



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

Space Age Love Song Part 10

Corey was by far the most handsome prisoner Katrina had seen in a long time. He was mature in his features but had boyish eyes and looks, and even though he kept very strong, confident posture she could tell he was a little bit scared. He had obviously heard of her, and her crew, and knew he would soon be facing the most ominous tortures.

Katrina was indeed legendary.

With Corey, she was short and to the point. Two guards were holding him right in front of her long, corporate style desk and she didn't even bother having them force him to kneel. "How old are you?" she asked him.

Without hesitation, he said, "I'm 39."

"If you're lucky, you may see you 40th birthday," she said as she signed his papers. "In fact, you might be a birthday present yourself. I've been longing for a man to keep for myself," she smiled, this time looking right at him. Rarely did a man fail to acknowledge her beauty, even though she was incredibly intimidating and cruel.

"With all due respect," he responded quietly. "I'd rather be executed."

All that got from Katrina was a smirk. "Take him to meet Leslie."

**

Corey had known a lot of Leslies. Leslie was a pretty girl's name, he reckoned. There was Leslie from High School who he took to the prom, and the Leslie that used to cut his hair when he went to the beauty salon rather than the barber (but would never admit that to his friends). Leslie was the name of a woman he had sexual relations with in military camp; she was tough, but she was still tender.

As he let himself be walked down the hall, he reflected fondly on Leslies because he knew he was going to die, it was just a matter of time. He figured he might as well enjoy some sweet memories of women who were not sadistic and were not known to torture men just because "hearing them scream was music to their ears," as he had heard of these female interrogatresses.

He had already decided he would not resist. He would not give them any information, but he also wouldn't let them

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

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More Archives:

**Forced Femme
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Sheila's Show
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The Corporate Slut**

enjoy his torment, no matter what else he did. He'd been trained long and hard enough to know he could withstand any kind of torture, whether delivered by a man or a woman. He was confident in his sexuality and strength.

When he saw Leslie for the first time, he swallowed hard. She was not what he expected at all.

Sitting behind a large, exquisite desk, Leslie was by far more beautiful and tender in appearance than any of the Leslies of his past. She had long blonde hair with large, gentle curls and her eyes were pale blue. She even smiled when he was brought to her desk, beaming behind perfect full lips. Leslie stood, slowly, extending a leather gloved hand to touch him on the arm in greeting, stating simply, "Corey. I've heard things about you."

Corey lowered his eyes to where his hand touched his arm, then lifted his eyes back to her, standing in place. His wrists were handcuffed behind his back, so there wasn't much he could do anyway. He just watched her walk slowly around to the front of the desk, standing at nearly his height of 5 foot 8 inches.

When she came around the desk, he could not miss it. She was equipped in a leather harness around her hips, over her black body suit that was shining, like her boots. The harness held a black latex dildo -- at least 8 inches in length. She wore it naturally, walked with it as if it were simply another part of her. It stood at attention and he could not help but glance at it, then at her. She didn't mention it. She merely sat at the edge of the desk, leaning back on her palms.

The black cock bobbed slightly as she spoke. It was like the metaphoric pink elephant in the room, something all would notice but no one mentioned. Even the guards, Corey though, must have been staring at the large member between her legs.

Leslie folded her arms across her chest, looking into his eyes. "Corey, you've been brought to me so that I can get some information from you. Both of us know this. And I'm sure you know that you have a choice right now, but it's the last choice you are ever going to have."

Corey didn't say anything. He also resisted staring at the cock as it bobbed between her legs. Now, she started to stroke it as she spoke. He didn't know if he was finding this arousing, or terrifying. In fact, he didn't even know if he believed what he was witnessing; a beautiful blonde bombshell was standing in front of him, smiling sweetly as she explained that he was about to be tortured, all the while she was masturbating a latex dildo that was strapped in a leather harness at her crotch. Even the silver buckles caught the light in the room, as if to say "Look at me!" They were more distracting than the largest diamond ring. And the way she stroked her cock demanded even more attention.

Leslie stopped stroking, as if waiting to see if he had anything to interject, or maybe she was staring right at his eyes wordlessly to see if he'd stop trying to act like he didn't notice the big dick she was pumping suggestively just right in front

of him. "Aren't you curious what your last choice is? Corey? Or are you too busy wondering why I'm wearing a big, black cock?"

Corey spoke calmly, instinctively. "I'm not wondering anything, ma'am," he said. "And frankly, I don't care if you like to wear a dick and pretend to be a man. Whatever makes you feel more sure of yourself, if that's what it takes, more power to y--"

Corey was interrupted with a hard slap across the face. It was as if the guards knew it was coming before he did, because they caught him as he tipped slightly to one side. The slap had not startled him much; not only had he expected it, he had pushed her on purpose to see how hard she could hit and how much of a temper she had. Indeed, the strength of the blow did startle him.

"Down," she hissed at the men, and they shoved Corey to his knees. His eyes were still screwed shut tight and he was wincing and did not expect what happened next. He found himself with a mouth full of latex cock, shoved down and far so back he gagged on it.

"The choice you just lost the right to have is simple, bitch," she growled at him, taking him by the head with both hands and pumping her cock into his mouth as he gurgled helplessly. "The choice was whether I'd violate your mouth first, or your ass."

Corey coughed a little on the dildo. He just kept his eyes shut tight, though, and took it. He did little more than clench his fists tight behind his back and managed to stop thinking about just about anything; and, surprisingly, he was able to accommodate nearly the full length of the dildo in a matter of a few seconds.

Leslie, meanwhile, just enjoyed the view. She liked nothing more than the sight of nearly all eight inches of glistening dildo, now wet with the victim's spit, popping in and out of his full, masculine mouth. The contrast of the five o'clock shadow he had grown and the way the dildo bulged his mouth full like a cheap whore. Corey was all of that to her; he was a cheap whore to her now. She knew this drill well, and savored every moment of it. It was like getting a brand new toy. This man, Corey, was a toy to her -- one she would delight in peeling like an onion. He was so strong, still, so resistant, so vainly trying to hold onto his pride.

It was always a tantalizing voyage of discovery to find out which torture would break the new slave. Would it be the dual penetration? Would it be the milking machine that would pump every last drop of cum from him and forcibly shove it down his own throat? Would it be the ball vice cranked up to level 7, the strictest of all, clicking until he cried real tears of agony onto her boots? Would it be the full emasculation followed by turning him into not only a slave, but a maidservant to the insatiable ladies of the crew?

Or would she get to try her newest tortures on him, the ones she sadly was not able to test yet? She had longed for months now to test out a few of her new techniques because she was

finishing a large research project. Success on her latest devious torture would mean recognition on a huge level in the academy, and provide her job security and a promotion, to be sure.

If only the men stopped breaking, so soon...

**

Katrina was tired, and had delivered her last new soldier of the day when she sent Corey off to see the experienced Leslie. Katrina had one new interrogator that she had not provided with a prisoner -- a new interrogatress named Fay. Fay was an exotic beauty and possessed amazing strength -- in fact, rumor was that she used to break all the men with her body alone.

Something about her thighs. Or, that she used to put on boxing gloves and just pummel them. She had heard all sorts of rumors about Fay, included some toilet tortures. Apparently Fay had a fetish for turning men into furniture, including a public urinal. Her public humiliation had included turning a man into a "boyseat" she called it, a place where women would enter her bathroom facilities and sit right down upon the man's face to urinate.

Katrina had heard some things about that type of thing before, but usually the men had been covered, or the urine had been placed in bottles or funnels and forcibly pushed into their mouths. Rumor was that Fay's "toilet toy" was a real toilet with a clear, padded seat affixed to the slave's face while was facing up, so not only could the lovely lady sit in comfort upon a padded seat, but she could still see his terrified face as she approached.

Katrina wondered how a woman could keep from laughing out loud!

Apparently Fay had entire parties set up when she was close to breaking a man, and this "piss torture" became a bit of a contest. The prisoner was locked into a vice like rack, facing up and under the seat, and his genitals were shackled into an exposed control board of sorts. Just like men of previous years used to leisurely read magazines while on the toilet, this little control centered allowed the lady seated to play with a variety of controls attached to the victims most sensitive parts.

She could, for example, apply electrical shocks to his balls or raise tension on a harness that circled the base of the man's dick, keeping it upright and vulnerable in case she wanted to apply small clothespins along the sides. Or, for added humiliation, she could attach a milking device that was relentless, and by the time she was finished relieving herself she could collect his semen product into a vial and turn around and deposit it into his mouth after he swallowed her urine. Such diving humiliation for any man, it was proven.

All of these things Katrina just shrugged off. Each of the women had their own style, of course. She had wanted to deliver a new man to Fay though, because Fay had been bothering her about being bored with paperwork and boring

tasks. "I need some sugar," Fay had said to Katrina just the day before. "I need someone new to play with. It's been two weeks, Madame Katrina, and I'm getting into a real foul mood. I pity the man you send my way."

It couldn't have worked out better -- Just as Katrina had been pondering Fay's boredom, she heard a ruckus in the hall. A man, obviously, resisting the guards in a bad way. She heard some furniture being overturned. She heard some delightful obscenities, including, "Mother-Fucking son of a bitch, I'll fucking kill you!" and "Don't TOUCH ME!" It was a feisty one, indeed. Before they even got the ball of fury into her office, she had pulled Fay's phone number up and pushed the button.

"Fay darling," Katrina smiled. "I have a present for you..."

Just then, the guards shoved Nash into Katrina's office, topping him over a chair. "You assholes!"

Katrina's voice purred over the intercom. "Oh, he sound's PERFECT!"

**

Leslie had finished face-fucking Corey.

She'd lectured him properly on the rules while pumping the large shaft in and out of his mouth.

"You will not speak unless spoken to," she said with a thrust. "You will not look at me unless I tell you to," she added, gripping his head with both hands. "You will thank me when I fuck your ass," she said, "And when I am ready to hear your pathetic download of all the information we want, I'll ask for it. But I don't want to hear it, understand? I don't want to hear anything. I don't want your secrets. I don't want your confessions. I don't give a damn about any of that. Right now, I just want you to suck my dick. Get it, cocksucker?"

She had finished this the way she always did; she stopped thrusting her hips, and instead held his head in her gloved hands and guided it back and forth, back and forth, so instead he was going down on her. Deeper, and deeper, and deeper. When he resisted she just dug her fingers in deeper and held his head harder. There was nothing Corey could do.

Afterwards, she gave his head a shove sideways and he fell toward the floor, gasping, drooling. She lifted a boot to touch the tip to his chin and make him lift his head. He was breathing hard. Drool was at the corner of his mouths. "You will learn to like that," Leslie told him matter-of-factly. "Next time, you are going to be sucking on my cock. You understand what I mean by sucking?"

Corey didn't respond, so Leslie elaborated. "It means that you will be wrapping your lips around it, and sucking on it like your life depended on it. Sucking every last drop of fluid out of it, until you sucked it bone dry. Sucking it like you were a cocksucking sissy girl. Sucking it like a porn star. You know what that means to suck cock like a porn star?"

Corey was speechless again. Leslie just smiled.

"You will know soon."

**

Nash was delivered to Fay how she had requested. Hog tied on a rolling table with a ball gag in his mouth, naked except for a pair of "training panties." Apparently that had caused another outburst from Nash; he had knocked three teeth out from one guard and broke the knee of another when they stripped him from his clothes and put him in the tight pink rubber panties.

Nash's dick was popping out of the top of the pink latex panties. Fay walked around him, her high heel boots clicking on the granite floor. Fay was statuesque with short dark hair and incredibly strong features - including her thighs and arms. She had a swimmers build with athletic features and an amazing ass - even Nash noticed this, through his fury.

Poking his cock with her index finger, Fay laughed out loud. "You call that a dick!? All that hollering from you? You're my macho man!? Can't they do anything better!"

Nash just glared at her, his brown eyes furious. He even struggled, although it was totally in vain.

Fay reached around and pulled a tray on wheels over toward her. She started to put on latex medical gloves. "Nash, I have a new name for you. Nashley. You know, like Ashley, but with an N, so you can remember who you are. How do you like that, Nashley?"

Nash grunted.

Fay had a razor in her hands in no time, and shaving cream in the other. She also unfolded a cloth that had a variety of lipsticks and other make up under it. Finally, at the end, there was a syringe. She picked it up, and showed it to him. "I haven't created a she-male in a long, long time," she sighed.

The helpless, yet still resistant man growled at her and she reached over to unbuckle the ball gag. "I'll tell you what," she said. "If you can convince me in 5 minutes or less why that worthless piece of meat between your legs is of any use to me, I might consider letting you keep it."

Fay smiled. "But by the looks of what you have in my pretty pink package, it is going to be a tough sell."

**

Corey found himself strapped down on a hard table, face down, as if on all fours. His wrists were shackled down low, about two inches from the floor. His legs were spread and ankles were down and pointing outward a little, and although he could not see, he could feel his ass cheeks being separated with some sort of device.

The device was cold on his ass cheeks and he heard Leslie

humming behind him, content. He wanted to say something, but all he could do is grunt, and struggle helplessly. He was trying, vainly, to get away. His wrists were completely helpless behind all steel shackles, though, and his ankles were the same. It was all a vain attempt.

"Well, aren't you adorable," Leslie said, approvingly, as she walked around to the front of him. She pulled down a large mirror above him and placed a finger on his chin to tilt his head up and make him look. In the mirror he could see the reflection of his vulnerable ass. Positioned behind it was a panel of several large dildos, vibrators and other protruding devices. "See what you are in store for?" she smiled.

Leslie beamed proudly, stroking his face with her fingertips, as if watching for reactions. "Some of them pound. Some of them vibrate. Some even ejaculate into your anus, creating a physical reaction. I don't use needles for resistance drugs, I fuck them right into you; it's more fun." She walked around to admire the devices. "This one, here, it will deliver an electric shock into your prostrate that will make your teeth vibrate. This one, here, will create an instant orgasm; the first few times, it feels great. Then, let me assure you, it becomes very, very painful..."

Corey said nothing, and gave up resisting. Instead, he shut his eyes and started meditating. He decided he'd "check out" for awhile; he'd learn to do this in military training and was quite good at it. This would mean that anything Leslie did to him he'd just sleep walk through.

The cranking of levers and sounds of machines warming up only moderately distracted Corey as he prepared himself. He did hear Leslie walking around and when he opened his eyes briefly, he saw that she was still walking around in the strap on dildo. He watched it bob up and down as a place for focus. She was near him, the cock near his face, as she leaned up and turned some controls that were out of his line of vision. All he saw was that cock, bobbing, and it was almost mesmerizing. He forgot what it even was.

"You like looking at my dick," she observed. "You're wanting more of it already, I can tell."

Corey closed his eyes. He tried not to listen to her.

"Maybe you are a little psychic, pet," she said. "Because what you are feeling right now," she cooed, just as he felt a warm, lubricated rod slide into his ass, making him wince and yelp, "is an injection. Right into your ass."

Corey heard the hum of a machine, and felt fluid push into his ass. Filling him. Filling his stomach. He grunted, gritted his teeth, and she just laughed as the machine continued to fill him with warm fluid.

He grimaced, and twisted, startled out of his meditation before he could get deep enough into it. "Stop!" he hissed. "It's too much!" He wanted nothing more than to expel it, it was nasty, and making him feel nauseous.

Leslie chuckled, and behind him she pulled a lever and he heard the machine back away from his vulnerable ass, but could feel, at once, that not only was the fluid still inside of him, he'd been plugged up! And no matter how hard he tried, the plug wasn't going anywhere. He squirmed in a new found agony and then glared at her and sputtered in frustration, "You think this kind of bull....ssshhit is going to do anything to me?!"

Leslie leaned down, pressing her breasts into his face. She unzipped the top of her jumpsuit and pressed the tops of her breasts against him, smothering him a little, creating a tight seal over his nose and mouth to shut him up. "Listen, soldier boy. I'm not so stupid to think that a super-enema is going to break your resistance and turn you into a sobbing mess. I wasn't born yesterday."

Corey couldn't breathe.

"But, what I can tell you, is that what I just put inside of you isn't warm water. It's a drug. In fact, it is poisoning you. In fact, it will kill you shortly. I don't really have any use for you. The reason I'm not asking you any questions is simple. I don't have any questions. You were sent to me as a D-421. Do you know what a D-421 is, Corey?"

He grunted.

Leslie continued, simply. "It's a destroyable-431. You're human waste. Instead of getting sent for execution, you got sent to me for experimentation. You're my lab rat. I'm just timing how long it takes the drug to kill you. Otherwise, why would I make you hold it all in, D-421?"

Corey started to struggle - more - but it was useless. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. He wanted to break free from the soft confines of her breasts and exclaim, "Wait! But I DO have information you need! TRUST ME!"

**

Fay had spent some time humiliating Nash about the size of his cock before she shaved all of the hair around it, his balls, and his ass crack. She then applied a scented oil all over his crotch area and massaged it in, and no matter how hard he tried to resist, his dick stiffened.

He did not know that the cream had a stiffening agent, and that his erection was not his fault at all. Still, it embarrassed him. He would have sworn and cursed and called her a cunt if he could, but she had his mouth full of an inflatable penis gag that she had pumped up to a painful level.

Nash was strapped down on a metal table now, his legs spread and his ass raised for the shaving process. Fay hummed while she did this, teasing his thighs a little with the razor, taunting him by placing it delicately under his balls and explaining his gender transformation could be quick and more immediate if she so chose.

"I'm going to let you speak now," she said, "and if I hear anything that I don't like, I'm putting this gag right back in and inflating it even more. You're already choking on it, so I don't recommend that at all."

When Fay removed the inflatable gag, it came out with a distinct "pop!" Nash swallowed hard, licked his lips, and then looked at her. He was flushed; his cheeks were a pretty pink, and he was sweating. Fay hadn't felt what she did at that moment in a long time; she was attracted to him. Seriously attracted to him. His lips were a little puffy from wearing the gag for so long, and his eyes were watering. She found him handsome, and her thoughts immediately went to making him into a servant.

Fay had been tiring of the typical men that she'd had in the past - always the extremes. Either too weak or too aggressive, and they always cracked way too fast. In fact, she'd practically become a lesbian, and the men she had taken for her own she had turned into sissies first so she could enjoy them as women. She had those same plans for Nash, mostly for practical reasons.

But this time, it was different. She stared at him for a moment, watching him breathe hard, watching the way he looked at her, licking the sweat from his upper lip as he did, regaining his composure. "Handsome," she said, observing him. He swallowed, as if trying to just keep doing whatever it may be that he was doing that was keeping her interesting and saving his balls. Literally.

"Let's see if you have any usable talents," Fay said, walking away to get something. Before he knew it, the table he was on was being lowered. He was still strapped down, his wrists and ankles spread wide, still wearing nothing but a tight, tight latex pink thong panty, now freshly shaved.

Fay returned wearing a strange contraption over her black catsuit. Her entire body to her neck seemed to be covered with black shiny material, but now she had some material at her crotch area. Nash was viewing all of this upside down, so it was hard to see - but he only had a momentary glance before everything went dark, and he was surrounded by a familiar scent.

Pussy.

Fay had wrapped a tight, tight cellophane type material over his head, tightened a strap at the bottom and essentially secured his entire head between her legs as she was straddling his face, half squatting above him. He could kind of hear her muffled commands from outside of the suit, explaining to him that the air was being sucked out with a vacuum and his lips would soon be affixed to her pussy. Permanently.

That word scared him, but the thought of no air was also terrifying. He was being sucked into some sort of a vacuum hood that trapped him between her legs. The soft touch of her flesh on her thighs was warm and welcoming, almost

comforting, until she tightened her muscles and nearly crushed his head. "LICK!" was her audible command. Loud. Demanding. And, at that point, he would do anything to stop the vice around his head.

In a moment he realized his exact predicament. She controlled his air by allowing it into the hood through a valve, and she controlled his pain with ease by tightening her thighs. It was all very clever and equally diabolical. "Lick me, " she ordered, "or I'll kill you right now. Either by suffocating you, or crushing your head right between my legs..."

Nash licked. He shut his mind off to anything but pleasing her, and imagined she was someone he truly cared for. That was all he could do to survive. And, it wasn't hard to do. She tasted delightful - in fact, he couldn't get enough of her. Her body actually moved on his face - he had to do very little work; she knew what she wanted, and she mostly used his tongue to get it.

Fay was so wet that he started to worry more about drowning than suffocating. She was lenient with the air flow, probably so that he could manage some concentration. "One more thing," she finally said, as he kept his best focus on the licking despite the tight warning with her thighs. "If I piss..." she said, "You will drown, you know...."

**

Death was not an option for Corey.

When Leslie back up away from Corey so he could breathe again, he gasped, and said, "Wait..."

Leslie smiled, pacing slowly around him, watching him, observing him.

"You can't kill me," he said. "Please." This time, Corey did beg with his eyes - he looked at her, pleadingly. He was feeling dizzy, disoriented. He'd almost forgotten totally about the fullness in his belly, the plug that kept the deadly liquid inside of him, how bad he wanted to release that pressure.

"If you want to live," Leslie taunted, walking around him, stroking her long, latex cock again. "This is the antidote." She held up a small vial of liquid. Corey looked at it. He let out his breath, grateful that one existed. Corey knew that he at least had a chance, or else she would not have brought it up. This was the part where he'd start to have to weave some lies during the interrogation to buy time. He'd been trained well in that, too.

"I'll tell you what you want to know," he nodded, feigning fear and humiliation, as if the information he was about to give was true.

"I told you, you're disposable. You don't have any information I want. You're just here to amuse me," Leslie said. She said this as she reached down to the 8 inch cock and began twisting it, of all things. She twisted slowly, slowly, it rotating in her hand, until it slid off. She turned it over. It was hollow

on the inside. Leslie slowly poured the contents of the vial into the hollow shaft of the cock.

Corey watched with horror. He knew where this was going. Leslie poured the liquid into the dildo then carefully screwed it back onto the base of the strap on harness she was wearing. She tightened it up with her latex-covered hand, smiling all the while, then taunted him by stroking the cock again. "Didn't I tell you that I'd turn you into someone who would suck cock as if his life depended on it?"

Struggling, Corey didn't know what to do. "Leslie," he finally used her name tenderly. "Come on. You aren't serious. Just...just give it to me. I'll cooperate with you, I told you."

The cock was now moving closer to his face, with the lovely Leslie on the other end of it, smiling. "But I have to remind you, the fluid is difficult to get out of the cock. It will take a great deal of strength, of sucking. You will have to take it to the base, and wrap your lips tightly, pulling slowly back with a long, strong sucking motion. Only then will you even get a little drop. And you need more than a drop to combat that drug in your system right now. You will need to get every last drop, Corey. Every last drop of my cum."

Corey was mortified. He shifted in his bonds, but Leslie reached over and pulled down a lever that effectively pulled on each of his limbs - both wrists, both ankles - to lock him down even tighter. The bondage was painful enough before; now, it was excruciating.

"Give it to me!" he hissed, now feeling the effects of the drug starting to really fog his thinking, his tongue getting dry.

Leslie smiled, stroking the long, latex cock tauntingly. "Oh, come on, Corey. You can do better than that. Tell me a nice little story about how bad you want this big black dick in your mouth, how you want to suck that cum right out of me. Tell me how hot you are going to look with a big black dick sliding in and out of your mouth. Let me get my video camera set up."

Indeed, Leslie started to set up a video camera as Corey began to sweat, shaking what he could in his bonds. She purposely leaned over him so he'd struggle to turn his head toward her cock, struggle to get it into his mouth. She acted as if she didn't know, this was happening, but all the while she delighted at how desperate he was to try to get his lips around the head of the cock.

Then she teased him with it. She pushed it into his face then pulled back. Closer, then back. Then she slapped his face with it, giggling. "You are so horny!" she said. She unzipped her jumpsuit more and pulled out a nipple. "Don't you want to suck this instead? Are you a man, or a girly boy? Are you a sissy, or a real man?" Leslie pushed her nipple into his face but he resisted. She tortured him with it; her skin was so soft, her nipple was inviting, even though she was a torturess.

"The cock," he gasped. "Give me...please...give me the cock..."

Leslie laughed. She held the tip of the cock close to his face so he strained to lift his head, to get closer, pinned down as if on all fours, the cock just out of his reach. She squeezed the base of the strap on so a few tiny clear droplets of the fluid appeared at the tip of the cock. He lapped at them desperately, grunting, trying to get closer.

"There you go..so close, yet, you need more!" she teased, watching his tongue flicker with delight. "You look so helpless! Keep licking! Try harder!"

Indeed, Corey was desperate. He licked and lapped what he could, then looked up at her with big, pleading eyes, "Please, Leslie. Please. I'm a cocksucker. Give me what...give me what I need."

And that seemed to light up her eyes. She smiled, took him by the head, and without warning started pumping her hips furiously into his face, shoving the cock all the way into his mouth. He grunted and gagged but accommodated it all, taking it in, sucking. He sucked as hard as he could, making loud slurping noises that echoed in the cold room.

"Come on, cocksucker! You won't nearly get enough at that pace! SUCK!" Leslie commanded.

Corey sucked desperately, his eyes watering then turning into full on tears, drool and the fluid mixing and dripping from his chin. His entire body rocked forward what it could as he tried to get more and more of the cock into his mouth, sucking and groaning.

"If you suck the balls, more will come out!" she ordered, moving up so he could reach her latex balls. He sucked on them, and found them to be pliable, so he took them into his mouth and rolled them around his tongue and compressed them, feeling more fluid drip out of the head of the cock against his face, leaving him to try to lick it up with his tongue around the corner of his face.

"Here we go!" Leslie exclaimed, pulling back and pointing the cock at his face then with a squeal pressing a pump that immediately squirted several teaspoons of milky white fluid all over his face. He gasped and panted, eyes shut tight from the sting and startle, only to begin licking up what he could.

Leslie slapped his lips with the wet, dripping dildo and said, "Hurry! Lick it all up! Lick it all! You don't have much time!"

He licked and licked, coughing, swallowing the foul tasting anecdote. He found it creamy and disgusting but just remembered that it contained the medicine he needed to get better. He forgot what it tasted like and desperately lapped up any he could find, even sucking the portions off her fingers as she scooped parts off his face and hair and placed it to his lips.

This went on for several minutes, barely leaving him time to catch his breath. He was sweating profusely, his entire body shaking with frustration and pain. Finally, he couldn't even

hold up his head. He lowered his face down and just panted, listening to Leslie walk around. He'd forgotten, momentarily, about the fullness in his belly and the plug that held it all in. He could think of nothing but whether or not he ingested enough of the antidote and in time.

Leslie returned in front of him so he lifted his head, expecting to hear from her if he had been saved or not. She was filling a hypodermic needle with a fluid in front of him. He looked at it, then at her. "What...what's that..?" he asked as she filled it.

Not even looking at him, she said simply, "Oh. It's the antidote for the drug. So you don't die."

He lowered his brows, letting out his breath. "What?? What...what did I just drink then!?"

Leslie smirked, taking the needle and shoving it into his arm. "The good news is, you aren't going to die. The bad news is, you just drank a load of real cum. But it was fun to watch!"

Corey shut his eyes in disgust and lowered his head again. Leslie pulled out the needle and pressed a button on a machine above him. "Let's watch the video!" she said excitedly.

Then, she proceeded to sit down on top of his back as if he was merely a piece of furniture. She ruffled the back of his hair. "I'm glad we met, Corey."

**

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