



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 17

Leslie found herself thinking about Corey way too much after her latest interrogation. She was thinking about the way his tongue felt in her pussy, about how desperate he was to please her. She was thinking about how his desire to please appeared not to be motivated by his own orgasm, like the drug was designed, but by his attraction to her.

Leslie was used to men being attracted to her, but she hated men for the most part, and was comfortable as a lover to women only. Corey's image, the thoughts of his helplessness and the way he whimpered helplessly were things that were making her wet. She fought her own arousal, but couldn't help wondering about him, about when she would see him again. She found herself coming up with excuses and reasons to interrogate him again, even after she'd banished him to a remote cell for the night so he could "get his thoughts together."

She knew that to call him back would make her appear weak. She could not have that at all.

With Skye gone, Leslie had some time to herself, so she cleaned her place and read through some files for an upcoming project. She realized that she had too much energy to sleep, and too much sexual energy to do anything but think about her lust and desire to see a man helpless.

That's it, she thought to herself. She needed a distraction. A male distraction. Someone to remind her of every reason she was not sexually or emotionally attracted to a man or needed his tongue.

Picking up the phone, Leslie punched in Katrina's number and said to the recording, "Call me when you get this. I can't sleep, and could use some overtime. What've you got for me?"

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"I must say, you are a machine," Katrina said to Leslie as she walked around her large desk to hand her a file. It was 4am, and Katrina had just entered her office when Leslie's message came through. "Good timing, too. I've got a bastard of a prisoner we brought in last night. A real attitude, a real macho...macho kind of guy. Obviously doesn't respect women, nor does he think we can get anything out of him."

Leslie smirked as she flipped through the file to read the information and study the questions she was going to ask the soldier. "He hasn't met me yet."

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
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**

"Exactly," Katrina smiled. "You look...distracted. Is everything ok?"

Leslie shut the file with finality. "Yes," she lied. "I've just got a lot of energy for some reason. I might as well put it to good use. Where's the meat?"

"He's in prisoner cell block eleven," Katrina said, yawning. "Strapped down, waiting for you."

"Perfect."

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The soldier's name was Roger. He was a man of about 38 with a fine build and short cut hair, masculine to the core and extremely strong. The restraints they had to use on him were of the highest grade.

Roger was strapped to a low table by the wrists and ankles, spread eagled. Additional heavy leather straps were over his chest, hips and thighs for good measure, and he his mouth was taped shut with heavy silver electrical tape. Apparently the guards had heard enough of him.

Leslie walked in slowly, wearing her tight black latex pants and low cut matching top, which was stylish yet intimidating, and with her body it left most men in a puddle. Roger regarded her with a glare and a scoff through his gag, unimpressed.

"I think I'm going to enjoy this," she smiled, rolling a chair over and sitting down so she was eye level with the helpless man, who had his head turned toward her to glare. She crossed her legs and the sound of rubber against rubber was clear. She loved that sound.

This man in front of her was bound completely naked, and he was hairy. "The first thing I'm going to do is remove all the hair from your body except your eyebrows. We'll see how macho you feel after that. Then, I'm going to find out how much your asshole can accommodate with our latest technology, and open you up to take a semi-permanent plug that will bring you to your knees at the push of a button."

Leslie smiled, noting how Roger's breathing changed and he looked at her now with a bit of an incredible expression, as if to say, "You've got to be kidding me."

"Then, I'm going to break that fragile male ego of yours piece by piece until you are nothing but a whimpering sissy girl. You are going to not even recognize yourself, Roger. You are going to be a little girl for me, a pathetic sissy toy for me and my friends to use. You'll find that your only purpose is to amuse me and my girlfriends, and any shred of masculinity will be but a fond memory. That is, if I let you keep your balls."

That got Roger's attention.

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Leslie found herself slipping comfortably into her role at once. She was incredibly turned on when she was humiliating Roger, and twice she had to pause and unzip her skintight pants to have access to her wet pussy, and often left the zipper just hanging open. She'd lightly move her fingers over her clit, or even slide one or two into her pussy while watching her assistant, a petite Asian woman named Belle, shave the prisoner's testicle and ass area.

Leslie never did the shaving herself. She liked to sit back and watch, sit back and sometimes smoke or simply pleasure herself. Sometimes she put on light music, sometimes she talked on the telephone. She always watched though, and she loved the way sweet Belle did her job. She also loved Belle's body in the tight little black nurse-type outfit.

When Belle finished and excused herself, Leslie stood up and walked around the table to take inventory, running her gloved fingers over Roger's freshly shaved, slightly pink skin. All over, including his balls and his crotch, up his ass crack and his armpits. "Aren't you soft and silky," she teased. His dick looked slightly larger after the shaving, but it was still limp and appeared undersized.

"Usually after a shaving, a man's dick looks impressive," she commented, taking his soft cock into her palm. "But I'm afraid there's not much use for this tiny piece of meat. Look at it. You call that a cock? What are you, the size of my pinky?"

Roger groaned in humiliation, not looking at the woman. He had his fists clenched, and she knew if the tape was not over his mouth he'd probably be shouting obscenities. Oh how men hated to have their cocks ridiculed.

But Roger's deserved ridiculing. So Leslie measured it, shook her head and wrote down a number. She then reached up and brought a tube down that was attached to a hose, and slid his limp member into it. "This will pump you to full size," she informed him. "Let's see what you have going on there."

When she flipped the machine on, it made a whooshing noise and sucked his cock hard. Roger inhaled deeply, arched his back and squealed in pain as the machine pumped and pumped.

"I know it feels like your testicles are going to be ripped off," she smiled, peering into the tube. "But don't worry, we have another device for that. Let's see. Oh.. oh dear. This is worse than I thought."

Roger whimpered. His dick was pulsing in the tube, but it wasn't getting much larger necessarily, just more plump, no matter how hard the machine pumped.

Leslie flipped another lever casually, "This one will increase your length to the full capacity. Hopefully this will help."

Roger thrashed about in pain and humiliation, but all Leslie could do is chuckle.

"There's barely been a difference!" she gasped. "No wonder you are such a belligerent asshole! No wonder you detest women! Roger, you have no cock!"

Leslie leaned forward and watched the tube, watched his cock throbbing painfully inside, now only about 4 inches long. She shook her head and shut off the machine, watching his dick shrivel instantly, left red and twitching. She pushed the machine away.

"Usually, this is the time when I take my deserved break, and fuck a man. I make his dick erect with the machine, and I mount him, riding him like an object until I have had my fill. It's a little method to break the ice, Roger."

He wasn't looking at her. He couldn't.

"But suffice to say, you don't have what I need, Roger. In fact, I wonder if you are a man at all," Leslie continued, walking over to a drawing to get a few things. "Regardless, I still need my break, and I still want my fuck. And you're the only man around here, if I can call you a man."

Leslie returned with a harness and what appeared to be a double sided dildo. "I guess this will have to do."

Roger looked at the contraption in her hand. It was leather, and the dildo was fastened in the middle with one phallic shaped end, a little shorter, on one end, and one large dildo facing out the other.

Leslie peeled off the tape and expected a barrage of insults or screaming, but he just let out his breath and licked his lips, struggling a little.

"Open wide, tiny-dick," she said. She pushed the shorter cock-shaped piece of rubber into his mouth and reached around to strap the harness in place, leaving the large cock pointing straight upward, stiff and ready for attention.

"Now that's a real cock," she smiled, reaching to a lever that lowered the table so she could straddle his head with ease, standing with legs spread right over him.

Leslie unzipped the crotch of her latex pants again, this way all the way up so she could spread her pussy lips with ease. She was freshly shaved and she loved the sensation, and she was so looking forward to the full feeling of having the cock deep inside of her.

She wasn't even looking down at her victim at first, just enjoying fingering her pussy right above him, circulating the moisture to prepare her for the cock. She slowly lowered herself onto it, sliding down carefully and groaning as it was quite tight at first. "Now that's a cock," she cooed, shifting her hips to fully take the rubber inside of her, feeling her warm thighs now sandwiching his face.

She just sat there for a moment, sighing with pleasure, knowing that her moisture was on his face now, that he was

surrounded by her smell and taste but gagged and could do nothing about it. Leslie looked over her shoulder at his crotch, where his limp cock had sprung to its pathetic attention of maybe four inches. "What a waste," she sighed, flicking it with a finger.

Leslie then started to move on the dildo, holding the top edges of the table for leverage so she could really get a rhythm going. She was lifting her body up and down, pressing and grinding with each thrust, slamming his head down. She could hear the back of his head rammed over and over against the metal table, and she wondered if she was giving him a concussion.

Roger was helpless to do anything, and when she peered down after some time she saw his face smeared with moisture. She laughed. "You like that, Roger? You like pussy juice all over your face?"

Leslie turned around again and saw his cock was pulsing, and glistening a little at the tip. "Pathetic," she laughed, leaning back without even dismounting, and reaching up to pull down a plastic tube attached to a vial. She unscrewed it, and slid it down over his hard cock. After snapping it into place, she merely flipped a switch above her and his body started to convulse.

"Fasted orgasm I've seen!" she exclaimed. "So not only are you a tiny dick, you're a quick draw!? Do you even know what it FEELS like to have sex?!"

Leslie laughed, still pumping, reaching back and removing the container attached to the tube. The small container was full of fresh, white cum. She shook it. "Nice. For a small dick, you produce a lot of cum."

Roger was groaning, probably slightly in pain from the immediate milking of his cock. Leslie slowly dismounted, lifting one leg off over his head. His face was glistening with her juices. Leslie unscrewed the wet dildo from the top, the dildo she'd been so passionately fucking. Once it was removed, she smiled at it, looking it up and down, and then began slowly licking her own moisture from it. "Mmmmm," she said. "Now that's good lust." She began to deep throat it also, leaving Roger there helpless to watch, still gagged.

"I bet you didn't notice that cock gag had a little hole at the end," she smiled. She opened the cup of cum, and began pouring it into the hole of the gag. It filled up the hollow cock that was in his mouth. "It's pretty convenient," she smiled. He started to gag, but she knew it was just dripping slightly down his throat.

Leslie reached over and picked up a small piece of plastic, shaped exactly to fill the inside of the gag where she'd just poured the cum. "This will get it out of there," she smiled, pushing it slowly into the open hole. As a result, all the cum she'd poured in was pushed into his mouth, in a slow, steady stream.

Roger thrashed what he could, gagging, choking, refusing to

take it down.

Leslie laughed. "Oh please. Like I haven't seen this before!" She stood and lifted a leg over his head again, lowering herself and putting her crotch right over the hole, positioning herself with precision. "Let me wash that down for you," she said, and she tightened her thighs so he could not move his head at all.

Then, with a sigh, she began to piss into the hole, just at the right speed to fill it up and make a steady warm stream that he'd be forced to swallow down. She smiled and plugged his nose with two fingers, "Just in case you get any ideas."

Roger had no choice but to guzzle, guzzle as fast as he could.

Leslie just smiled, and said, "This is just the start, Roger. This is just a little get-to-know-you. Next, I will start to work on your ass."

Roger groaned, his face wet, swallowing in huge gulps.

Leslie was pleased, and for a brief moment realized thoughts of Corey were all but gone. She was back to her old self, and feeling extremely aroused about it.

To be continued...