



Stories

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Making Daniel Cum

"You've got to be joking." I hissed at my boss, dropping my briefcase on the desk with a sneer.. I was in no mood for this.

"No, I wish I were," he lowered his eyes, sighing. "But apparently we need, it, we need his semen. That's where it's hidden."

"Take a blood sample," I snapped, pacing, hands on my hips. "I'm sure that will give you what you want."

My boss shook his head at me. "Andrea, we need a semen sample, we need a vial. They've got the chemical in there, we have proof. Just go in there and use the device the doctor left. This will be your quickest interrogation yet."

I had to scoff, to just shake my head at him. "This borders on sexual harassment!" I snapped, shaking a gloved finger at him. I wasn't even completely sure, it might have been a joke, or he might have just been being a dirty old pervert wanting to watch me jack off some military spy while he watched behind a steamed up two-way mirror.

"After this, you owe me big," I glared at him, picking up my things. "Once I get your precious vial of cum, I'm out of here."

He seemed to almost be hiding a smirk, I don't know if my rage amused him.

As I left I snapped over my shoulder, "And I don't want to be watched."

Standing in the all-too familiar interrogation room I read through the half-assed notes with impatience, tossing them aside and fumbling through drawers impatiently. Nothing mattered, the drugs, the pain-inflicting devices. I needed a vial of cum. I scoffed, amused at that point.

The only thing I had to fear was that he was impotent. Other than that, my boss was right. I could get him to cum within minutes.

But the device was sitting there on the counter. A rubber and plastic contraption, some sort of surreal twisted masturbatory wet dream for any given 13-year old, I smirked. I handled it for a moment, looked at the pump, the grips. I licked my lips and just shook my head. The things they come up with to replace a woman.

A rattling at the door made me turn. They were bringing him

in. The man with the penis of gold, I smirked. Must be any guy's wet dream, to have his cum so valuable.

It took three men to bring him in, I was impressed. He was my age, strong, confident, a bit bruised but not damaged. He didn't look tired, he looked pissed off. He saw me and through gritted teeth growled, "Hi," which I found strange.

"Strap him to the chair," I ordered as I walked behind them, taking eye contact with him. "Make sure his legs are good and spread for me."

"But I don't even know your name," he snapped back at me as they pinned him in the heavy leather interrogation chair.

I walked over and adjusted the lights on him as they strapped him down, smiling at him. "You can call me Andi. I'm the bitch that wants your cock."

"Get in line," he sneered.

"Ooh, you are quite a little tease, aren't you? What's the secret, are you gay? I can have one of my men here go down on you just as easily, if that's what it takes."

I got a few worried looks from my men but I waved my hand at them as my prisoner laughed, squirming just for the sake of being a pain in the ass as they finished strapping down his ankles, his wrists.

I went back to the counter and picked up the rubber milking device, eying it curiously, walking back over and setting it on the tray next to the chair as they finished with the last straps over his waist and chest.

His struggling had pretty much ceased but he was breathing hard through clenched teeth, his short hair dripping sweat down into his eyes, There was a faint bruise under his eyes that looked almost pretty in the light, I noticed.

I checked my notes for his name and went to him, pushing my men aside and telling them to wait outside. "So, Daniel." I said as the last of them left the room and closed the door. I leaned over into the chair so my blouse opened at the top, my cleavage visible.

He kept his eyes on the light above him. His wrists were clenched in tight fists, his breathing steady now, confident.

"My doctor gave me a little cocksucking device to strap on you. I guess they don't think you have much willpower. Four, five minutes and my little test tube is going to be full of your precious cum."

His eyes slowly moved to mine and he looked at me. He said nothing. He had no expression on his face.

"I guess you've never been interrogated by a woman before."

"Not unless you count my mother."

"Your mother didn't hurt you the way I can."

"I don't know," he grinned at me a little, "She had this wooden spoon..."

"Have you ever been gagged?" I snapped, leaning closer against the chair. His eyes fell to my breasts then back up at my eyes. "I really don't even need any information, you know. No confessions, no codes, no information on your contacts. Your mouth, your brain, your *life* is shit to me, Daniel. What I need," I grinned, evil, reaching down between his legs, "Is *here*".

I gave Daniel's crotch a firm, painful squeeze, making him inhale sharply and twist in his bonds. He shut his eyes tight, held his breath, and just sat as I held him by the balls, smirking at him.

"Isn't that ironic? You are the envy of every man, Daniel. You live and die by what is contained in your cock. This is more fun than I had even imagined."

I let go and he gasped in relief, shaking his head and breathing deeply. His eyes moved to mine and he watched me pace the floor. I picked up the device again and looked at him.

He looked at me, then the device, then back at me. He appeared confident, still almost amused.

I set it down, picked up my scissors, and started cutting his trousers away.

And so he sat there, strapped to the chair, his legs spread wide and his thighs and ankles strapped apart, breathing hard as I fumbled with this advanced version of a man-pleaser. I muttered to myself, thinking about directions, thinking about how much easier it would be to just give him a handjob and deal with the mess.

He was breathing steady through clenched teeth. "So what happens after I cum?"

I didn't look up from him as I fiddled with the tube that led to an automated pump, thinking to myself. "I don't know, you ask me to marry you?" I said without hesitation.

He laughed, probably sucking up to my bad jokes, watching me unlatch the pump and lower it to his cock.

"In all reality," I said as I slid his flaccid member carefully into the latex tubing. "They'll probably execute you." I smiled and looked at him but he was looking down at his cock. "I guess that might ruin the mood, huh?"

He bit his lip and didn't look at me. "I don't know, they say fear of death makes gets some guy's off," he hissed.

I locked the device around his hips and shrugged, "Doesn't matter, you'll cum either way. I'll leave you be with the pleasure pump, Daniel." I flipped the switch to "ON" and it

made a low rumbling noise.

He tensed, arched his back, shut his eyes tight, and gasped.

I turned to walk away and he managed to gasp, " Don't I even get a dirty magazine?"

I left him there for several minutes, my back to him as I flipped through a magazine at the counter. I listened to the rhythmic pumping of the machine as it milked his cock mercilessly, I listened to his careful, painful breathing as he fought to hold on.

I yawned and looked at my watch.

Time passed and I heard no audible groans of climax from him so I turned and walked back slowly. His eyes were shut hard in concentration, his hair now dripping with sweat. His hips seemed to almost move without will under the straps, pumping up against the device that squeezed and pulled at his bound cock.

I looked down with amusement, lowering my head level with his cock to see it encased in the little tomb, hard now, pulsating. Tiny drops of precum glistened at the tip, but that was not enough. I reached over and slid my nails under his exposed balls and he gasped, arching his back.

"ooh," I smiled, amused, turning to him. "Long for the soft touch of a woman, don't you?" I slid over to his strapped down frame, leaning down against him, my breasts pressed into his chest. "I bet that would get you off in no time, if I just slid right up on you, took your cock inside me, and fucked you."

I saw him grit his teeth, gasping, trying to ignore me. His eyes were shut tight, he was writhing in his bonds, against the sucking device, against me. His cock was throbbing inside it, his balls taught. I fingered them, I squeezed them. Every slight touch made him moan in agony, in near defeat.

I leaned down and put my lips close to his but he turned his head away, his breath coming in short gasps. "Mmm," I smiled, licking my lips. I started to undress slowly but he wouldn't watch.

"Open your eyes," I ordered, but he shook his head.

I took off one of my leather gloves and struck him hard across the face.

He gasped in pain but shook his head. I undressed anyway.

"I can jab a needle in your arm," I threatened as I slid out of my panties. "I can stick electrodes in your cock, on your nipples. I can make you feel pain like you have never felt before." I unsnapped my bra and let my full breasts fall free, gripping them in both hands, feeling the nipples hard against my palms.

"All I want you to do is look, Daniel. Look at me. " I slowly replaced my leather glove, tightening it around my fingers carefully.

He kept his eyes shut hard. His body was tense, rigid. His cock pulsed, the tip discolored. Precum dripped, sliding down the base of his member, coating it. The machine sucked in overtime. My jaw ached with sympathy.

I was in heels and stockings, gloves, and that was it. I walked around and held my breasts firm against my body. I leaned over, bent over so my ass was close to his face and moaned from between my legs, looking at him upside down. "Come on, Danny, just a peek, I'm naked for you baby, look at my ass."

He turned his head the other way and I leaned over, reclining the chair back as far as it would go, his head just inches from the ground, almost upside down.

I moved my pussy right over his head and lowered it against him but he turned, gritting his teeth. I hissed at him under my breath, I told him how wet I was, I ordered him to take a deep breath, the last breath he could, and then I lowered myself mercilessly upon him.

And then I laid across his body, gripping the chair for leverage, my chin against his tight stomach, my eyes focussed on his trapped cock upright, the plastic cage, the relentless pumping, sucking, sucking.

His tongue inside me was nirvana; he licked me with such precision that I writhed against his face in no time, I felt my wetness coat him and my hips press against him so hard the chair rocked. I dug my nails into the leather of the chair and cried out in orgasm, rocking on him, thrusting my cunt harder and harder against his strong tongue.

And that pissed me off.

How dare he turn the tables, make me cum in this way, my juices, my juices that weren't worth shit to his people smeared all over his face as he licked his lips in cocky accomplishment, as I watched the device suck, suck, suck, and get nothing from him.

I fumbled with the device, still straddling his face, still feeling him place soft kisses against my thighs, almost too sweetly. I found the controls on the pump and squinted at them..low..medium..high...I gritted my teeth and turned the lever until he arched his back and gasped in what sounded like agony, his moans so loud they echoed the walls.

I lowered my cunt onto his face instinctively to shut him up, to silence him, muffled his gasps in pain or pleasure and doing everything I could to keep him quiet without suffocating him.

I watched the device suck even more mercilessly at his cock, I fingered and held his balls with both hands, prodding, encouraging, placing a soft kiss on his stomach as I watched

the device do its work. His breath and struggling between my legs was more desperate than ever, I smiled, I knew the end was near. I knew Daniel was about to give in to the relentless milking machine.

Then the most peculiar thing happened. His cock seemed to stop throbbing, his hips stopped thrusting in an imaginary fucking motion. His breath ceased so much that I thought he had passed out, I thought I had suffocated him under my pussy in all my concentration to keep him quiet.

I lifted my ass and let him breathe. I heard it then, he was chuckling to himself. He was amused.

"You pathetic little cocksucker!" I growled, looking over my shoulder at him. "You think this is pretty funny don't you?"

He didn't reply, he just chuckled a little more. In a furious anger I unstrapped the device, I turned off the pump, and I struggled to yank it off his hard cock as I bit my lip angrily.

"You have no idea," I growled as I tossed the device to the floor where it cracked and fell into pieces. "You have no idea," I hissed, taking his cock full in both hands and moving my tongue slowly up the base. "How much I am going to love feeling you cum down my throat."

He gasped at the feel of my mouth against his flesh, but I silenced him without hesitation by pressing my cunt against his nose and mouth. I moved in motion with him as I took him deeply into my mouth, using one hand to cup his balls and the other to stroke his cock in time with my lips.

I moved my tongue around his tip, savoring the taste of the accumulated precum, I took him so deep that I had to balance myself on my elbows for leverage. I sucked, I milked with more determination than any fucking machine, and I felt his cock pulsating in my grip within seconds.

He thrashed in the chair beneath me but I didn't let him breathe, didn't let him speak as my body pressed down onto his, as his cock slid in and out of my mouth with ease.

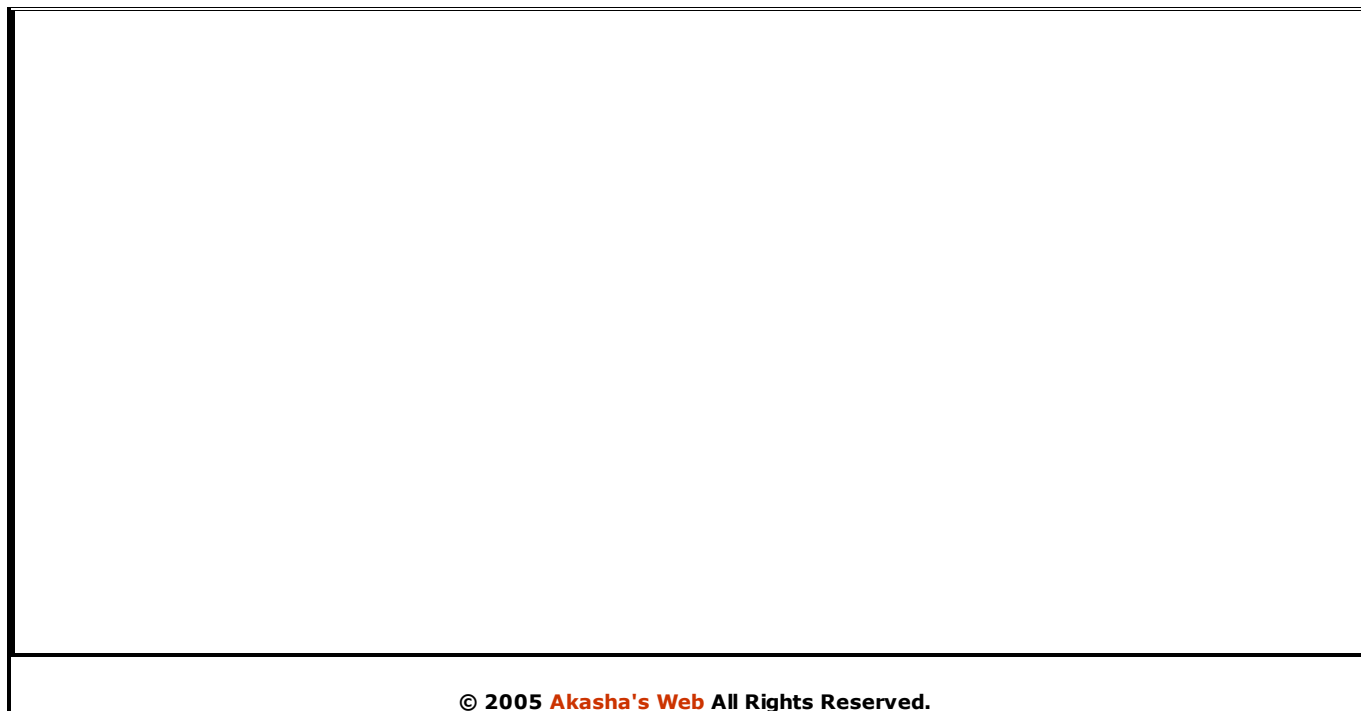
When he came the chair rocked with his bucking, his hot cum filled my mouth and I almost lost myself in the pulsating and swallowed. His head thrashed between my legs as I slid up, off of him, letting him gasp in pain, defeat.

I picked up a glass and leaned over, spitting his cum into it and wiping my mouth, glaring at him as I wiped my bottom lip with my arm.

He was breathing hard, staring at me, defeated, perhaps terrified.

"I almost swallowed it," I said to him, breathlessly, dipping a finger into the hot, milky liquid. "Wouldn't that have been a shame," I smiled in victory, leaning over and slowly sliding the wetness down the bridge of his nose as he watched me, "If I had to do it all over again?"

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