



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 11

It was just a matter of time before Corey became Leslie's own little personal fucktoy. She, in fact, took longer than even necessary to extract the private information from Corey during her interrogations, simply because she loved the way he looked in his restraints, and how he had such a perfect body for fucking.

Leslie was indeed an exquisite Goddess with the strap on. She had a cabinet full of them, right next to her cabinet of torture toys. Several times Corey found himself strapped down over a bench with his legs spread, his ass exposed wide while she walked past the row of hanging leather harnesses, touching them lightly one at a time, sighing, "Hmmmm....what for Corey's ass today."

This time, Corey was fixed on the "fuck-bench" (as she called it) with the special apparatus in place that essentially held his ass cheeks apart. A rod had already been inserted into his ass (he screamed that time, but she shushed him with a pair of her own panties, still soaking wet from the masturbation she had done right in front of him moments before). The purpose of the rod was to prepare his asshole by lubricating him from the inside out. And, to provide serious electrical pain should he resist.

So Corey was indeed spread and ready, and Leslie this time chose the silver, metal dildo to affix to her leather harness. The cock was almost glowing in the light and measured more than 8 inches long, huge in width. Leslie reached up and pulled down a bottle of light blue gel and began to lube up the cock.

Corey knew that it was not simple lubrication. He knew because of the smile on her face, and he knew because Leslie never did anything simple. She always had something extra in store for him. And this time, he knew, was no different.

"What is it?" he asked, quietly this time. He had learned to be polite. He had learned the hard way.

"This, my sweet captive, is heated gel. This lubricant is going to become remarkably hot once inside your ass, and will continue to heat up with every thrust. The first few pumps will be unbearable. By the time I get up to my full rhythm, you will be screaming for mercy."

Corey swallowed. He had been ass-raped by Leslie many times and knew how hard she could trust. He was terrified already.

As Leslie moved in behind him to get into positioned, she slid

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

Chapter #16

Chapter #17

Chapter #18

Chapter #19

Chapter #20

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**

her gloved hands down his naked back, lingering them over his ass cheeks. "And you know I can go for a long, long, LONG time..."

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Fay led the beaten, humiliated Nash into her spacious living quarters. It was quite often that Fay brought her "prisoners" home for a sleepover rather than sending them to the cellblock prison. This way, she reckoned, they would really get to know her better. Sometimes, she'd even allow them to serve her after the academy determined they no longer had use for them.

Men, Fay knew, she'd always have use for. As a piece of furniture, as a toilet, as a play thing, as a pet. This latest prisoner, Nash, was interesting to her. Interesting in that she wanted to make him into a slut for her, a girlfriend of sorts. A lesbian lover.

But Nash was, deep down, quite masculine. Even though he'd suffered through her degradation, pussy torture and complete shaving of his pubic area, he tried to act like a man. Even though he was wearing more than a pink latex thong, he tried to think like a man.

Fay laughed at him.

He was shackled at the wrists and ankles and wearing a shocking-locked butt plug harness over his tight panties, so all she had to do is push a button and a pain would shoot through his ass and bring him to his knees. She did it to him, once, as soon as they got inside.

Doubled over and in pain, Nash whimpered, bringing his hands to his face at her feet. He groaned. Fay put a high heel to the back of his neck and said simply, "You're here and not in that cold, rotting cell because I hope you might be some amusement to me. So do yourself a favor, pussy boy, and make yourself useful."

Nash looked up at her, his eyes slightly red, lips parted. He looked abused and exhausted, but he still had great eyes, and he still looked like a man. He just stared up at her, with some sort of confidence, as if knowing that she'd get some amount of pleasure looking at his handsome features.

"Hmm," Fay said, reaching over and taking him by the chin. "You will take a lot of work to please me, Nashely, but I think I might find some use for you." Fay was pulling a tube of lipstick from her coat pocket, her jacket also a fine, shining black latex that matched her catsuit and her boots.

She began to apply fire engine red lipstick to the prisoner's lips. He parted them for her, staring up defiantly, proudly. As if trying to prove that it did not matter, that he was still a man.

This turned her on, more than anything. Fay was getting wet from this because she was delighting in how he held onto his pride vainly. She knew it was just a matter of a few hours that

she'd transform him into a woman and people wouldn't even be able to tell the difference. And, if he was lucky, maybe she'd decide to keep him that way, as a lesbian lover.

"Pucker up," she smiled. "Get those lips ready so you can show me how you suck dick."

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If Corey had not been gagged, certainly his screams would have been heard all the way to Fay's place down the hall.

Leslie was pumping his ass hard with her fire-hot silver dildo, locked tight in her leather harness. She was holding him by the hips for leverage and plunging all eight inches of it into him, telling him all the while that his ass was hers, that he indeed belonged to her.

Corey fought back the tears and bit down hard to stifle his own screams, trying to block it all out. When Leslie finally pulled her silver cock from his ass she inserted a tube that was cold into his throbbing hole, filling it with cool, soothing liquid. Leslie removed the tight gag from his mouth.

He gasped in relief. The absence of pain had never felt so good; he felt his entire body finally relax, his eyes close. He wanted to thank her, but he did not dare give her the satisfaction.

His silent meditation was interrupted when Leslie slapped him hard across the face with a latex-gloved hand.

"What do you say, bitch!?" she hissed. She took him by the chin and lifted his head up so he was looking up at her eyes. Even in this state, humiliated as he was, even as much as he hated her, he found her so amazingly beautiful.

"Thank ...you..." he whispered.

She smiled at him. Oddly, as she smiled, he found himself feeling even more warm inside. He had no idea how this could be. How could he feel anything but contempt for a woman that had just rammed his ass with a steel rod and made him burn from the inside out. How could he feel that for the woman that was interrogating him and making him break every promise he had ever made.

What happened next puzzled him even more. Leslie left him on the table, legs still spread and ass still exposed, and pulled up a comfortable chair next to him. She proceeded to strip slowly in front of him, acting as if he was not even there. He could not help but watch - amazed - at her body. It was pure perfection. He could see where she got all that strength. It was from those muscled legs and firm body. She was gorgeous.

Leslie took off everything and proceeded to sit in a large, comfortable chair nearby. She picked up a remote control and turned on the television, again, acting as if he was not even there. Leslie reached into a side drawer and pulled out a vibrator - a large one, with several controls.

After pressing "Play" on the remote control, Leslie began to stretch out on the couch, hanging one leg over the side so Corey could see a perfect view of her inner thighs and her exposed, shaved pussy - glistening wet still.

Leslie was watching the video tape she had made. The video tape of Corey sucking her strap on, sucking the cum out of it as if his life depended on it. The horribly humiliating experience he had just had. She was watching it, and masturbating. Again. Had she not seen enough of this video!?

When Corey shut his eyes, Leslie stood and walked over to him, only after hitting "Pause" on the machine. She reached around back to his exposed ball sac and tied a rope around it tightly, making him wince in pain. "Wait -" he said. "You don't have to -"

But she yanked. She yanked hard and he yelped in pain. Leslie gave him a warning look as she started to tighten the rope around his sac, spreading his balls. "If you stop paying attention and do not watch every MINUTE of this tape," she told him, "I will rip your ballsac right off. Understand?"

"After this video, after I cum," she told him as he tried to not stare blatantly at her naked, perfect body. "I am going to sit on your face and you are going to show me that you are capable of becoming my assboy. You know what that means?"

Corey just nodded. He didn't know what else to do.

Leslie smiled, and brought the vibrator to his lips. It was scented from her, it was damp with her pussy juices. "Kiss it," she ordered.

Corey kissed it, but before he could take it full into his mouth, she took it away, smiled, and returned to the couch to finish herself off.

A few more times.

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Fay took her time turning Nash into a sissy for her. She had to keep Nash chained up so he would not resist too much; but the shocking butt plug certainly helped to keep him in line.

First, she shaved the remaining body hair off of him and fitted him with breast forms that fit tightly against his chest underneath a very sexy red bra with lace trim. "This will have to do until I can get you scheduled for a permanent procedure..." she said matter-of-factly. Nash was mortified but hid it all; deep down, he hoped that he would somehow find a way to escape. Hopefully, before it was too late.

Fay seemed to get more and more turned on as Nash became more and more womanlike. When she forced him into a tight, short latex skirt over his pink panties, she commented that he had a fine ass. She made him put on thigh high stockings and garters, and when his fingers fumbled she applied a reminding electrical shock to his ass that brought him to his

knees. "Don't waste my time, bitch!" she hissed.

She put Nash into locking high heels that were painful for him to walk in. She had to remove the chains from between his ankles to get them into place, and once they were on, she fastened two small padlocks to them. The straps were locked over the tops of his ankles and he was faced with the fact that he could not get out of the 5 inch pumps even if he wanted to. They immediately started to hurt his ankles and made him feel awkwardly tall.

The most humiliating part for Nash was the hair and make up. She dressed him in a long, blonde wig and applied heavy make up to him, keeping him locked into a tight upright chair the whole time and pausing now and then to play with his balls and point out to him that his tiny cock was stiff at the treatment. "What little bit of a tiny dick you have there certainly likes being a sissy!" she laughed at him, flicking at his sensitive cock. She pressed a fingernail into his balls until he winced. This brought another smile to her face.

"I think you will be shocked at what you see!" she said, proud of her self. She made him stand by taking him by the chin and turned him to face the mirror. His mouth dropped in horror and humiliation. Not only did he look like a woman, he looked like a horribly ugly woman. It was the most humiliating thing he had ever seen!

As he stood there, looking at himself and trying to reconcile what he had just gone through, Kay pleasantly returned her things to the proper drawer and came back with a collar that she locked around his neck. It was pink with silver studs. It looked like a dog collar for a poodle. She attached a leash to it, and pulled. "Come along, my tart. You have some chores to do."

Nash hobbled along after her, ankles twisting in the heels as he walked like a lame animal. The plug throbbed in his ass and his entire body was scented like roses. He had never felt anything like it, and he was mortified.

He longed to be back trapped in her devilish pussy-panties, the ones that nearly suffocated him as he tried desperately to please her, the material shrinking around his face with every breath. That, at least, he knew how to do.

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