



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 Four

Needless to say, when we got home, Matthew was exhausted. He'd consumed more cum than ever, and had been violated in every hole. I was so wet from the entire evening, my thighs were still visibly moist when I got undressed for bed.

I slipped into a bikini panty and cami, and snapped my fingers for Matthew to come to me.

There was a bit of a groan - a mixture of exhaustion and curiosity - coming from the next room. Matthew slowly made his way into the bedroom, his hair disheveled. I reached up and ran my hand through it. Areas were still greasy, slick with cum. "How's your ass feel?" I smiled at him, reaching around and sliding my fingers down his underwear. He had stripped down to just that.

Matthew jumped away, wincing a little. "I'm sore as hell, please, be careful."

"I'm not done with you," I hissed into his ear. I wasn't lying. I was already soaking through my new bikini panties, I was already recounting the evening in my head and I knew I wanted more. I needed more. I wanted to be the one fucking him in the ass all night long; I wanted to be sitting on his face and making him drink my piss; I wanted to be making him shoot his load right over my ass crack so I could force him to lick it out, and do a damn good job of it.

I dragged him playfully to the bed and pushed him down. His eyes were closed and he was moaning, groaning, and waving his hands in front of him. "Please, please, come on, I need sleep. I've been violated..."

Kissing him hard on the mouth, I stopped only to whisper, "You loved every minute of it!"

"Yes," he kissed back. "But I'm...I'm so spent..."

Indeed. As I was on top of him, I felt nothing from his crotch. Not even the slightest bulge in his briefs. Irritating, to say the least.

In the amount of time I had to think about it, about my next steps, Matthew simply fell asleep. I leaned over, tapping him on the cheek, but he was completely out.

Meanwhile, my panties were still soaked. I plopped back down on the bed with a sigh, stared at the ceiling, and slid my hand into my panties, circling my pussy for a moment. Opening my legs, I closed my eyes and thought for a moment, coming up with something to appease me for the evening. I knew

Matthew would be of no help to me.

It seemed he had pleased everyone by the most important one. He'd forgot to leave some in the gas tank for me. But, that was to be expected. After all, he had more cocks in his ass and mouth in one night than most men have in a lifetime.

Perhaps I'm always just looking for a reason to get revenge.

Because the ideas that started to come to me were simply diabolical, and easily enough to make me climax right next to him, two fingers teasing my cunt deliciously.

Yes, I had plans.

**

A few days later, Matthew had all but forgotten his gang bang night, and things had returned to normal around our place. I'd put aside the kinky games just a bit, and his ass had plenty of time to recover.

On Friday, I told him he had to make himself available to me for the entire evening and into the next day, and no plans were to be made. He agreed, knowing that something was obviously up.

When he got home that evening, I dragged him by the hair into the bedroom. He laughed at this, and thought I was being playful. He taunted me and went a long with it, howling a few makeshift, "OW!"s just to get me going. He had no idea.

I was wearing knee high black patent leather boots, a short latex skirt and latex bra. And, of course, elbow high black gloves. He should have known that I meant business. Going into my drawers, I started to pull out lingerie. I began tossing it at him.

A black thong hit him in the face. Then the stockings. Then the teddy.

"What's this?" he asked, holding up the thong with his finger.

"That's what you're wearing tonight, sissy boy."

He groaned. "You know I hate dressing up...I look soI look so fucking silly, please, do we have to do this? God." Matthew played with the thong between two fingers and shot it across the room like a rubber band.

Without hesitation, I turned to him, took him by the chin, and glared into his eyes. "You will put that on, pussy boy, and you will present yourself for an ass fucking," I paused. "Immediately."

Matthew swallowed, and nodded. I could tell by the look in his eyes, he finally realized I meant business.

**

When I get like that, there is little he can do to appease me. He knows he just must endure and obey, and hope the mood

passes.

Matthew looked ridiculous in the too-tiny thong, the thigh high black stockings and the teddy. For a man his size, it was simply ridiculous. But that's why it turned me on so much.

I spun him around and pushed him against the full length mirror. "Look at you, you pathetic girly slut. You look like a bitch whore. You look like a complete sissy! You aren't a man at all, are you?"

Matthew hated it when I talked to him like that. I reached around, slid my hand down the thong and grabbed his hard dick, which was only half way in the thong to begin with. "Look at this useless piece of meat," I hissed into his ear, stroking it with my gloved hand.

He moaned, his eyes closed.

I reached up with the other hand and pulled his hair hard, clenching my fist and making him wince. "Don't you fucking close your eyes. Look in the mirror, whore!"

Matthew opened his eyes and looked.

"Put your hands up against the glass," I ordered, stepping back to get my leather strap on harness.

Matthew obeyed with a soft sigh, placing his palms against the full length mirror and backing up a little, as if in a position to be frisked. He could see me through the mirror reflection as I buckled on my strap on harness. He could see that I was staring at his ass, right at his ass. He knew what I was thinking.

"You want lube, bitch?" I asked, smiling a little. Mocking.

"Yes," he said solemnly. "Please..." he trailed off, then looked at my eyes in the mirror reflection. He lifted his eyebrows, sincere. "Please?"

Taking the bottle of lube, I dumped a little in my right hand and then went to work greasing up the long, black dildo. It was my 9 inch, realistic cock with balls and veins. The base of it pressed suggestively into my crotch, and I was already turned on. I knew that as soon as I started thrusting my dick into his ass, I'd be totally on edge from the pressure in my crotch, ready to cum.

Matthew knew this drill fairly well. He knew I wanted to fuck his ass with him bent all the way over, his palms against the glass, so he had to watch in the mirror. He knew that's why I was wearing the five inch heels. He knew that's why I had the outfit on.

But it still felt like the first time to me. It always did. I pulled him by the hips to back him up, made him bend over, but ordered him to keep his palms flat against the glass and to keep watching, to never close his eyes, and to never look away. I wanted to humiliate him, to make him watch me fuck his ass and treat him like a whore.

"Look at you, in panties and stockings, wearing a teddy," I smirked, running my hands over his thighs as the tip of my lubricated dildo pressed against his ass cheeks. "You want it up the ass, don't you slut? You want a real dick up your ass, don't you?"

"Yes," he responded, starting to close his eyes in shame, but I slapped his ass.

"Keep them open!" I ordered.

First, I slid down his black panties, just around his thighs. Then I used both hands to open his ass cheeks and purred. "Look at that tight pussy. Just waiting for me. Just waiting for my big cock. Come on, back up for me. Back up onto it. Shove your ass this way, whore."

Moving his feet a little bit, Matthew managed to press his asshole right against the head of my cock. All I had to do was move my hips forward a little and the pressure was all there, momentarily, until the head popped through.

Matthew moaned.

"You like that, don't you? You like the way it feels when my cock is up your ass!" I teased him. I didn't waste any time after that. No, I wasn't in the mood to screw around, I wanted to cum.

I started thrusting at once, and he yelped, in startled pain. My strength pushed him against the mirror a little and he had to brace himself to not be shoved forward as I started to really pump into him.

It felt amazing. I watched him in the mirror, his face wrenched in tension and pain, combined with arousal and lust. I watched his ass cheeks as my cock pumped in and out in a fluid motion, slick and glistening. My crotch felt warm, my pussy was soaking and my cunt ached. I wanted to cum so bad. I didn't even need to touch myself at all - I was on the edge in no time.

Matthew was sweating now, but I kept pumping harder and harder, reaching around and gripping his hard cock. I stroked it as I fucked him, and he moaned. He moaned louder and louder, and I warned him not to cum.

"You don't get to cum, slut," I told him. "Not yet. This is just the start...this is just...my warm up!" I breathed heavily, sweating myself. With that, I came - I came suddenly, and without warning. I came when the cock was all the way into his ass and the base of the dildo pressed against my crotch at just the right moment.

Holding him by the hips, keeping my cock all the way inside of him, I shuddered all over, cried out, and then told him what a nasty bitch he was.

Then, I told him to go get my other cock.

"The 7 inch," I said breathlessly. "Get it, then crawl to me

with it, between your teeth."

Tired, and sore, Matthew stepped away from the mirror tenderly and made his way.

I looked at the clock. The timing was perfect.

**

After I made Matthew replace the cock in my dildo harness and refasten around my hips for me, I told him to crawl to the other side of the room near the bed and remain kneeling.

I went to touch up my make up and hair, as I often did, just so he had to watch me saunter around the room in my strap on. Just seeing me in it always made him hard and anxious, not knowing what was in store for him.

Finally, I went to Matthew with a handful of shackles. He was still in black lingerie, looking quite silly, and I knew he had hoped I would at least strip him down to nothing. His cock was sticking straight out of the thong and it barely was on any longer. I reached down and pulled it up, patted his cock and said, "Keep it in your thong, sissy."

I restrained Matthew simply. I used wrist restraints to shackle his arms behind his back, added a spreader bar between his ankles and then locked the two together, keeping him kneeling upright with his legs spread nicely.

Then, I added a black leather blindfold, which he hated, and told him he wasn't going to get to watch me pleasure myself this time. No, that he had to sit there and just listen. But first, I was going to fuck his mouth until I was good and hot.

Matthew groaned, and grimaced when I tauntingly reached over and started to put red lipstick on his lips. He hated that with a passion, but knew that I loved to see red lipstick marks on my flesh colored dildo when I fucked his mouth for pleasure.

I only waited a few moments before I took him by the hair and ordered him to open his mouth. I made him sit there for a few seconds before I forced him to beg for me. I loved hearing him beg to suck my cock, I loved making him lick his lips and stick out his tongue hungrily and ask for it. I loved making him into a wanton, nasty cocksucker.

When he had sufficiently amused me, I pushed my hips forward so my cock slid into his open, waiting mouth. It was greeted with a familiar, slightly startled "mmph" from Matthew, who always needed some time to warm up. He needed to suck for a few minutes at quarter length to get his jaw loosened up, and then I knew I could fuck him all the way - I could make him deep throat the entire length of the cock. He was indeed a well trained cocksucker.

His cock was stiff, poking out of the thong again and glistening with precum. It was starting to drip a little, a nice ball of creamy precum sitting at the tip. I ignored that and held him by the head, using my hips to guide the length of the

cock in and out of his lips. The lipstick was smeared. He looked like a cheap whore. I told him that, and he moaned.

Unable to see me, to see how turned on I was, all Matthew could do is keep sucking, slurping, and going down on my dick. I alternated between fucking his face and then making him actually bob his head up and down while I fingered my pussy underneath the harness.

Matthew was so busy sucking cock, and slurping it down and hearing himself moan, he had no idea the 6ft 2", built man had walked into the room to join us. His name was Colin, and I had called him earlier that day and offered him the best blow job of his life. And more.

I smiled over my shoulder at Colin as he quietly slid out of his trousers and pulled down his underwear. His eight inch dick was already rock hard, his shaved crotch made it look even more amazing. I called Colin over with my finger, and then slowly pulled my latex cock out of Matthew's mouth.

Matthew wasn't expecting anything other than a quick break, like I often gave him. He remained there panting, his mouth wide open, his lipstick smeared around the corners of his mouth and above his lips. He looked exhausted and incredibly turned on.

Of course, he was no where near as turned on as I was, as I reclined on the bed and opened my legs to watch the show. I rolled onto my side, just a few feet away from the two men, and teased my upper thighs with my finger tips.

Colin stepped over to Matthew and, without warning, simply shoved his warm, dripping dick into his mouth.

Matthew jumped, startled, and let out a yelp, then tried to pull back.

"Stop!" I ordered from the bed. "You just suck it, whore! You suck any cock I put in your mouth, remember?"

Gagging, he choked down the real cock with a muffled, "yes..." and gagged a little again as Colin really started pumping. Colin obviously was very experienced at fucking a man's mouth, and he wasted no time grabbing Matthew by the head and ramming his entire length between his lips. His moans were deep, guttural.

As I touched myself I watched Colin's fine ass cheeks quiver, tense, and move with the motion. He was a hot, hot man and the sight of him fucking my lover's mouth was incredible. I knew I could cum from this show, and that it would not take long at all.

"Ooh yeah, suck it," Colin moaned, thrusting faster and faster. I was fingering myself with more urgency also, letting out a moan of my own, and I'm sure Matthew heard it.

Matthew's cock was still rock hard. He was still blindfolded, helpless, just remaining there like a whore of mine, meant only to be used as I saw fit. The idea nearly brought me over

the edge, but I held back. I wanted more.

"Colin," I said breathlessly. "Don't cum. Don't cum yet..."

"I'm close," he panted. "God he's a good cocksucker! Oh yeah, fuck! He's a good cocksucker, he's got it..." Colin moaned loudly and threw his head back.

"No!" I ordered. "I want you to fuck me!"

Matthew's body tensed. I could see it, clearly, in every bone of his body. He gagged a little on the cock, and I could swear at that moment he was trying to suck harder, more eagerly, to make Colin either explode right there or decide his mouth was better than my pussy. Jealous, perhaps. Afraid.

Colin moaned, and pulled out of Matthew's mouth. Luckily, I didn't see a stream of cum flowing.

Matthew let out his breath, slurped in the saliva and said to me, "Are you serious...are you going to let him...let him fuck you?" he was incredibly out of breath.

"He already is," I said breathlessly. The bed was creaking loud with each thrust. I knew Matthew could hear it. I moaned uncontrollably. Colin's cock was hard, slick already, and he was fucking me passionately, deep. It was incredible.

All I need to do was look over at Matthew. Helpless, blindfolded, his lips red and puffy, his cock stiff and dripping. Watch him listening to me being fucked by another man, that man he just got hard from his cocksucking. The dick he just sucked was in my pussy.

Colin fucked me hard for several minutes, and Matthew had to listen to it all. Listen to his deep groans, him telling me how tight my pussy was and how good I felt. Listen to me tell him how hard his cock was and how deep he was going, how close I was to cumming.

Matthew was pumping his hips, as if trying to be there, or perhaps he was just so turned on he could cum from fucking air. His cock was throbbing.

When Colin came, he came quite loudly. There is no doubt that Matthew was well aware of how good it felt, and it was coupled with my familiar coos of orgasm as I writhed in pleasure also. Colin collapsed on me, panting.

Matthew was shaking. I looked over at him, the way he was panting, helpless. The thong was off again, as his cock had popped right out of it completely. "Mmmm," I said softly toward him. "Too bad you can't move. I would love a little clean up."

Matthew pursed his lips tightly, swallowing hard. "Please," he said. "Let me. I want to...I need to."

Colin rolled off of me with an exhausted groan and ran his hands through his wet hair. "Ohh. Fuck," he groaned, rubbing his eyes, exhausted.

I smiled, and rolled over to Colin. "Go unlock the shackles," I ordered him, "So my slut can come clean out my pussy."

Colin wordlessly rolled off the bed and got up, took a breath to revive himself and walked over to my kneeling Matthew. He reached over and unlocked the shackles and spreader bar, and without hesitation Matthew crawled toward me.

"Come here," I ordered.

Matthew crawled toward the sound of my voice, still blindfolded. I reached over, grabbed him by the hair, and guided him between my thighs. When his face was at my pussy, I pressed hard and ordered, "Lick it up. Lick it all up."

With a groan of pleasure, Matthew started lapping away at me. Then, he knew, it was a real. When he tasted Colin's cum mixed with the wetness of my pussy, he knew what he had heard was real indeed. He just licked harder, deeper, and I stretched out on my back and purred softly, my body still sensitive to touch.

Colin was getting dressed a few feet away, his hair a mess, his cheeks still flushed. I just waved at him silently and with a nod he left the room.

I was in no hurry at that point, so I let Matthew keep licking.

There was no doubt, when he was finished, that I was clean.

© Copyright 2005. All rights reserved.