



Stories

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

The Humiliation and Groups Archives:

[A Good Man 1](#)
[A Good Man 2](#)
[A Good Man 3](#)
[A Good Man 4](#)
[A Good Man 5](#)
[A Good Man 6](#)
[A Good Man 7](#)
[Akasha's World](#)
[Cum Drinking Devon](#)
[CyberSlave](#)
[Derek's Date](#)
[Sammy's Torment](#)
[Shopping With Andy](#)
[Stephen's Torment](#)
[The Call](#)

More Archives:

[Forced Femme](#)
[Strap-On & Anal](#)
[Chastity](#)
[Cuckold](#)
[Pussy Worship](#)
[Feet](#)
[Seduction & Lust](#)
[Sheila's Show](#)
[Romance](#)
[BDSM](#)
[Illustrated Stories](#)
[Unfinished Stories](#)
[Behind Closed Doors](#)
[Space Age Love Song](#)
[The Corporate Slut](#)

A Good Man - Part Three

Matthew had never been forced to drink piss from anyone but me, and I was unsure how he would handle it. It was as if he was in a trance at this point, though; he was so turned on, so objectified, I think he would have done anything at that point.

Releasing Matthew from his bonds that kept him on his back gave him an opportunity to stretch his taut muscles, and seeing him stand upright, much taller than many of those milling around, surveying the room, was a sight in itself.

Matthew did indeed look wrecked. Extremely exhausted, weary, but his eyes still held that sparkle of confidence and resolve. A girlfriend and I were fussing with the restraints on the innovative and adjustable bench-type device, and the impatient female partygoer was standing a few feet away bouncing eagerly like a schoolgirl with bladder problems.

She had a youngish look to her, probably helped by her Catholic School Girl outfit - with thigh high fishnets. Her brown hair was in pigtails. She was holding both hands over her crotch saying, "Gotta pee, gotta pee!"

Soon we had Matthew fastened down once again. This time, on his back again, his arms outstretched over his head and his legs, though, this time were up in stirrup-type lifts. This added to his humiliation. I'd quickly fastened a cock and ball harness over his dick, which was glistening from pre-cum and rock hard. It was obvious he was enjoying his ultimate servitude to me.

The young woman happily and eagerly assumed her position above my slut, pulling down her panties and standing with a thigh on either side of his head, looking down to aim as best she could with precision. Meanwhile, I stroked his cock through the harness to keep him even harder, telling him out loud in front of the entire group that he was indeed my cocksucking toilet whore, and that he'd continue to take whatever I wanted up his ass, in his mouth and elsewhere that evening.

Watching the young woman piss into his mouth was hot; but it hotter noticing how many men around me were jacking off at will. I wondered if they were turned on by the young woman. I realized they were more turned on by what I was doing to Matthew. They all wanted to be him. Little did their female partners know (and some of them, sadly, would never know) that they were not watching him in shock; they were watching him in envy.

They all wanted to be used in such a degrading way! Why? Because they saw how it was turning me on. They were enamored with my ease in masturbating right there, watching my slave endure it all. They watched me sit on his face once more and have him lick me to my satisfaction, wanting a mid-evening orgasm. They watched me make him lick my ass as I bent over casually, having him turn his head all the way. I was having a casual conversation with my girlfriend asking her where she got the stockings she was wearing as he ran his tongue up and down my ass crack eagerly. Meanwhile, the line up became great.

At this point, it became obvious that I could choose any man, any woman, any couple to have my Matthew. Those that had been hesitant at first were now so aroused, they wanted a piece of the action.

One woman approached me with what was the largest dildo I had ever seen. She said, "We have a bet whether or not your slave can take this up his ass." It was black, about fourteen inches long and eight mean inches in circumference. I saw Matthew lifted his head to see what we were talking about. He groaned, and his cock pulsed. To me, that meant he did think he could take it; or at least he'd try it.

Having his legs up, knees bent, ankles strapped in stirrups was even more objectifying and hot. The position was such that his legs were pulled back and up far enough that his ass was pointed up and his hole was visible and accessible to all. Still tight and willing, it sat there as an invitation to all that wanted to violate him - by finger, by tongue, by dildo, or by cock.

This one was going to be a challenge. I took a huge tub of lubricant and began slathering it all over his belly to tease him, then up his cock and started stroking it there. Up and down his cock, smearing all over the leather cock and ball harness, making a huge mess, I told him about what was going to happen to him.

"I'm going to lube up your ass so you can take the biggest cock you ever have," I warned him. "You are going to be stretched so wide you'll feel like you are going to be split in half. You're going to be impaled with more than two inches of cock width. This is going to prove to everyone just what a fuckwhore you are."

I made Matthew look again at the cock. I had the woman take it and shove it into his face as I fully lubed his asshole, sliding two, three and four fingers into his ass, the slick mess squishing loudly. "Stick it in his mouth," I encouraged her.

He could barely take more than the head of this huge beast; it was enormous! There was a bit of a murmur from the spectators. I think some whispers from those who believed no man could handle a cock this size. Surely, the monster cock must have been a party decoration, not a functioning dildo!

The lovely blonde woman brought the huge cock to me, which was slightly red at the tip from Matthew's failed attempts to

suck it down. It didn't matter; it was about to go into him anyway.

His tight hole resisted the cock at first. He was tense, his muscles tight, his legs all stiff and his butt cheeks squeezed together. "Loosen up, whore!" I ordered, slapping his ass to make him open his eyes and pay attention. He was gritting his teeth, clenching his fists and hissing breath what he could. Just the head barely disappeared into his asshole, spreading his two ass cheeks far. And that was just the tip!

The gigantic dildo was a challenge for Matthew. He let out his breath, sweating like man, writhed a little and groaned. I pushed more. The dildo slid in just a slight bit, and the crowd ooh'd. That appeared to distract him as he tightened up once more, pushing the dildo back out and eliminating the progress we had made. I frowned.

Impatient as I was, I pushed harder, pushed at the base of the huge cock, its balls like two giant bulbs in my line of vision. I pushed with the weight of my body a bit, pressing my breasts into the backside of the dildo. It went in a couple of inches, and Matthew let out a gasp in pain. But it was going in, it was spreading his ass cheeks apart so far, it was inhuman. But his ass could take it. I was dripping wet, simply aroused behind belief.

Someone started taking pictures. I couldn't take it anymore; I wanted to watch, wanted to take the best seat in the house. I turned to my best friend and said, "You take over," and let her step into my place.

There was an audible "mmph" as I took my seat - on Matthew's face - watching from there as my girlfriend continued to push the enormous black beast into his asshole. He was so stretched, it nearly ruined his concentration to lick me. But once he got started, he fell right into his routine, licking me eagerly.

The monster cock soon entered him more, and people were awed. I slid up and down and sideways on Matthew's face, completely aroused and ready to cum. I had never seen such a display in my life. I couldn't believe Matthew's ass could accommodate a cock of that size. I must say, I was proud of him, even as I was focusing on my pleasure.

There was a limit as to just how far in the dildo would go, but it seemed humanly impossible that it went in as far as it did. I instructed my beautiful friend to keep pumping at a steady rhythm, faster and faster, imagining how much pressure he must feel inside, how he must feel like he was going to explode from it, how stretched his asshole was. He just kept moaning, kept licking my pussy, moving his hips slightly to accommodate the monster dildo.

For awhile, I had her leave it there hanging out of his ass. It fell slightly from such huge weight. He groaned.

It must have been in his ass for a good 20 minutes before I dismounted his face, went around and started to pull it out. I wanted to watch up close how his ass resumed its normal

shape, imagining I may see a huge hole upon its release. His asshole, though, slid tight as the dildo was removed, his ass cheeks coming back together. He groaned loudly, and panted with exhaustion. More applause from the horny onlookers.

As the dildo was taken away by the woman who had brought the challenge, apparently the bet-looser as she looked dejected, I realized that the room was still full of dozens of horny guys jerking off. I wondered how my Matthew could satisfy all of them in time for us to go home and for me to get pleasure of my own!

Being the crowd pleaser I am, though, I came up with a compromise that satisfied the most important person of all. Me.

*

I went to my toy back and shuffled through the dildos, plugs, vibrators and other toys, until I found the item I was looking for. A leather O-ring gag and shallow funnel.

Matthew hated the gag, of course, but he didn't have a choice. What I had in mind was going to be the night topper, and there was nothing he could do to talk me out of it.

I told the dozen or so men of various ages and builds that they, too, would have a chance to use Matthew in good time. The idea was one I had toyed with in several dark fantasies, but never in a million years thought I would have the opportunity.

Matthew grimaced when I took him by the hair and put the O-ring gag into his mouth. He gave me a disgruntled look and shifted in his bonds. In his eyes I could tell he was wondering what else I could possibly put him through; I am sure his ass was still throbbing in its attempt to return to its normal shape, and he was vividly remembering the sting of the beastly cock pounding him from behind.

With the gag in place, I took the shallow funnel, which had a wide opening, and fastened it over the gag. It became all too apparent to Matthew, and to those around us, what was about to happen. He was about to be forced to drink cum - gobs of it - from whoever wanted to add his seed to the pot.

And the men were horny, ready to jerk off, with lots of women who were so intrigued by the process they were happy to help prime their partners for ejaculation. Matthew could do nothing but wait, the sounds and sights of mass self pleasure around him as men approached with stiff cocks in hand, ready to empty their load.

I wanted to make sure that the cum guzzling was consistent, though. I insisted that the men get right on the edge, because I wanted Matthew to have no break as the loads and loads of creamy white fluid was poured down his throat. I wanted it to be an endless stream with no breaks, and seemingly no end. To say my pussy was soaked is an understatement.

The men obliged, and in the first round, four cocks were

ejaculating into the opening of the funnel at once. The cum started to back up, as Matthew could only swallow so much at a time. As soon as they backed off, three more men replaced them, all on the edge, pumping their throbbing dicks until they squirted almost in unison into the pool of cum that was already there. The funnel was actually filling up!

Matthew guzzled. That was all he could do. He swallowed and swallowed but more kept cumming. His eyes were shut tight as I am sure he was concentrating. I wondered if the loads tasted different, if the consistency of each load mixed with the other, if he could perceive just how much of the liquid he was swallowing down.

One man couldn't hold his load and came all over Matthew's face, but that was ok - it was in his eyes, his hair, and dripping down his nose. I doubt he knew, he was too busy swallowing three more loads of cum. I couldn't resist reaching into the funnel with my finger to stir up the fluid, mixing together more cum than I had ever seen in one place. To think he was going to keep swallowing until it was all gone.

More men came forward, and I even recognized some from before. Certainly the display was a big enough turn on, they could not resist coming back for seconds. Matthew was gagging on it all, but I figured it was more from the O-ring than the actual cum. He was a cum drinker to the core, he just hated being gagged.

The last man approached. He was a large man with a football player's build, and he had the biggest cock I had ever seen. I wondered how I had missed him from before. He was stroking his eleven inch dick and looking at Matthew. He said to me, "I want to stick my cock in his mouth."

"Sure," I said. I couldn't help but reach over and stroke the man's huge cock. I had never seen or felt anything like it, and I wanted to know if it was real. My hand could barely close around it. It was amazing. Veins were popping out everywhere. Precum was forming in a nice white blob at the end of his dick.

My girlfriend removed the funnel and gag, and for good measure turned the funnel so Matthew could lick out the insides and all through the plastic. He cleaned out every drop. He turned his head to the huge cock in front of him, swallowed, looked at me, then opened his mouth wide. As wide as he could.

With his head turned painfully to the side, an awkward position at best, he choked a little when the huge cock was slid into his mouth. At first he could not take it all. Then, he relaxed, and soon the man was pumping his hips fully, getting the length of his huge dick all the way into Matthew's mouth.

What a sight it was, seeing that huge dick in Matthew's mouth, watching my slut's spit glisten up and down the massive length of the huge shaft. The guy obviously was impressed; in no time he was moaning and saying, "Oh yeah baby, suck it baby, take it all man, suck my dick!"

Matthew did as told, and soon the man was pumping his hips into Matthew's face with a fury, and when he came, Matthew's entire body tensed as he sucked and sucked, managing to not lose a drop or fail to accommodate the entire length of the man's enormous shaft. He swallowed again and again, and when the man pulled his cock out with a groan of pleasure, he let his tongue slide along the bottom of the shaft.

I was speechless; just watching Matthew, whose face was still flushed, sweat dripping off of him. I could do little more than that. His eyes were weary and his lips were swollen. I did not even want to think what his ass felt like.

"You are such a whore for me," I told him.

When I turned, I saw that his cock was still rock hard. His erection was fierce.

Turning back to him, I said, "Good thing you left some for me. You have more in store when we get home."

From behind me, a woman leaned over and whispered, "You aren't leaving now, are you? A good man is hard to find, you know."

(c) Copyright 2005. All rights reserved. akasha@akashaweb.com