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Vince said he had been a long time reader of my web site. I was going to be in his home town anyway on a business trip, and my girlfriends were joining me so we could attend a hockey game and get a hotel suite and go out dancing. It was all harmless and in good fun, but I don't think Vince knew what he was getting himself into when he said he'd drop by our section at the game and if we "liked what we saw" we could "have our way with him."

Sure, I get offers like this all the time. My girlfriends and I laugh it off – sometimes we indulge a little with some harmless flirting and teasing, but it never really goes farther than that. Vince, though, must have been at the right place at the right time.

My girlfriend Natalie leaned over to me from our seats at the game and said, "Is that your guy over there? Is that him?" Leslie had binoculars, which we didn't need because we were ten rows from the ice, but she used them to spy Vince.

"Oh," she said, "Nice ass."

"Give me those," I hissed, yanking them out of her hands because people near us were looking at what we were looking at. Instead of training the specs on the penalty box as I had been doing all night, I turned them toward the man standing at the top of our section, at the time we instructed, occasionally turning to face the concourse as I had ordered in the email earlier. "So we can see the full package," I had teased him.

Leslie was trying to pull the binoculars back but I wouldn't budge. "He's cuter than his picture," I commented. Indeed, he was. Early 40s, corporate type, decent body but nothing to write home about. Great hair though, and a super smile. He had a boyish, coy grin, his arms folded across his chest. The usher was flirting with him.

Natalie leaned over and whispered, "So he's one of those kinky guys that reads your web site?" she teased.

"Submissive," Leslie corrected. I heard her munching on popcorn as I kept my predatory eyes trained. "He's a submissive, Natalie. He likes to be told what to do."

"Tell him to bring me a drink," Natalie responded.

I smiled. Of course, I had something else in mind. "Ladies, ladies," I instructed. "All in good time. Fortunately, he knows what he's getting himself into, he's been reading my site for more than five years."

At that point, my attention was diverted, as Natalie nudged my arm and said simply, "Penalty."

I swiveled around and turned my gaze to the box down below us, as a Phoenix player was shoved unceremoniously into the bin. He swore, banged his stick on the glass and sat down angrily. This just made me smile. Nothing like a little penalty box display to make me wet before my girlfriends and I could get a closer look at Vince.

**

My girlfriends approved of Vince (after swapping the binoculars a few times) and we spent most of the third period talking out loud about what we could "do" to him. The girls seemed preoccupied with my statement that, "We can really do just about anything we want to him."

The thing I have found with aggressive, open minded, sexual women is that when they are with a femdom friend, and they find they have "permission" to do what they want – when they have no fear that the man may reject them or put them off – their imaginations run wild. It's as if the "tiny femdom" inside each of their feminine souls comes alive with the notion that rules and limits are out the door, and their fantasies can become reality. Since Vince was a regular reader of my web site and new full well what he was getting himself into, I knew that he was probably going to be open and willing to do anything – he'd indicated as such, after just a few emails and phone calls. Of course, at the time, I didn't think anything would come of it beyond a handshake, a pleasant conversation and a few drinks to be polite. And, I had made it clear that this was probably all it would be. That didn't deter Vince though, and I know deep down he'd hoped he would end up my helpless visitor later that night.

As my girlfriends talked louder and louder about what "they" would have prisoner-Vince do, I noticed the older couple in front of us exchanging looks and slouching down in their seats. I gave Natalie a nudge and told her to keep it down, but it was no use. They were like two kids in a candy store, plotting out Vince's ultimate doom. I had to laugh at them, because I was the only one that really had a sense of how real it all was.

**

We met Vince after the game at the designated "abduction point" (I had joked with him about) – him standing as instructed, arms folded across his chest, head down slowly, ordered that he could not look up or look at us at all until we gave him approval.

So he was standing there in the concourse under the designated sign, and I knew the moment that we walked up to him would be intense and painful for him to endure. Would he look up? Would he blow his first rule, or do as told, hoping that showing his obedience would lead to better things?

I'm sure he was dying inside. With his head pointed toward the ground as instructed, he got a great view of

all of our shoes, boots and legs, and it must have been killing him, because we made him stand there for a few minutes while we had a conversation about him. A couple of men walking by were flirting with us; Leslie got rid of them with a laugh and a wave, turning down their offer for drinks, saying we had "some plans in place already."

Vince was standing there with his arms folded, looking down at our feet. I was wearing knee high leather boots, Natalie was wearing gorgeous red pumps and Leslie was in strappy high heeled sandals. Braving the cold of the arena, indeed.

"Can I look up now?" he finally asked. I could see his breathing was a little strained; he was nervous, turned on, or both.

"What do you think, ladies?" I smiled. "Should we let him move yet? Or just keep looking at him like this for a bit."

"Turn around," Natalie ordered. "I was to see your butt."

I smirked. Indeed, Natalie was always the first to sort of "Turn Femdom" at the drop of a hat – as soon as she knew that the man was surrendering and would do as told. She never held back with the commands and did not worry about being subtle.

Vince did as told, turning around and standing there with his back to us. People continued to hustle past us through the concourse, hurrying to the parking lot, eager to get home.

"Let's take him back to our room," I said out loud, taking him by the arm and allowing him to spin around. "You can look now," I told him, but I was already leading him by the elbow to the door. We weren't really paying much attention to him but I know he was staring, taking it all in, wondering what the hell was going to happen to him and probably questioning his own sanity; after all, he'd read what I was into, and he knew about my friends. But he'd said all along he was game for anything, and that he'd been reading about me for a long, long time.

"Blindfold him," I told Natalie.

We were half way to the rental car when she got the blindfold over his eyes. He was laughing, saying, "Well, this is getting interesting. Aren't people going to think something is weird –"

I gripped his arm tighter and pulled him close to direct his walking because he could not see. "We've done this before."

As we made our way through the parking lot, to the car, he must have wondered for an instant how serious

we were. Indeed, we did seem to have this down to a science. He'd hear girls giggling and people making comments, to which Leslie would respond with girlish glee, "Bachelorrette party!" and they'd laugh and cheer us on.

Once in the hotel lobby, he heard, again, some mumbling and a few chuckles, and Leslie just exclaimed, "Bachelorette party!" and was greeted with cheers and chuckles.

In the elevator, when the doors closed, he said quietly, "Are we alone?"

That question kind of turned me on. I looked at him, standing there, blindfolded, and I realized how aroused I was. My focus had been entirely on the task at hand – getting him through the parking lot, into the car, back through the hotel lot, through a crowded lobby, maintaining the charade my girlfriends and I had set up to deter any suspicions.

But now that we were alone in the elevator speeding toward our suite, I had a moment to look at him, standing there, helpless, probably wondering what this was all leading to. I took it in for a moment, sliding my hand down from his arm over his jeans and possessively grabbing his ass. "Yes. We are alone. Do you have any idea what you have gotten yourself into?"

He bit his lip, and then started to smile, and was about to respond when the doors dinged and opened. The first thing he heard were more female voices and laughing as a party seemed to be happening right outside the elevator door, a pack of young women ready to make their way into it. They all giggled as soon as they saw us.

"Bachelorrete party!?" one of them asked us with a laugh.

"How did you know?" I smirked.

All he heard was the whispering and giggling as we made our way out and they made their way into the elevator. "What room?" one of them asked us, eliciting chuckles from her friends.

"We're in 1407," I said. "Join us later if you want!"

I am sure that made Vince nearly die inside. And he had no idea how many girls, or what their ages were. It's a good thing he did not see – it was what appeared to be a bunch of sorority girls, or a pack of puck bunnies who were hoping to get laid by half the professional hockey team who were staying in the same hotel, and if they struck out, they'd surely be looking to party in 1407 later. They were dressed to impress, or to get laid at least, and all four of them seemed outrageous and ready to party.

We escorted our prisoner down the hall, passed an elderly couple who looked at us oddly, to whom Leslie

said softly, in an innocent whisper, "Bachelorette party." The couple chuckled, and said "Have fun."

"Oh," I responded, even though they were already out of ear shot, "We WILL."

With that, I gave Vince a delicate shove into our suite, and when he reached up to remove the blindfold, I told him, "Don't you even think about it."

**

Looking back, I realize Vince had no idea what he was getting himself into. It wasn't that Vince lied to me, it's just that he had highly exaggerated what he told me about his experience and about reading my web site. It turns out, he had only found it a few months prior, and only read a couple of the stories – and he could not recall which ones.

When he was tied down, face down on the bed, it was probably not the most ideal time to reveal to me that he really had not been one hundred per cent truthful. I had just locked my leather training collar around his neck and had the chain leash in my hand, while Natalie and Leslie were in the bathroom "freshening up." I could hear them giggling and laughing. The thought of explaining to them that our little "toy" had misrepresented his experience would be a blow to them; after all, it was clear they both wanted to enjoy a night of doing whatever they wanted to him – and I had assured him he knew full well what he was getting himself into.

Vince looked at me, his arms outstretched and chained to the bed posts, his legs spread wide. Restrained face down, he had to arch his back a little to look at me, as I was standing at the foot of the bed with my hands on my hips. "You lied to me?" I asked him sternly.

He stuttered a little, would have shrugged if he could. The chain hanging from his collar jingled. He looked perplexed, nervous, and a definitely unsure of what to say next. Clearly he was turned on – we had seen great evidence of this when forcing him down on the bed, stripping him of his trousers and tying him down in the manner that I selected. "I didn't really lie, I just – I kind of exaggerated a little. But don't get me wrong – Akasha – I really did like – what I read – well, I am pretty sure, I know it was hot."

Suddenly, it was starting to become amusing. "So, you like it when women take control, when they use you sexually, then?"

A wide grin came across his face. Charming, definitely. I listened to him ramble – he started to tell of his fantasies as I went into my luggage and started searching around. I was still in my short leather skirt and tight black top. I casually unzipped my skirt and stepped out of it as he continued to talk and talk about his fantasies, hesitating slowly only for a moment to comment on my body – then going into a long explanation of how he really was a tongue slave, a good "pussy worshiper" and was great at oral.

As I pulled my strap on harness from my luggage, it was painfully clear that his fantasies of submission were really fantasies of self indulgence. I just smiled at him as he kind of gave my harness a double-take, then turned his attention to Leslie and Natalie, emerging from the bathroom in various stages of undress. Natalie loved to lounge around in lingerie, and Leslie had just unbuttoned her blouse a little and let her hair down. They both looked stunning. It was clear they were ready to play.

Sadly, it was not the kind of play that Vince had in mind, I am sure. Still, it excited me tremendously to know that not only was he going to get more than he bargained for, but he was going to end up begging for it, and ultimately be left a degraded and humiliated whore; and in the morning, he would wake up, his ass leaking lube, his jaw sore and aching, his body aching – and only wishing he could have more.

Vince didn't know whether to stare and gaze at the two beauties that came from the bathroom, or to stare at the eight inch shaft that I was now wearing. It was obvious he had never seen a strap on cock before. This was both disappointing and arousing at the same time. I found myself getting wet at the sight of him, nervous, unsure, but undeniably turned on.

"He wants to suck it," Natalie observed, walking right over to him.

"Wait, wait, wait – " was all he could say – protesting a little, looking to me for mercy and then to Leslie, giving that look that said, "Slow down."

I just smiled and walked forward, wrapping my hand around the shaft, slowly stroking, taunting him with it. "Come on, Vince, you read all about how much I love to use my strap on. And you said yourself you love to please with your mouth."

Before he could clarify, I shoved my cock in his mouth. He tried to resist but I kept it in place, and Natalie grabbed his head to hold him still. "I hope you brought some cocks for us, too, Akasha," she smiled as Leslie went to the other side to learn down and taunt him.

Leslie loved to verbally humiliate men, I found. Which was amazing, because she was generally more soft spoken and never swore; but when we got into the games, she would start in on men and come up with the most degrading, relentless things, sometimes even she shocked me.

"I think he's had a dick in his mouth before!" she laughed. "Come on, pussy, gag on that cock! Suck it, bitch!"

That made Natalie laugh. I was content just to keep pumping my hips and moving my cock in and out of his mouth and not allow him to turn his head, to escape the thrusts, or to stop my movement. He was choking on it, gagging, his eyes watering. Natalie grabbed a fistful of his hair and said, "Look up at her, bitch."

He had no choice but to obey, and soon my cock was sliding in and out of his mouth with ease. I felt little sympathy for him. Even though he was clearly uncomfortable, desperately trying to turn away, I also could tell by the way his ass was quivering and his hips were thrusting that he was incredibly turned on.

I motioned to Natalie to check, and she knew what I meant. She let go of his head and I took hold of his face instead, slowing my thrusts to a nice steady pace as the cock slid in and out of his mouth with ease and he gulped down his own saliva. He winced as he felt Natalie's hand reach under his crotch.

"Yeah, hard as a ROCK," she laughed.

Leslie shook her head and leaned down even closer to his face. "Makes me think you'd actually love to have a real dick in your mouth some time soon! You want my cock in your ass, too? You want to be fucked like a little slut? Are you a cocksucker?"

Finally, Vince was merely moaning in agreement, his eyes watering. He was lapping at my strap on cock as I held his head and fucked his face. Natalie returned and grabbed his hair again, smiling at him. "Where do you find these eager cocksuckers, Akasha?" she asked me, cooing as he slurped and gulped desperately at my latex dick. He moaned with every thrust, his hips still pumping in steady motion as he helplessly fought his own arousal.

"Put my vibrator in his ass," I told Natalie. This drew a moan and whimper from Vince, who looked up at me with begging eyes. What he was begging for, I have no idea. Perhaps for more fucking, perhaps for lube. Maybe he was begging for more cock. At that moment, I didn't really care. I wanted to keep doing what made me wet, and what was making me wet was seeing his ego compromised as he paid for his exaggeration.

"You haven't even read my stories," I whispered to him, "And now, look, you are going to BE one of them. Other men are going to read about how a big tough guy got tied down by three women and fucked in the mouth, in the ass, and ultimately was turned into a total sissy bitch for our amusement. Is that what you were hoping for? Or were you hoping for an orgy, where three ladies took turns sitting on your face so we could experience your so-called expert tongue?"

Poor Vince. I don't know if he was wincing at my words, or at the feeling of the cold lubricant as Natalie spread his ass cheeks and squirted a load of it liberally into his crack. She took my thin vibrator and started smearing the lube up and down his crack, saying to me, "Whenever you're ready!?"

"Is Vince a VIRGIN?" I asked, still pumping my cock in and out of his mouth. He looked at me with wide eyes, his body now shifting uncomfortably. Natalie was just about to thrust it into his ass but I held up a hand to stop her and she froze.

I slowly backed up, moving my hips so that my cock slid out of his mouth with a definitive "pop." He was panting, his lips red and glistening with saliva.

"What do you say, Vince?" I asked him. "You know what we want, don't you?"

He buried his head for a minute. His hesitation, the conflict he was feeling was so apparent. I felt a familiar aching in my pussy. He was so afraid of what he was feeling and so humiliated but turned on at the same time. When he lifted his eyes to me, I couldn't help but smile.

"Fuck me," he said. "I want you to fuck me."

I nodded to Natalie and she start to push the vibrator into his ass. He cried out, eyes shut tight. "Relax," I told him. "Relax and it won't hurt." Even though he was over 40, he was all virgin, in the ass, it was clear. But as soon as the vibrator was inside and Natalie turned it on, he was twitching with arousal.

"You're a nastier bitch than I thought," I told him. Leslie giggle and went to my toy bag and started to rummage around, obviously looking to see how she could get in on the action.

I reached between my legs, under my harness, and felt the moisture. To say I was wet is an understatement. Breaking down Vince had been incredibly erotic, and it was just the start. He had his eyes shut tight and was trying to concentrate as Natalie leisurely slid the vibrator in and out slowly, cranking it up to high speed. His ass cheeks started to quiver and his hips were pumping. I could tell he was actually about to cum from the stimulation. Pulling him by the hair to lift his head up, I put my cock in his mouth again and told him to keep sucking. "It will keep you from cumming," I told him. "And trust me, you don't want to cum yet. We want you to last a long, long time."

Vince kept sucking, eyes shut tight, now sweating. Leslie came up behind me with a plug and a pair of nipple clamps. "When's my turn?" she asked.

At that moment, we heard a loud knocking on the door that startled us all. I stopped pumping, holding my cock in place in Vince's mouth, filling him up completely. The knock silenced us all, and all we heard was a defeated whimper from our guest.

Natalie walked over and peeked through the peep hole on the door, then looked back with a smirk. "It's the girls from the elevator," she laughed. "Should I let them in?"

Leslie and I looked at each other. There was a soft, defeated whimper from Vince.

"Of course," I said. "The more the merrier!"

The door swung open, our room filled with giggles and laughter, and one of our new guests exclaimed, "Oh, now THIS is a party!!"

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