



# Akasha's Web



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## Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

### Milking Matthew



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My fascination with the milking device started when I was much younger.

Perhaps it had something to do with the almost sci-fi, devious aura about it. A device, so simple, yet so cruel. One that would strip a man of all of his pride systematically while I watched. A sure-fire way to make him squirm; and even as a young girl I loved the images in my mind of a man struggling helplessly against tight bond.

It used to be just a fantasy. Until I was about 19 years old, suffering from insomnia during finals. By then, I had many evil devices, but not the machine. I had been watching late night television, my eyes burning, trying to take a break before returning to my textbooks.

There it was. In front of my eyes. A machine, milking a man, making him squirt his cum through a tube and into a tube. This was before I had a VCR. I could not rewind. At first, I thought I was dreaming.

The man, he was struggling. He was whimpering. But his mouth was duct taped shut and his wrists were strapped down. He shut his eyes extra tight just before they showed the cum dripping through the tube. They were showing this on television!

I thought I must be hallucinating. I watched until the credits.

The movie was called, "A Boy and his Dog."

After finals, I rented it from the local video store.

Indeed, it was a man strapped down and milked with a machine; only his cum was being saved to fertilize women.

No, that was not what I had in mind. Not at all.

Just as I had been telling myself in my poor-starving-college-student days - "some day, I will have such a machine. But it will be even more evil."

Just as I told myself I would have a strap on. And a straitjacket. And one day, own a man, on a collar, and leash him. All of these things, I said to myself, would come in time.

And he - whoever I chose, would suffer in the most delightful way for me. By being milked while I watched.

And forced to drink his own cum. While his eyes pleaded me for mercy.

Pathetically.

\*\*

That night, like many others, I masturbated myself to sleep. That's what I had to do during finals, because I got so keyed up from studying. I was a great student; my grades were excellent. And always, like clockwork, after finals I would explode into a femdom rage of lust, need, desire, passion.

Predatory.

My college best friend at the time was name Anna. Anna was also a bit on the femdom side, but not so much as me. She used to go along for the ride, and knew that after finals was my prime time for seducing unsuspecting college boys.

That day, as we walked the campus after selling our books back and sighing in relief at the end of the semester, I told her of my fantasy.

"Anna," I said, smiling a little, brushing back my long, thick, dark brown hair. "Have you ever thought of milking a cow?"

Anna laughed. She was blonde, thin and built like a gymnast (whereas I was built like a porn star). Her hair was tied back in a pony tail - wispy bangs - I can still picture them. "Akasha," she said. "You mean, milk, like a cow?"

"No," I said. Before I could explain, she cut me off.

"Oh, you mean hand job," she nodded.

"No, I mean with a machine. A pump on his dick, one he can't get away from. And it sucks him off, first slow, then faster and harder. And there's nothing he can do about it. It just pumps him on and on, and you could control it completely. When he cums, he cums into a tube, and then it's ...I don't know. "

"Sent to a sperm bank?" she snickered, looking at me, now with obvious interest. We were nearing an area where some college boys were having lunch. They were checking us out. We were both wearing short skirts and my top was quite tight, showing off my breasts.

"No," I continued. "He has to drink it."

Anna seemed to like that idea. She stopped walking and turned to me, now, beaming. No, glowing. In fact, I could see her nipples get hard through her blouse. Apparently the nearby college boys could as well, the three of them were whispering, and chuckling.

Anna took it from there. "You could put it in a glass and make him drink it."

I shook my head. "Even worse. I want it fed right into his mouth."

We stood there, sort of staring at each other, mesmerized with the idea. Both very turned on.

A whistle caught our attention. Young, arrogant, cocky college boys. Probably seniors. They were flirting with us. Pretentious.

I looked at Anna. She knew what I was thinking.

They were lunch. Our lunch.

\*\*

This was one of many adventures Anna and I had together. We picked one of them and invited him up to her college flat that her rich dad rented. He was so turned on, thinking he was going to have a threesome, his erection was nearly popping out of his jeans.

His name was Brad. He was a jock - about 6'2 and broad shouldered. He thought he was all the shit. I admit, he was handsome. But all I wanted to do was use him and humiliate him; get all that passion out of my system and sleep off finals, and finally feel content.

It took very little seduction to get Brad stripped down to his briefs and handcuffed to Anna's bed on his back. His briefs had a tent in them, with a nice round wet spot where pre-cum was already soaking in. He was moaning and licking his lips and lifting his hips and saying all the disgusting, predictable things college guys say.

"Come on ladies...come on. Show me your tits. Show me something. Come on, don't be shy. Don't be shy."

As if we needed coaxing!

I crouched down to his crotch and investigated the wet spot on his briefs, then used a red fingernail to draw circles around it. "Bradley dear....you have ruined a very nice pair of briefs..."

He laughed as Anna got up to get something. "That's ok baby, plenty more where those came from. Take 'em off. Don't be shy. Come on baby, you make me so hot!"

"DT," I told Anna. That was code for duct tape. It was also code for "This guy is such a prick he needs to shut up."

Anna returned with a roll of duct tape and a pair of pink frilly panties. I peeled down Brad's briefs and he was so enthralled with that, struggling to lift his hips to get as close as he could to my mouth, probably to even just catch a bit of my hot breath.

In fact, he didn't even see the duct tape as Anna placed it over his mouth. But he let out a muffled protest and rattled the handcuffs. Anna shushed him by placing a finger over his lips, then straddled his chest facing him, her back to me.

Brad couldn't see, but I was pulling off his briefs and replacing them with the pink panties. Anna was unbuttoning her blouse and playing with her breasts in front of him, showing him an occasional nipple.

"You're wearing panties!" I told him, rubbing his erection through the pink frilly material. The tip of his cock was sticking out and it was bouncing up and down with excitement. "And it's turning you on!"

He just moaned, and Anna exclaimed, "Oh, let me see this!" then turned around so her ass was in his face, leaned down slowly, and as she investigated she casually pushed her ass, in thong black panties, right down over his nose, leaving him practically unable to breathe.

Now, he was struggling. I don't know if he was struggling from embarrassment or from arousal, or if it was because he could not breathe. Anna and I smiled at each other, and shared a deep kiss that he could not even see. I reached up and put my hand in her hair and whispered as we broke the kiss, "One day we will milk a man."

She smiled, her eyes half closed. "One day, yes, we will."

\*\*

It was a decade later when I got the machine. I had not seen Anna since we graduated college, but we had kept in touch by mail and eventually email. She was a doctor in Seattle, and I was now an ad executive in Los Angeles. And both of us had plenty of money.

By then, I had dominated many men. My tactics became more subtle, more loving, but I still did have that sadistic streak that was relentless when it came through. I had my share of forced feminization and humiliation games with men - dressing them up in complete outfits including nails and make up and making them walk down Hollywood Blvd., or using my own mini-dungeon to enjoy two hours of cock and ball torture, flogging and candle wax.

Of course, my favorite was teasing, denial and making men drink their own cum. Indeed, it had become a favorite. I made some sluts drink it from glasses, others had to eat it off food. Some I made cum on their own face while I fucked them in the ass with their legs in the air so I could look down with a smile.

Some I made lick it out of my pussy after watching another, more endowed man fuck me, us both laughing at the slave as he was hogtied there in a black teddy and black stiletto heels with my wet panties stuffed in his mouth.

But nothing would compare to the machine.

When Anna came through the door of my back dungeon, the hidden area of my house, her audible gasp was enough to make me cream my panties.

She regarded the gorgeous, custom-built device with awe.

It was a large table that could be elevated so that it was up at an angle, and the straps that hung off of it were of the thickest fine leather that could be bought. They were reinforced with steel bolting, so no amount of struggling would break them. The level of restraint was what I had asked for; no limb should be free, in case I desire that.

The best part, though, was the mouth piece. It was also part of a leather strap that would not only hold the victim's mouth open, but hold his head down so he could not turn it, or lift it. The "O" type gag seemed harmless enough on its own - but the nearby attachment, the tube, which screwed on tight, was the best part.

The tube, which was slightly flexible but firm (and clear, as I had requested, so I could see every last drop of cum) led straight up to the area where the victim's cock and balls would be secured.

Tight bands around his cock would prevent him from dare attempting to shift his hips and disrupt the process, and his cock would be secured both at the base and near the head of his helpless member. A large, clear bulb would snap securely into place at the tip of the cock, ready to catch every last bit of cum as it filled up.

"But how does it all flow down?" she asked, always being the medical type, peering at the equipment carefully.

"The air sucks it through, there's a small attachment on the side," I told her, "And it creates an airtight...very tight...suction around the tip of his cock that can be adjusted in pressure...almost to create -"

" - a sucking sensation!" she finished the sentence for me, beaming. Now, I could see her nipples were hard also.

"I had it custom made," I said proudly. "It took months of planning."

"Have you tested it?" she asked excitedly. I knew her next question would be if I did, did I take videos to

show her.

"Not yet," I confessed with a sigh, looking with admiration at my work of art, running a hand over it, my long red nails contrasting the dark color of the cushioned platform.

"We need to find someone right away," Anna said with excitement, "Because I can't stand just looking at it, I'm so turned on."

This is where I was able to really surprise her. As if the machine was not enough. "I have someone."

She turned to me, her eyes wide with interest.

"His name is Matthew."

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Matthew was a 38 year old stockbroker I met at a work function. He was suave, quite handsome, and had been courting me for 3 weeks. We'd made love once and he was inadequate in bed (and disappointing in size), but he had great eyes, and I loved the way he breathed hard when I got him turned on.

He also had a sense of adventure about him. But, he was still disgustingly arrogant, and sometimes condescending toward women, and that's why I knew he was the one. In fact, what sealed the deal was when he bragged about how much money he made. I made it a point to never gloat about my success, and I hated those that did.

I had asked Anna to bring a safe, but effective sleep aid that I could slip him over dinner, giving us just enough time to secure him to the milking machine. She had happily obliged.

All that was required was that she and I both put on our hottest outfits, and wait for the victim to arrive. We both chose something low cut and took a long time tending to our makeup and hair. Since college, Anna had adopted the same hair color as I did but kept it shorter; in fact, we looked like sisters.

And that's what I introduced her to Matthew as. My sister.

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Matthew didn't suspect a thing. He arrived just in time, in a nice pair of dress slacks and button down shirt. I introduced him to Anna and told him she was in town but on her way out for the evening. He was cordial as ever, and I could see the hunger in Anna's eyes already. It certainly matched mine.

We were both thinking of that machine in the next room. And what poor Matthew would do once he was helplessly secured to it, watching his own creamy white semen drip slowly down toward his open mouth.



Matthew and I had some small talk and Anna offered us both a glass of wine before she was to "finish getting ready and head out."

I said of course, and Matthew, as always, agreed in kind. She brought us the glasses then excused herself to the next room.

"She's cute," Matthew said, sipping his wine, always right on cue with the most inappropriate comments. Despite his casual ignorance, Matthew was a sight for sore eyes. He had the perfect body and the kind of thick, slightly curly brown hair I loved. And he had gorgeous blue eyes, with the ability to show any emotion with them. He could even smile with them, which I found endearing.

I found myself getting flushed. Flushed with excitement about what was going to happen that night. Finally, my night. I would milk a man and make him beg me for mercy. I had yet to see Matthew beg, and my panties filled with my own moistness just thinking about it. I rubbed my legs together unknowingly.

"Are you ok?" he asked, leaning over to put an arm around me. "You look a little pink. Are you hot?" he continued, leaning over and placing a soft kiss on my neck.

Indeed, I was. I lifted my head and gave him access to my cleavage, letting him place little kisses all around the tops of my breasts, thinking in my head this was probably all he was going to get.

Almost breathing hard, I said, in a whisper, "Finish your wine, I want to get out of here...let's go to your place."

Matthew stopped his affections, sat up and flashed a perfect smile, downed his wine glass, and said, "Your wish is my command."

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Of course, he had no idea how much he really did mean those words until he woke up strapped to a table with two women grinning down at him.

Matthew was disoriented for a moment, turning his head from side to side (we had not fastened down his head yet, or placed the bulb on his cock; he was merely strapped down naked to the table, which was in a normal horizontal position).

Squinting at me, he said, "Akasha, what are you doing?"

I just smiled, fingering his hair.

His eyes focused on the figure behind me, which was Anna, collecting the rest of the gear for the milking

machine. "Anna? What are you doing here?"

It was then that he realized he could not move. He lifted his head to look at the straps, and then, realizing he was naked, blushed red because of his embarrassment. His cock, which had been erect, shriveled before our eyes.

We both got a giggle out of that.

He tested the bonds, and I think he felt certain he could get out of them. But there was not a chance - not a chance in hell. When I leaned over to fasten the next strap over his neck, I purposely pressed my breasts into his face and enjoyed the "Mmmph" and hot breath struggle through my cleavage.

"Just behave yourself," I told him, "And this won't hurt too much."

"MMmPH?" was all he could respond, until I stood upright again and he let out his breath. "What the hell are you doing? Akasha, this isn't funny, is this some sort of joke!? Do you think this is funny!?"

"No, Matthew," I said to him. "THAT," I said, pointing to his flaccid member, "is funny."

That got a giggle from Anna, who came around with the rest of the gear. "Ready to recline the prisoner, Miss Akasha," she said formally.

Matthew eyed what she had in her hands - the tube, the bulb, the additional restraints and gag with the large "O" ring. "What the hell," he said, "What are you going to do with that?"

I was too busy adjusting the controls, and the table began its slow recline backwards, pushing poor Matthew lower, and lower, until his head was level with my crotch, his hair falling away from his face. He looked simply delicious.

This part, I had planned well. I wore tight fitting leather pants that had a zipper up the crotch, and as Anna moved toward our victim's crotch, I lifted a leg over his head, lowered myself onto him, and made a tight suction over his lips with my crotch. A nice distraction, and something to harden him up enough for her to get the cock and ball straps tightly in place.

Of course, I was wearing silk panties, so despite how hard he tried to lick, and taste, all he could get is a tiny bit. I felt his tongue probing desperately, eagerly, but all I did was bounce lightly on his face and watch Anna with her handiwork.

His balls were soon bulging under the straps, then she took the base of his cock in her hand, squeezed a few times, and then began with the straps around there.

"He's getting harder," Anna informed me. I pressed down on his face more, leaning over a little so I had

enough room to squeeze my thighs against his head too. He moaned, a nice muffled moan.

Once she had his cock and balls completely restrained, I dismounted and he took a breath. Honestly, I don't think he had any idea what was going on, and his hysteria had calmed down once he had a whiff of my aroma.

But then he saw the "O" gag, the tube, and he put it all together. His eyes widened. He said, "No, NO!" and tried in vain to lift his head, but the neck restraint held him firm.

Anna stepped over to help me hold his head still as he was thrashing what he could, and she plugged his nose to get him to open his mouth, which he had clenched shut, eyes now pleading with me.

"Poor baby," I said, stroking his hair as I held his head.

As soon as he gasped, Anna shoved the ring in place, and we both took each end of the strap and yanked down hard, making him yelp through open mouth as best he could. He was still trying to say, "No, NO!" but it was just coming out as a whimper. His eyes were starting to water.

"Are you as turned on as I am?" I asked Anna, almost breathless myself.

"More," she said, already massaging her own hard nipples through her tight top.

Fastening the tube in place was interesting, because it took a few tries to get it secure. All the while, Matthew was doing his best to beg me with his eyes; those beautiful eyes. Once it was in place and Anna was running the tube up away from his head, I took a moment to finger his hair and smile down at him. "You're going to be fine. You might actually like it, Matthew!"

Now he tightened his eyes shut, his chest straining against the leather strap, his body jumping what it could when she screwed the bulb into place over his helpless cock.

"I know you will want to see this," I told him, reaching up and pulling down a mirror above his head. I positioned it so he had a full view of his cock, now turning a pretty red-purplish color.

He opened his eyes and watched helplessly as I reached down and started with the controls. Amazingly, his cock began to enlarge - more, and more. In fact, it was the largest I had ever seen it!

Meanwhile, Matthew was whimpering, sounding almost like it was just sheer torture more than pleasure. I was too busy watching his growing cock, turning more purple now, and Anna was leaning down to peer closer into the clear bulb that entrapped it.

We experimented with the controls and had his cock and balls so engorged that he squeezed tears out of the corner of his eyes, and he started to sweat, his beautiful hair now beginning to stick together in clumps.

In his helpless state, he was the most beautiful I had ever seen him.

"The first drop," Anna hissed in awe, and I saw it too. Pre-cum. He was actually leaking into the bulb, and each little drop slowly inched up along the sides of the clear glass, closer and closer to the long tube that fed down to his open mouth.

When I turned to Matthew, this time, he was looking - he was watching in the mirror. As if he could not believe it unless he was seeing it. Then he left out a loud muffled whimper, or at least that's what it sounded like, and his cock started to tremble.

His fists were clenched tight, and he was trying to arch his hips. More pre-cum appeared, now in tiny spurts, and with a wail almost he shot his load.

What a magnificent sight. It filled the bulb almost completely and immediately made its way down the tubing toward his mouth, in a long, steady, fast stream - just as I had hoped. As it made it the last inch he watched with wide eyes then looked at me for help but it was too late.

Into his open, helpless mouth it went. He seemed to almost gag on it but had to swallow because more was coming - more and more - it was as if the machine was able to take every last bit of cum from him with ease.

Anna and I were both mesmerized by the act, and watched the last droplets fill his mouth, his eyes now shut tight again, his whimpering finally slowing. His cock was still purple in color, shaking in the bulb.

I tapped the tube to encourage the last few drops down, cooing at my victim. "There, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

All he could do is give me an open-mouth whimper, eyes closed, sweat pouring down his face.

"What do you think, Anna?" I smiled at her, proud.

Anna looked at me, flushed with arousal. "I think....we should do it again. Right now."

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