



Stories

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The Space Age Love Song Archives:

Chapter #1

Chapter #2

Chapter #3- features only the best interrogation methods - face sitting, smothering, and cock & ball torture that will bring any man to his knees

Chapter #4- dual strap-on torture and forced ass licking

Chapter #5- a man being broken through forced cum-drinking, anal torture and humiliation

Chapter #6- a man being milked with an evil device and forced to suck it out of a dildo

Chapter #7- a man being milked with the device while worshipping pussy

Chapter #8- continues the torments of the captured men at the hands of the ruthless dominas

Chapter #9- features a futuristic cock milking machine

Chapter #10- more than 6,000 words including extreme tortures like strapon sex, forced oral, forced cum drinking, enema and smothering/pussy worship. Ouch!

Chapter #11- includes a painfully HOT ass fucking with a metal dildo and a masculine man's journey to becoming a lesbian sissy slave!

Chapter #12- more sissification and a caged slave who is about to become

Space Age Love Song - Part One

Do you want to know how the mind of a 15 year old femdom works?

Well, here it is. An updated version of it, at least. Between the ages of 15 and 17 I wrote on and off in a story to be later called "Space Age Love Song". Some may catch the reference. Who knows, maybe I will painstakingly type in some of the actual text from it one day; it's all scribbled in notebooks, barely legible. I'm surprised I had the patience to write because it took so long (the days before computers for me!).

It's a love story, of sorts, about a female alien and a musician. I'll jump around a bit, but you'll get the idea, I'm sure.

She was around the age of 18 and her name was Tanya. Very petite, with long straight blonde hair and green eyes. She wore only very tight fitting military type uniforms, black, with knee high boots and black leather gloves. Standing only about 5'5 at the most, she did not appear very menacing, but her job was in military intelligence.

Her job was to interrogate men and find out military information. Codes, locations, plans, etc. Probably an odd job for a petite little blonde, but being an alien, she had a special talent.

In most cases, she could destroy a man with her eyes; just looking at him, direct eye contact, she could often read minds, but more often just cause a great deal of discomfort through the power of suggestion. Sort of like being a natural, instant hypnotist without having to learn anything. She could say things like, "Stop breathing," or "Go to sleep," and her suggestion would be impossible to ignore.

Obviously, this made her a valuable tool for the evil group she was working for; some futuristic band of military freaks led by a psychobitch named Katrina.

Katrina was a true evil sadist, she used to just like to sit and watch Tanya rip men apart, and she'd also instilled many man-hating virtues into the young girl. Katrina was in her early 30s, more built, tough, with dark brown hair and brown eyes. Reflecting back, Katrina may have been a lesbian. At the very least, she was a supremacist and a man-hater.

Katrina would take great pleasure in showing random cruelty to men; slapping them for no reason, degrading them, telling them they were worthless shit right in front of Tanya. The young, impressionable girl, still a child in many ways, would

a crash test dummy for a young, beautiful strap-on novice..

Chapter #13- a strap-on extravaganza! And it's just the start...

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More Archives:

**Forced Femme
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Sheila's Show
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Illustrated Stories
Unfinished Stories
Behind Closed Doors
The Corporate Slut**

listen quietly, often intimidated by her superior.

Of course, Katrina didn't have the talent that Tanya did, with the eyes, so deep down Katrina knew that Tanya would need to be kept under close watch; Katrina feared that when Tanya grew up, she might revolt, leave the colony, or want to take it over herself. So Katrina mindfucked the young girl a lot, used fear tactics, made her insecure and ruled her world with a tight fist.

It was a cool winter night when Tanya was summoned into the prisoner block; apparently they had come across a group of men they thought to be military intelligence of the enemy, and they were trying to get them questioned, processed and executed as soon as possible.

The young girl was sleepy and exhausted; she had just spend an entire week breaking down an entire fleet of military soldiers; they had been strong, trained to resist, and extremely challenging for her. Solid, defiant, bold. Katrina had a tremendous amount of venom for these men and the week had been ruthless, full of bloodshed, druggings, brutality, and sinister tortures. Tanya was starting to get immune to all of it.

But her eyes burned with exhaustion, her body was sore, and she felt almost like she was stuck in a machine, churning out the same results over and over again. As she slid her entry card into the slight for clearance and the door opened, she took a breath and pulled herself together for what she assumed would be another solid three or four hours of a battle of wills.

Often men would recognize her type, but the way her eyes caught the light, and they'd shut their eyes so tight and look away. The assistants would have to pry them open with a little set of medical tongs, hold them open, put their head in a locked harness, tilt the chair all the way back and keep them strapped down so they couldn't even move.

She expected this again.

But what she found was something entirely different.

**

His name was Jay. He was the original brit pop star type, charmingly english. He was doing that endearing nervous-stammer thing long before Hugh Grant made it fashionable, and it was for real.

He was the lanky type, tall, but strapped down as he was in a big leather chair, she had no idea of his height. She found his clothes to be odd, his shoes especially, and his dress to be militaristic, but in an oddly camp way.

She noticed, at first, his big hands, how they twisted around under their straps and grasped at the loose ends of the leather, tugging, pulling. He was breathing hard, very hard, and immediately she sensed this man had zero resistance training. She picked up the clipboard and read the computer

display with his age, background, military associations, and the information required, then she sat on a stool next to the half reclined chair, put her hand on his forehead, and watched him jump and turn to her.

A mop of hair hid his eyes, hair she pushed back and reached over to pin out of the way, holding him in place as the assistants began with the straps that would hold his head in place.

Instead of being met with shut eyes, military rank and number, she saw him almost collapse into her gaze willingly, eagerly, pleadingly.

"You have to get me out of here," he said to her, and his accent was something she had never heard before. Almost melodic. Sincere. Every time one of the assistants would touch him, he'd flinch, even though they were just applying the sensors and readers.

The door slid open and Katrina walked in, and Tanya saw Jay's whole body tense under the restraints at her mere presence; it was apparent the two already knew each other.

"Finish him off quick, Tanya," Katrina ordered. "He's military shit, a liar, and a fraud. Don't let him try to charm you."

When Tanya put her gloved finger under his chin his eyes went back to hers willingly, and she started with what she does, and locked into his look so he could not turn away, even if he tried.

"Give him an injection of Andrinol," Katrina said, moving to the other side of the chair. When the assistants moved to comply, Tanya shook her head slightly, eyes still on his.

"No," she said. "He's fine. Let me do it clean."

"Are you the expert now, young Tanya?" Katrina snapped.

The blonde just stared into this man's eyes, getting a tremendous sense of something she had not felt before in a man under the lights. Fear. Vulnerability. Desperation. Trust. It tickled her inside, in a way she had never felt before.

"Please," he said. It was odd that he could speak, she noted, as most men were so locked into try to break out of the gaze that they'd lose the ability to put sounds together.

He gave in to her. Willingly, openly, at once.

And she found his eyes to be very beautiful.

**

Meanwhile, Katrina was unusually eager to get this one out of the chair and back to his cell, and lined up for execution at once. Tanya found her cattiness at an unusual high with this one, and like a child with a new toy, Tanya was intrigued by him, wanted to hear that strange accent again, wanted to ask him why he so willingly fell into her gaze while so obviously thrust into a military interrogation.

"Who do you work for?" she asked him.

He started to speak, but Katrina slammed the computer clipboard on the table and tools rattled, falling on the floor, making the prisoner jump what he could under the tightly confining restraints. "That question is NOT on the list, Tanya."

His eyes were tearing from being locked in place and unable to blink, so Tanya took a light cloth and dabbed the corners of them, keeping them clean so he could see. She lowered her voice. "Tell me who you work for, Jay."

"I don't know," he stammered. It appeared that he started to realize he was under some influence by her, that he could not look away, then he started to try harder, try to avert his gaze, swallowing hard. She saw him make two big fists, and he rubbed his feet together over and over again, almost removing his shoes as a result.

"I'm afraid," he said.

She touched the corners of his eyes again with the cloth. "What are you afraid of?"

"You," he said.

Tanya heard Katrina over her shoulder, felt the older woman's hand clench her arm, tightly. "Are you purposely disobeying my orders?"

Tanya turned away from Jay to face her boss, hearing him let out his breath at finally being released from her eyes, then immediately become aware of just how tightly he was strapped down, and once again aware of his situation; previously, it was as if nothing existed but her green eyes.

Tanya lowered her voice and scowled at her boss, hissing that she had been up for three days with no sleep, no pool (another story, to be explained later) and no breaks. That she was on edge, overworked and needed to be cut some slack.

The older woman raised a gloved finger at her, shook it, and hissed, "I'll be back in thirty minutes. Have him broken, deposed, and signed off for execution. Then, we'll meet in my office."

With that, the booted older bitch queen turned on a heel and left the room.

Tanya sighed, rubbed her eyes, turned back around, and this time, he knew better.

Jay lowered his eyes away, licked his lips, and said, "Please don't do that again."

**

Tanya took some time reflecting on her notes, pondering the drugs available to her for the prisoner, not really listening to him anymore. One of the more softspoken assistants had

volunteered to her, quietly and in a foreign tongue so the prisoner would not hear, that he had observed military tactics like his; strong overtones of innocence, an attempt to charm, a veiled sense of total purity that lowered the guard of the interrogator while the prisoner built up his inner defenses until they were almost indestructible.

"You're probably right," she said softly, picked up a hypodermic needle, a pair of eye clamps and her handheld computer screen.

When she turned back to Jay, he was still averting his eyes, and she found he was sweating terribly under the lights. He was biting his bottom lip, so hard it nearly bled. The heart monitor was racing, and when she touched his chin it seemed to nearly stop, flutter, then even increase.

It was then, she decided, to take him to the pool.

**

It was beyond all logic, of course, and she knew Katrina would have her ass if she found out. But it was a decision she made on a whim, one that would change the course of her relationship with Jay tremendously.

You see, Tanya not only had this talent with her eyes, but as an alien, she was also a water creature. She could breathe under water, and spent most of her leisure time in the water, quite often including sleep. She had the strength of ten men when she was in water, and knew instinctively how to use that to her advantage.

When she did not spend enough time in the water she would become drained, despondent, weak. That was why she had been especially bitter with Katrina; her being overworked had seriously cut into her time in the water, and she was starting to feel the effects.

So she told the guards to take Jay out back to the pool. They of course obeyed without question, but found it odd, and Tanya slipped out of the room to change while they took the time to remove the wires, sensors, and straps from the prisoner.

Tanya changed into a skintight, almost transparent sheath that would protect her sensitive skin from the cool temperatures of the water in the night air, pinned her hair back and moved out onto the covered balcony where the dark pool resided.

She was standing about to enter the water when they emerged with Jay, pulling him toward her with both his arms pinned behind his back.

It was the first time she saw him standing, and she was thrown off, intimidated, and backed up at once. She had not seen someone so tall before, and his height bothered her.

"Down," she pointed, and they forced him to his knees. That made her feel more comfortable.

She walked over and put her hands on his face, for the first time without gloves, feeling his skin. His eyes were searching all over but not looking at her, and he was still breathing hard. "Can you breathe under water?" she asked him. It was a serious question, but it came across as a threat.

"I swear, I don't know anything," he said. His voice was a little more together now, out and away from under those bright lights. He had taken the question to be a threat, apparently. "If I look at you, and I tell you, will you believe me, believe what I say," he said.

His face felt delicate in her hands. She had never seen a man quite like this; he was so tall, his shoulders broad, but his face, and especially eyes, showed such innocence and purity. He had cheekbones much like her own, and his lips were full, and soft. She found herself feeling them with her finger tips.

Again, something stirred inside of her. An aching. Something she had never felt before. It troubled and scared her, but it felt good at the same time.

Jay did not turn away from her light touch this time, instead he shut his eyes, pursed his lips together and placed them on her fingers in response. She recoiled, threw her hands behind her back, and felt an aching oddly between her legs, her heart pounding.

"Put him in the water," She said at once.

He flailed like a terrified child, but the men held him firm. Still in full uniform, they pulled him into the depths of the water until it was chest-level on him, and his teeth chattered, his breath fogging the air before his face. It was too cold to even struggle, so he held firm, staring forward, solemn now.

Meanwhile, Tanya was off somewhere, underwater, thinking. For some time she remained there, in the far dark corners of the pool, evaluating the aching from her belly and her fascination with lips, his voice, and the way he gave his eyes to her.

When she emerged, minutes later, he was terribly cold, shaking visibly. His eyes found her and he seemed a little perplexed at where she had gone and how she had returned, but his thoughts slipped away when she moved up to him, wrapped her legs around him, her arms hanging around his neck.

He did not know it, then, but in the water, the strength of her legs could easily break him in two. He did not know it, either, that she could hold his head under water with one hand until he drowned.

"How long can you remain safely under the water, Jay?" she

asked him,

His eyes searched her face for sincerity, for emotion. When his eyes were on hers she locked onto them, and asked again, asked in a tone that demanded an honest answer.

He heard himself say it. "I guess a minute. I don't know."

She reached up and put a hand on his forehead and pushed back, forcing him backwards and under.

The men had trouble holding his arms, but she leveraged her weight on their shoulders and easily held his frame under water with her thighs.

And she counted off, in her mind, one minute.

When she let him up he coughed, choked, gagged on water and had to flail his head around to get the hair out of his face.

"The hair must go," she said, and she was smiling, for the first time. Smiling, for some reason, at how the water decorated his face. Water made everything more beautiful to her, and he was indeed beautiful. That was what she had been perplexed about him before, that was what it was.

He was beautiful.

She reached up with both hands and he flinched when she touched him, but welcomed the warm touch of her hands when he felt how her skin glowed. She pushed the hair and water all back and away from his face, then used two thumbs to rub the water from his lashes and out from under his eyes.

"You are a very pretty looking man," she said to him.

He regarded her for a moment, and some sort of recognition came over him, a realization, a hope perhaps. Yes, as if this man had used his beauty and innocence before, or at least known it could sometimes be used in his favor. "Thank you," he said.

"Do you want to kiss me?" she asked.

Now, this was an odd question for Tanya, as she had never even kissed a man. But she had read about it, and she had read about that line in a book before, and before she could resist, she had said it. She was reacting to the feeling in her belly, the awareness that her thighs brought of the form and feel of his hips.

She watched him lick his lips, look at her face, then he said, barely, so softly, "Yes."

Tanya reached up, ignoring the bemused, curious looks of the guards holding Jay's arms, and she wrapped both arms around his head and put her mouth on his. Inadvertently, as she leaned into him, she lowered him back down in the water, and as she was lost in the wonderful feel of his warm mouth and tongue she did not realize what she was doing.

When he was submerged he panicked, tried to turn his head

away, but she held him, and kept kissing him, a deep, underwater kiss, better than even the one in air, and she pressed her small body against his frame and felt the overwhelming need to merge fully with him.

It was unlike anything she had ever felt.

When his body twisted and bubbles filled her mouth she snapped out of it and let him up, hearing him choke and gasp and shake.

She was looking at his eyes, but again had to reach up with two thumbs and clear the water from his lashes for him.

"You aren't a spy, are you?" she asked, but she already knew the answer.

"No. I'm a mus....mus..." his teeth were chattering again. She put her warm hands on his cheeks, and the warmth filled him. "Musician," he finally said.

She wanted to never let go of him. Something about him was rare to her, and priceless, and not only did she believe him, she wanted to kiss him again.

"Miss Tanya," one of the guards interrupted. "It's nearly 11. Miss Katrina will be expecting her report."

Tanya stared into Jay's eyes, and he looked at her, hopeful, turning his head slightly toward the touch of her warm hand.

"I'll go see her now. Take him back to his..." she stopped, looked at him. "Take him to my quarters. Secure him there."

Jay looked at her, without any real expression, as the cold and nearly drowning twice seemed to overwhelm him. He was just obviously pleased to be escaping the cold of the water, and his eyes glazed over in a sense of surreal disbelief as he watched her lithe form seem to almost fly through the water, with little effort, and eject her from the pool so she could walk back through the double doors.

**

"Have you gone insane, young Tanya?" Katrina mocked. She slammed the report onto the desk, looking at the soaking wet girl before her, watching her drip water onto the floor, something she detested. "You've actually lost your head because of some teenage puppy love for a deranged, military traitor who has seriously fucked your little girl head up."

Tanya seethed with anger. It was not often that she felt this much fury, but Katrina's words this time really grated her. "I have a right to my opinion," she said. "And per my contract, I have a right to demands. I demand this man be released into my custody, and I demand to take full responsibility for his debriefing and investigation."

Katrina sat back in her big leather chair, hands behind her head. The woman, many times, impressed Tanya with her power. She looked up to her a lot, and often wanted to be like her. So cold and unapproachable - so strong. Unbreakable.

A semi-smile crossed over Katrina's face. "Alright. I'll tell you what. You can keep your little plaything. Have your way with him. I knew it was only a matter of time before your hormones kicked in and you wanted to explore your sexuality. You take him, you fuck him, you use him. Do what you want with him. But I don't want him released, I don't want him getting into your little head and I don't want him interfering with your work, is that clear?"

"This isn't about sex," Tanya snapped.

"Grow up, my dear. Don't tell me what I do and do not know. You, my teenager prodigy, are needing to mate. I have seen it before. Don't confuse the need for procreation with honest emotions. Do not fall in love with that man. Medicate yourself so you don't get pregnant, tie him down, and fuck him. You'll tire of him soon. You'll tire of them all."

Tanya scoffed at her, shook her head, and turned to leave.

"If you break any of those rules, " Katrina reminded her. "I'll have him terminated immediately."

When the door was closed Katrina picked up her report again, muttering. "Two days. Then he's history."

**

Tanya returned to her quarters to find him bound to a chair at the backside of her open-space facility. He was still a little wet, shaking a lot, and his uniform was starting to fray.

She went through her computer mail, pressed a button to start the process of dinner, then walked over and regarded him for a minute, her hands on her hips. "I had you released to my custody."

"Thank you," he said, his lips shivering from the cold.

"You'll be allowed to live if you don't cause me any trouble," she added. "But I'm going to continue your debriefing. If you don't cooperate, we can just as easily take it back to the lab and do it in the chair."

"I'll cooperate," he said.

She looked at him. Something was strangely arousing about the sight of him there; such a large man, bound to her chair (quite efficiently, she noted, the men had done a good job), and he had those eyes.

"I'm very cold," he told her, lowering his eyes a little.

She nodded, adjusted the heat controls in the room, as air temperature never really affected her either way. The change in room temperature was almost immediate, and he sighed in relief, shook the half-dry hair out of his face, struggled just a bit in the chair to find a comfortable position, then sighed - a long, exhausted sigh.

Tanya removed her dinner and sat down at the table across

from him, started to eat, and said, "So tell me, from the start, how you got here and who you are."

**

She listened, for a good fifteen minutes, to him explain the abduction of he and his "mates" (his friends), a loss of time on his part, some brutality, a lot of confusion. The place he said he was from sounded odd to her, and was not part of the military operation. Of course, she noted, it could all be invented, and she had heard better stories than that before.

He explained to her that he created music, and she scoffed at him and said, "People don't create music. Computers do."

He seemed to be watching her eat as he talked, each lift of the spoon.

Finally, he said, "Can I have a glass of water?"

She nodded, got up, went to get a glass, and said, "So if you aren't part of any military alliance, what were you doing in the sector?"

He lowered his head, shaking it a little. "I have no idea what any of that means, or what you are talking about. I'm not confrontational, I just don't know what you mean." Tanya knew what he meant; he'd obviously had some conversations with Katrina before he was brought to her, where saying "I don't know" was taken as a challenge and met with a slap across the face, as evidenced by the still evident bruises on his cheek.

Tanya returned with the glass of water and he lifted his head, parted his lips, and leaned over.

She poured it over his head.

Startled, he shook, trembled, spit, and said, "What the fuck!"

Tanya blinked at him, looking at the glass, then at him. And she said, in all honesty, "You mean, you wanted to drink it?"

**

After talking, nearly two hours of talking, he convinced her to track down his "gear" and bring it to him, so he could explain some things to her. Even as she made her way down to military storage she knew she was being gullible, and although she figured part of his storage could be weapons, something compelled her to do it.

She kept her gun at her side, though, and when she returned with a large crate he looked at it eagerly.

"Can you untie me?" he asked hopefully. "You trust me now, don't you? Look at my eyes, look at me, you know I am not lying, don't you?"

She found him so easy to believe. She nodded.

"I'll untie you." She said. "But I don't want you standing. You

must always keep your hands behind your back or on your head. And if you make any sudden moves, I'm putting you back in restraints."

He nodded. "Trust me. I know you are a lot stronger than you look," he said.

Tanya nodded; he obviously remembered the strength she demonstrated in the pool. Apparently, though, he was not aware that she only possessed that strength in the water.

Tanya released him and he stood and stretched. She immediately drew her gun and pointed it at him.

"Oh, shit," he said, holding up his hands in defense, then sliding back into the chair. "I forgot, I'm sorry. Why can't I stand up?"

She opened the release on the gun, putting it into ready-mode, her eyes wide as she backed up a little. "I don't like your size. Ease down on the floor."

"Ok, it's ok Tanya, I'm not going to do anything," he said, slowly sliding out of the chair and onto the floor on his knees, two big palms facing her. Damn, she pondered, even his hands looked huge. "I didn't come all this way only to get shot for standing up. I'll do as you say, I trust you."

"I'm going to find some restraints to keep you in but give you mobility," she said. "You get what you wanted to find out of the trunk, but I'll be watching you," she warned.

**

She watched him sort of slither over to his things, moving slowly and cautiously as to not startle her, and even something about the way he moved low to the ground was intriguing to her. She reholstered her gun and went into her back room, fishing through her military shackles for a set of restraints she remembered owning for a pet she once had.

When she returned to the main room she found him lifting a large, odd shaped case from the storage unit, and he had, for the first time, a smile on his face. It made his eyes sparkle, and he seemed to glow from it. It warmed her.

He set the case on the floor, opened the buckles, opened it, and lifted what appeared to be a weapon. At once she dropped the handful of restraints, withdrew her gun again, and said, "STOP".

Jay froze, half holding the large device, looking at her, wide-eyed. "It's not a gun. It's a guitar. Look."

She eased over slowly, cautiously, gun still trained on him. She crouched down half way there to grab the restraints she'd found, and then made her way to him.

**

Oddly, he seemed oblivious to anything as he fished the instrument out its case, tweaked some of the knobs on it,

shook it a little, peeking inside. Tanya was locking a band around each of his wrists, the gun pointed at the back of his head, telling him that this restraint system would make her feel more comfortable around him.

"I can't believe it's here," he said, as the buckles snapped into place around his left wrist. When she finished with it he rubbed his palm over the sleek wood of the instrument, then lifted it toward his lips affectionately.

The other band snapped into place around his wrist, then when she reached around, under his chin and toward his neck, he raised his hands abruptly in self defense. His sudden movement startled her, and she pressed her gun to the back of his head. "Hold still."

"What are you doing?" he asked, his voice shaking just a little.

"It's for your neck," she said, watching him grip the guitar tightly, his knuckles turning white. "It won't be tight."

She wrapped it around his skin and fastened it behind his neck. He seemed to be holding the guitar for security, pulling it closer to his chest.

When she finished, she slid around to face him, taking his wrists and moving them together until the clasps automatically locked into one another, giving him about two inches between them.

He looked up at her, slowly, solemn. He looked sad. "Do I have to wear these?" he asked her.

"I'm afraid so," she said, standing upright.

He lowered his head again, silent for a moment, then lifted his head and said, "Can you give me just...just five minutes without them? I promise, I'll let you put them back on."

She took him by the chin and looked into his eyes. He so willingly looked at her, she was not used to that. She blinked once slowly, then trapped his gaze with hers, and felt his body tense. Apparently he had forgotten what it felt like to be in her control.

"You will have five minutes," she said. "And if you try anything, anything at all, I will send you back to your cell for the night."

"I promise I won't try anything," he said, staring up at her with that look again, the vulnerable look.

Reaching down, she inserted a key into the clasp on the restraints and they snapped apart, freeing his wrists. She turned away and his body slumped, he let out his breath. "Shit," he breathed. "How the fuck do you do that."

"It's a gift," she muttered, picking up her glass of juice and sipping it slowly. She heard him shift around, then she heard music, and she turned at once, wondering where he'd gotten the music box.

**

Tanya had never seen anyone play an instrument before, as music in their world was supplied by computers and music boxes, not people. She found the entire thing a little mesmerizing, so she slid down and observed from the corner of the room.

He apparently was not even all that aware of her, just into having his hands on an instrument again, not really playing anything, but just messing around with a few segments and bits of things.

"That's very beautiful," she said when he stopped. He smiled softly, putting it back in the case and closing it.

"Thanks," he said. "It would mean a lot to me if you'd keep an eye on this, I would hate for it to be taken away."

When he finished putting it away he held his wrists out toward her, together, so she could do whatever she needed to do. They were auto-locking, though, so with a click they snapped together, he blinked, looked at them, then said, incredulously, "Clever."

Then he went to get up, propping himself up on a knee, and she shook his head, sipping her drink. He went back down, then leaned against the couch, and remained there.

**

Meanwhile, Katrina was doing a little interrogating of her own.

She had one of Jay's "mates" - a cocky man by the name of Sander - and she was giving him an old-fashioned kind of interrogation. One where her guards held the man down on his knees and she used her bare hands for a bit, backhanding him in leather gloves until he spit blood.

"You aren't so pretty anymore," she scowled at him.

"I had more to work with," he hissed, "Than you."

She held him by the shoulders and delivered a solid kick to the groin, making him double over. "Strap him to the chair," she ordered the men. "Strip him down. Spread his legs. I'm turning this man into a woman."

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