



## 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 12**

A few days came and went, and Leslie never permanently released Corey back into the hands of the guards to relinquish him to the jail cells. Instead, she "kept him around" for her amusement, pleased that after a long day of interrogating what she called "boring goons," she would come home and find him waiting for her.

"Waiting for her" meant positioned exactly as she had left him that morning. Usually, in a small, tight metal cage with his wrists locked on the outside of two bars in the front so he could not bring them inside, and his cock exposed and locked down to a bolt on the floor so he could not even lift his ass. A metal prod was inserted into his ass sometimes, designed in a way that it would shoot an electrical bolt through his ass if there was any fiddling with the lock on the door of the cage. This ensured that Corey would not get any wise ideas.

By the third day of this treatment, Corey knew it was time to go into the cage when she emerged from the shower wearing nothing but a soft violet robe, her gorgeous legs usually perfect in his view as he was never allowed to get up from all fours when she was in the room. He would skulkingly enter the cage and allow himself to be locked down, then wince, inhaling sharply, when the plug went into place.

"You look so helpless," she would coo at him, stroking his hair before shutting the door on the cage. He was a favorite prize of hers. And deep down, Corey knew that as long as he kept her amused and entertained he was delaying his inevitable fate of being executed, because they had all the information they needed from him. He was completely disposable because he had crumbled miserably under the interrogation of Leslie during the cock-sucking torture, and eventually told her everything.

Corey knew that he was probably going to live his life as her personal "pet" for amusement. He realized he better get used to it, because escape appeared to be impossible, and the only other alternative was death.

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Meanwhile, Nash was resisting his transformation to "Nashley" on a regular basis.

"What part of that USELESS MANHOOD deep inside you can you NOT GIVE YOU, pussy!?" Kay growled at him. Nash was strapped down on her bed in full lingerie and high heels, his cock taped down so tight between his legs that there was absolutely no hint of it. He was wearing high heels with

**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**  
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**Behind Closed Doors**  
**The Corporate Slut**

sparkles on them and a chiffon babydoll nightie. He looked like a complete whore in his bright red lipstick, make up and wig. But he once again was an awfully ugly woman. And he refused to look in a mirror.

The only way Kay could get him to look in a mirror was to torture his balls in a vice, and she hated doing that because that meant she had to remove his package from the tight panties that she loved so much.

"If I need to send you for a medical transformation, right now, a NON REVERSIBLE ONE, I will!" Kay threatened. She had already described the treatment to him many times; all of his hair would be removed permanently and he would be given several injections. Breasts would be medically added and finally his balls would be removed -- in a procedure while he was wide awake and watching.

Nash did not want this. Nash knew that if he went along as best he could, he could spare himself of that at least long enough to find an escape. But his instinct to resist was strong and he would often go through large periods that he fought Kay hard and made her flog him or paddle his ass until he broke down into tears. He found that these times she would get incredibly turned on and almost every time, after the beating, she'd sit on his face while he was still sobbing and make him lick her until orgasm, his ass still raw. She was the most sadistic woman he had ever met in his life, by far.

One day, to help "adjust Nash's thinking," Kay dressed him up as a maid of sorts in a latex outfit that was so hard to get on, she had to powder his entire body with a talcum. He was mostly chained up for this process because she knew he would resist like a snot and she'd end up having to beat him or take him to her special "slut bathroom" and turn him into a toilet (one time, she was so furious with him that she locked his face in the toilet device and then proceeded to call the entire floor of women -- 14 of them -- to come use her toilet for the night).

Nash found himself also plugged underneath a pair of locked latex panties. He was wearing pantyhose and high heels and a tight maid outfit with fake breasts and this time a short black bob wig. His makeup looked a little better, but he was still humiliated and mortified when someone came to the door. He had no idea why he even cared anymore, especially about enemies. They all were enemies, women or not, and he should not give a damn in what condition any of them saw him in.

"Oh, hello Natasha, come in," he heard Kay said. Nash looked up from his position, which was on the floor cleaning under her couch as she had instructed. He saw a tall blonde woman standing next to Kay in the door way.

Natasha was a tall, beautiful blonde in a business-type suit with perfectly painted nails and her hair pulled up with long, flowing large curls over her shoulders. She was thin but busty and had a very sweet face. In fact, the first thing Nash noticed about her was the way she looked at him. Almost -- sympathetically. She tilted her head, "Ohh, Kay, what did you

do to him, that's awful."

Nash felt himself blushing and just forced himself to look away. He did not want Kay to have the satisfaction of seeing him humiliated in front of this otherwise-normal appearing woman. It was too late; Kay was already walking over to him to lift him up by the chin and show her friend his face. "Isn't he the worst looking woman you have ever seen? Pathetic!"

Natasha said, softly, "Ohh, Kay. Why are you doing that to him?!"

Her voice was so sweet. So delicate. Nash looked at her -- hopefully. He felt something about her. He had a strong instinct about her. That maybe -- just maybe -- she could help him. If he was not dressed up so stupid, he knew she'd find it hard to resist his boyish good looks unlike Kay, the lesbian man-hating bitch.

"Hello," he said softly to Natasha.

Kay slapped him on the ass with a bare hand and he yelped. "Say it in your sissy voice!"

Embarrassed, Nash cleared his throat and tried again.

He said it again, this time soft. "Hello, Natasha."

Natasha walked over to Nash and looked him up and down slowly, again with a look on her face that could only be labeled as sympathy. She turned to Kay and said, "What did he look like before?"

Kay scoffed and walked into the kitchen to get something, muttering, "You don't want to know..."

While they were alone, Nash just looked up at Natasha to try to get a read of her emotions and she shook her head slightly at him and said, "I don't get why she does these things."

From the kitchen, Kay said loudly, "Hey your birthday is coming up soon. Maybe I'll have the little bitch come over and clean your place for you!"

Nash's heart jumped. He knew that was it -- an opportunity. Something. This woman standing there, this beautiful woman, he could tell she felt bad for him, felt sympathy for him. He could tell that he would have a chance with her, to romance her, or to talk sense into her. That is, if he wasn't dressed up in women's clothes looking like a fool!

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Corey was now wearing a collar and a leash, and was constantly being led around on it by Leslie. He had learned quite well how to "heel" because when he did not, he received a ruthless electrical shock to his ass. Or, if she had his balls leashed instead of his neck, she'd yank so hard he'd double over in pain.

Kneeling "at attention" at her feet, the helpless slave listened silently to her as she made phone calls. Mostly small talk, but

the last call was the one that scared him.

It was Katrina.

"Leslie, I have a new Domina Interrogatress on board, and she is exquisite. She's quite young thought, at 22, and simply beautiful. She's expert at everything but lacks your skills in the penetration department...."

Corey swallowed. He had a pit in his stomach.

"Leslie," she continued. "I was wondering if I could send her over to see you for a few hours and you can take her through the process. Show her your style. I know you are the best with the strap on and have learned to turn it into a weapon. I have a prisoner here I can send --- "

Leslie cut her off, putting her hand on Corey's head. "That won't be necessary. I have my own slave here to use. I can show your new little darling all about how to fuck a man in the ass and in the mouth, and to use it as a tool to break him..." She paused, then smiled at him. "Isn't that right, Corey?"

Katrina laughed on the other end. "Great. Go easy on her. Her name is Skye. She'll be there at 8."

Leslie smiled, "Great, see her then." After hanging up, she turned to Corey, who was looking up at her helplessly. "Well, I think we should get you prettied up for our little 22 year old. She's going to learn from the best -- and you're the crash test dummy! Let's prepare your ass, my slut..."

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