



## 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**

### SALS Chapter 16

Corey had never been fastened to such a device, and it was probably the only situation that could take his mind of his painful erection, which was way beyond excruciating.

He was strapped down by both ladies, who seemed to become more and more aroused by his helpless situation. His legs were up in the air and over his head, leaving him to stare up at his own stiff erection when he wasn't keeping his eyes shut or looking longingly at Leslie's tight ass.

Leslie had caught a few of Corey's stolen glances. At first she found them pretentious and infuriating and considered blindfolding him. Then, she realized he was sincerely admiring her form; most men who were victim of the drug that drove them insane with arousal were way too busy focusing on their own cock - begging for release, begging for orgasm, begging to be able to touch it - begging, simply, for attention to their manhood. Disgusting, she recalled.

No, Corey was different. He stared at her longingly, one time even licking his lips. It was as if he used gazing at her beauty to take his mind off of the desperate situation he was in.

Skye was wasting no time; Leslie found her immediately lubricating the milking rod that would soon be inserted up their victim's ass. Corey didn't watch her, nor did he seem to care. He also didn't struggle. Leslie watched him remain still, still except for his breathing.

She removed the gag finally, eager to hear what he had to say.

"You like looking at my ass, don't you?" she finally smiled at him, putting a hand under his chin.

Corey tilted his head toward her, closing his eyes a little, as if comforted by her touch, oblivious of everything else. "Yes," he said. "You don't need truth drugs to make me confess that I've never wanted any woman more than I do right now."

"Ha!" Leslie scoffed at him, sensing Skye peering over with interest at the unfolding conversation. "You're just saying that because you'd do anything to cum!" she said to him. "You're simply thinking of sticking that manmeat into my pussy for a ride - just so you can squirt your load!"

Corey looked at her, and then at the rod that Skye was holding. After thinking for a second, he turned back to Leslie and said, "Actually, I'm thinking more about you cumming

**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**

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**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**

than me."

Leslie raised her eyebrows. "I've never heard this approach before. Bordering on desperate, I must say."

"Let's milk him, " Skye said eagerly, interrupting, and bustling through to the front with the rod in her gloved hand. It glistened with lubricant.

Leslie smiled, and told Skye, "Go ahead," barely hearing Corey whisper up to her once more, his voice down low.

She turned to him as Skye spread his ass cheeks apart with a padded one-handed device, allowing her to maneuver the rod with her free hand.

Corey looked seriously at Leslie. "You can milk me, I don't care if I don't cum," he said sincerely. "But I'd do anything to give you pleasure right now."

Leslie lowered her brows at him, slightly stunned. She watched his expression carefully, searching for honesty. She figured this was the most ridiculous attempt at seduction in hopes of getting mercy she had ever seen. But Corey did indeed look sincere, even as he paused to wince when the rod entered his ass,

"Hot!" Skye observed, pushing the metal deeper and deeper into his ass. She watched with glee as he squeezed his cheeks together in futile resistance; it was much too lubricated and he was in way too tight a position to even wiggle. Soon, it was all the way inside.

Leslie pondered Corey for a moment as she fastened a tube around his cock, which was still painfully erect and pointing straight down into his own face. When her hands touched his cock he quivered all over, shut his eyes, and let out a soft moan of pleasure. She smirked.

Once the tube was in place, assured it would collect every last drop of semen once the rod did its job of milking, Leslie paused to take her finger and run it down from his forehead over his nose. Once again, Corey squirmed what he could with apparent delight, moaning, His cock began to drip milky white fluid, and the milking process had not even been started yet.

"You really do get off on my mere presence, don't you?" she cooed into his ear.

He groaned.

Leslie turned to Skye, who was eager to start pressing buttons and get the show on the road. "Don't turn on the milker yet," she said with authority. "Not until I'm good and ready."

At that point, Leslie reached under the reclined table Corey was on and found a lever that lowered it. It lowered until it was waist level for her, at which point she merely smiled at the helpless soldier and casually turned around, preparing to

lower her ass onto his face.

Skye gasped. "What are you doing?!"

There was an audible moan of pleasure from Corey as his face was covered. Leslie was wearing a skin tight latex bodysuit which formed perfectly to the contours of his face, and she felt him breathe right through the material. She could not deny that it made her wet; in fact, she found herself rubbing against his face quite naturally, snickering a little at him at the same time.

"Bet loverboy wishes he could use his tongue right now," Leslie teased.

Corey moaned. Indeed, it was all he could think about. Although trapped under her ass and barely able to breathe, he found himself not thinking about his painful erection any longer. In fact, all he could think about was her ass, and how it must taste.

Leslie dismounted for a moment, bending over and looking teasingly at the eyes of her victim. He was breathing hard, staring intently at her. He was transfixed, in a daze, obsessed it seemed with her body, her ass.

Leslie reached under and slowly unzipped the crotch area of the bodysuit, all the way up to the top of her ass, leaving her body exposed underneath. The mere sight of this made Corey squirm, attempt to speak, but he merely remained there gazing at her.

Skye was perplexed. "What are you doing? What about the milking?"

"I want to see just how sincere this fucktoy is. If what he says is true, I'll be well aware of it in a moment!" Leslie said. She slowly lifted a leg over his head and again sat on his face, this time exposing her completely naked ass to his nose and mouth. For good measure, she pressed down quite firmly, bouncing ever so slightly so she could examine all the features of his face by touch.

Without a moment of hesitation, Corey began to lick her ass adoringly; he savored the taste of her and ignored the fact that he could barely breathe. All he was aware of was the warmth of her ass and the aroma that consumed him. He wanted more.

Leslie wasn't sure if she was more turned on by the fact that his cock was indeed dripping furiously into the tube without the aid of the milker, or that his tongue was so precise and diligent as it explored her ass from the inside out. She found herself grinding against his face in no time, riding him like he was a favorite sex toy.

Skye was amazed by all of this. She had not even turned on the milker to its lightest setting, yet Corey's cock was producing drop after drop of semen. It was as if he was slowly cumming!

Corey wasn't the only one that was cumming, though. It had been quite a long time that Leslie had felt what she was feeling, especially from a man. But his tongue was so talented, it was only a matter of a few minutes that she was on the edge, and she could not believe she was about to climax from a mere asslicking. But, she was.

When she came, she pressed down so hard on his face and for such an extended period of time that Corey felt he was about to pass out. It was all he could do to stay conscious, but he was lost in it, in the sounds she made and the way her body rocked on his face. He was completely unaware, for a few moments, of what was going on with his own cock.

That is, until she dismounted. The moment she was gone, he lifted his head painfully, his neck sore. He saw, right over him, his own cock producing load of semen. He wasn't cumming, however. In fact, it was quite painful.

Skye had turned on the machine just as Leslie came; and he was experiencing one of the most excruciating things ever. He was ejaculating without having an orgasm.

He missed, more than anything, the warmth and pleasure of being under Leslie's fine ass. All he could do is shut his eyes tightly and wait for the pain to subside, trying hard to keep himself from screaming.

He basked what he could in the remnants of her scent, and then suddenly fell unconscious from the experience.

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