



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 Chapter 20

Leslie tried not to appear rushed as she made her way to Skye's corridor, but there was no hiding that she was. A sense of excitement filled her; the idea that she would see Corey again was somehow thrilling in a way completely unfamiliar to her. She'd been kidding herself when she considered Roger a worthy distraction; Roger was already long gone from her mind, left with an assistant to finish his anal fitting.

Skye's quarters were clean and ominous. Leslie walked through the long hallway into the back interrogation room, already looking cool and calm. She did not want this prisoner to think she'd even considered him for a moment since the last time she left him.

The sight of naked, vulnerable Corey, bent over a silver medical table seemed to immediately bring a flush to Leslie's cheeks. The man had such a fine ass. She noted how securely Skye had fastened him down on the milking table, his legs spread wide and his ass vulnerable to the probe.

Skye was nearly naked, which did not surprise Leslie. The beauty was glistening with sweat herself, quite pleased, and seemed to have a glow about her. She was wearing the latest strap on from the lab, the silver model with the tube attachment. Leslie suddenly envied her counterpart, wondering how far she'd been able to take the soldier.

"Look who's here!" Skye exclaimed, taking Corey by a fistful of hair at the back of the head and lifting it sharply.

Corey's lips were slightly bruised, his eyes red. His hair, disheveled, was glued down against his face with sweat. He had that same look on his face she'd seen before – a look of tormented desire, almost. A look of intense affection, or desperation, and it had nothing to do with the interrogation.

Skye let go of the prisoner's head and it dropped back down. He didn't speak a word. She walked over to Leslie and leaned over, lowering her voice. "The good news is that the new cum-shooting strap on works better than we had ever imagined; he is completely milked dry. And that made him ready to spill more than just his seed."

Skye paused, looked over at him for a second, then looked back at her friend and lowered her voice even more. "The bad news is, he said he'll only spill to you."

Leslie raised her eyebrows at Skye. Confessions were one thing; but for a prisoner to request a specific interrogator to speak with was unheard of. She suspected him immediately,

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

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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**

and knew it must be a trick.

"You told him to kindly fuck off, didn't you?" Leslie smirked.

Finally, Corey made a sound. He lifted his head slightly and said, softly, "Leslie, I'll tell you. I'll --- I'll talk to you."

Leslie narrowed her eyes at him, suspicious. She slowly walked over to him as Skye watched from behind, amused. Slowly, deliberately, she took Corey's chin in her gloved hand. Indeed, he looked spent. It was as if she could see in his eyes that he'd been milked of every last drop of his own cum, and made to consume every last drop. "You expect me to believe this story? Do you take me for some sort of fool? This is a delay tactic, a trick, or you're just assuming once again that your charm will spare you."

Corey kept eye contact with her, and said simply, "It's all I have."

Leslie was about to laugh – because she didn't know what else to do – but Skye interrupted her with a hand on her shoulder.

"Let me show you, before I forget," Skye said. "I've learned something new, with this strap on. You'll like this," she smiled.

Immediately, Corey tensed. He pulled his stare away from Leslie and buried his head down as if trying to hide, as if not seeing anything would mean that he was not really there. Skye, meanwhile, was stroking the strap on cock she was wearing as if to make it start running on its own. She maneuvered the medical table with a lever and manipulated his ass cheeks for a moment, removing a silver probe and replacing it with the cock she was wearing.

Leslie watched, her arms folded. Corey would not look up. He would not even lift his head, even as Skye's thrusts came harder and deeper, ramming the table, making the entire thing rattle with her pumping. She was gripping him by the hips, gritting her teeth, hissing obscenities at him. Leslie found the entire display to actually be a turn on, and she found herself getting wet again. Her thoughts wandered immediately to Corey's tongue, and how it would feel deep inside of her pussy.

Just as the momentum was peaking, Skye reached over and took Corey by a fistful of hair from behind, pulling it back hard, forcing him to raise his face so he could be seen clearly by Leslie. And Leslie recognized what she saw instantly; Corey was about to cum!

He wasn't being milked, no. Nor were any of the devices turned on. He was reaching this state of arousal, despite how much he tried to resist (and she could tell – he was resisting with all his energy) just from the sheer sensation of the ass fucking. He was actually going to cum from being fucked in the ass, despite the circumstances.

It was only a few seconds later that it happened. Corey let out

a low growl through clenched teeth and his hips bucked uncontrollably. Watching him endure this involuntary orgasm only turned Leslie on more. She wanted to be the one fucking him. She wanted to be fucking him free of shackles, but have him on his hands and knees offering himself up to her for the sheer purpose of pleasing her.

Out of breath, Skye pulled back away from the soldier and slapped his ass cheeks twice. "This man - " she breathed - "Is the biggest whore I've ever seen."

Leslie stared at the crumbled heap of Corey, and saw that his eyes were peering up, only for a brief second, from under wet bangs. He was ashamed, shifting in his bonds, his body straining and shuddering.

She thought for just a few moments, and then made a decision. "Skye," she said, walking closer to the medical table. "I think I want to see how sincere he is about this confession, about how he is ready to share his private information with me."

Skye scoffed. "Yeah, we know how that will go. He's full of shit."

Leslie slowly removed her gloves as she approached. She reached over and touched him flesh on flesh for the first time since she entered the room, and when her hand brushed the side of his face he leaned into it, rather than pulling away. She paused, thinking, and then agreed. "Yes, I believe he is," she said. "But I'm going to find out, and if he's jerking my chain, he's going to be done away with."

Corey lifted his head, slowly, and looked at Leslie. "And if I'm not?"

Leslie smiled. "Then....then you might find yourself spending quite a lot of time with me, prisoner."

To be continued

