



# Akasha's Web



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

## Stories

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

### Dual Lust



#### 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**



It was easy to pick Cole as my dual-fuck victim. He had the perfect look about him - the longish hair I adored, the fine, tight ass. Cole was tall and handsome, and he was still just a novice in so many ways. Whenever I dominated Cole, he maintained a certain demeanor about him that made me want to take him farther.

But it was really all about me. My new friend, Angela, had been asking me for advice about how to use a strap-on. Her boyfriend had bought it for her, a clumsy piece of crap, and she brought it to me for help.

"What the hell am I supposed to do with this?" she groaned. I would have to agree with her; if I were not into strap on play myself, I would have been equally turned off. What she needed was a nice piece of equipment, and a suitable guinea pig.

I knew that Cole would be perfect.

\*\*

Cole arrived on time in a button down shirt and nice fitting jeans. Angela looked stunning in a tight black dress, a traditional knockout blonde with large breasts. I could tell Cole was a bit speechless. I had told him we were going to be "sharing" him but I did not tell him of the details. Being the novice that he was, I assumed he thought it would be some light bondage play and maybe I'd make him suck my strap on.

Little did he know that there was so much more in store for him. Just seeing him there, shyly taking the soda I offered him, I was already getting wet with anticipation. There is nothing hotter than fucking a man with a girlfriend of mine, having him on all fours while we pound simultaneously into his mouth and asshole. I was so looking forward to showing Angela just how hot strap on play could be with the right man, and Cole was the right man.

I wasted no time. "Angela, let's go change," I said. "Cole, find your way to the spare bedroom, and take off all of your clothes. Your leather collar is on the bondage table. Put that on, as well as the wrist and ankle cuffs. Leave them unfastened for now."

Cole nodded quietly, excusing himself from the room. I watched Angela take him in as he went by; she was checking out his ass.

"Handsome, isn't he?" I nudged her.

"Mmm-hmm," she agreed, folding her arms and watching him until he disappeared into the next room,

\*\*

I had Angela change into an outfit I had selected for her, complete with matching elbow high gloves like the ones I wore when I dominated Cole. He had a huge fetish for the gloves, especially with the boots, and I knew he would need to be completely aroused to be able to endure the complete humiliation we were about to put him through.

I helped Angela into her strap on harness, a much high quality one that I had picked out for her. I had a nice pink dildo ready for her to use, and she held it curiously for a moment as we were getting dressed. "So, I am going to fuck him with this, this dildo, right into his asshole?"

"Yes," I said. The way she asked that question made me wet. I was actually getting turned on just thinking about it, turned on while I laced up my thigh high boots. My own strap on harness was beside me, a huge red cock ready for use. This was a custom design, fitted right into my skin tight body suit, so accurately sewn that the base pressed perfectly against my crotch. I had a small vibrating egg installed at the base of the dildo, so that I could add additional pleasure should I require it. It was by far one of my most exciting inventions. Orgasms were never a problem while wearing it; in fact, I often didn't even have to use the vibrator. Just thrusting my large red cock into a tight ass was enough, providing I was using long, deliberate strokes with the proper pressure right against my crotch.

Once I had my strap on tightly in place I stood behind Angela as she faced the mirror. Reaching around, I helped her buckled the leather harness, angling the pink dildo just right. She looked at herself in the mirror, at her crotch, then up at her cleavage, adjusting herself. "Your dick is poking my butt," she pointed out.

I laughed. Indeed, my latex cock was bobbing in front of me, apparently with a mind of its own, not so unlike the real cock of a man. "Sorry about that. It stands at attention quite readily."

I took Angela's hand and let it around, wrapping her fingers around the pink dildo. "See how that feels? Nice, isn't it?"

"Makes me just want to wave it around," she laughed, wriggling her hips. "So he'll get turned on just seeing this thing?"

"Oh yeah," I told her. "He'll nearly die with arousal."

With that, I took her by the arm to lead her into the next room. I was pretty turned on, and didn't want to wait any longer.

\*\*

Cole was standing next to the bondage bench, naked except for the leather collar around his neck and leather buckling straps around his wrists, ankles and thighs. They were fantastically adjustable, meaning I

could lock him down anywhere in my playroom - onto the bondage table, to my bondage chair, or hanging from the ceiling. He was "bondage-ready" as I liked to call it.

And did he ever look hot. His hair was disheveled a little, his blue eyes were sparkling. He looked a little scared, nervous. When he saw that we were both wearing strap ons, his own dick immediately got hard.

"Don't get so excited just yet, slut," I said to him, stroking my cock tauntingly with my gloved hand. "I'm going to show Angela just how it's done. So you behave yourself, and stretch out over the table," I ordered.

"Face DOWN."

Cole obliged, moving slowly a bit, slightly trembling. I could sense his fear, his nervousness, and it just turned me on more. He was so hot, and so willing to do anything, he was growing into the perfect slave and I had only known him three months. I'd fucked his ass many times, and his mouth many times, but he had never submitted to two women at once, and certainly not a dual fucking.

I took my time locking Cole down on the bondage table. I locked his wrists above his head and then spread his legs, letting my gloved fingers trail down his bare back first. I opened his thighs with my knee, and then leaned down and locked his ankles to the legs of the table. I told him that he had better keep his legs wide open, or I'd add a spreader bar between his thighs, which he recalled was terribly uncomfortable.

He nodded agreeably, looking over his head at Angela, who was watching him and idly playing with her pink dildo, sliding her gloved hand up and down it. When she caught him looking, she smiled, and said "You like it when I stroke my dick?"

A natural, I thought!

Cole responded nervously. "I...I don't know what to say. Yeah...yeah I do."

I took Cole's chin in my hands and made him turn to face me, his face inches from my crotch, my red latex cock resting against his cheek. I used my other hand to toss a small plastic bottle of lubricant to Angela. "Lube up your cock, and then his ass. Take your time."

Cole wanted to turn and look, but I wouldn't let him. I held his face there so he could do nothing but look at me, because I wanted to see the expressions on his face change as Angela slid the cool, slick lubricant up and down his ass crack, as she pushed a finger into his asshole and commented, "Hmm...tight."

I watched him wince, listened to him gasp. "You're making me very, very wet..." I encouraged him. He was sweating already. He was amazing the way he reacted; I was ready to rape his mouth right there, but I knew I had to wait until Angela was ready.

Plus, I wanted to see the look on his face when her huge pink cock entered his tight ass for the first time.

Angela took her time, and I had no intentions of rushing her. She teased Cole's ass cheeks with the pink cock, slapping it into his right and left alternatively. She pushed just the head into his ass, using her hands to spread his cheeks for a better view.

Cole groaned. I shoved a few gloved fingers into his mouth and ordered him to suck. I loved it when Cole sucked on my fingers, and he could easily take a mouthful of my gloved ones, alternating between sucking and licking them.

"It's so tight," Angela said, grunting a little.

"Spread his cheeks," I told her. "And just push the head of your dick through..he'll loosen up, won't you Cole?"

He moaned and whimpered slightly, and Angela let out a soft grunt and then cooed when the dildo found its way into his asshole. She slid her hips closer to his ass, watching with a bit of awe as the shaft disappeared between his cheeks.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" I asked her. She was already a bit in her own world, sliding slowly in and out to get the rhythm, to find her own pace. Indeed, she was a natural at it, and was already pumping in a way to stimulate her own crotch, holding his hips with her gloved hands. She was keeping him in perfect position, even pulling back on his ass to make him meet her thrusts.

That was all it took for me. At once, I wanted all eight inches of my cock in Cole's mouth. I pulled my fingers from his lips and moved my hips closer, telling him to open wide.

Cole obliged, his whole body jerking forward with each of Angela's thrusts, his breath coming in short gasps. He opened his mouth and I used a hand to guide the head of my red cock into his mouth, holding his face with the other hand.

He looked up at me desperately, his eyes watering. There he was, with my cock now fully in his mouth, his entire body shaking with the pumping of Angela's hips. I held him by the head and maneuvered all eight inches of my cock into his mouth, gagging him slightly. I knew he could accommodate the entire thing, I had seen that many times. He was simply distracted by the penetration he was receiving on the other end, and the moans of pleasure coming from Angela.

Every time Angela gave Cole a deep thrust, he'd be pushed forward onto my cock and gag on it more, trying desperately to press his hands into the table for leverage. Nothing worked; Angela was strong, and she was getting into it more and more.

"You never thought you'd see this, did you, slut?" I asked Cole, making him look up at me as I pushed my

latex cock deeper and deeper down his throat. His mouth was watering, the cock was making a distinct popping sound each time I pulled it from his lips. He slurped, licking up his own drool from the head of the dildo, then opened wider to accommodate even more of it.

Cole knew from experience that the closer I got to orgasm, the more he would be able to smell my pussy with each thrust into his mouth. Sometimes he could even see me getting wet right through my panties, all around the area where the base of the cock pressed against my crotch.

I was close to cumming, indeed. And Angela was sweating gloriously, holding him by the hips and pumping wildly. She was on the edge, too, I could tell.

"Angela," I said, "Come over here. Let him get you off," I said breathlessly. "He's lubed up this big dick with his mouth and I want it in his ass."

Angela nodded, backing out of his ass and saying breathlessly to me, "That's pretty hot,"

I smiled, and noticed she was looking at the glistening red cock I was wearing. Indeed, he had made it dripping wet from the head to the base from all his eager sucking, and lubrication was not even needed.

Angela unbuckled the leather harness of her strap on and stepped out of it, and without hesitation or shyness hiked up her lingerie and pulled down her panties, stepping out of them. I knew Cole was in for an unexpected treat.

I immediately got behind him and pushed my cock into his ready asshole. It was still a little tight, but I managed to slide the length of it in without much resistance, and immediately picked up my familiar rhythm. I was already on the edge, and eager to watch Angela get some fine tongue servicing from my prized slave.

Angela walked around and took Cole by the face. He was sweating, and breathing hard, but still was gorgeous. I knew she was taking in the features of his weary face, and she was smiling. "You have a good tongue, do you?"

"Yes!" I said for him, giving him my vote of approval as I fucked his ass, enjoying the pressure against my crotch, watching his ass cheeks jiggle with each thrust.

Smiling, Angela slowly turned around, eased up her lingerie and bent over. She reached around with her gloved hands and pulled apart her ass cheeks, pressing her butt right into Cole's face. What a surprise, I thought!

Cole went straight to work, knowing what needed to be done. Angela had to brace herself against the wall to keep her ass pressed tightly against my slave's face, because my thrusts were pushing him forward hard. He was licking her ass, indeed, and doing it with deliberate passion. Angela was moaning, and I could tell she

had never been serviced that way before, at least not by someone with the talent he had.

"Keep licking her ass, slut!" I ordered Cole as I pumped his hole, not letting up at all. I fucked him harder, until I was unable to continue without cumming. Just watching him lick Angela's ass was divine; I especially loved how she sometimes didn't even let him breathe, backing up onto his face to completely cover him with her ass cheeks.

I don't know who came first. I did with quite a frenzy, closing my eyes tightly and hearing nothing but Cole's muffled groans and Angela's purring encouragement. I know she came as well, because her moans were louder than mine.

When we were finished, we took a moment to sit back, both breathing hard, and look at the exhausted one still sprawled across the table, his skin damp and flushed. He was ready to pass out, apparently.

I smiled at Angela, and had to ask her. "What did you think?"

Angela laughed a little, took Cole by the chin and lifted his face to look at him. "I'd say he's a keeper."

Of course, I had asked her about the strap on; but, her answer said it all.

*COPYRIGHT 2005 Akasha@Akashaweb.com All Rights Reserved*



© 2007Akasha's Web All Rights Reserved.