



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 Five: Anthony on the Open Market

Part Five

Of the captured men, Anthony was probably the most strong, silent of the group.

Perhaps that's why Katrina saved him for last. She had devious plans for the mature, handsome man. As he paced in his cell she watched him on her monitor, sitting back in her high-back leather chair, rubbing her gloved fingers together in deep thought.

"How to break this one," she pondered out loud. She admired his broad shoulders through the small monitor, admired the way his body moved when he paced. He was silent and thoughtful.

It was then she realized she'd sell him on the slave market. But only after getting some use out of himself first.

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She had Anthony brought to her personal chambers at 9pm that night. He was shackled and blindfolded, and immediately she took notice of how the blindfold brought out the more sensual features of his mouth. Indeed, he had a gorgeous mouth.

"Lock him over the table," she ordered her soldiers, and his head turned her direction at the sound of a distinctly female voice.

"Where are they?" he immediately asked, sternly, obviously concerned for the fate of his missing friends.

Katrina smiled and enjoyed watching him being restrained. She did not answer, but instead watched his fists clench as they locked his wrists into steel shackles, positioning him on his back on a large table. His legs were spread by the men in uniform and he tried, earnestly, to lift his knees and pull free, but soon his ankles were locked down in place. Steel shackles covered black leather boots. Katrina liked what she saw.

She ran a single hand down his chest as she excused the guards, and as soon as the door was closed she let the sound of his breathing sink into her. He was breathing deeply, hard, his head up as much as he could get it, his ears searching for some sound in the room.

Her finger toyed with one of the buttons of his shirt. She watched, amused, as he licked his lips slowly. That mouth again. She lifted a finger to his lips and as soon as she made

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

Chapter #16

Chapter #17

Chapter #18

Chapter #19

Chapter #20

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**

contact, he threw his head to the side and said, "Don't touch me."

And that really made her chuckle.

**

Next, her hand was possessively at his crotch. With his legs held open, spread wide apart, he could do nothing to get away. He arched his back slowly as she gripped her gloved hand possessively into his pants, feeling around with her fingers until she recognized what felt like his testicles. She knew how to affect men like Anthony.

So she squeezed. Slowly, this time purring into his ear as she did, watching a strained wince come over his face. "Ooh yes, that does hurt, doesn't it?" she cooed. She had amazing strength in her hands -- obviously unlike anything he had experienced. When she locked her fingers down, twisting into his trousers, she clearly could have torn his balls right from his body.

He arched his back more, gasping for air, his knuckles white from clenching his own fists. Air hissed from his clenched teeth and he was about to let out a yell, but she let go and he gasped in relief, then was left a panting mess on the table.

Slowly, deliberately, she reached up and slid the black blindfold away from his eyes, watching him blink to adjust to the light in the room, then turn his attention to her. He was sweating already, his dark hair pressed slightly against his face. Again, he licked his lips. Then he said to her, "I don't know who you are, or what you want with us."

That made her smile.

"But I am not afraid to hurt you, if I have to."

Katrina ran a gloved finger down the side of his face, smirking when he pulled away. "That makes two of us."

**

She rolled over her tray of "toys" and adjusted the light. Anthony was fumbling with the shackles, trying to get his wrists loose, but they were pinned sufficiently out at his sides, away from his body, and there was no way they would budge. He saw instruments -- his eyes scanned them, then went to her.

She had what looked like a vice, or a nutcracker, in her hand. "Is this some sort of interrogation?" he demanded.

Katrina smiled softly, admiring the tool in her gloved hand, watching the light reflect off of it. "No, Anthony. This is just me enjoying myself. Enjoying your body. Just as you wish you could enjoy mine."

"You're hallucinating," he scoffed.

All she needed to do was lean down, unzip her tight jump suit a little and press her breasts against his face, her hand

rubbing his crotch, before she felt the erection grow in his trousers. "Oh really? That's some reaction for a woman who's hallucinating."

He scoffed again, this time muffled against her warm skin as she had her chest pressed into his face. She held him firm by the back of the head and pulled him closer, listening to the rattling of his body against the shackles as she cut off his access to air. She pressed his head so hard against her breasts that she could feel him almost breathing them in, feel his muffled gasps for air.

Her other hand rested between her legs, her eyes closed, as she said softly to him, "I could kill you right now, right here."

His fingers dug into the edges of the table.

"But if I'm going to suffocate you," she said, "I'd much rather sit on your face."

**

As Anthony caught his breath, regarding Katrina a little more seriously, the evil seductress squeezed some clear ointment onto her fingers. She's already cut through his trousers and shorts and left him naked from the waist down, his exposed cock now flaccid and his balls hidden.

When she began to rub the ointment onto his cock he gasped -- it was cool, and slick. She cupped his entire manhood easily in her hand and massaged the ointment thoroughly into it, rubbing it into the head without missing a fraction of his flesh. Immediately his cock started to stiffen in her hand.

"This chemical," she told him casually, "Will produce an uncontrollable erection in your that will last three to four hours, coupled with intense, agonizing pain in your testicles."

He was breathing hard. She was delighted.

"Also, it will make your other erogenous zones VERY sensitive," she continued, reaching up and very lightly touching his left nipple through his shirt, making him gasp in pain, arch his back, and twist his entire body.

"Oh god," he moaned. "What the hell are you!?"

She leaned down, pursed her red lips and blew air lightly onto his throbbing cock.

He screamed.

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Next, Katrina took some time to just watch and enjoy Anthony's struggling, begging and thrashing on the table. His body pulsed, covered with a thin film of sweat. His cock was bobbing up and down, totally engorged. It made her consider mounting him and fucking him; after all, the erection would remain for hours, regardless.

Most impressive to her, though, was the way he looked at

her. Much different, already. He regarded her with a terrified sense of awe now, his body trembling slightly. His forehead was coated with perspiration and his fingers trembled slightly as he gripped the edges of the table.

"Please," he finally said. "Make it stop."

Katrina stood from her chair slowly and made her way to him. She leaned down when she reached his bound body and took his cock into her hand. He let out his breath in relieve. Her strokes were long, deliberate. He shut his eyes. momentarily relieved, momentarily lost in some pleasure among all the pain.

"I'll stop," she threatened (there was a soft "no" from him, his lips barely moving), "Unless you open your mouth and kiss me. Stick your tongue all the way into my mouth and suck me. Kiss me the way you kiss those women you like, Anthony."

Without words, without hesitation, without even opening his eyes, he lifted his head and parted his lips, finding her chin first then moving up to her lips, which were curled into a content smile. His tongue eagerly found her lips and mouth, and she purred at the way his mouth hungrily met hers, his breath shaking.

So she kept rubbing, kissing and rubbing and rubbing and kissing until her strokes turned to pumping and soon his body shook all over, warm milky fluid shooting all over his chest.

Then when she scooped it onto her fingers to make him eat it, he fought like a beast.

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"I see you'll need to be broken," she purred at him. She stopped to once again blow lightly on his flaccid penis, and immediately it regained form and shape, and he was moaning, and thrashing and gasping, amazed at how soon the pain returned.

She scooped up all the cum from his chest, slowly, carefully, until her fingers were all coated. "I'm selling you at the Open Market tonight, Anthony," she warned. "You are a handsome man, well endowed. I will get good money for you. But not before you go through inspection. Your mouth. Your ball sac. Your penis. Your asshole. Every part of you will be probed, opened, inspected. In front of a committee of four women."

She was toying with the cum, smearing it over his lips as he held firm, glaring at her, trying not to whimper from the pain. He held so still, lips pressed shut tight, now glistening with the film of cum over them.

When she finished, she slid her index finger into her mouth and sucked it off slowly, withdrawing it suggestively from her pursed lips. "Now, lick it up, Anthony."

He just remained still, blinking.

Katrina turned without an ounce of frustration or impatience. She turned and picked up a silver probe and started to lubricate it, lubricating it in plain view. It was phallic in shape and was attached to three wires and a control box. "I have ways to train a man to drink it. To drink it all. You could have had it easy."

Next, she was unlocking his ankles. He tried to fight, but she was much stronger, and in no time she had his ankles locked to beams up high, over his head, bending him over himself almost so his erection bobbed just inches from his face.

His ass cheeks were right in the air and he was totally exposed and vulnerable.

She started with one finger and he gasped in pain, and humiliation, feeling it push through his hole and penetrate him. Without any hesitation she wiggled it around, turning it, then inserting a second. He thrashed against her but it did no good. She actually seemed to be enjoying it.

Next, he felt the cool, steel head of the device popping him open and sliding into his ass. It seemed to grow, and go deeper, and deeper, until he was gasping, eyes shut tight.

"Just wait until I turn it on, " she warned, peeling off her soiled gloves now that that device was fully lubricated and inserted all the way into his ass.

It was difficult for him to breathe. He shut his eyes in anticipation, but she was not near the control box, she was back around at his head. She was strapping his head down. First with a leather strap over the forehead, then with a strap under his chin, prying his mouth open slightly.

"We'll start slow the first time," she smiled at him, and if he would open his eyes he'd see what almost appeared to be a caring woman, her long dark hair hanging in thick curls around her shoulders, her jumpsuit unzipped half way to reveal beautiful, full breasts and a flat stomach.

But he kept his eyes shut tight, breathing strained, ass she appeared to take his hard cock and hold it still, to stop it's throbbing and bobbing.

"Here we go,": she said, almost cheerfully, and then he heard the flip of a switch, felt a jolt of electricity rack his entire body and shoot through his anus and suddenly, without any control at all, he was cumming fiercely again.

This time, right down into his own face, and half of it into his mouth. He came so much that it started to hurt; his body was still convulsing with orgasms even though there was no cum left. He was dry-cumming, and it hurt so bad it made him scream, until finally the humming of the electrodes stopped and the pulsing orgasms stopped and he could hear her pouring a liquid into a small cup.

"Unfortunately you men don't produce enough semen," she sighed. "But this drug will increase semen production by

tenfold in a few hours. So we won't have this problem again."

He was not about to let her force feed him, but with his mouth pried open half way, and with the cup she held having a metal nozzle to pry between his teeth, there was little he could do.

It was thick, and creamy, and tasted as bad as the cum itself. She literally pumped it into his mouth then cupped his lips with her hand to prevent him from spitting it out.

"You'll get more attention on the open market when you can shoot limitlessly," Katrina smiled. She smiled at him almost affectionately -- she was really starting to like this one. "I might even be sad to see you go..."

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