



## 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 15**

The cruel women did not even need to use shackles once they released Corey from the fuck table; he was too exhausted to move, let alone resist. He was almost unconscious - beaten, battered and bruised.

He was only left unrestrained for a short period of time, however. Leslie seemed to enjoy the mere sight of him bound and helpless, so she directed him to a reclined, plush leather chair. One she immediately strapped him to.

"Help me with this," Leslie instructed Skye, who was standing a few feet away, sucking her fingertips curiously, observing the lingering heat from her own hands from the residue of the cock she'd stroked between fucking the soldier's ass mercilessly. She found the residue minty, and the heat exciting.

Her hair was tousled and beads of perspiration were still present. Fucking Corey had taken a lot out of her, but Leslie seemed still full of energy. Skye watched her teacher and she tended to the straps around the soldier's ankles. Long, leather straps that were tightened around his naked ankles. His entire body looked worn, vulnerable. The scent of a man was overwhelming to her.

Once she had finished restraining his wrists, Leslie reached over and ruffled the man's hair, looking at him almost tenderly. "He'll be out of it for at least a half hour while the drug works its way through his system. Once he wakes up, he will be filled with a kind of desire that could drive a man to insanity."

Skye cocked an eyebrow, interested. "Really? What have you seen men do as a result of this drug?"

Leslie chuckled proudly, putting her hands on her hips and standing up straight. She was still looking at the bound and helpless sleeping Corey. "Oh, they will do ANYTHING, that's the beauty of it. The desire becomes madding - painful, unbearable. His balls will feel like they are going to explode. The touch of a woman will push him over the edge. If it were possible, he would ejaculate just from the scent of a woman!"

"But he can't?" Skye asked curiously, "He can't cum?"

Leslie grinned and looked at her counterpart. "He can't. It's physically impossible until I provide him with an antidote -or, milk him."

"Hmmm...milking," Skye mused, narrowing her eyes in concentration, "I like the sound of that."

**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**

"Let me show you the milker..." Leslie grinned, extending her hand. "He'll be out for a bit."

Intrigued, Skye followed her dangerous partner into a back room, an audible gasp from her lips when the lights were turned on.

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It was like nothing Skye had ever seen before. A reclined black leather chair with restraints (which she had seen many versions of), but with a large, intimidating machine next to it with multiple hoses, controls and pumps. Also visible were a variety of anal probes with different sized bulbs at the end of them, almost like a set of magic wands.

Leslie pulled one of the wands off of its base and held it up. "Each of these stimulators have a different method, but they all do the same thing. Once shoved far into the asshole of our victim, merely turn on the machine and you have it...a slow, painful milking!"

"You mean he'll cum? When you put that up his ass and turn it on?"

"Oh, no, he won't have an orgasm. He will be MILKED, that's a big difference. When I turn it on, it expands and vibrates deep inside of him and pushes the cum out of him, dripping it from his cock. He will have no pleasure from that, no pleasure at all! In fact, if he resists, it will be incredibly painful!"

Skye picked up one of the clear medical hoses that was hanging down. "And what is this for? Does this suck the cum out of his cock?"

"Exactly," Leslie smiled, taking it from her. "We slip this over that useless piece of meat and can either pump it out of him - which, under some circumstances, he might even find pleasurable - or, use it to just collect the specimen for storage." Leslie waved her hand at a row of empty, unlabeled jars. "I wasn't kidding when I told him I was going to milk him over and over again and store his own cum. It will come in handy, TRUST ME!"

Skye beamed. The devices in front of her were so evil, so intimidating. She was eager to get started and she wanted to learn.

Meanwhile, Leslie turned to pause a moment, imagining what Corey would soon look like strapped down in the milker. She wondered if he'd look at her again with those big, strong eyes and appear tender, helpless, like he had before. She missed looking at his mouth, and for the first time in a long while, she found herself thinking of what it would be like to kiss a man.

No, she corrected herself. She was thinking about what it would be like to kiss THAT man.

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The first thing Corey was aware of when he woke up was an

intensely painful erection. Groaning to himself, he was reminded that it was not the first time he woke up with painful arousal. This time, though, it was just different.

It only took a moment for him to come back to the present, his current hellish reality, and recall that he was the prisoner of two sadistic women who had been experimenting on him like he was a guinea pig with a penis. He recalled at once that the stunning Leslie had used an ejaculating cock to force him to ingest some sort of chemical. A chemical designed to make him insane with the need to orgasms.

Well, he pondered, it worked. But the painful aching in his balls was nothing compared to his sore mouth and asshole, both stretched and slightly torn from the dual dildo fucking he had endured an hour before. He stretched what he could in the slight slack he had around his wrists and ankles, shackled to a reclining leather chair.

Female voices caused him to look up, and he saw Leslie and Skye enter the room, both with matching schoolgirl-like mischievous grins and giggles. They were already having too much fun. He swallowed hard. Then, he realized, his balls were really, really starting to hurt. In fact, the throbbing was quickly turning into pounding. A pounding impossible to ignore. It must have had something to do with looking at the two beautiful women, he realized. He looked away.

"Good morning, loverboy!" Leslie beamed, leaning over to squeeze his cheeks between her fingers as she leaned in close to him. He could smell her perfume, the subtle scent of feminine sweat on her skin. Her cleavage was a few inches from his face and directly in his line of vision. As if that wasn't enough, she pushed his head forward and into her breasts with a shove and said, "Give them a kiss!"

Slightly smothered, he let out a muffled groan and she released his head. He looked up slowly, swallowing, and held her gaze. Slightly defiant, but still showing some signs of delicate surrender.

Leslie caught his gaze and pondered him for a moment. He was, she realized again, quite handsome. Even though he was battered and bruised. In fact, she listened to instinct for a moment and leaned over to put her mouth on his.

He turned his head away.

Infuriated, Leslie took him by the chin. He flinched.

"Uh oh," Skye chuckled in the background.

Corey winced and inhaled painfully, his eyes shut tight as she held him in her grip.

"How dare you!" she hissed, digging her nails into his flesh.

He gasped in pain again and said, softly between whimpers, "I'm sorry - it's --- it's ---"

"It's WHAT!?" she demanded impatiently.

"My mouth hurts, I'm sorry. I'll kiss you, I'll do it -"

She let go, giving his chin a shove. "Maybe I don't want to kiss you anymore. Maybe I just LOST INTEREST, what little interest I had in you. Did you ever think of that? Or are you too busy thinking about that cock?"

Leslie reached down and took his stiff, naked cock into her grip and squeezed. He shifted his hips. She slid her hand down more and cupped his balls, rolling them between her fingers. "Ohh, nice and full! You have a nice load of cum waiting, don't you? You want to cum, don't you?"

Corey was breathing hard, tense, holding very still. He was looking up at her, his gaze fixed on her face. He put his aching balls out of his mind. Nearly breathless, he said, "I want to kiss you."

Leslie was taken for a moment. She continued massaging his balls, but looked at him. First at his eyes, then at his lips, which were indeed swollen and slightly bruised. "That's a request I haven't heard from a man suffering from the drug I just gave you. A kiss won't stop that aching in your balls, are you that stupid?"

Leslie pondered that it must be some sort of trick; Corey was not a man to be trusted, no matter how broken he was. Certainly he must have something up his sleeve to do with this kiss he asked for. So, as much as she did want to kiss him, there was no way she would do it at his request. Both for safety, and for ego's sake.

"Here," Skye leaned over from behind. She was holding a large cock-shaped gag. "Shut up Mr. Romance so we can milk him. I want to see this, my panties are soaked. I need to cum worse than he does!"

Corey just looked at Leslie, solemn, not taking his eyes off hers, as Skye pushed the phallic latex object into his mouth. Finally, when she pulled it tight, he winced and shut his eyes, only to open them a second later and look at Leslie with misty eyes.

Skye was not wasting any time. She had the gag locked in place and was pulling her weapon to Corey's side as she reached for the restraints.

Leslie leaned down, smiling at him, watching the helpless expression in his eyes, and started to slowly stroke his vulnerable cock. She slid her hand up and down, turning ever so slightly, using just the right amount of pressure.

Corey could not help but shut his eyes, arch his back and shift his hips. Eyes closed, he could not believe what happened next.

He felt her lips wrapped around his cock. She was going down on him. She was holding him by the hips and slowly using her tongue and lips, sliding up and down his shaft, holding his balls in one hand. She was teasing him, torturing him.

Indeed, the aching pound in his balls turned into a horrific pain. He had never wanted so bad to cum. He bit down on the gag, he gasped what he could, he shifted his hips, he tried to pump. He was writhing in pain, desperate.

Suddenly, Leslie stopped. She licked her lips as he opened his eyes to look at her, pleadingly. "You should have kissed me," she told him. "When you had the chance."

Breathing hard through his nose, Corey had never felt so vulnerable and horny.

"Let's milk this bitch," Leslie said as she stood and turned.

Staring longingly at her fine ass, Corey swallowed hard. He knew what was about to happen was going to be a miserable experience.

But still, all he could think about was kissing her.

And, the beauty in the curves of her ass as she sauntered away.

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