that, can't you, Lance?"

**

Meanwhile, on the other side of a two-way mirror, three sharply dressed women observed Lance's interactions with Madison. Jasmine, the leader of the group, immediately saw the potential in him. "He's definitely our guy," she stated firmly. "He'll agree to do anything."

Katherine, the tall redhead, laughed softly. "He has no idea what he is getting himself into. The original submissive guinea pig. Every sub's dream, and every sub's nightmare. He won't last more than 15 minutes, ladies."

All that Rebecca could contribute was a soft chuckle. The three women knew what was in store for the young "actor," and it was a screen test unlike any they had conducted before.

In fact, Lance wasn't being screen-tested at all. He was merely a prop – a prop in a screen test for the next "new femdom talent" – a prop that would be used and violated by some 75+ women that lined up outside the office doors waiting for their chance to audition for the chance of the lifetime.

College girls, fashion models, and even a few seasoned bdsm fetishists lined up outside with script in hand, all waiting for their chance to show just how naturally they could maneuver their strap on cocks, just how much their dominant beauty would shine on camera.

In the nearby waiting area they were led to several drawers and boxes and told to find the strap on harness and "cock" that best defined their personality. Among giggles and oohs and ahhs, the collection of young beauties rummaged through the assortment of colored, jellied, ejaculating, vibrating and pulsing dildos and matching leather harnesses, then eagerly helped each other into them. By wearing them around in the waiting room, they had a chance to get used to their new "equipment" – and warm each other up for their big chance at stardom.

**

Lance found himself in a relatively plain room with a video camera and a simple wooden desk. There were two female assistants there who made him strip naked and spoke to him in a casual manner. The lack of

props made Lance curious, but even though the atmosphere lacked a fetish flair, he was still rock hard when his pants were taken away from him.

Lance watched as one of the women walked off with his clothes in a pile in her arms. He was about to ask her about it, when he could retrieve them, but she was gone and the growing activity in the room distracted him.

Lights were on and people were moving about, and he noticed at once a few lovely women stripping down. These two women were absolutely stunning. They had "girl next door" looks about them that made his heart melt. Dominant, no, he reckoned they did not appear dominant at all.

But when he saw them giggle and fasten leather harnesses on, suddenly something about them changed.

Chrissy was the blonde, and she had been staring at him. She seemed to be checking him out and whispering to her friend, and when he tried to introduce himself to her, he was silenced when her tall dark haired friend pushed him toward the wooden desk and said "I think you belong down there for this!"

It startled him. Lance found himself pushed over the desk, and heard women giggling, and once again all he could ask was, "Is there a script?!"

Looking up and forward, all he could see was a camera in his face. The women behind it was mysteriously hidden. He wondered if it was Madison. He saw only the outlines of her face because a bright light was shining in his face. He started to sweat.

No one would answer any of his questions. Every time he tried to turn around to look, the tall woman would push his face back down. Someone was asking for lubricant. He heard giggling, and saw through a side door that more women were entering the room. These looked like the college girls he had seen before.

The camera was rolling when he gasped, feeling fingers wet with lubricant sliding up his asshole. It was sudden, unexpected, and he yelped repeatedly, jumping, but was held down. "What the hell!" he gasped, but again his head was pushed down. He knew the ladies were in strap on harnesses, but wasn't expecting such a sudden violation, with absolutely no warning, and no warm up.

Then he felt fingertips on his butt cheeks and his ass spread, followed by the large rubber head of a dildo pushing against his hole. He screamed out, this time startled even more, but was silenced by a hand over his mouth. The scent of pussy filled his nose. He felt a woman behind him pushing harder and harder. The sweat was pouring down his face.

His vision was blurred a bit, but he could not mistake what he saw. As the pressure built in his ass, as the pumping continued, he saw various women walking around the room, some staring, some gasping, some giggling – and they were all in harnesses. They all were wearing similar strap on harnesses but their cocks

were all different. Some of them were playing with them, some of them were standing with hands on hips. All women of different height and style but all very beautiful, and the room just kept filling up.

Lance's ass, however, was already full. The dark haired domina behind him had fully penetrated him and was building up her thrusts into a rhythm, slapping him on one ass cheek and laughing, "This is how you do it, ladies!"

Her announcement was met with cheers and laughter, and the ladies seemed to move forward, pushing for a chance to get into what appeared to be a line. Lance's eyes were watering, his ass burning, his vision blurred by bright lights and damp eyelashes.

A woman stepped in front of him, blocking the view of the camera. Lance was painfully face to face with a large, flesh colored dildo, the largest one in the room. He looked up, wincing, and asked between breaths, "I thought this was...for a movie?"

She smiled at him, fingering the length of the shaft she was wearing, wrapping her hand around the base and then reaching under to touch the large, realistic balls on it. "This is just a screen test."

Lance groaned, hoping his screen test was over soon; this was not what he had bargained for, and the pumping behind him seemed to stop only briefly and start again; he realized the second woman had mounted him. "I'm finished!" he hissed. "My screen test is over!"

The woman in front of him with the huge cock just smiled and reached over to him, stroking the hair out of his face. "No, dear. This isn't your screen test," she looked up, and then gestured around the room. "It's their screen test. I'm looking for the perfect woman. I have seventy five to choose from. And I want to see how they all look while fucking a man in the ass. While fucking YOU in the ass."

Lance felt his face turn more red, his heart pounding. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Seventy five women. He looked up, straining a bit and grunting as the next lady in line seemed to have trouble positioning her cock properly, and his ass seemed to tighten with each one. "Wait," he winced. "I can't - "

His words were silenced with ease. The woman merely slid the head of her cock into his open mouth and then held his head, looking down at him and smirking. "There's a cocksucking requirement, too. But we'll shoot that later."

Lance choked slightly on the cock, tried to resist and move but found that two more women were standing by, ready to hold his arms down. As if they had anticipated his resistance, leather straps were ready to fasten his wrists down and in place. He felt shackles being attached to his ankles and then his legs were spread and a bar was locked between them.

The cock in his mouth started sliding in and out and he had no choice but to loosen his jaw and try to accept

it, try to resist gagging on it. Drool began to form around his lips and down his chin, his eyes watering even more, his muffled protests almost completely drowned out by the giggles and laughter of the ladies around him.

Lance couldn't help but notice the sheer number of cocks in the room, realizing that all of them would have a turn on him – either his ass or his mouth, or both. The women, he could not deny, were all so good looking. Some of them made him ache with desire, but the humiliation he felt being put on display was unbearable. The inability to endure the act with any dignity was overwhelming. This was not the way he wanted them to see him!

The next cock he felt in his ass was metallic. The one after that was a jelly-type and it vibrated. The ladies all behaved differently when they mounted him; some were gentle and nervous at first, and some just shoved their cock right into his ass. Re-lubrication was needed every fifteen minutes and he found himself nearly ready to pass out. All the while, his cock alternated between being embarrassingly flaccid and remarkably hard. No one, though, paid any attention to his cock except to sometimes reach over and give it a squeeze.

Much later he found himself staring up at the camera again, unable to identify the woman that was behind it, the woman that was doing the filming. But he did see that she had her hand down, her skirt pulled up, and it appeared she was fingering herself between the legs. He saw the tops of her stockings and an occasional glimpse of her fingers. She wasn't wearing panties. She was pleasuring herself while filming him; she was getting off on filming him being fucked by all these women. For some reason, that was the most erotic thing he had considered.

The fucking itself was relentless. Often unemotional. Violating. Some of the women treated him like a piece of meat, reaching under and pinching and twisting his nipples, then slapping his ass and calling him things like "dirty whore" and "pussy boy." One lady actually came around front and made him lick and suck her ass momentarily while her best friend fucked him with a hand held device; apparently, the screen test was not limited to strap on cocks.

Each of the acts seemed worse than the others, but once he saw his director was enjoying the show, the price to pay didn't seem quite as unthinkable. In fact, he started to find himself responding enthusiastically, or at least trying to. He found himself wanting to please his director, he wanted to see her pleasuring herself more. He wanted to see it all, up close, but only caught a few glances.

More than an hour had gone by when Lance felt as though the room was finally starting to empty out. He watched the ladies sign papers and exit. Some blew him a kiss, some waved. He could never respond because he usually had a cock in his ass and mouth at the same time, and was trying to simply keep his head up.

When all was said and done, Lance was left strapped down on the table, barely supporting his own weight.

He waited, painfully, for the woman behind the camera to step out so he could see her. All he saw was the occasional lift of her hand, from between her legs, up toward her face and behind the camera.

He strained to lift his head more, his jaw sore and his ass leaking lube. There was a woman remaining, behind him, but she was not fucking him. She was writing something on a clipboard. Finally, she moved around to the front and said, cheerfully, "How are we doing?"

Lance grimaced and turned his head toward her. "I....I'm really tired, and I'd like to go now...."

The woman with the clipboard smiled. "It's just lunch, sweetie. We've got another group coming in shortly."

Lance blinked and strained to turn his head and follow her as she walked to the door. "Wait!" he gasped. "I don't think ---- I can't --- "

The door opened and closed with her exit, and just outside of it he could hear a myriad of female voice chattering, giggling, whispering. Waiting their turn.

He looked back up at the woman behind the camera, but she still would not reveal herself. He could tell she was watching part of the video back through the camera lens, perhaps watching her favorite parts again. And her fingers were still between her legs, under her skirt.

Lance had no idea if he would ever find out who she was. He knew who he wanted it to be. He pretended it was, and hoped he served her well. He realized it may be his only opportunity.

Soon after, the next group of ladies filled the room. Their screen tests were ready to begin.

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