



# Akasha's Web



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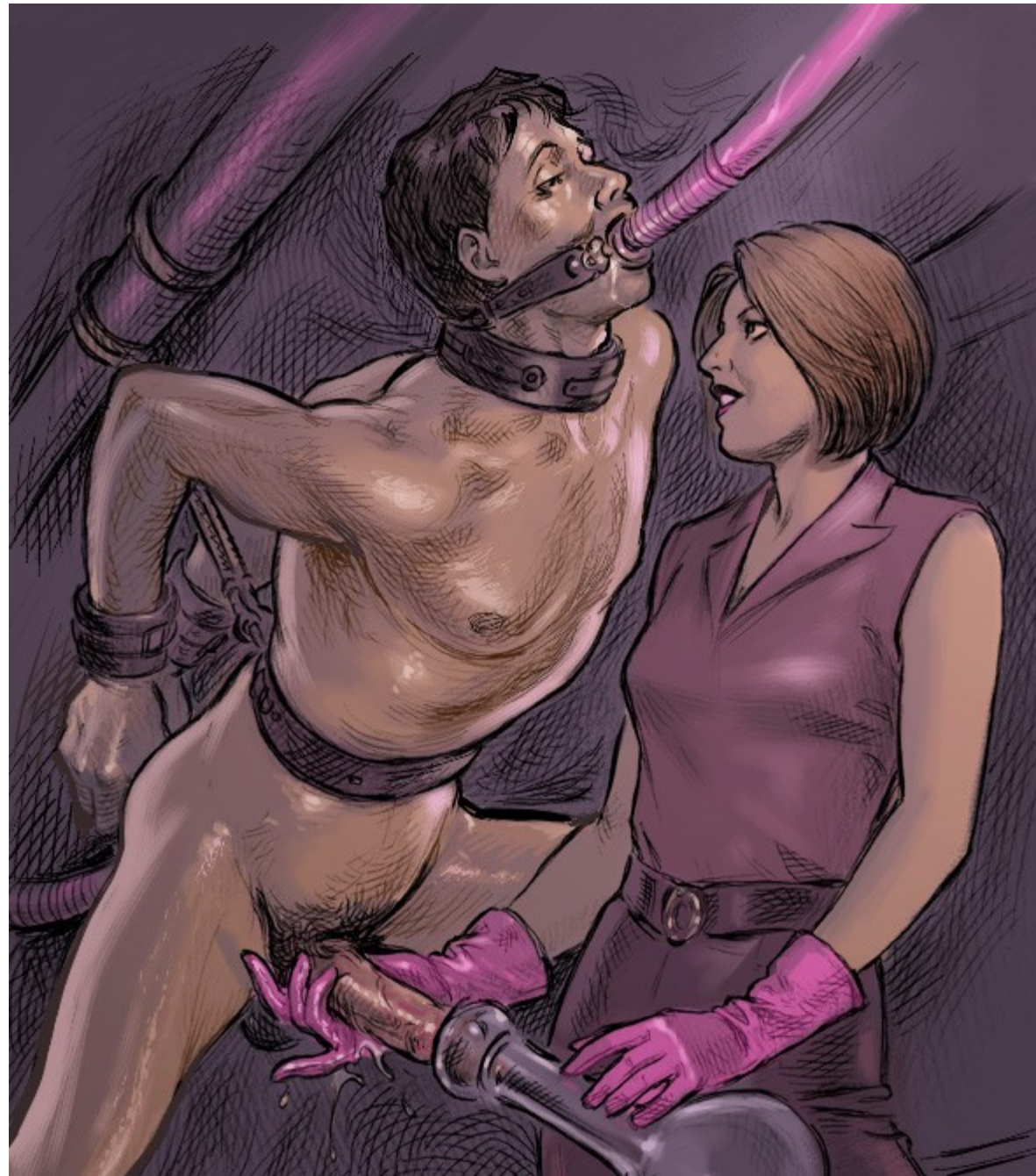
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(Illustration by **Sardax**)

Katrina never thought she might actually tire of her job. Where else could she spend countless hours with men in her clutches, with the sole purpose of breaking their spirit, crushing their ego or destroying their precious bodies? Katrina thrived on the challenge, but more importantly, she loved to see the reaction in the men they brought her. By the time they reached her chambers, most were very aware, from the other prisoners, of her capabilities.

Perhaps she was getting bored in her job because the men lately were just giving in. Without any kind of a fight. It must have been six, seven prisoners in a row that divulged sensitive information, confessed to crimes or volunteered to betray their comrades before she even opened her bag of tricks. She almost thought someone was playing a joke on her.

When they brought Ales to her, she assumed it was going to be another wasted afternoon. There was nothing assuming about him. He looked to be far too young to be a soldier anyway. When she flipped through the papers they gave her, as the armed guards pressed the prisoner down into the metal chair. "Have a seat," she said out loud, not even looking up, Her tone was matter-of-fact.

The familiar jingling of buckles and tightening of leather straps aroused her only slightly. Maybe she needed a change of routine, she pondered. Maybe some new gear. She stared blankly at the second page of his captor report and pursed her lips, thinking momentarily about taking a look into the latest interrogation technology, maybe something even more devious than she'd even imagined.

"Miss," the guard at her side said. "Your prisoner is ready. May we be excused?"

Katrina nodded and gave them a wave, then took a second to give her prisoner the once over, hoping he'd at least provide some sort of interesting challenge.

Ales was all she had on him – a first name – or maybe an abbreviation. He was tall and somewhat hansom, but of course she could care less about these things. What she cared about was his level of resistance. And Ales seemed intriguing, only because he was looking right at her. He had nice, pretty blue eyes and dark hair, disheveled and slightly wet.

Without hesitation, she reached over and took a fistful of his hair, tightening her fingers and testing his reaction. He continued to look at her, not showing much in the way of emotion. Still dressed in simply black shorts and a tight, slightly torn white t-shirt, his chest barely moved against the leather straps that held him in place. His wrists were shackled behind the chair, and his ankles were spread and fastened to the legs of it.

Katrina smiled, slightly, and lifted a knee, placing it between his legs as she leaned in, getting her face closer to her prisoner's. "Ales," she said, moving closer and closer, her nose close to his, holding his head tight enough in her grip that she knew he could not wrench free. "Let's me see if I can smell anything."

Fear, of course, was what she was talking about, but she wasn't even aware if he understood her, or was listening. He was stoic enough to perhaps already be in some sort of self defensive trance, after all.

She continued to smile, tilting her head to look more closely at his eyes, which he kept fixed on her. He wasn't breathing hard at all. His mouth was closed calmly. His jaw wasn't even clenched. Her knee precariously close to his crotch, she eased a little closer, leveraging her weight on one leg. "Let's see," she said softly, staring intently into his eyes, watching for any change of expression.

Then, without warning, she kneed him hard in the crotch. It took little effort on her part, but she knew the impact was tremendous because the entire chair shook. Ales inhaled, but didn't take his eyes off her, and stifled what must have been a hell of a wail. Impressive, she noted. She kept her knee there, and continued to push, to grind her body into his, a little harder, watching for any change in his expression. He strained, finally, and lowered his eyes, inhaling through his nose, and then she heard the rattling of the chains behind the chair as his wrists struggled with the bonds.

"Don't tell me, " she sighed as she stepped back, removing her knee from his groin. "You're going to give in, that easy? A little pressure on your balls, your sac smashed, just the tiniest bit, and your eyes, are they already watering? Are you going to cry?"

He had his head down, just for a second, then he looked up. Indeed, his eyelashes were a little wet, but his expression was one of defiance, fury. "I won't tell you anything," he said in a thick accent, one she could not place, but she noted as interesting. "I'm not like other men."

Katrina raised her eyebrows, intrigued. "Not. Like. Other..." she paused, enjoying the words as she repeated them. "Men." She walked around a little, paced around his chair, listened to his labored breathing as the effects of her ball crushing blow started to reverberate through his body. "You have no idea how much I enjoy hearing that," she said with delight, stopping to put her hands on his shoulders. "Ales."

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Ales provided just the right kind of delicious, stoic resistance that Katrina needed to light her fire again. It wasn't that she was attracted to him in any way – men really didn't do it for her. But something about the way he continued to try to challenge her, almost as if it was a game, made her want to see how far she could drag him down. It had been some time before she was so wrapped up in her captive that she almost forgot what information she was looking for. She was having entirely too much fun tormenting him.

It was in the second room that she delivered an inspection designed to strip him of pride and ego, make him

feel more vulnerable and remove the protective layer of masculinity that he was hiding behind. Her newest assistant, Nina, was just sitting quickly in the corner, perhaps shellshocked at what she was witnessing. Nina had been through classes and watched videos, but really had never seen anything like this before. She was dressed unassumingly, seemed uncomfortable in the room, and almost seemed to want to disappear into the shadows.

Not that Katrina would have noticed, anyway. Ales was mounted over the inspection table almost on all fours, stripped completely naked, his thighs and ankles in gripped metal bonds. The position was designed to make him feel wide open, his cock and balls dangling precariously, his ass cheeks vulnerable.

"Sometimes in this very chair, I start a session by removing a man's testicles completely," Katrina smiled as she paced, now passing in front of the semi kneeling man, trying to catch eye contact. In the position over the table, with his wrists shackled down toward the floor, he had to lift his head to make eye contact. He chose not too. Instead, he stayed very, very still, and just clenched his fists.

Katrina stepped forward in her leather suit, his crotch at even level with his face, and pushed her body against him. She used her hands to grip him by the hair and tilt his head up, so that his nose and mouth were pressed tightly against her crotch. She'd done this enough times to know what it meant. It meant he really couldn't breathe.

"Come around, Nina," she ordered. "I'll keep him quiet while you tend to his sac."

This made him struggle. The shackles on the chair rattled. Katrina smiled.

"There, there, Ales, you know better than that. You should save your strength. Nina, put on the latex gloves. No, those ones. Yes. Now pick up the metal rod. Take the lubricant."

Ales was struggling now, without a doubt, but Katrina held his head firmly in place, feeling his nose wrestle against her crotch. It stirred something inside her, a combination of arousal and amusement. She reached down, unzipped the front of her body suit, and pressed her flesh against his face, creating an even tighter seal. "If you dare open your mouth, if I feel anything in the way of teeth, my prisoner, your balls will be gone in a mere instant."

Ales apparently knew better, because all he did was try to breathe, somehow, someway, during the brief instants that Katrina would break the seal long enough. Katrina was busy instructing Nina, meantime, who was staring at the metal rod she'd lubricated. Finally, Nina was smiling. Apparently, the energy in the room was getting to her.

"Slide it into his ass," Katrina ordered. "It will liven him a bit, trust me. But don't turn it on yet. Put the milker on his dick."

Nina appeared to look through the available instruments with some confusion as Katrina looked down at her victim, backing up just a little to see how much he'd gasp for her, to see if he'd look up and try to plead for some kind of mercy. She used a gloved finger to lift his chin. His face was sweating, his hair wet. But his eyes showed nothing but stubborn defiance, and not much fear at all. Surprising, she thought.

But she did enjoy the grimace he made, and the whimper that came out of him, when Nina slide the iron rod into his ass, holding him by the hips with the other hand. "How far in?" she asked.

"All the way, " Katrina told her. "Now, the milker. Yes, stick his cock in it. It's ok that is limp. Oh trust me, that won't be for long. Little thing, isn't it. What a shame, such a handsome man so deficient downstairs. Can you get it in there? Do you need a smaller milking tube?"

It would seem such trivial matters would not impact a man in his situation, with such serious issues at stake, but the discussion of his cock seemed to create the most reaction in him by far! Katrina smirked to herself; how predictable, she thought. He had been so easily resistant to drugs, to pain, and to intense restraints. But the moment a lovely, feminine hand guided his useless cock into a milking tube as they discussed the pathetic size of his manhood, he started to quiver all over, shaking visibly, making little whimpering sounds. Maybe the rod, angled carefully into his ass, had something to do with it.

"I think I got it," Nina said, locking the milking tube around his body so it was held in place.

"You've never seen a man milked, have you?" Katrina asked her. "You're going to like this. You won't believe what it does to a man. Milked dry, without any sensation of pleasure, it goes against everything in their nature."

Nina walked around slowly, standing next to Katrina, holding a device in her hand. Katrina took the prisoner by the hair and wrenched his head up so her assistant could see him clearly. "Look at him," Katrina said. He was breathing hard, his teeth clenched.

"He's handsome," Nina observed honestly. She looked at him, and he looked at her, perhaps hoping that somehow, some way, she would secretly feel for him and want to show him some shred of mercy. But Nina just smiled. These women, they all seemed the same; simply driven by their own sadistic desires, and motivated insanely by the increasing helplessness and pathetic state of their prisoners.

"Can I turn on the machine?" Nina asked.

"Wait," Katrina said. She stepped back and took a large, inflatable gag that held a phallic shape. She took Ales by a fistful of hair and gripped it until he yelped in pain, shutting his eyes tight. She pushed the gag into his mouth and reached around, fastening the buckles tightly behind his head. "This will shut him up and

remind him, as the cock grows in his mouth, of what real manhood would taste like. She inflated the gag until his eyes started to water, and then she told Nina to turn on the machine.

With a slight giggle of delight, Nina flipped the correct switches and the machine started to hum. Ales reacted by pumping his hips, uncontrollable, as the combination of the electric rod and the sucking of the milking tube went to work on his helpless body.

"Keep it on," Katrina ordered, "Let it milk him dry. It might take some time. When he stops squirting, let it go; he will start again."

There was nothing Ales could do but writhe there in his restraints, his hips bucking with what little freedom he had, the glass tube attached to his cock filling steadily, in spurts, with creamy white fluid.

Katrina leaned over and whispered to Nina, loud enough so that Ales could hear her, "This cum, I tell you, it's better than any truth serum out there. We take away his manhood, and he will give us everything else he has. And beg us to take it."

There was a silence.

"I can't believe he's still cumming," Nina said.

: "He's young, virile man," Katrina observed. "Too bad the cock that he's been given is so useless. No worry, he won't be needing it any longer anyway."

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Ales lost consciousness for some time, but that was to be expected. Katrina used this time to have her guards relocate him into her favorite interrogation device as she explained to Nina what was about to happen.

"He'll be faced with an unthinkable scenario," Katrina told her younger assistant as she wrapped an O-ring gag around the unconscious man's face and put it in place, prying his jaw open and tightening the dual strengths straps. The locks clicked loudly.

As she screwed a clear tube into place against the O-ring, she continued. "The cum we milked from him is already in the jar and will be the first to go down. He'll see it coming through the tube and know what it is; but, then he will realize, it's just the beginning. You'll be already taking the next load from him, and as his body spasms from the rod, he'll be swallowing the first load. And he will never know when this process ends.

"How long can it keep going?" Nina asked, holding the next milking container in her gloved hands.

"Until he passes out," Katrina replied. "But the milking will continue. I've injected him with a drug that will

speed up the production in his body. He'll be able to produce five or six times the normal amount in the next hour. But again, with no pleasure."

Nina seemed to smile with pleasure over this. She watched the sleeping victim, who seemed so peaceful. His eyelashes were already starting to flutter, though, and his body strained a little against the uncomfortable bonds. The ladies had him held up in the relentless harness-type vice that totally exposed his manhood again, but his head was held up high to accommodate the O-ring gag/tube device that would soon be pumping creamy white fluid into his mouth. His arms were stretched painfully behind his back.

The first thing he seemed aware of was the tube in front of him, and both women seemed to enjoy the way his eyes followed it up and out of view, wondering, dreading, what it could possibly be for. His eyes twitched as he tried to look down and he could obviously feel that his cock was once again encased, his ass was penetrated, and he was all too familiar with the sensation of the milking rod. A muffled whimper got no sympathy from the women, and Nina enjoyed stepping close to him to get a better view as she held the glass in place to capture the next load.

Katrina seemed to enjoy the painful, silent moments of anticipation, and like many times before, she just opted to let her prisoner take in his scenario and test the bonds uselessly. She felt that it added to his sense of despair. She reached up and pushed some of the hair out of his face. "Since your cock is nothing to look at, Nina and I will enjoy looking into your eyes as you eat your first meal as our prisoner." She smiled. "A meal best served warm. I hope you will find it fresh. If not, I can assure you, there's much more where that came from, and it's indeed, quite fresh."

Nina giggled and took that as her cue to flip the switch once again, only this time, Ales' hips were restrained in a manner that prevented him from bucking in response to the rod working closely against him from the inside. This time, as if his body was trained, the fluid started to squirt with ease into the glass container.

"Now, the fun really begins," Katrina announced from her side of the room, pressing the controls on the device that would start pumping the stored cum through the tube. As the creamy white fluid started to descend down the clear tube, Ales tried to wriggle free, but it was useless. His eyes were wide with fear, but as the fluid moved down the tube, he shut them tightly.

"Get used to it," Katrina said to him. "As you swallow it, realize, Ales, that you have no control any longer. Even your manhood has been taken away. Nina and I are going to use you in any way we see fit; even if it is just for our amusement. You'll notice I have not even asked you any questions. What does that tell you?"

Ales had his eyes shut tight as the white fluid continued to disappear as it swirled down the clear tube and into his mouth.

"In fact, you couldn't even talk if you wanted to, because your mouth seems to be full." Katrina observed.



Nina looked up from next to him, holding the glass jar, which was now full once again. "It's full already!" She gasped. "That's unbelievable."

"Give it to me," Katrina ordered. She didn't want to waste any time, and she wanted Ales to see how serious she was. Within moments he was being force-fed the contents once again, this time, making his eyes water.

Nina pulled another clear glass tube from the supply cabinet and brought it over, holding it up. "Do we keep going?"

Katrina folded her arms and took a long look at Ales once again. Breathing hard, spent, his eyes slightly red, his eyelashes wet. She was very familiar with that look. It was the look of a man ready to tell her anything she needed to know. In fact, she could see him begging her with his eyes to remove that gag so he could start talking. He was finished. It was all too clear.

But Katrina smiled, and nodded to Nina. There would be plenty of time for talking later. For now, she wanted to see just how much more he could take before he was milked dry. "Let's keep going," she said. "And when we cannot get another drop from him, you can take him to your room and use him in any way you desire."

Nina raised her eyebrows with interest, taking another look at the prisoner. A perk of the job, she figured. And one that pleasantly surprised her.

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