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Eric had no idea what Andrea really meant when she told him how much she liked life on the farm. All Eric knew was that Andrea was the most beautiful woman he'd ever been with, and had brains and body to die for. She walked with confidence, always in stylish knee high leather boots, and even the way her hips moved had a certain "you can look but don't touch..." air about them.

Eric agreed to join Andrea for a weekend at the farm, and he questioned her why the large outdoor stables were void of horses. He saw no ponies, he saw no cows. Not even a chicken in sight!

And for a woman as powerful and passionate as Andrea, he expected to see many handsome farmhands walking around to do her bidding - and he saw none. There were a few women, ranging from cute and youthful women in their early 20s to a few more mature women who also had a certain knowing smile. Often they had riding crops (but where were the horses, Eric wondered?) or buckets. But where were the cows?

Lunch with Andrea was exquisite, and it took his mind off of everything. They were seated inside a modest but neat old fashioned kitchen, and the food had already been prepared - he assumed, by some of the pretty farm girls. One came in and apologized immediately for interrupting.

"Oh!" she gasped, flipping back her long blonde hair. She was sweating just a bit. "I'm so sorry, Miss Andrea! I'll come back later."

Andrea smiled, and Eric found himself again staring at her fine ass as she was standing at the counter. She had a perfectly round ass, one he had only had the opportunity to lightly touch once, when she had pulled him by the wrist and laughed, saying, "You don't touch me until I tell you to, boy." Damn, she liked to be in charge!

The young blonde excused herself and Andrea returned to sit down, putting a plate in front of Eric. It was a salad. "We eat light here on the farm," she apologized, smiling as she poured the white dressing over the thick green lettuce. "But you'll get used to it."

Eric chuckled, not commenting or asking why she wasn't eating. "Oh," he laughed. "You make it sound like I'm here for good or something..."

Andrea sat down slowly, intertwining the fingers of both hands under her chin to rest it there, smiling at him. Looking at him as if he was nothing more than a slab of meat. "Oh, did it sound that way? I apologize."

Eric bit into his salad and chewed. The lettuce was crisp, refreshing. Home grown, he could tell. The dressing, however, was warm. And did not taste quite right.

Slowly swallowing, it occurred to him, and he dropped his fork and started to spit out his food. It was cum! She had covered the lettuce with - with actual male semen, he could tell by the musky, disgusting scent, and

recalled the texture from a college prank he'd forced himself to forget.

But before he could stand to retreat, to get the hell out of there, he was overpowered from behind by a few of the not so innocent farm girls.

And they must have been quite experienced in calf roping, he reckoned as they pinned him, because they had him hogtied in no time.

Andrea walked over, lifting a leg and putting her boot right on his chest, under his chin, the tip of the boot touching his throat. "Well, cowboy. I guess you haven't developed a taste for it yet, have you?"

"What are you talking about!?" he gasped, choking as she pressed down harder on his throat, nearly crushing his adam's apple.

Meanwhile, two of the other women, both with long dark hair, were unzipping his jeans and pulling down his pants. They wasted no time yanking his cock out, and he yelled at them until a wet cloth was shoved into his mouth. The cloth had been pulled out of a bucket one of them held - a bucket full of the same white liquid. He found himself gagging on warm cum.

In horror, he watched as the girls spread his legs at the knees and shaved the hair off his cock and balls with precision, as if they had done it dozens of time.

"The hair and our machines don't mix," Andrea smiled, still holding him down by the bottom of her boot. "You're going to learn a lot about our machines, slave. That's what you are now, a slave for our pleasure. And you start at the bottom of the ladder. The very, very bottom...."

**

Eric was told in detail what it meant to be a slave at the farm. He could not believe what he was hearing, and was waiting for someone to tell him it was a joke - surely one of his banker friends had pulled this off as a practical joke to get back to him for winning the Super Bowl bet.

Andrea explained to Eric that his first three weeks at the farm he would be treated like an animal. He would sleep in a cage in the barn, he would eat from a trough and he would not be allowed to speak or use words. If he passed his physical tests, which ranged from pain endurance to agility, he would be promoted to houseslave. Duties there were not much better, including cleaning toilets with his tongue and doing housework with an electric plug in his ass. At least his cage would be in the warmth of the house.

There were about 6 levels he would have to pass, the highest level would be her personal slave, where his duties would be to take care of her personal hygiene, be her sexual servant and service the other men that she brought to the farm. Because consuming cum would be a large part of his responsibilities (Andrea

herself never allowed a man's ejaculate in her body), the milking and training procedures were a necessity.

As a level one prisoner, an animal, he would spend his days in the barn with the other animals. When he was brought there, he was amazed at what he saw. He was led there on his hands and knees (when he tried to get up, he was kneed in his freshly shaved balls; he thought better of it), a collar and leash around both his neck and his ball sac, led by both Andrea and her brunette friend Gloria.

Eric saw an entire long line of men in farm stalls, all in an ominous contraptions, all on all fours. He felt his cock shrivel at the sight of it; each man was completely naked, vulnerable to the women that sat on stools next to them, groaning in pain as they were "milked". Buckets were placed under their pulsing cocks, and the women were using long metal rods to stimulate both their ball sacs and also pushed deeply into their asses. It appeared the beautiful women had two controls on the rods, delivering different sensations as appropriate. The groans were unimaginable!

"You aren't going to do that to me!" Eric exclaimed.

The response was a swift kick in the ass, one that shoved him into the dirt and left the ladies behind him giggling in mockery. "Clumsy one, this one is!" the pretty blonde said. She looked like his former college girlfriend - a cheerleader. Her hair was in two pigtails, typical farm attire, but her smile was far from sweet. Mocking was more appropriate.

It did not take the women long to maneuver Eric into the available stall. One of the ladies already had the rod in her hand, and he found that it delivered an intensely painful shock when she used it properly, a shock she freely applied to his balls, making him scream in pain and curl up into the fetal position, clutching his crotch in pain.

"Are you going to behave?!" Andrea demanded.

Unable to do much more in response, Eric gasped, "Yes..ok..but can't we just talk about this first?"

Talking was not an option. An O-ring gag was forced between his teeth, then tightly strapped behind his head. This was all while his head was pressed against Andrea's breasts - the scent, the warmth, he found momentarily distracting.

"His dick is getting hard!" Gloria pointed out, laughing. "Do you think it's the smell of the other cows? The smell of cum!? I think he's going to like it!"

Eric was so humiliated, he almost welcomed the metal cage that was locked over his head. A tube was shoved through the mouth hole and into the o-ring gag, pressing against his tongue. The entire head cage had the smell of semen in it. He wanted to gag.

Next, eric felt his cock and balls massaged graciously. In fact, he became so hard at once, he could not believe it, considering the circumstances. His legs were spread wide and he could not lower himself without painful spikes digging into the underside of his sac; all he could do is hold still and try to lose himself in the warm fingers and palm stroking and fondling his cock and balls.

He felt warm breath in his ear, even through the cage. It was Andrea. "You are going to learn to love this, slave," she said. Something about her voice made him almost believe it. The stroking was making him dizzy. He heard Andrea's voice turn away, "Gloria, panties."

"Yes, Andrea," he heard a female voice say, then the maneuvering of some clothing, unzipping of boots, a few female giggles. Someone said something like, "ooh, pink, cute, cute, where'd you get those?"

Next thing he knew, he was enveloped in the smell of pussy. Andrea's hand was holding the metal cage and she covered the air hole with the young girl's freshly worn panties. "This will get you ready enough!" she laughed. "Enjoy it, after this time, you'll be prepared for milking with the ass rod, and the ass rod only! You know I can make a man cum by shoving a metal rod up his ass and milking him? I milk fourteen men, four times a day, Eric. Do you know how many gallons of cum a month that is? Do you have any idea the uses for cum? You will be finding out..."

All Eric knew was that he was about to cum. He was about to cum from the smell of the wet panties and the massaging of his cock. Suddenly he felt lubricated fingers pushing into his ass. He jumped and yelped in shock, and someone slapped his ass and told him to hold still.

Pressure filled him - he felt himself being manhandled as if it was nothing, first two fingers, then three, pressing into his asshole and opening up. Then he felt the rod inserted, and he screamed in shock and pain. He easily forgot all about his cock and the pleasure. All he felt was pressure and pushing, and someone was squeezing his balls.

"Get the bucket," Andrea said coyly. "This one's about to blow."

Eric was mortified at what was happening. Chained in a stall like an animal, naked and vulnerable, he found himself shooting a load of cum into the bucket, a combination of pain, pleasure and humiliation coming over him at once.

Just when he thought it could not be worse, he heard the groans of the man in the next stall, and Andrea said, "Open the chute!"

The next thing he knew, warm cum was squirting down the tube and dripping down into the o-ring gag, filling his mouth, forcing him to gag, to swallow it down.

And, he knew it was not his own.

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