



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

Space Age Love Song- Chapter 9 : The New Recruits

When the group told Katrina they were shipping out a new batch of interrogators, she had no idea the competition would be so ruthless. And, so young.

First, there was Dania - a gorgeous auburn haired beauty with some streaks of red in her hair, a body to kill for, and a flair that was more confident than even Katrina. And she was only 20 years old.

Then, there was Zenith, a dark, short haired woman with a bob hair cut, probably only 23 years old, and she carried a whip with her "for fun." These two ladies entered the room with attitude and flair.

In her veteran mindframe, Katrina saw them as "kids" who thought "playtime" was tying up and beating men for fun. They knew nothing about actual interrogation, or the breaking of a man's spirit. Or did they?

She was cool to them at first. Then, when she saw them in their first session, she was, to say the least, speechless.

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Katrina sat quietly with a clipboard, her assignment only to watch and observe the two young vixens, one of a batch that had been sent over for her approval. Their first case was a headstrong man, in his mid 30s, who had been captured recently but refused to reveal any information about his mission or purpose. In fact, he refused to say just about anything. He also had refused to eat.

"Well, you are just going to wither away," Zenith mocked as the men kept their pistols trained on the soldier, allowing Dania the freedom to strap him down securely into the long, reclining leather chair. All sorts of devices were around it; things certainly the solidier Shane had never seen before.

Of course, they had stripped him naked, and Zenith had already completely shaved his cock and balls, and the hair between his ass cheeks. This was all done with an electrical prod at his cock and balls to keep him from moving or resisting, and the slightest twitch was cruelly painful to him. He learned quickly.

"How do you work this fucking thing," Dania mumbled, using her black patent leather boots to fiddle with the levers at the

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**

base of the chair. She was trying to lower it, to put their victim down lower, waist level, with the two ladies.

Katrina stood to assist, but Dania found the right lever in time, and waved her off with a gloved. "Got it, sister. You just relax. Let's show this pussy twit what we can do to him."

She turned, to Katrina, without hesitation, and said, "I want your enema gear. I want a toilet funnel. I want an electrical prod measuring 6 inches by 1 inch diameter lubed, and ready. You have that?"

With a smirk, Katrina stood. Katrina could feel the soldier's eyes following her. Now, he was strapped down so tight, he could barely breathe. His legs were spread wide open, ass propped up under a lever, his hole exposed. He said, in a whisper, almost. "Miss."

Katrina turned.

He said, looking at her, "Can I have a word with you. In private?"

Both Dania and Zenith broke into soft giggles. "Don't tell me the pussy is giving in already? We haven't even had a chance to play."

Katrina eyed the soldier, who was looking at her with big, somewhat innocent eyes. Certainly he was weak from refusing food for two days; but he was also scared. It might have had something to do with the fact that Zenith already had two lubricated fingers worked well up into his asshole. She was preparing him for the probe. And with every push, he winced. And as much as he tried to move his legs, he had little freedom.

Katrina looked at him, then the two novices, and said, "I'll talk with you later. I have some things to get."

And with that, she left.

"Let's shove a cock into his mouth," Zenith said.

"Yours or mine?" Dania chuckled.

A muffled whimper from him, then a click of the door. He was, indeed, doomed.

**

After delivering the enema, toilet and ass gear the ladies required, Katrina decided to stop into room 7609 - where a new prisoner was being interrogated by another one of the new ladies. Her name was Trish, and she was 18 years old. 18! Katrina found this hard to believe. Where were all these young women coming from? And where did they learn these sadistic skills that she had taken year to perfect?

In 7609 was a gorgeous young thing. And Katrina was not referring to Trish - she was referring to the young soldier, who was probably not more than 21 himself. Dark, dark hair, brooding eyes. Soft lips. He was built solid, but not big.

Maybe 5'10, his body straining already against the bonds. Ropes, this young Trish had used.

And she made him into more of a decoration, than anything. She had him bound on a bench of sorts, pressed up against a vertical backing. His wrists were wrapped around the vinyl cushion and bound together. His ankles were trussed each to feet of the bench itself. His chest was adorned with more ropes, crisscrossed. As was his waist.

In fact, when Katrina entered, he was looking toward the door, helplessly, as if, also, wondering why this woman Trish was spending so much time choosing carefully where each rope went. Round, and round his body. Humming to herself.

"Oh," she said. "Hello, Madame Katrina. I am just finishing up with the pig."

"How long did it take you do to this to him?" Katrina asked, pacing around the handiwork.

"About a half hour," Trish responded. Now, she was wrapping rope around his neck. Over, and over, crossed, then back behind, then around his belly. "I guess I just get lost in it sometimes," she said.

This woman, Katrina noted, was as ominous as a kitten. She was playful, sweet. She was, actually, smiling. She gave the soldier a sweet tap on the cheek. "Almost done. You look good enough to eat."

The soldier, his name was Nash, looked at her, solemn. He did look, in some ways, scared. Katrina guessed he was a rookie. Got lost in it all somehow. This was the first time he'd ever been in enemy hands, to be sure. Poor thing. She almost felt sorry for him. Almost.

"Look at this," Trish said, reaching down with a gloved hand to take his cock into her palm. He winced, and straightened up. "Have you seen meat like this? Look at him, look at that. Look at how he responds? Shame we have to waste this pig."

Katrina gave his cock a mere glance. "You will see a lot of them, Trish. Don't worry."

"If you will have a seat, Madame, I don't want to waste your time. I am ready to start with him."

"Certainly," Katrina said, and she took a seat to observe.

Then, Trish said to her guards, "Bring me the cunt."

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"The cunt," Nash would soon see, was a shy, innocent woman of about 20 years old. Sweet looking, Asian, talking in a different language. Not of his army, but dressed in army gear. She was, indeed, terrified, and trying to get free.

Trish barked at the soldiers and in response they gave the petite Asian a few slaps across the face. Nash visibly tightened, winced, and turned to Trish. "I don't know this

woman."

"Oh, you will." Trish smiled. "Put her in place," she ordered the men.

Nash was confused, it was obvious. They plopped this young Asian, who was in chains, onto his lap, facing him, and started to bind her wrists bind him, in his place. She was naked except for a thong panty, so her nipples pressed into his naked chest. She said something to him in a foreign language. She was crying.

"I don't understand you," he said, bewildered. He turned to Trish. "This is not right. You can't get this woman involved. She has nothing to do with me. I have cooperated with you, have I not? I let you TIE ME UP like this!"

"Shut up, pig," Trish said, looking at her nails. "Bind the cunt, lock her throat. Bitch boy, pig boy has a few minutes to decide if he is going to cooperate."

They wrapped rope around her neck, then bound her to his chest. So close, he could feel her tears on his nipples, her chest heaving against him. He strained to pull his wrists away from the bonds, to hold her, but there was nothing he could do. She was sobbing. "You are...you are ruthless, and this is not fair," he said to Trish. He looked to Katrina. "I never said I would not talk to you."

Katrina shrugged.

Trish got up, and went to Nash, and took his head by a fistful of hair. "In a moment, she's going to die on your lap. Suffocate. Take her last breath."

With that she looked up, as if she did, somehow, understand those words. His eyes met hers, and in her pools of tears, he saw her. All he could say was, "Shh. It's ok."

The guards tightened the ropes. And she gasped. And she let out a yelp.

Nash let out a stream of obscenities and struggled, and with that, every bond on her body tightened; Trish had set it up this way. The connection points on the ropes were tied to the ones holding him, so if he struggled, they tightened.

"Oh," Trish smirked. "So it is YOU that is the one killing her? Look at this. When you move, she strangles herself. So now she will die in your arms, and die because of you. You like that, arrogant soldier?"

Nash looked up at her, this time, serious. "Let her go. I told you. I have not been difficult for you. She has no part of this."

The sweet Asian girl was choking, softly, against his chest. Her hands, which were bound behind his back, found his way to his arm and were digging into his flesh, desperately, making him wince.

"Take Mikki off of him," Trish smirked. "We'll save her for leftovers. I might want a stab at her later. Hurry, before she

expires. I think pussy boy here is ready to talk."

Nash looked at her, cautiously, carefully, as they released the ropes. She gasped for air, and when her hands came free she touched his face, her eyes watering with tears. Rope burns covered her delicate flesh from her struggling.

"Now," Trish said. "You will position yourself in the device you see at the corner of the room. We call this the Milker. You are going to be milked, and then violated, and surrender your ego to the women of this room. Is that clear?"

"I don't understand," he said, as the guards began the task of removing the elegant rope work. "I told you, I am not hiding anything."

Trish walked up to him. With large breasts, a low cut catsuit, elbow high gloves and stiletto heels. She took his chin into her palm and smiled down at him. A hungry, sinister smile. "I'm not doing this to make you talk, " she said. "I'm doing this because I enjoy it. Call it...a perk of the job."

She spun around, lifted a hand, and said "Strap him down."

**

Nash soon found him in a very uncomfortable position.

He was on his back on a table with his ankles suspended above him, locked in shackles that were remote controlled to raise or lower his legs at the discretion of the ladies in the room.

A sheath was placed around his half-hard cock, which, once turned on, began lubricating and pumping him, so much so that he could not resist it at all; soon, he was rock hard, and it was tightening around him with every pump. The machine made an ominous humming sound.

Nash was still complacent, still probably worried about young Mikki. He did not resist when a pump was inserted into his mouth by Trish, who smiled at him approvingly. "This is going to milk the cum right out of your dick, and right down your mouth. Drink, drink, drink it all. There is more to cum. So to speak.

It locked on tight; a head harness, his nose even plugged, so he could not breathe at all. The funnel pushed deep into his mouth, holding down his tongue. He watched, breathing hard, as she attached the funnel to a tube, a long, clear tube, that extended to the cock device he was wearing. Trish fastened that in place.

Meanwhile, Katrina had stepped in, and was lubricating his asshole. "This probe," she told Trish, with authority, "Will get him to ejaculate faster."

Trish reached down and stroked the underside of his cock, smiling. "I don't think we will have a problem with him cumming. I think he is ready to cum right now."

He whimpered.

Both women coo'd.

"He's a keeper," Trish said. "Hold off on the probe," she said to Katrina. "I have him pumped right now at a steady speed, he's ready to explode as it is. In fact," she said, reaching down, and added a clamp under his ballsac. She clicked it into place, then tightened it with a screw. Tighter, and tighter, and tighter,

"This will keep him from shooting his load..until we are ready."

Nash winced, and arched his back. He was sweating.

"Bring in the cunt," Trish called.

His eyes shot open, and he looked at her, whimpered through the funnel tube contraption that filled his mouth, over the humming of the machine.

"Shut up, pig," she said. "Trust me, this will be good."

**

They gave the pretty young Asian woman a shove, and she stumbled forward, into the room. Her eyes, terrified, looking at this man, all strapped down in a device, his cock in a pump, his ass opened and ready for violation, a long tube extending into his mouth straight from his member.

And, of course, the machine, which was pumping and making noise.

"Mikki," Trish said, taking off her gloves, pacing away for a moment. "What do you think of this?"

Mikki looked at Nash, and he looked at her with pleading eyes, almost, as if to say, I am so sorry. He shut his eyes, humiliated, for what she saw before her was obviously uncomfortable.

Mikki snickered. Her look of despair turned to amusement. She held out her wrists for the guards to remove her shackles, and she said, in perfect English, "I say, give me my strap on, I'm gonna fuck this pussy until he's screaming for mercy."

**

Nash looked at her, perplexed, horrified. Indeed, it had all been a plot. She took no hesitation mounting his lap, wearing nothing but her thong, reaching up and cupping her own small breasts, smiling. "You see, I am what they call a switch, cunt boy. I don't mind pretending to be the damsel in the distress as you say. But, the only damsel in distress, is YOU...."

With that, Trisha handed the lovely, now dark and evil Asian, a strap on harness, with a big, black cock dangling from it. "Bring him down lower," she said with authority, "And pull his legs up. I want his ass up an inch high so I can get all in."

He whimpered.

Mikki licked her fingers first, then shoved them without warning, into his ass, "Oh, Yeah. He is ready. He is ready to be fucked. Turn the machine up high, remove the cock brace, He's going to be sucking down all that white cum while I pound him. Ready ladies?"

Trish smiled at Katrina, who stood with her arms folded, watching. "Bravo," Trish said. "Bravo. Do you like?"

"Let's see if you can get him to talk," Katrina said, skeptical.

Nash overheard, and he let out a muffled whimper as if to say, "I will tell you ANYTHING,"

But Mikki put up her hand as she locked the last buckle of her strap on in place. "Hold on. I earned this. Let me fuck him. Let me see that cum shoot through the tube and watch him suck it down. You are going to SUCK it down right? Right bitch? Because the harder your suck, the less I am going to torture your ass when I am done. So suck it down, whore."

Nash shut his eyes tight. Mikki removed the clamp around his balls, and the machine did its work, and he came instantly; just as she shoved her cock into his tight asshole. She continued pumping, shaking his whole body, saying, "SUCK! SUCK IT DOWN!"

And indeed, he did.

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