



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

Chapter Three: Allen's Demise

Part three

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Katrina was enjoying her interrogation of the third prisoner. His name was Allen, and he was a handsome, well built man with short dark hair, piercing blue eyes and a rather large penis.

Her interrogations often were sexual in nature; even though she detested men, she found them sexually exciting, and often used them sexually as a way to break their pride. Sometimes, she found, with especially masculine men, they could be broken down to tears in a matter of a few hours through sexual torture and humiliation, while standard interrogations with drugs and pain instruments could take days.

This one, Allen, she had strapped down on the low table, and she was straddling his face in her high riding boots. She was wearing her zip-up black latex interrogation uniform, and the material seemed to be almost painted onto her well rounded ass as it pressed alternately on his face, cutting off his air from time to time.

The prisoner struggled, but held back, as to not give her so much satisfaction.

But this just got her off more. Katrina felt herself getting hot inside the uniform, the familiar sweat building between her thighs, heat rising through her pussy. The little struggles he gave when he tried to turn his head only excited her more, and she mocked him as she unzipped his trousers.

"You're a wimpy little man, Allen," she announced, leaning forward, lifting her ass off his face to hear him gasp for a breath and mutter some obscenities at her. She pulled his semi-erect penis from his pants and admired it for a moment, letting it slide around in her gloved hands.

Reaching over, she placed lubricant on her fingers, lubricant that would heat up with her stroking, and continue to do so, actually, until she stopped. She had literally burned skin off of men before with it. But with Allen, she intended to just torture him a little.

When her hand slid up and down the length of his shaft she felt him moaning under her ass, and she pondered unzipping her crotch zipper soon to start the suffocation process. Instead, she kept her hand pumping up and down on his shaft and could see his skin tingle, his member heat up.

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**

His moans turned to whimpers in a matter of minutes. "That doesn't feel so good anymore, does it?" she teased.

She stopped stroking and leaned over, pursuing her ruby red lips and blowing on the tip of his penis. He wailed in pain under her ass, and she lifted her bottom up just to make sure he could be heard.

"Why are you even doing this to me," he hissed.

She leaned down and flicked her tongue over the tip of his cock. "Because I like it."

He struggled under her, but the straps were so tight that his body could barely move. She had done an expert job earlier, strapping his wrists and ankles down, then his chest, but telling him she would leave the face strap off because she wanted his head to be thrashing about under her ass when she suffocated him.

Katrina reached into the side drawer and pulled out a metal clamp kit for Allen's balls. She opened the bottom panel of the interrogation table so his balls would hang down through it thanks to gravity, then she started screwing the metal clamp into place, tightening the skin around his balls slowly.

Meanwhile, his erect cock was cooling down finally, and glistening drops of pre-cum shimmered under the bright interrogation lights. His breathing had also settled and she could feel him shifting under her thighs, her ass now just an inch over his face as she was still crouched right on top of him.

"This clamp will hold your balls in place," she told him, "And I'll begin attaching weights to them, one at a time. Your balls will be pulled to the floor a little each time, and each time you do not give me the right answer, I'll add more."

Katrina lifted a leg and finally dismounted Allen, walking around the table, her boots clicking on the floor. She moved a hand over his chest, up to his neck. He was sweating like mad, his hair kind of spiked now from the sweat after being under her ass for so long.

"You find me attractive," she told him, smiling. Of course, she knew this to be true; Katrina was a stunning woman, with a shapely body. She had dark hair that hung past her shoulders, beautiful lips, and a curved form that was deadly. Her ass was rounded, her thighs were athletic and powerful. In her high heels she stood nearly 6 ft tall, and she was stronger than him.

"I think you're a bitch," he hissed, not looking at her.

She had her hands casually behind her back as she made her way around the table, to his balls, where she attached the first metal weight and watched his sac drop a fraction of an inch. He hissed in pain. She adjusted an overhead mirror and said "So you can watch."

"Fuck you," he said.

"I can't have you speaking to me that way," she said, and she was walking around him again, this time unzipping the front of her latex outfit. Her breasts were nearly visible now, but she only went down a little. Next she lifted a leg and reached for the zipper at her crotch, slowly moving it from the front all the way back to her ass.

"Let's put that mouth of yours to work, Allen. You'll either tell me what I want to know, or drown in my cunt. All the while, I'll stroke your dick to motivate you. Do you remember what that felt like?"

Allen turned his head to protest, but she lowered herself onto his face with ease, holding herself up with her strong legs, pressing her now exposed pussy to his face. He turned his head both ways but she tightened her thighs and put an end to that, and ordered, sternly, "Lick."

He did not comply.

She leaned over, took his cock in her gloved hand, and started pumping again. This time, faster, and it took only seconds for the ointment to heat up to an excruciating level, and his whimpers vibrated against her thighs.

She moaned. Katrina was a sadist, and nothing thrilled her more than the sounds of a man moaning in pain between her legs. She squeezed her thighs inadvertently and nearly crushed his head, then loosened up and started slowly moving her hips in circles, rubbing her pussy round and round on his face.

"If I don't feel any tongue," she warned, a little breathless already, "I'll give you five more strokes. I think you'll find that five times more hot..."

Then, she felt it. And his tongue was so strong, she was pleasantly surprised. "You've done this before, haven't you Allen?"

He kept licking, in slow circles at first, then pressed his tongue against her clit, and finally inside. This she liked, and she held his cock tightly in her fist as she started slowly moving up and down, ordering him to hold position until she ordered him to move.

Her hair bounced in her face, her hand tightened on his cock painfully but she did not stroke. Meanwhile, because of the movement, his balls were swinging with the weights, slowly back and forth, painfully making him aware of their predicament.

Katrina almost forgot her questions. In fact, she was only aware of his talented tongue pressing against her pussy. When she ordered him to suck, he did so quite well, and she re-positioned herself with her ass on his face, spreading her cheeks for him.

But he turned away and said, "No."

And she was livid.

Moments later, she was attaching two electrodes to his stretched balls, and he lifted his head, gasping. "I...I don't know what you're doing."

"I'm about to generate volts of electricity through your balls, then to a catheter I will insert into the head of your penis," she said, taking out a rod and lubricating it in front of him. She was all business now.

His eyes widened. "Wait...Katrina...I just --"

"You DARE deny my ass? Do you know what you are? Do you know how pathetic you are, that you are a bug that I can squash under my heel at any time? Do you realize that your TONGUE was the only thing keeping you alive?"

He stammered a little. His face was glistening with her juices; she realized, looking at him, that he must have been even better than she imagined, because his face was soaked. She leaned in close, partially so he could see the size of the rod in her hand.

Moving in, she could smell her own scent on his face. She smiled, and parted her lips, then slowly licked his face one time. "Mmmmm...." She said.

"Please," he begged.

"Oh, so now you want to stick your tongue up my ass? You want to suck it now, don't you?" She moved to his cock with the rod.

He lifted his head what he could, gasping at her, "I'll do it...I swear."

She stopped, regarded him for a moment, then licked her lips slowly. "Hmmm.."

He raised his eyebrows and whispered, "please." In fact, she realized, he actually looked rather sweet in a boyish way, his face all wet, his lips pink.

When she remounted his face, she felt only momentary hesitation, then she used her hands to spread her ass cheeks and said, "Let's have it, Allen."

And he did quite an impressive job.

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Moments later Katrina was almost unaware that the interrogation did need to be finished. Instead, she was consumed with the long, even strokes of his tongue up and down her ass crack, and the way his lips felt when he pressed them against her hole and kissed.

"I think I might have some use for you," she moaned, pressing her cheeks down on his face to briefly cut off his hair. She did so until the table rattled with his struggling, then let up and felt his gasp.

"I want your tongue back in my pussy, " she ordered, sliding back upright on his face. "And we'll begin with the questioning. The weights are ready."

Thanks to modern technology, Katrina was able to add weights remotely so she did not have to dismount from Allen's face, forcing him to lick and suck her pussy while she read the list of questions to him, and pressed the button to add the first weight to his swinging ballsac.

He whimpered into her pussy and she eased up off his face, hearing him gasp, and she said firmly, "Your answer?"

"I don't -- "

Before he could finish, she lowered herself back down and said, "Not the appropriate response," and pushed the button. Magnetically at the other side of the table another weight was attached to the clamp, and she observed in the overhead mirror. The clamp was pulling down on his ballsac so hard that it was turning blue. She shook her head sympathetically. "I've seen men lose the whole sac," she said. "the clamp is rather tight, and it won't give way."

He was whimpering, and his tongue was losing stamina. This disappointed Katrina, and she feared he was close to broken, and would soon lose the ability to even lick. And it was such a painfully short ride, she sighed.

"I've wasted too much time with you, Allen," she said, fingering the controller in her hand and punching in the coordinates to prepare not one more weight, but four.

"I'll give you one chance now, since your tongue is failing, to tell me what I need to know."

When she lifted up off of him he whimpered to her, sounding terrified (but oh so sexy), but he gave her no answers.

This time, when she pressed her pussy back down on his face, she did it hard enough to muffle what she knew would be unprecedented wails from him. The weights would stretch his balls back down to the floor almost.

Indeed, when she pressed the button, his entire body arched in pain and he howled up into her cunt, but the vibrations against her thighs were heavenly. She pressed back down harder and pumped, slowly, rubbing against his nose, and she came on his face, listening to his muffled cries of pain mixed with her cries of sheer pleasure.

Katrina sent Allen to the medical center after his interrogation; he was unconscious from the pain, but she expected a full recovery, and was so pleased with his

performance that she wanted to spare his life for another round.

She showered quickly and slipped into her more casual interrogation uniform, because she did have one more man on her list that day - the fourth and final comrade of dear Jay, and this one, she sighed, better be quick and easy.

This last one, a cute, young blonde boy name Jacob, was bound to a simple wooden chair when she entered the room. He bit his lip and looked at her, watching her put on her gloves.

"That friend of yours, Allen, has a very good tongue," she told him.

Jacob swallowed.

She leaned over and took him by the chin, straddling his lap. She felt a bulge in his pants already. Definitely a younger man. She smiled.

"So what am I going to do with you?" she wondered out loud.

And it was so obvious, to her, what would break this 22 year old in an instant.

It was her leather harness. The one with 8 inches of latex shaft. It had been a few weeks since she deflowered a virgin, and his pouty pink lips seemed to be inviting it. She moved her thumb over his bottom lip and it quivered a little. She already was imagining him on all fours on the penetration rack, his tender ass cheeks opened for her, the large head of her latex penis pushing painfully into his sweet, tight hole.

"You'll be good for me, won't you, Jacob?" she smiled.

He nodded eagerly.

She slowly got up off of his lap and said, "Good. I'm moving you to the next room. The men there will lower you face down over a large table and secure your arms and legs there. Cooperate with them, and I will be with you soon."

She placed a light kiss on his lips, and felt his breath shaking.

Already wet with the thought of it, she smiled and went to the next room to change into her gear.

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