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illustrated by [Sardax](#)



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Tricia couldn't deny her fascination with machines.

When she was in college, her sadistic fascination with machines came through in her imagination, primarily, and in the ominous devices she would invent in her head. There was always a man at the center of the predicament, tortured by the machine, degraded, humiliated. And at the controls of the machine, always, was a beautiful and cruel woman.

Sadistic, creative Tricia indulged her fantasies completely when she was older and could afford to pay her own machine-maker, so to speak, a sweet old man who would create anything and everything she could imagine, always up for the challenge of making the machines work, and making them inescapable and diabolical.

Ryan was often befuddled by the devices, subjected to them, surrendering to them to satisfy her insatiable cravings and urges, often left in a bit of a state of shock with what she'd come up with, but always intoxicated by her wet pussy and her need to see him endure for her. Just speaking about the machines would often put her into a state of mind he could only describe as relentless.

Tricia drew sketches of devices and passed them along to her machine-maker, and he came back in days or weeks with just what she wanted. She flipped through the sketch book hungrily, her slim vibe deep in her pussy, Ryan reading quietly a few feet away in front of the television, sometimes shaking his head. The frenzy did not always lead to the ultimate creation of the machine, but the times that it did, he found himself unable to say no to her – and always wondering just how far it would go.

**

She was horny and cruel when the machines would arrive. The day the "fucking machine" made its way into their loft, Ryan found her with a sadistic smile on her face waiting for his footsteps to enter. There was no stopping her. She pushed him backwards, undressing him, unbuttoning his shirt before he could even take in the moment, pushing and prodding him onto a table that was still smelling of fresh chemicals and leather.

"What's this...machine..?" he asked, almost laughing, because he knew, so well, that the mere line would set her off. He had learned that years before during passionate lovemaking, that just the word could set her into motion. Combined with any kind of line that communicated curious, tentative vulnerability would just make her explode from the inside out, make her squirt sometimes, but always accomplish one thing – push her to the next level.

Tricia delighted in the sounds of the shackles locking into place. The table was large and almost plain looking, but it had inescapable shackles at the corner of it, and Ryan was soon face down with his ass elevated and exposed. Tricia's machine-maker knew that she absolutely adored metal and leather shackles, lots of them, and arranged in a way that would allow her to be unforgiving in the way she locked down

Ryan's thighs, ankles, wrists, even elbows. The machine-maker had all of Ryan's body specifications memorized, and he did a fine job making sure that the restraints were properly placed.

If he were not so loving and trusting, maybe this would be the time Ryan lost himself in horrible worry and terror. He'd been violated in the ass before – always by Tricia – but never by a machine.

"Say it," she hissed into his face, just a few inches away from him, her chin resting on the table to they were eye to eye. He saw the look – the look of delight, of frenzy, of excitement. She was gone. Long gone.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked innocently. Levers moved and things went into motion. The machine-maker always made sure the devices were loud and ominous, and levers would crank and turnstiles would turn, sometimes compressors would hiss or motors would whirl. All the sounds made her hot. Unbelievably hot.

"What do you want me to say, Tricia?" he asked again, trying to turn his head to see what was going on back there. She found a lever that effectively spread his legs at the thighs, propped up his ass, and at the same time tightened down on his ankles. "Ouch," he responded. He inhaled.

Tricia had both her hands in his hair in no time, ruffling it, messing it up, digging fingers into it in a way that felt so good, but he knew what was coming next, the inevitable tightening until his eyes would water and he'd be forced to cry out, so he tried hard to avoid that by clarifying, "You want me to talk about the machine?"

She shoved fingers into his mouth. "Say it, yes," she breathed. He could open one eye and see through a mess of hair that she had her eyes closed, was half crouched down, the one hand half in his mouth and the other one between her legs, under her skirt. She was balancing there somehow, in a bit of an awkward position, as he listened to a cranking sound behind him and struggled between trying to find words, trying to calm his own nervousness, and trying to absorb the beautiful, sensual image of her there lost in lust over his predicament.

"Ow," was all he could manage, at that moment, because he felt the cool, unexpected sensation of his ass being prodded, violated, slowly, mechanically. His breathing turned ragged and his eyes started to water, and all he could do is attempt to blow the bangs out of his face so he could see her for a second and make sure she was at least paying attention in case this machine took on a mind of its own.

Tricia was there watching him as he tried to not bite down onto her fingers in his mouth. "You want to suck? To take your mind...off...of ...IT?" she whispered sweetly to him, her face close to his again. She took her fingers out of his mouth and licked them, then kissed him deeply, and he moaned, eyes shut tight, as the machine picked up a rhythm and indeed started to fuck him. First softly, then hard, until the whole table rattled and shook.

She kept kissing him, holding his face, muffling the whimpers and gasps and moans, kissing him while the machine fucked his ass; she kissed him in a position that allowed her to see up over his shoulders, down his fine back, to the sight of the large black dildo on a big silver rod as it pumped again and again. His body was stretched from the restraints, his toes kept curling with every thrust, and his breathing was soon so ragged and strained that she had to break the kiss to make sure he could breathe.

At that moment the only thing she wished for was a modification to the machine. She made note, to tell the machine-maker, that the next model needed to have way she could sit with her legs spread open, with a fine view, as his face would be buried between her thighs.

Regardless, she still came, her mouth on his as his moans turned to desperate whimpers, she came when he relaxed his body in the restraints and gave into the machine, allowing it to fuck him at the highest speed without an ounce of resistance.

Oh how she loved it when she came while kissing him. The new machine, she decided, was a keeper.

**

Like many times before, Ryan found that Tricia's machine fascination went into remission for a little while. But he knew what that meant – it meant something was brewing and it was just a matter of time before she unleashed some sort of diabolical masterpiece that would make the other machines look like child's play. The longer time went by, the more extreme and cruel it would be.

Combined with her easy-going, pleasant, playful demeanor, he knew for sure she was planning something devilish.

And the fact that she kept saving every drop of cum from him was another warning sign. She'd jerk him off three times a day, milk him essentially, then capture it in a vial and disappear in a whirl of giggles, never answering any of his questions. She'd make him pull out when they were fucking, only to shove his cock into a nearby wine glass and then disappear from the room and say nothing of it.

Breathing hard, licking his lips after sex, he'd regard her for a moment and ask what – what the HELL was she up to (playfully of course) and she'd just smile and shrug and say, "things."

He probably pushed her over the edge himself, though, the night they were making love and he whispered into her ear, "Are you building another machine?"

Her body tensed in response, she breathed into his ear, her legs seemed to spread as if on command, the heat from her pussy was remarkable. She moaned into his ear and he felt nails pressing into the small of his back.

"What is this machine going to do?" he asked as he fucked her.

"Don't push me," she breathed in response, wrapping her legs around him tightly, urging him to plunge deeper. "You don't want to know...you don't want to go there...it's so cruel...I'm so cruel..."

"It's ok," he whispered, kissing her neck, fucking her lovingly. "I can take it. I can take you. I can take..." he kissed her near the ear, "the machine."

Suddenly her hand was over his face, palm smashed against his nose and mouth, fingers sprawled over his eyes. He knew he flipped the switch. Much like a machine, Tricia was easily flipped on and off, and when he flipped the switch, there was no "off" motion. The moment she snapped like that and began to treat him like an object – hence, slapping her hand rudely over his face to shove his head and make him avert his eyes – he knew he was doomed.

He turned on the machine.

**

After days and days, maybe more than a month total of collecting cum and letting her desire apparently boil over into a frothing lust, Tricia seemed to indicate to Ryan that the day had finally "come."

He never saw the actual machine, just came home from work to see evidence of its presence. Shipping containers, foam everywhere, plastic wrappers, instructions, and then Tricia, of course, wearing nothing but a thin lined nightie and high heels, looking like she'd cum a few times, as if she'd really worked hard to doll herself up earlier only to collapse in her bed and have a self induced roll in the hay a few times. She had a post-orgasmic, pre-orgasmic bliss illuminating her.

Ryan precariously set his car keys on the counter and started to remove his suit jacket as he looked at her, and in just a matter of moments she had her hand around his tie and was pulling him toward the upstairs play area. "Can I unwind – " he started to ask, but she shot him back a look that meant to shut up, that she indeed had other plans.

Watching her fine ass move up the stairs, trailing her from behind, he found himself getting hard despite the knowledge that something truly diabolical was about to happen and he had no idea what it was.

**

Ryan always pondered that he knew what it must feel like for a magician's assistant to sit there while new gear is placed around him, on him, or over him with no clue as to what the end result may be or what the purpose was. Except in his case, with every layer of restraints that were added or device that was locked in place, Tricia got visibly more excited, breathing a little harder, having to pause occasionally to just take in

the image of him sitting there not knowing what was going on.

This time was no different. He was completely naked and placed in a chair and his ankles were locked to it, his thighs were strapped down and a milking tube was attached to his cock. It fit securely, unforgiving, as the machine-maker had every last spec on the designs of Ryan's body – right down to the size and shape of his cock, both flaccid and erect. It fit him like a glove. Oddly, it turned him on. Or maybe it was the look in Tricia's eyes or the smell of her wet sex, because it already surrounded him.

At the end of the production, of her manipulating restraints and placing gear in appropriate areas, Ryan found himself inside what appeared like a locked box, only his head remaining out and free. The purpose of this, he had no idea. Underneath the box his cock was still encased in a milking sheath of some sort, the other end of the tube in Tricia's hand as she smiled menacingly.

"It's a gag, isn't it," he groaned out loud. A gag, he thought for sure, attached to that tube, and some diabolical milking-forced-drinking device. He'd dreaded such a thing for months now because he knew that was how her mind worked, so somehow he'd almost prepared himself for it. On some level.

But Tricia just smiled and teased her thighs under her nightie with the other end of the milking tube. "No...nooooooo that's not it, Ryan. Come on, that's too predictable, that's downright boring...you know me better than that."

His cock twitched and he tried to move his body but could not even shift it. He felt downright ridiculous on some level, but it was so easy to forget with her standing right there practically getting off with a plastic tube in her hand.

Tricia stepped away, though, disappeared from sight, and Ryan was left to think about his fate alone for a moment. He shifted in his tight little box and sighed, looked up at the clock. He'd given up trying to guess what kinds of things Tricia designed, so he just sat there, grateful for a moment that she did not have an equal fascination with videotaping these humiliating and painful experiments she put him through.

In a moment Tricia returned with a large clear bowl of some sort, still fresh from the packing, with little white balls of Styrofoam still attached. She brushed off the packing materials and proudly held onto the clear device.

Ryan was still baffled, confused, bewildered. Those were all emotions and states of mind that just turned her on more, and Tricia was visibly smiling when she brought the large, clear bowl over to where he was so helplessly posed and vulnerable. Any struggling that went on inside the confines of the cage just made a useless rattling noise, but even those noises just served to arouse her even more. The futility of his situation only made her wet with desire and arousal. She wanted to enjoy the moment for as long as possible.

His protests were soon echoing inside the confines of the chamber surrounding his head as she fastened the

clear cage around him with a pleased grin. It locked down tight, nearly air tight, and he looked like such an objectified little slave she could not help but stop to admire him, if only for a moment or so.

"Look at you," she smiled. "You could be on display at a museum. My poor Ryan. You have no idea what you have gotten yourself into this time, do you?"

His eyes started to search for some answers, first from her face and her expression, then by scanning the insides of the clear enclosure that covered his head. He saw the hole at the top and when Tricia went to screw the tubing to it, suddenly it all start to make sense. Then, and only then, did he really try to struggle.

"I don't like this," he protested.

"You aren't SUPPOSED to like it..." she reminded him, pausing only to pleasure herself, just a bit, with the other end of the long, clear tube before fastening it to the lower portion of the box. It was connected, inside, to his cock, of course. But beyond that it was also connected to another box inside, per her instructions – a box that contained every ounce of saved cum from the last weeks. And that was a lot of cum. All melted down, even warm, ready for use.

"I was thinking of ways to drown you, to humiliate you, to make you terrified," she mused, even stopping to knock on the outside of the clear casing that surrounded his head, just to hear the thudding echo. "But water just would not do. My own piss wouldn't do, really. I wanted it to have a remarkable, lasting impression on you."

"You can't be serious," he breathed, starting to sweat. If Ryan knew anything, it was that the devices were always designed to perfection. There would be no flaws. The machine would do just what she said. And there would be no escape for him.

Tricia smiled and flipped a switch that started a soft humming noise, and he winced as his cock was simultaneously pumped and milked – but he was so far from aroused he was certain there would be no cumming in his future.

As if she could read his mind, Tricia walked over and leaned down to smile close to him from the other side of the glass. "It's ok if you don't cum right away, Ryan. There's plenty of cum, just plenty of it, waiting for you already. What's going to be fascinating is how you are able to get hard, and actually cum, while you are swimming in your own cum load. How could you get hard and get off in the middle of such nasty degradation?" she asked him.

He could not answer. He could only look at her, pleading with his eyes, trying to find some shred of mercy in her face. But there was none. Just amusement, arousal. She was playing with herself, enjoying the terror in his eyes, waiting for that moment when his fear would turn into a look of devotion, a resignation of his fate. As it always did. In time.

In no time the machine started to pour the contents of the saved container into the chamber that insulated his head. Warm, creamy white cum spilled down on him, and he could not believe for a moment that it was actually happening. By the look in Tricia's eyes, though, it was clearly happening. He was being slowly, deliberately covered with massive amounts of his own cum (or, perhaps, even the cum of others, a thought he found mortifying). And she was delighting in every moment of it.

Just like with the other machines, Tricia was so pleased with her own invention and seeing it work before her eyes. She was laughing a bit, surprised at how shocked Ryan appeared in those first few seconds that the cum spilled over him. She leaned down, though, to peer through the front of the box where his body was trapped inside, so she could view through a little glass door just what was going on with his cock.

Ryan was hard! She laughed, and lifted her head to chuckle at him, noting out loud, "I told you that the extreme humiliation of this all would just get you harder. You enjoy it. Admit it."

Ryan could not understand why he was hard. There was not an aroused bone in his body, just sheer humiliation and shock, and pain in his joints from trying to struggle within the confines of the restraints inside the tight box. But his cock was being pumped mercilessly by the machine, and as usual, the device was designed so impeccably that the pump employed must have been of the highest quality. Or maybe Tricia was right, and the sheer humiliation of the act was turning him on more than he could even realize.

He was glassy eyed, in shock, feeling the warm fluid soaking his face, coating his hair, tasting it on his lips and sensing the odor surround him. How much more would she dump in? What would happen to his cock? How long would this torture last? He couldn't speak because he was afraid to open his mouth and drown in it, because it was coming up over his chin. All he could do it look at her, with pleading eyes, and hope she could read his mind.

Tricia was in another world though, soaking in the image of him soaking in his own cum, knowing that soon his own fresh load would be oozing from the top and put the amount just at the right quantity – that is, just below his nose, just so he could not open his mouth, but barely be able to breathe. Then the real torture would begin, as she threatened to keep pumping, a little at a time, to push the amount just to the level that would nearly drown him.

But not before indulging herself. Tricia came while watching him struggle in the confines of the clear chamber that surrounded his head and made him swirl in cum. When he coughed and sputtered it against the insides of the glass she chuckled at him and licked her own fingers clean, tilting her head affectionately and giving him a sympathetic pout.

Ryan could only shut his eyes and wait, gritting his teeth and riding the orgasm that racked his body. Feeling such intense pleasure at a moment of total humiliation was not a new feeling for Ryan, but feeling it at such a tragic moment was. He had never been so emotionally compromised in his life – and for being with Tricia

so long, that was unbelievable.

"When – "he sputtered, shaking the cum out of his face. "When are you going to stop this, Tricia?"

She smiled, letting one finger trail across her own bottom lip, considering him. "I don't know. I like to see you there. You look so disgusting. You look pathetic. You are swimming in cum. And you are hard again. Can you believe it? You're hard!"

He shut his eyes tight. "It's not me," he hissed.

Tricia laughed and leaned closer to the device to turn another lever. This one, he had no idea what it would do.

"It's not me..." he said again, straining to keep his head above it all, his mouth above it.

"Adding just a little water..." she said softly. "This should make it interesting."

He gasped and kept his eyes shut tight, wondering, panicking for a second, thinking, oh God, I'm going to drown in my own cum!

"Just...a little..." she said. Her words were laced with thick arousal, pure sex. He found them completely intoxicating despite his horrific situation. His own cock twitched and he found himself cumming again, despite himself.

"It's not me..." he hissed for a third time. He could barely get the words out.

Tricia knew what he was trying to say, though. "It's not you," she smiled. "It's the machine. I know."

The cum crept up toward his nose and it took every ounce of strength in his body to sit up straight enough to avoid being submerged.

"You have no idea what else this machine can do," Tricia smiled. "We're not even close to done yet...." She paused, and knocked on the glass until he opened his eyes. "Ryan, you know, if you were smart, you'd realize there's one way to save yourself from drowning."

There was a long, painful silence as he blinked at her, shaking.

She smiled. "Just open your mouth. And drink it."

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