



## Stories

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

### **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**

## **Chapter Six: The Milking of Darian**

Katrina sat in her interrogation uniform, thumbing through the files of her current prisoners. Allen and Jacob had been delightful to tease and torture, but she was craving a new challenge.

It was then that she came across the file on Darian L. Helton, soldier on the first level. He had been captive for nearly three weeks and had not been cracked. And by his photos, even though his cheeks were bruised and his lip was slightly bloody, he was absolutely stunning.

Katrina reclined in her chair, putting a boot up on the desk, stretching out her long legs one over the other. She held the photo up to the light, smiling, and then reached over to her intercom.

"I'd like to take a shot at Mr. Darian Helton," she smiled, browsing through his file. "I think I know exactly what this man needs."

"And what is that, ma'am?" the formal voice came on the other side of the intercom.

"Long-term behavior modification. To break the man, you must first break his spirit, and make him worship all that he used to find disgusting," Katrina said confidently.

She disconnected from the intercom and then leaned over briefly, pondering what tools she would use to torture, humiliate and break this solid, 38-year-old soldier.

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Katrina was impressed with Darian's solid frame. He was 6'2 easily, with broad shoulders and a very defined face. He had a strong jaw, nice, steady eyes and a very fine ass.

The guards brought him in and she took her time walking around him, looking him up and down. He was in the prisoner garb - loose-fitting sweat pants and a tight fitting white t-shirt. Katrina did not hesitate reaching over and feeling his crotch through his sweatpants.

He hissed at her and pulled away, glaring down at her a bit. She pondered putting on her highest heeled terror boots to put her at eye level with him, but knew he would so soon be strapped into the device, that it would not matter.

"Do you wish to give me a confession before I begin?" she asked him formally.

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

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

**Chapter #14**

**Chapter #15**

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More Archives:

**Forced Femme  
Strap-On & Anal  
Humiliation & Groups  
Chastity  
Cockold  
Pussy Worship  
Feet  
Seduction & Lust  
Sheila's Show  
Romance  
BDSM  
Illustrated Stories  
Unfinished Stories  
Behind Closed Doors  
The Corporate Slut**

He said nothing. Darian just stood there, firm, upright, solid. He was indeed a strong willed man. She enjoyed that.

"Very well, then," she smiled. "But let me tell you, I will not be asking for your information tonight, or even tomorrow. Or even next week. The process that I have selected to - remold you - will take three weeks. And at the end of the three weeks, I will ask you again."

This did not seem to shake Darian at all. In fact, he wasn't even looking at her, he was just staring forward. Katrina found that kind of solid defiance to be incredibly sexy, especially since she knew that eventually he would be crying tears in her hands and pleading for mercy, and also turned into what he despised most - a pathetic, cum drinking whore.

"And at the end of those three weeks, you will be a completely different man, Darian Helton," the tall brunette said casually, walking around close enough to him to brush her breasts around his back as the guards held him firmly in place.

"Put him in the machine," she ordered. She said those words with a clear diabolical flair, and that was the first time his eyes shifted to give her even a glance, and she saw a sparkle of what made her ache in her pussy.

Fear.

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As the men unlocked the restraints on the device at the center of the room, Katrina lit a long cigarette and ordered the men to strip the prisoner naked. She knew it would take at least ten minutes to lock him into the milking machine, and that would give her plenty of time to enjoy her cigarette and watch the show.

She did so while sitting on the edge of the desk nearby, her legs crossed, thigh high boots crossed before him.

"Very nice build you have, Darian," she commented as she saw the shirt and sweat pants stripped from the man. He resisted only a bit; after three weeks in captivity, he knew better than to try to get away.

"Before you lock him into the device, bring him to me, I want to see his cock," she said possessively, pausing to take a long, deliberate drag on the cigarette.

This time, he did resist a little. In fact, she found that amusing most of all, because it was as if this man was shy.

Oddly, his penis size was not as large as she had hoped. She reached out and took it in her gloved hand. It was limp. She squeezed it a little, looking at it carefully, as the prisoner started to struggle and resist.

"Disappointing," she said. "But the milking procedure tends to enlarge the shaft at least two inches over time. Consider that an added bonus," she smiled.

Darian hissed at her, "Don't touch me."

Katrina laughed, lifted her cigarette to her lips and then said, "Turn him around and bend him over. Spread his cheeks. Let me see what he has down there."

This, of course, humiliated him even more. He fought hard this time, and a third guard had to move into help hold his head down as they bent him over, the guards on either side placing a hand on his ass cheeks and spreading them so Katrina could lean in and see up close.

"Very nice. A virgin, I see?" She observed out loud. She had seen enough asses to know what to look for.

He was breathing hard, fighting, but did not respond.

"Strap him in," she ordered, giving his ass a light slap of disregard. "And make sure his balls are in the crusher."

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Of course, this led to more struggling from Darian. Katrina watched, inside burning with hot passion for the large man, as he was forced face down into the large, leather and steel device.

The device consisted of a bench that he had to straddle, with each of his ankles strapped down behind him slightly, up off the ground by a few feet. He was then forced over forward, bent down, so his wrists could be stretched down in front and shackled into place.

This left his ass slightly elevated, his head pointed slightly down, and his crotch pressed into a large box.

The guards immediately went to open the box that held his manhood, but Katrina stood and said, "Let me put him into the milking tube."

Darian was struggling hard now, but his ankles and wrists were locked into reinforced steel and leather shackles. There was little he could do. His chin was pressed down on the leather padding, blood rushing slightly to his head at this point. His jaw clenched tightly, he hissed breath through his teeth and was starting to sweat.

Katrina reached first for his testicles, clenching them in her gloved hand until he gasped in pain. "I'm placing your balls in a vice," she said matter-of-factly. "The purpose of the vice isn't to aid in the milking, but to make you behave if you resist the milking process. Is that clear?"

Of course, Darian ignored her.

Katrina expected as much, so she wrapped the holding band around the base of his ballsac and then twisted the manual lever until his balls were squeezed tightly between two steel metal plates. And then she cranked it one more level, until he gasped in pain, and she said, "Is that clear?"

Oddly, he did not answer again. She smirked, and inside her belly she felt a tingling; this one would be one that needed to be used in a huge way, and that excited her to no end.

She turned the crank again, and saw his balls flattened to just a short space, and this time, he let out a clear yelp in pain, and hissed, "OK!"

Katrina smiled in approval. He had a fine, fine ass she noted, but had to turn away and go back to the box where his limp penis was waiting for its torment. "I'm going to introduce you to a device we use here for procreation purposes. It allows us to milk men that we find superior in their gene pool, without giving them any sexual satisfaction."

Katrina used both hands, delicately, to position Darian's lifeless cock into a clear metal tube. She pulled the tube up close to his crotch to make sure there was a tight seal, and then locked it down into place.

"The sharp pain you feel at the base of your cock is temporary," she commented, almost methodical in her tone. "It's an electrode that will completely eliminate your ability to ejaculate naturally, regardless of the stimulation you feel."

Darian did little more than whimper, softly, and she heard him try to hide it. She was in heaven. She could see his face thanks to carefully placed mirrors, and his eyes were shut tightly, his lips pressed together to hold back any sounds.

"Now, I will have to do something about that limp, lifelessly and sadly small cock," she smiled. She slowly lowered a lever and there was soft, rhythmic humming from the box, as the tube slowly compressed and started to pump at Darian's penis.

This was her favorite part, of course. Because no matter how strong he tried to be, no matter how much he shut it all out of his head, Darian was no match for the machine. In a matter of ten seconds, his cock was fully erect, precum dripping from the tip, and pumping inside the clear tube for all to see.

Then, he started to struggle.

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"You know, you can't get away," Katrina smiled, walking around to front finally, holding his face in her gloved hands. "Look at me. Look at me, now, or I will let the vice crush your balls more. The next level is dangerous."

Darian opened his eyes, half choking on his own gasps of frustrated arousal. He was blinking, half delirious at what he was feeling.

"I know it feels good," she smiled. "But that won't last long. Because you can't cum. Your body won't let you. I can leave you here, feeling it pump, and pump, and pump on your cock, and you will never, ever ejaculate."

Katrina leaned even closer, so her beautiful red lips were

close to his mouth. "It's like getting the world's best blow job, but never being allowed release. Or feeling the walls of a tight, virgin pussy just squeezing and milking at you, only you never lose your erection, and you never get to cum. Maddening, isn't it?"

Darian tried to choke back his breath, tried to focus, to do anything, but it was obvious that the machine was getting to him.

"This machine will milk you eight times a day, my prisoner," Katrina said affectionately, stroking his cheek. "And each time, you will be forced to produce the cum that is building inside of you, but not through ejaculation. Instead, it will be milked from you. You have no idea how painful it is to release your cum without actually ejaculating, Darian. I can promise you that."

"Please," he said. He was already begging. Katrina felt her heart start to pound. Three weeks of this glorious torture were before her! Three weeks of breaking him down and turning him into her own personal toy.

"And best of all," she smiled, running one long, red fingernail down his cheek. "You will consume every last drop of your own ejaculate. As part of your training."

The mere thought of it seemed to make the soldier gag. He choked back his breath. He was struggling to speak, to plead.

Katrina looked up to the guards that were standing at duty. "Bring me the anal probe."

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Darian soon realized his torture had only begun.

Katrina next checked his cock in the milking machine. Indeed, it was fully enlarged, gorging, looking twice the size it should be. The machine pumped and tugged at it, and she took a few minutes toying with the controls to increase and decrease the rhythm and intensity of the suction, just to watch him writhe and shudder against the frame of the machine, helpless to do anything at all.

"Based on the amount of precum you have already produced," she said, again, with amusement, looking at the milky fluid that was filling the tube already to about a quarter inch at the base. "I think you must be quite an ejaculator. You shoot quite a load from that substandard dick, don't you, soldier?"

Katrina waved a hand to have the guards stand by with the large, metal probe that was on a rolling cart. Instead of taking it, she stood behind Darian, where his ass was slightly elevated and exposed, and placed her gloved hands on his firm, round cheeks. "Oooh, now THIS is a fine, fine ass."

She began kneading and massaging Darian's asscheeks, while the only sound in the room was his rhythmic whimpers in time with the slow, deliberate pumping of the machine. His back was covered with a thin film of sweat.

Katrina enjoyed toying with his fine ass for a few minutes. She indeed loved a man's ass most of all, and she had no qualms massaging and kneading his flesh for her own indulgence as the guards stood ready with the probe that would soon be inserted deep into his hole.

"Lubricant," she finally ordered, holding out her hand.

Darian whimpered.

"Go around and insert the large gag into his mouth," she ordered as she squeezed clear lubricant onto her fingers. "Use the model four, cock shaped gag with sucking control on it."

There was a brief silence. Until Katrina slid a finger into Darian's ass, and he gasped in pain.

"You ever sucked cock, Darian?"

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Katrina enjoyed watching the guards work the cock shaped rubber, flexi gag into the prisoner's mouth as she lubricated, opened, and loosened up his ass with her fingers one at a time.

The gag was strapped onto his head, and then a long tube that came from it was pressed into a control panel a few feet away. A monitor illuminated nearby.

"That screen tells me just how hard you are sucking on that cock in your mouth, Darian," she smiled. "And right now, it tells me you aren't sucking at all. And I don't like that. I want you to be sucking on it like a good, good little whore."

Darian didn't suck. In fact, he was almost lifeless. Perhaps in some self induced trance, or meditation.

Katrina leaned over, fingertips glistening with lube, and flipped the lever on the vice controls. They snapped forward one more notch, and the walls closed in on his precious balls, and his entire body jerked, his back arched and he let out a terrified, muffled scream in the gag.

"Suck on it," she ordered. "It will take your mind off of the metal probe I am about to shove down your ass to massage your prostrate."

And, indeed, the soldier began sucking.

The monitor blinked to life, and she watched the readings, and saw that he was sucking quite hard on the cock, sending the needle up to the red line already. "If it drops below the red line," she said calmly, "I will tighten the vice."

Darian's eyes, weary, humiliated, remained fixed on that screen, showing him just how hard he was sucking on the large, penis shaped bulb that filled his mouth.

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Katrina slowly, carefully inserted the round, thick metal rod into Darian's asshole. His body tensed at first, his sucking dropped off and the monitor beeped a warning, but he immediately started sucking harder with a cautious whimper.

She smiled, watching the large rod disappear, inch by inch, into his ass. "You are about to feel something most men never get to feel," she said. "And are grateful for that."

Katrina pondered taking a break at that point - taking a break before flipping the switch that would expand the metal rod, make it hum, and ultimately send Darian's body into a series of convulsions as the semen squirted desperately from his bulging cock, sending him into a wave a pain that could be considered a true anti-orgasm.

She considered taking a break to walk around, strip out of her bodysuit and take position at the upper deck of the device. There was a place, up high, where she could sit, sliding right down to make a tight seal against his face, then recline back, and make him service her orally while his torture continued. Or, she could do it face down, with her ass pressed right to his nose and tongue.

This was a heavy option for Katrina; she was soaking wet with desire for him. Yet, she knew he was weak, and she was not in a hurry to take the dildo from his mouth as he was showing tremendous potential for long-term sucking.

She knew there would be other times. In fact, later on that day, during his second round of the procedure.

So instead, she masturbated slightly, opening the flaps under her jumpsuit and using two fingers, which was all it took, to rub and rotate against her hard clit and wet pussy. She did this as she watched proudly the monitor that recorded his desperate sucking on the cock in his mouth.

"This is going to hurt," she warned him. Then she turned a black knob slowly, the knob that controlled the steel rod that was inserted deeply into his ass. The device hummed a little, and he whimpered loudly in pain. It was expanding slightly in his ass, pushing forward, pressing into his prostrate. Then, she flipped a switch, and an electrical impulse shot through the rod, into his ass, and like clockwork, his body spasmed and the little red light came on to indicate that the pumping tube was now being flooded with semen.

Katrina leaned over to watch her favorite part; the oozing, squirting of the cum shooting from the head of his swollen penis, which was now turning slightly purple in color from the relentless pumping. It shot much harder than a normal orgasm, because of the electrical charge, and as she predicted, he filled the tube nearly to the top as his body convulsed and he whimpered loudly, painful. Sounds that made her pussy ache even more. What a strong, helpless prize he was!

The tube was full of clear, milky fluid. Even as his body twitched, his eyes shut, sweat dripping down his face and the

monitor screaming warnings that he had stopped sucking altogether, she gleefully went for the tube.

She detached it, ooing at how full it was, and then complimented the soldier on what a good job he did. He was slowly coming back to consciousness, his body still twitching in the bonds.

Katrina carried the tube of cum to the monitor that was attached to the cock gag in his mouth, and he watched, wearily, his eyes heavy with fear and exhaustion.

"You'll like this part," she smiled, opening the top valve on the monitor and slowly pouring the cum into it opening. "You are going to suck your own cum through that dick in your mouth. So get it back up to the levels you were at before. You are going to have to suck pretty hard."

"No --- " his protests were muffled, but clearly there.

Katrina had no intent to turn away from the machine as she poured the cum into the valve, watching it fill to the highest levels. "Gentleman, tighten the vice on Mr. Helton's testicles. One notch every fifteen seconds, until he starts sucking this down."

The men shuffled into place, and Darian pleaded, what he could, through the gag.

Katrina turned to look at him, sealing the lid of the valve, his cum now in the tube that connected the machine to the gag in his mouth. "Oh, how I look forward to getting to know you," she said.

It only took one level on the vice before he started sucking. One level of the guards tightening the crank, so that his balls were now pressed between two piece of steal just a fraction of an inch apart, now also pulling downward on his sac to add additional pressure.

Darian started to suck. He shut his eyes tight, and Katrina watched, two fingers massaging her pussy through the opening on the jumpsuit, as the milky cum traveled through clear tubing and eventually into the gag in his mouth.

He choked on it at first, sputtering, gagging. But the minute she turned to the guards, as if to ask for a tightening of the vice, he sucked again, harder, and soon he was milking the fluid eagerly from the tube, over and over again, until he was left sucking air alone.

It took nearly ten minutes to complete and for him to drink it all, but he did.

When she detached the gag from his face, he still had traces of cum on his lips. His eyes were closed; he was unconscious from exhaustion, emotional torture. Katrina placed to wet fingers to his lips, smearing her pussy juices with his cum and then working two fingers into his mouth.

She smiled affectionately. "I will see you in two hours for your



next milking."

And then, she had the guards release him and drag him away.

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