



Stories

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[Chapter Seven: The Continued Torture of Darian](#)

Darian was brought into the interrogation room promptly two hours later for his next milking. Katrina was ready, still in her slick interrogation outfit, high boots and black gloves. And was she ready for him. She had been thinking about it the entire time, thinking about how this time he would not only be milked into helplessness, but this time, he would please her with his tongue as well.

When Darian saw the machine, this time, he struggled. He was dressed only in tight black shorts, shorts designed to stimulate his penis and encourage the increased production of more sperm for his next milking. He was unconscious most of the time, or perhaps he would have tried to shed them. Later, obviously, he would be strapped down while in them, helpless to do anything while they pressed tightly against his erection, keeping him firm, massaging his testicles.

Katrina eyed the soldier hungrily. She adored his body; firm, solid, and quite large. His features were so masculine, she imagined that when she finished his milking procedures, she'd send him down to the lab and have him transformed into a true she-male for her pleasure. All of the hair shaved from his firm body, hormones hyper-injected into his cock to shrivel it to mere non-existence and others into his tits to make them bulge and grow almost hourly.

Oh, yes, the full transformation of Darian would be a delight. And to see those long, strong legs in high heels, stockings and garters. The thought made Katrina crème in her thong panties under her leather jumpsuit. Indeed, it was a project to consider.

Yes, Darian would finish his three weeks of cum-drinking behavior mod, then be sent for a total transformation procedure, with a ball-snipping ceremony at the end, his penis left to be tucked into pink, lace panties for a lifetime.

What a perfect fate for this strong, built man, Katrina noted.

"Put him in the device," she ordered. This time, he looked at her with what was a combination of helplessness and anger.

"This isn't necessary," he hissed. But the men did not listen to him, nor did Katrina. In fact, she was busy fancying the idea of making him suck off one of the guards right there; it was another very effective means of breaking a man, she had found. She eyed one of the guards -- a tall, thin, feminine looking blonde with darling locks and sweet cheeks. He looked quite pretty, indeed.

She was lost, for a few moments, thinking of Darian having to

a crash test dummy for a young, beautiful strap-on novice..

Chapter #13- a strap-on extravaganza! And it's just the start...

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The Corporate Slut**

suck that guard's dick while she watched, the other men holding him on his knees while she swatted the guard's ass and told him, with authority, "Pump faster. Fuck his face. Come on, shoot it all over his face for me!"

And because he was inferior, the poor blonde would have to obey without question.

Oh, Katrina was in a mood. She blushed slightly at her own thoughts, turned back toward the machine, and loved what she saw.

The men were pulling down Darian's training "panties" and pushing his crotch into the box.

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"You can put his penis in the tube," she told the men. "And go ahead and place his balls in the vice, just to make sure he behaves."

Katrina was walking around leisurely this time. She had already unzipped her jumpsuit and was reaching down into her cleavage. She had no qualms masturbating in front of the guards; they were all wearing training bolts on their privates, which mean not only could they not touch themselves to indulge in her behavior, they couldn't even get hard without feeling metal spikes pierce into their privates. They had learned, after months of training, to not even look at a senior officer when she decided to play with her own nipples or start massaging her pussy.

Katrina peeled down a bit of her black bra, playing with one of her nipples, smiling, softly, at the sweet prisoner fumbling, hissing, grunting as he was force face down over the horse-like contraption, his privates shoved into the metal box and his wrists and ankles secured.

The vice was applied to his balls, but only tightened to the first level. His eyes, already, were closed tight and he was breathing hard.

"Start the milking process," Katrina ordered. She walked over and put a hand to Darian's face. "You have very pretty eyes, my soldier slave."

"Why are you doing this to me," he hissed. His voice jerked once when the machine was flipped on, and his cock was sucked into the tube and the pumping began.

"Because it is my job," she said. "Because you refused to cooperate. And I have never failed to break a man. You will endure three weeks of this, and then you will confess everything, and tell us what we need to know. And then, when we have no use for you, I will send you to our lab, and have you turned into a woman for me."

He hissed, breath escaping his teeth, eyes still shut tight. The words came out in short sputters, his body jerking with the pumping of the machine that milking mercilessly at his cock. "You...Have...to ...Be kidding. Me."

Katrina smiled, reaching down and unzipping the long zipper of her jumpsuit that went from belly button to ass. The one that opened up access to her pussy and asshole. "Oh, I am completely serious, my pretty one."

And without hesitation, Katrina went around and stepped up onto the machine, around to where Darian's head was positioned, and lifted one leg over to straddle the seat that was above his face.

With the rocking of the entire device distracting him, Darian opened his eyes, looked up at her, and saw her smiling down at him as she peeled back the layers of her uniform, used one painted fingernail to peel back the crotch of her panties and reveal her closely shaved pussy. "Let's see that tongue of yours, now, my slave."

And then she slid down to him, making a tight seal against his face with her pussy.

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Katrina liked this part most of all, because she could recline comfortably back against the chair and play with her nipples, listening to the quiet, rhythmic pumping of the machine at the prisoner's cock, and with her heels planted into the footrests at the top of the device, she was able to control the pressure on his face at her leisure.

At first, Darian just kept his mouth shut tight, and even tried to turn away. Katrina expected as much. But she merely closed her eyes, arched her back to stretch and get more comfortable, and ordered the guards, "Tighten the vice on his ball three notches."

That was enough to get Darian's attention. She smiled, and reached down and fingered his thick dark hair, and she said, "You stick that military tongue of your right up into my pussy, and wiggle it all around. Keep me entertained, my prisoner. The longer you keep me amused, the more chances you have for some mercy."

Then, Darian started to lick. And Katrina had to grip the edges of the chair, because he was amazing. He licked at her pussy with eagerness, and talent, something she had not seen in some time along these parts.

In fact, he was almost instinctual about it. He could feel her thighs tense and twitch, and knew when to add pressure and when to ease off. He licked her as if he loved her!

"Ohh, god," she cooed, writhing in her reclined position, pumping against his face with the rhythm of his tongue. He moaned to her, softly, whimpered almost inside of her, as if to say, "please, please stop hurting me. Let me please you. I can please you."

Katrina saw stars. In fact, she saw more than stars. She saw moons, and suns, and the lights of heaven. She came so hard, so loud that she startled one of the guards and he

jumped and overturned a medical tray that clanged loudly on the floor.

That distracted her only momentarily. She blinked back to reality, sat up just a bit, her hair coming out of clips and pins, her chest heaving with her affected breathing.

And he knew to back off - no, Darian didn't keep licking. He heard the orgasm, he knew, and he just kissed, delicately, at her pussy, once to her clit, and then to each of her thighs. Even as his cock was being mercilessly pumped, expanded to twice its size, with no hope of cumming naturally.

Katrina dismounted. She did so with a bit of a fumbling move, but regained composure immediately. She turned to him, re-adjusting her jumpsuit, but he was looking away, eyes closed. His face was covered with a slick, wet film - yes she had soaked him. Soaked him thoroughly. He licked his lips, she saw, not with disgust, but not with lust. More with a sense of dignity, completion.

Reaching for a glass of water, blinking everything back into focus, Katrina cleared her throat. "Go ahead and insert the probe. Milk the semen."

Darian just clenched his fists, kept his eyes shut, held back a scream through clenched teeth and never even looked at her as they completed the procedure of using the anal probe to stimulate his prostrate, force the cum from him and fill the clear tube with semen.

He was breathing hard, exhausted, in pain, when the guard presented Katrina with a clear tube of milky fluid.

She waved it away, staring at him with intrigue, intrigue she had not felt in some time.

"Freeze it," she ordered. "Take him back to his room. I want him back here in 90 minutes."

Katrina watched them release him, struggle to put him back into his training shorts. He was weak, delirious, and only once did he look her way, his face still glistening with wetness. And his eyes were beautiful, and he had surrender in them.

But all Katrina could think of was that tongue.

And how she would use it the next time.

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