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A Good Man is Hard to Find pt. 6

Matthew gets little rest.

Even when I allow him a decent night of sleep, I often still make him sleep in restraints, or plugged, or in tight latex shorts that are hot and objectifying. Sometimes I like to move close to him in the middle of the night and start fondling him through the warm, slick latex until he moans sleepily and tries to roll over, realizing that the chain collar around his neck won't give him the room.

I knew Matthew needed to be well rested, though, for the night I had planned. It was a Saturday evening party. He'd seen the invitations around the house, but I never let him read them. He knew, based on the erotic black and white photograph on the front, that this was going to be a kinky party of sorts.

But Matthew mistakenly thought this was a party I had talked about for months. Something I had always wanted to do. I wanted to have a party and theme it "liberation" – a party for all my female friends who were not quite kinky, but were "in the know" when it came to my games of passion and kink with Matthew.

The "liberation" party would be for female friends, and their friends, and friends-of-their-friends, to come together and explore the liberation of their sexuality through roleplaying, fantasy sharing and living a night on the edge. There would be no taboo, there would be no judging, and the ladies would all experience a new side of their sexuality that promised to bring them to a heightened sense of awareness – of passion and excitement.

Yes, "Liberation" was going to be quite an event, one that promised to have the 30somethings in new, shining strap on leather harnesses as they sipped champagne, promised to have them viewing quality erotica and sharing with one another what they found exciting and real to them. Best of all, it promised to have them experiencing the erotic high that comes from using a man sexually – without limits, and without judgment – to indulge whatever dark desires they thought would never be actualized.

Matthew thought that Saturday night was going to be "Liberation," and that he and a few other men would be the guinea pigs of the group, the sexual "toys" for the ladies, the sluts for use. That, I know, he figured would be a cake walk. After all, he'd served much hornier, nastier women than these slightly-on-edge housewives.

Matthew had no idea that these women were already quite liberated. In fact, the ladies he would be entertaining were of the most liberated, sadistic dominas of the nation – all under one roof.

Ours.

This wasn't the "Liberation" party I had told him about. This was a party for the most experienced, the most extreme and the most talented dominas and their friends. But the party was for my pleasure, really.

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I've always gotten off on showing others just how much my Matthew could take. This party was no different.

That desire, combined with my gnawing lust and need for his surrender, added to the intense electricity in the air and my own one track mind. I could not stop staring at Michael, wearing only a latex thong and black collar, as he moved some furniture in our spare party room. I watched the way his muscled-frame maneuvered the large chairs with ease, and I watched his tight ass as he bent over to unplug cords and tend to small potted plants that needed to be moved.

I restrained myself, so to speak, and saved my passion for later. Only a few hours would pass before the room was full of women – and a few men – who were all brought together for a party that would celebrate our mutual lust for power exchange.

Matthew ironically had no idea these were women who were already liberated. It wasn't until he found himself used as a sexual piece of furniture that I think the idea occurred to him that perhaps these women had a little experience.

It was my idea, the way he was restrained. It was an idea I had dreamt up many weeks before. My Matthew was strapped down on a low table on his back, naked except for his thong. His wrists were pulled under and shackled together, his legs were spread and his ankles were fastened to the legs of it.

His strong knees provided suitable places for a petite woman to sit comfortably and carry on a conversation, as did his thighs and his belly. But the seat of honor was indeed on his face, where a double sided dildo provided not only a clever table decoration but a method to keep my slut quiet and attentive.

Matthew was gagged with a large dildo, and another ample sized cock was fastened to the other side, pointing upward. It did not take long for Dandrea Dayne, the auburn haired British bombshell, to casually lift her skirt and lower herself down onto the dildo, mounting Matthew's face. Her skirt fell over him and other ladies laughed, two of them immediately stepping forward, both aiming to lift the skirt so they could still see the eyes of the unsuspecting victim.

Dandrea played by bouncing up and down playfully, and I

watched as Matthew's head thumped on the table a bit, his muffled protests drowned out easily by the music and laughter. Dandrea's strong thighs were at the sides of his head as she looked down at him and pinched his nose, cutting off his air, giggling at him tauntingly.

Once again, I found myself incredibly turned on at the sight of him being used so sexually, so heartlessly, by a woman I barely knew. I could tell he was suffocating slightly, his body twitching, one of the petite ladies on his knee going flying a bit with a shriek, only to catch her balance and turn around and slap the inside of his thigh.

Matthew was turning red, and Dandrea started to rotate her hips in a steady motion, commenting about how well made the dildo was, how tight it was inside her. She ordered Matthew to lift his head and fuck her with it, to actually strain to lift as best he could when she pushed herself up off of him slightly. "Come on, boy, you can fuck better than that!" she laughed.

A few ladies gathered around to watch. My own eyes were fixed on the action, and I was lost in it. I felt the moisture between my legs at once. The lace panties I wore were already damp. My toes were curling in the spiked, open sandals I was wearing. My face was flushed.

A tap on my arm broke me out of my spell. I turned and saw a beautiful Asian woman standing beside me. She smiled. "Does it make you jealous, seeing all this?" she asked, looking over at Matthew as he was being virtually face-fucked.

"No," I replied simply. "I...I don't know why – I just get so turned on, I love it. I could watch for hours."

The woman smiled and nodded, then looked back at Matthew. Two more girls had toppled on him, one falling over into his chest and bumping the riding Dandrea. "He's a good man," she agreed. "You may have plenty to watch tonight, I think."

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I did have plenty to watch, but once again, it felt like it wasn't enough. I was as turned on watching the acts unfold as I would be if I were the one in every case actually violating my Matthew.

The double sided dildo torment ended up being a tremendous hit with my female guests, so much so that it was hard to remove Matthew from the bondage to cage him for the next series of torments. The ladies all wanted to have their chance at him, each using their own special style of sadism, erotica and humiliation.

Matthew's face was soon drenched in sweat and the juices of various women, two of which had squirt cum on him and another who had actually started to pee on him before I told her that such potty games were off limits for the time being. Poor Matthew, his face smeared and red, was left suffering and humiliated for some time, remaining in that position, as my guests and I regrouped in the next room and I showed

them the next exhibit.

Yes, I left Matthew strapped down on the table, still locked into the double sided gag, still painfully stretched out. A woman had also asked me for permission to insert an inflatable plug in his ass. I didn't see the harm in it; after all, his ass could probably use a little preparation for the rest of the evening.

The inflatable plug actually had the most precise, responsive flow control I had ever seen, using a lever instead of a bulb. The ladies took turns experimenting with the features, watching his body twist and convulse as the bulb in his ass expanded to his body's limits, his cheeks visibly stretched and his hips pumping in response.

The plug was left at half-level when we parted ways with the helpless slave, and all I told him was that I we were preparing the cock cage and suck station for him. He had no idea what this meant, of course. The diabolical words were designed to leave him helplessly to wonder what I had in store for him next.

Indeed, the next phase was something I was proud of, and my pussy literally ached with desire as I told my guests what Matthew would endure next for them. I'd combined a few pieces of bondage furniture and other toys to devise this torment for him, one I knew I'd want a front row seat for.

He would be positioned in all fours over a horse-type device, in a kneeling position, with his cock in a cage and his balls exposed. His balls would be in a harness and stretched down to the floor, locked in place with a metal hook. This would allow ladies easy access to his sensitive sack, where they could apply clothes pins, shoot rubber bands from afar or coat his freshly shaved jewels with heating ointment or gels.

His cock, meanwhile, would be in a studded cage that allowed no room for an erection without punishing his flesh. He'd only been in this cock cage a few times, and even the slightest erection was excruciatingly painful. He'd be familiar with it as soon as it was locked in place, and I knew he'd be on edge.

At the other end of the horse, he'd be locked down by the neck and his chin would be held in place. His mouth would be held open with an O-ring gag which would remain in place until a cock was slid in. Matthew's head would be in a position so that he could not turn at all and could not see anything going on behind him, only face forward and endure what was presented.

This position was ideal for cock sucking, as I saw it, because he'd have no choice but to open his mouth and accommodate. I had a half-hood available for those that wanted him totally blacked out and unable to even see what was going on.

There were some complaints, surprisingly, from those women that wanted full use of his ass. No, I explained to them, this session was meant to entirely focus him on the task at hand – the sucking of dick – and that the cock and ball torture was going to be directly related to how well of a performance he

was giving. That seemed to appease them slightly, as now they had a method to their torment, and could pair off and have a real logic to their teams. One would make him suck cock, the other would apply the cock and ball torture to keep him motivated.

His ass, I assured them, would be the entire focus of his third stage – an opportunity for them to see how well he could endure the largest cock, the most severe ass fucking, all while remaining ungagged. A few ladies asked me about sound proofed walls, and laughter followed.

I smiled, and assured them that my Matthew could keep quiet. When he was forced to.

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Watching Matthew endure for me was spectacular.

I took a fine seat just a few feet away from him, so I was able to watch him suck each cock as it was presented to him. Some ladies used a handheld dildo, others had fine strap ons in leather and latex harnesses. One woman had a cock that was curved, of all things, and watching him try to maneuver his lips around it was priceless.

What turned me on most of all was how well he could deep throat it. Despite the pain in his balls, the pressure of the cage as his cock stiffened instinctively, he managed to open his jaw wide and take the largest dick all the way down his throat. His eyes watered and his lips started to get puffy in a matter of minutes, but he kept on sucking.

I had a fine view of the best asses as they pumped in the direction of Matthew's face. I heard the women grunt and call him names, from asswipe to cocksucker to fucktoy. I heard him moan in response, heard him grunt as his body twitched when one woman ruthlessly started in on his ballsac with a leather riding crop.

When someone put the hood on him, I took the opportunity to stand up and fasten my own harness in place. I raised my finger to my lips to alert my friends that I wanted no one to reveal that I had left my post of watching and moved in for action myself.

Instead, in stealth mode, I moved my body toward Matthew and waited until the tall, amazon woman had stepped aside, listening to the familiar "pop" as her large black dick exited his tight lips.

He let out his breath, gasped, and licked the sides of his mouth with a visible wince, even though I could only see part of his face. I took my large, flesh toned dildo and pushed the tip of it into his cheek. Matthew immediately turned his face to find the head of it, searching blindly, searching eagerly to find the cock so he could get it inside of his mouth.

This was fascinating to me. Fascinating because I knew he didn't like sucking cock. He didn't like large, dick shaped objects in his mouth. He didn't like the taste of latex or the

feel of hard rubber in his mouth. Yet he was driven to please, driven to do the best possible job. And in this case, it meant getting that cock into his mouth as quickly as it could.

I let him flounder for it. I kept moving it out of the way, then rotating my hips around and slapping him in the face with it mockingly. Giggles were heard around the room, and at the same time a woman behind me gripped his balls in her gloved hands and squeezed hard. He let out a yelp and I shoved the head of my cock into his mouth and he choked on it, startled.

She had been wearing vampire gloves, nasty leather gloves with tack-like protrusions on the padding, something I'm sure felt numbingly painful against his tender balls. She smiled at me and squeezed again, making his body rock against the restraints.

Matthew kept on sucking. He sucked on my dick even though his balls were on fire. He sucked on my dick even though his hips were twitching instinctively, trying to pull his body away from the pain. He sucked and his cock visibly stiffened in the metal cage, turning red at once.

I realized he recognized the feel of my cock. He knew he was sucking my dick, and despite the pain, it turned him on.

Matthew kept on sucking.

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To be continued