



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 19

Leslie enjoyed seeing Roger squirm, seeing him try to mentally prepare for what was about to happen, even though it was impossible. Roger could in no way prepare himself for the violation that was about to take place. He could not prepare himself to have his ass expanded, stretched, and eventually fitted with a semi-permanent device.

This aroused Leslie, and that's why she had no problems hiding her masturbation from him. She freely let her fingers tease her own pussy, one leg up on a chair, slowly moving her hips. She enjoyed the feel of her fingertips against her clit, she explored her pussy lips and slowly inserted one, then two fingers inside. Roger was not watching; Roger was looking the other way, clenching his ass cheeks tightly as if that would do any good.

Leslie watched the clock. In a few short moments she would be able to insert the expanding dildo into her prisoner's ass. This is when he would beg for mercy, most assuredly. This is when he would break down and tell her anything she wanted to know. This is when he'd ask for any other treatment – anything but having the bulb forced into his ass, the bulb that would expand to three, four, even five times its normal size to effectively open his ass, make the cavity inhumanly large. Such a degrading, humiliating invasion! It was no wonder Leslie could not keep her fingers off of her pussy; such objectification of a man made her melt from the pussy on up.

She couldn't resist going over and turning Roger's face toward her to look as she pulled the normal sized dildo into view, the dildo that would soon be growing inside of his ass. Roger looked at her, sweating, teeth clenched, eying her strap on cock, of all things. Perhaps he thought it was time to open his mouth again.

Her fingers were wet with pussy juices as she touched his face. Oddly, uncomfortably, she found herself thinking of Corey again. She bit her tongue – this was absurd. At this moment of intense lust, this moment of arousal as she had her male victim at the breaking point, how could such ridiculously juvenile thoughts – much like a high school crush – enter her mind. It infuriated her. But the thoughts would not go away.

She wondered what Corey was doing at that moment. She reflected back to how she was so determined to get him out of her head, of her thoughts, by bringing in this new prisoner, Roger. She reflected about the call she received from young Skye that day, asking if she could "play" with her toy. "Play"

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

with Corey. Leslie had just laughed – of course, she thought. After all, she had no use for him. No use at all. In fact, it would be better if he spent time in Skye's clutches so he could appreciate Leslie even more. Appreciate her sadism, and respect her.

At least, that's what she tried to remind herself. But as she pulled the large dildo down toward Roger's ass, she realized she was just fooling herself, really. She couldn't stop thinking about Corey, and she felt a twinge of jealousy at the thought of him at Skye's feet. She hoped, deep down, that Skye wasn't enchanting him. She wanted those feelings to be reserved for her. And possessiveness was not something Leslie was used to feeling.

Her thoughts were broken when Roger finally started to try to negotiate with her. As the lubricated pre-plug treatment was removed from his ass, dripping clear liquid, he offered to suck cock – anything – to get her to reconsider.

It was as if she did not hear him. The expanding dildo was pushed into his asshole, with precision, and finally there was a flicker of interest in Leslie's eyes again.

This was her favorite part. She'd deal with Corey later.

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The first thing Skye did when Corey was in her complete possession was encase his cock and balls in a painful, inescapable chastity device. The metal tube around his shaft had small spikes on the inside, so every time he bulged inside of the device he felt increasing pain.

A tight clasp locked around his balls, at the base, and it could also provide an excruciating jolt of electricity that made him feel like he'd been kneed in the crotch by a angry ex-girlfriend. It would immediately bring him to his knees.

What worried Corey most, though, was that Skye him strapped faced down on a medical table, his ass raised high in the air, his wrists and ankles shackled down toward the floor. He'd been in that position before; he knew his ass was going to be violated, he was going to be milked, or even worse.

The blonde beauty turned toward him and slowly unzipped her tight black uniform. Underneath she was wearing a black lace bra, and as the zipper lowered he saw the matching black panties. Her body was impeccable.

This time, she brought over a large silver dildo. It was already slick, glistening with lubricant. Whether or not it was the unbelievable painful heating lubricant, Corey didn't know, but he knew it wouldn't be pleasant.

Skye, meanwhile, appeared to be completely enjoying herself . Smiling, teasing him by waving the phallic silver item under his nose, even stepping out of her jumpsuit to taunt him with her body.

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Corey felt the cold, slick steel in his ass start to vibrate, then expand. He winced and groaned, but he couldn't move at all. He was strapped down tight this time, and he wasn't going anywhere.

Skye watched him react to the violation with amusement and arousal. She smiled, her legs open and in front of him, making him watch her as she fingered her pussy. She knew this just added to his humiliation – the fact that his cock stiffened even against his better judgment and willpower. She watched him contract his butt cheeks and twist his hips. It was an image she found erotic – empowering – magnificent. Her pussy was soaking. Indeed, she found that she could enjoy this job.

Corey felt the now huge steel dildo in his ass start pumping on its own – or, perhaps it was electricity shooting through him. He knew he was being fucked, fucked by cold metal up his ass, and the sliding motion got deeper and deeper as he felt his cock begin to drip fluid. The creamy white drops of cum fell into the clear tube and trickled down. Corey knew all too well that wasn't the last he'd seen of his cum.

She had a very pleased look on her face as she walked toward Corey's face, now in nothing but bra, panties and a firm fitting leather strap on harness, a thick, flesh colored dildo protruding. It was a dildo unlike any Corey had seen; it appeared more lifelike, more real. It was dubious.

Of course, Corey had no idea just how dubious it was. Fresh from the lab, this new dildo was designed specifically for one purpose – to simulate a real cock in such a manner that any prisoner would not even know the difference. It was so real, in fact, that it actually ejaculated real, warm semen – the prisoner's own cum. As he was milked slowly, a clear tube under the table was filling up with precum. Later, when he would eventually explode in an orgasm he was unable to resist, the cum would be sucked through the chamber and up into a tube at the base of the realistic cock.

Kept warm, and spurting at the same force it was ejaculated, the cum would pass through the stiff, fleshy dildo and actually produce a nearly identical ejaculation.

Only this time, Skye would be the one controlling the cum – from her cock essentially. She smiled, wondering what the handsome prisoner would think when the large, realistic cock, pumping in his mouth, started to explode. She would soon find out.

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Leslie had maneuvered Roger's chair to a more appropriate position, still determined to get all thoughts of Corey out of her head, to dispel the passing puppy love as best she could.

Roger was outstretched on his back, legs up in the air, ass raised as the dildo mechanically slid in and out of his cheeks

in slow, precise motions. Leslie was sitting comfortably on his face so she could watch and manage the control panel with a small device in her palm. She used her thighs and buttocks to occasionally limit his ability to breathe, because it turned her on even more to see his chest constrict and his body twist under the straps, and to feel a muffled whimper of desperation escape and touch her flesh.

Between her fingers she held the dial that would increase the size of the dildo. She knew that the largest size would be something his body could not tolerate. Her task would be to find the largest inflation that would not cause damage. Leslie had a keen sixth sense for this. It was a challenge she found delightful, amusing and incredibly erotic.

To add to her pleasure, Leslie leaned her body forward, raised her ass off her prisoner's face so he could breathe and said to him, "You're going to have to lick my asshole, prisoner. If you keep licking, if you do an adequate job, I'll be conservative about the sizing," she instructed. As she spoke, she slowly turned the dial up, and the machine above hummed.

The dildo stopped its slow, pumping motion and instead pushed full into his ass, and then it started a slow inflation. Just a tiny bit, she noted, but it was enough to make him gasp in discomfort, his tongue shaking as it fought to make contact with her most delicate skin. His tongue flicked at her asshole, around the sensitive skin, but was too timid and weak. She turned the dial more, causing the dildo to increase more in both length and thickness.

This caused Roger to gasp out loud in pain and say, "Stop!"

"You call that LICKING?" Leslie hissed, turning her head over her shoulder so her hair whipped around. "Haven't you ever worshipped a woman's asshole?! Are you that worthless? Stick your tongue UP there, inside!"

Roger quivered and whimpered and meekly tried to push his tongue up. Leslie slid back, pressing the full weight of her ass cheeks on the prisoner's face, hoping the added pressure would give him some direction. His efforts, still, were meager.

She fingered the controls in her palm, almost bored, and considered cranking it up to the next level to show him she meant business. The hopes of him being an adequate distraction were quickly fading.

A buzz in her pocket broke her concentration. Without even lifting up off Roger's face, ignoring his muffled pleas for air, she pulled out her telephone and checked the ID. It was Skye calling.

Leslie leaned forward, her ass breaking the seal over Roger's face, and heard him gasp for air. Bent all the way over his body, her ass several inches above his face and leaving him with a beautiful view of her glistening pussy, she answered her telephone.

"What's going on?" she asked idly, as if her prisoner was not

even there.

Skye sounded a bit exasperated on the other end of the line. "It's Corey," she said. "I think you need to come see him."

Hearing his name made something in her belly tingle. Suddenly, concerns with Roger's tongue were vanishing. "What is it?" she asked.

"He is....begging. I haven't quite seen anything this impressive. I thought you should....I think you need to see him. And see what I've learned to do."

Leslie smiled. She looked over her shoulder at Roger, his face wet with sweat and pussy moisture, his lips swollen. "I think you'll have to wait a little longer for your sizing, my prisoner."

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To be continued