



## 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 Part 13**

Corey found himself dreading what he knew was about to happen.

He was about to become an unwilling victim of a 22-year old who was about to "learn" how to use a strap on. On his ass. What made it worse was that Leslie was going to be the one instructing this virgin sadist. Leslie -- who seemed to turn ass-fucking into an art form. Corey knew he was about to be the toy that would turn another woman into a raving, sadistic vixen.

Leslie was putting on a skin tight latex bra and short latex skirt. Corey was forced to kneel there in his collar and leash and say nothing, do nothing, while he tried not to watch her lithe, firm body. Momentarily naked -- Leslie was astounding. She had extremely athletic legs and a perfect tight ass. Corey sighed -- thinking, if only she were not out to kill him. Or, at least, thriving on seeing him suffer so.

Without warning or explanation, Leslie came to Corey after changing and locked a penis-shaped gag around his head. She stuffed the phallic end of it into his mouth without warning -- roughly, which was her style. He gagged on it and resisted a little, but she reached down and dug her nails into his naked scrotum, causing him to let out a muffled yelp.

"Don't start fucking around, cunt!" she hissed. "I don't want our new friend to think I can't keep my bitches in line. You are going to bend over when I tell you to, you are going to spread your ass cheeks with your own hands if I order it! And, you are going to let her pound her cock into you for as long as it takes. When I take that gag out of your mouth, the first thing you are going to say to her is "thank you" -- is that understood?"

Corey looked up at Leslie pathetically. He was already starting to drool behind the humiliating gag when the doorbell rang. With a smirk, Leslie turned on her heel and headed toward the door. "Get down face to the ground," she ordered as she disappeared.

Silently, Corey did as told.

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When Skye arrived, Corey was terrified. Not because she looked ominous. Quite the opposite, she looked like a college school girl -- so innocent, gentle. She had long blonde hair and green eyes and was wearing a short leather skirt and tight sweater. She also was wearing cute short leather gloves. Her hair was half up and half down, with big, thick curls.

**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**

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**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**

When she saw Corey there, head to the floor but turned slightly toward her, she giggled and pointed. "Oh my god. What's that!"

Leslie smiled, walking toward the kneeling, crouched down Corey. "This, Skye, is position one, the position this slave is in when I tell him to do so. He is there until I tell him he can move."

"What's in his mouth?"

"That's a cock gag. It's a large, penis shaped piece of latex that goes all the way into his mouth and makes it impossible to make any sort of sound. I like it, a lot -- it is humiliating to him, and it keeps him quiet."

Skye walked over toward Corey. She was wearing thigh high stockings -- he could see by moving his eyes up slowly -- and no panties. She was wearing black patent leather knee high boots, too. They were so shiny, he could see his pathetic reflection in them.

"If he was not gagged, I would have him kiss your boots in welcome," Leslie said.

"How degrading," Sky observed, leaning down to study Corey as if he was an insect.

Corey remained there, terribly uncomfortable. He felt his skin getting flushed. He could smell her perfume. He fought hard, but could not help but get an erection. He had no idea why, considering he knew he was about to be fucked in the ass with a strap on -- one of the most painful and humiliating acts he had ever endured.

"Let's get the slut to the fuck-table," Leslie announced. "And I will show you how it's done, Sky."

Corey felt the tug on the leash and he was lead away, crawling on his hands and knees, drool starting to fall from the penis gag to the floor in long, wet strands.

His eyes were up, slightly, when he saw Skye look over her should and smile at him. Her ass had a nice sway with it as she moved, gracefully. He could not stop staring at her fine body.

"I think I might like this," she said. "But I really have no idea how to do it..."

"Don't worry," Leslie laughed. "I will show you how. In great, great detail..."

Corey felt his stomach drop, and then saw the table he was about to be placed on. It had stirrups for his legs and places to shackle down his wrists. Next to it was a tray with several dildos in all sizes and shapes, including some that had odd attachments. Nearby he saw a few leather harnesses, designed to hold the dildos. He knew he was in for a long night.

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The "fuck table" as Leslie had called it was a long table, a few feet from the floor. It was shaped so that when face down on it, a hump in the middle lifted Corey's hips so his ass was right at the appropriate level for a standing ass-fucking. His ankles were locked down so tight that he felt the circulation might be cut off. His wrists were pulled down toward the floor and chained there also, and additional straps were added for good measure over his back and hips.

Still gagged, he felt as though the drool would soon be dripping from the gag even though it covered his mouth completely. He was nearly-face down, so gravity was doing its job with the spittle. The added humiliation was something Corey was growing all too used to.

What was most disturbing to Corey, though, was that his cock and balls had been placed through a hole in the table so they hung down on the other side, exposed. Knowing Leslie's sadistic personality, he knew this was not a good thing. The cool air in the room was so striking against his tender flesh. He could totally envision a huge pair of scissors under the table positioned right at his ball sac, threatening to snip them right off if he resisted or did not perform according to Leslie's expectations.

To further humiliation him, Leslie used his head and face as a place to lean her ass against as she talked Skye through the steps of strapping it on and fucking a man. Her latex-covered bottom was bouncing ever so slightly against his forehead and nose as if she was leveraging herself to just simply sit on him that way. Her position forced him to awkwardly keep his head up, making his neck ache.

"Reach under the table," Leslie ordered, "And feel his private parts. Those are yours. Those BELONG to you, Skye. I want you to remember one very important thing. The way to control a man, the way to OWN him, to make him suffer and to make him LOVE you, is in that tiny package. Forget about his brain! It means nothing! Get him by the balls. Literally. Watch his reactions."

Corey felt a warm hand around his balls and he shuddered. He let out a muffled groan, but Leslie pushed her ass more onto his face to silence him. "When we want to hear from you, we'll ungag you and tell you."

Skye manipulated Corey's cock and balls in her leather gloved palm, rolling his balls around a little and then stroking his cock until it was hard, then she started pinching the top, giggling a little at his squirming ass.

"That's nothing compared to the way he is going to be wiggling around when you are pounding him with your cock!" Leslie exclaimed.

Skye immediately lost interest in Corey's privates, letting go. "Can I pick out my own?" she asked.

"Your own cock? Sure."

"I want one bigger than his," Skye announced, almost with pride.

Leslie laughed. "You're a quick learner. Go get the 9 inch red pulser. It has a heating mechanism in it, it can also be used for extreme torture."

Corey whimpered.

Leslie finally dismounted from being against his face, turning as he looked up, squinting to adjust to the light. She was smiling at him. She reached around and removed the gag, pulling it out and watching the drool drip to the floor in a mini flood. "The good news is, the cock also tastes like peppermint! You'll like it, at first..."

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Soon, Corey found himself with a mouthful of peppermint-flavored red 9inch dildo. He was gagging on it. If his eyes were not watering so much, he might have actually enjoyed seeing the beautiful Skye in front of him, smiling, as she tightened the harness in place ("You've got to get the straps tight around your hips, so you can fuck him with more precision!" Leslie had exclaimed excitedly).

All Corey could think of was that cock soon being in his ass -- and how awful the heating part of it must be. The way Leslie explained it, it sounded as though it was worse than the electrical butt plugs she had tortured Corey with earlier.

Skye, meanwhile, was having the time of her life. She started down at the handsome soldier as she pumped the red cock in and out of his mouth. She admired how he did not resist; no, instead, he tried to open his mouth more to accommodate as much of the large dildo as his mouth and throat would allow.

"He looks like he likes it!" she observed, looking over at Leslie for approval. Her breasts were heaving, cleavage glistening with sweat. Indeed, she was enjoying it. Skye noted that she was actually getting aroused! The pressure against her pussy with each thrust into his mouth was just enough to titillate her. She felt moisture between her legs. The familiar ache of desire was in her belly. But she wasn't craving sex, or even an orgasm. She wanted more humiliation! She wanted to actually SEE him squirm when she put her new "cock" into his ass. She wanted to crank up the heat and make him scream! These thoughts only excited her more; she was lost in fucking his mouth, pumping faster now, faster and harder until Corey screamed in pain what he could and Leslie laughed and had to pull her by the shoulders and stop her.

"Easy, girl!" Leslie chuckled. "You're going to break his jaw!"

Panting, Skye brushed her hair out of her eyes, gazing down at her humiliated victim, slowly pulling the red cock out of his mouth by backing up her hips carefully. It finally came all the way out with a smack of his lips, and drool, mixed with a little blood, dripped to the floor. Ruthlessly, Leslie lifted his face by the chin and prodded his mouth open. "What'd you do to

yourself, slave? You can't even suck cock right!"

She fingered around inside his mouth, leaving him to taste latex and blood. The cock had smashed part of his tongue against his teeth, causing it to bleed slightly. Leslie muttered and placed some gel on his tongue to stop the bleeding, and then told Skye, "Get behind him in position, and turn the heat on to "low" -- it's time to ride this bitch. Hold on, let me get mine strapped on, too...."

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