

## SALS XXX

Diabolical.

She enjoyed the word and it embodied her very being. Sadistic to the bone – but not out of mere boredom, but because of the ache she felt to see a strong, powerful man submit to her cruelty.

No wonder she took the role of head interrogator on the fleet.

Maybe it was just to have access to the gear. The glorious, cruel gear.

Restraints – both steel and leather – that would render even the strongest man totally immobile. A large assortment of probes for his tight, virginal asshole – to dehumanize and degrade the proudest subject put on her table. Or in her stirrups.

The milking machine. Designed specifically for her, it promised to extract the largest pleasureless load from a man, utilizing a combination of deep ass probing and electrical current to the balls. To date, no man had shed tears over this predicament when his pathetic cock squirted against his will. But many were close.

And the, of course, the inflatable and electrical device – for ass and mouth. Custom made for her.

Nothing was better than the leather harness and the thick, black cock though. It was so degrading for them to try to not react. She was beautiful though, statuesque with long dark hair, the perfect curves and always in the slickest, blackest boots with high heels.

In her “torture shaft” she made men get stiff. Even though they were about to be tortured and betray their comrades. She made them hard every time, and it amused her. Shoving the tip of her dick toward their lips often, ordering them to lick it.

They always turned their head the first time. Breathing hard and trying to pretend their dick wasn’t sticking straight up and dripping.

She loved her job.

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Usually she made them wear a leather hood. Partially because it made her so wet. But also, because they were not worth looking at. Her preference was for women – women with voluptuous lips and excellent curves. The taste of pussy and the feel of nipples between her lips and against her tongue and teeth – that was her orientation.

These men, their bodies were always in excellent condition as they were soldiers. So with a hood on, she could focus her attention on their broad shoulders and excellent, rounded ass.

She only removed the hood if she needed to see the look of desperation on their face. It was always the same though. Sometimes it took an hour, sometimes a few days.

She was in no hurry.

Wearing elbow high black latex gloves – for looks, as well as to efficiently handle lubricant, spit, drool and tears – she often took her time investigating every inch of their naked frame as they were restrained, often uncomfortably, on her table or in her chair or in the stirrups.

Bright lights – enough to make their bodies actually sweat (she liked sweat ) – positioned to allow her the most intense examination.

In reality she just took her time with this because she liked the labored breathing. The shaking. The visible evidence that they were trying to hide their discomfort, but the clenched fists and twisting ankles always gave it away.

And then, there was the deep, degrading probe of their most intimate regions.

This was her favorite.

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This man wasn't a sergeant or high ranking official or spy. He appeared to be a civilian, probably looking to make a large sum of money by taking a dangerous assignment.

But he was the most handsome specimen she had seen. In fact, there was no hood.

Because his eyes were blue, and his hair was dark, and he had amazing cheekbones and a very defined jawline. Distinctly masculine, but immediately she could envision him as one of her lesbian lovers. How inappropriate, she chuckled, musing at her own train of thought.

When they strapped him into the stirrups he only resisted a little, and she saw that he was staring at her. At her boots, the skin tight, almost-painted on leggings, her perfectly round ass when she turned, the heels that seemed to defy human capability.

She always wanted to be taller than them.

Snapping on the elbow high gloves and rolling over her tray, she excused the men after they secured the naked man, and her first question was a simple one.

"What is your name?"

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His answer was incredible. Clever. First time she heard it.

He licked his lips, just briefly, looked at her, slowly, and said, "What do you want my name to be?"

Somehow, this made her wet. Incredibly wet. Something she had not felt before. The ache returned, this time, distinct and distracting, incredible and undeniable. Her ears hummed a little, she felt moisture in her sheer black panties. The leggings suddenly felt hot.

It was the tone of his voice. His eyes. She wanted him, in some weird way, but also wanted to strip that subtle confidence (or was it fear? It was indistinguishable). There was a harsh desire for possession and ownership. It conflicted with her need to do her job.

She lifted her gloved hand to his face and his eyes watched her fingertips. When they approached his lips, he parted them. Willingly. And when she placed her fingertips on his bottom lip, he applied a light kiss.

When she withdrew her hand he said, simply, "We can be friends."

It was statement, but also barely a question.

Civilian, she thought.

Bullshit.

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It was clear to her this subject was presented to her as a civilian but was indeed incredibly sophisticated. In fact, he had – somehow – incredible knowledge of her. Specifically.

Like, what turned her on.

What made her wet.

What pushed her buttons.

He was hand-picked – by someone – for his undeniable masculine good looks but his subtle hint of femininity (since, after all, she was practically a lesbian. Men were just for...amusement. Nothing a dildo or well-crafted vibrator could not provide).

But where would a man get this kind of knowledge?

And why did she feel more aroused than infuriated? She had an ego, and a lot of pride. This kind of attempted manipulation would usually send her into a rage.

As she pondered this, she opened her black shiny toolbox and started to lay out her instruments. The ritual. A thick flesh colored ejaculating dildo. A butt plug armed with electro-torment capabilities. The tools for milking. A hypodermic needle filled with a chemical that would render him more accommodating.

This gave her time to think. Not even looking at him. Thinking of her female lover, instead, the taste of her pussy, the curve of her ass, the way her body tightened around her fingers when she brought her to orgasm manually.

Finally, she spoke.

"I want your name," she said coolly. "to be Vanessa Needcock."

She didn't look at him, but imagined his face would be a look of amusement, calculated confidence. Or perhaps the exact opposite – sweetly lifted eyebrows with his tongue lightly wetting his lips, tilted head just a fraction, the inhale of breath, and no words but a look of subtle desperation designed to make her throb.

She considered applying the leather hood so she could do her job.

But she didn't.

She stepped aside to fit into her leather strap on harness, shaking her hips to work the leather up around her hips, ass in his view.

When she moved to lower the chair – the stirrups – so far back that his head was level with her hips – he turned his head to her, looked up, and parted his lips.

He said, coolly, "Whatever gets you off, I don't care." It was distinctly flippant.

And incredibly annoying.

At once her hand was in his hair, clenched so hard that parts of it probably came out in clumps (saddening her, every so slightly). His eyes wrenched shut tight in pain.

"Whatever game you are playing with me," she started as she leaned down and put her lips close to his face. "You are wasting your time."

And then, without any hesitation, the entire head of her shaft was in his mouth.

He gagged on it momentarily. His eyes watered. For the first time, the chair shook and creaked with his discomfort.

And she had never been so turned on.

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The face-fucking took thirty-two minutes.

For her, everything was timed.

Thirty-two minutes later was when he started to shake a lot, eye watering intensely, body shaking and twisting.

She had seen this before. It was like he was drowning in her cock.

More effective than water boarding (She liked that, too, unsurprisingly).

Pulling her cock out of his mouth, she left him catch his breath. His eyes were shut tight. There were no tears, just the bodily reaction of his eyes watering. He wasn't ashamed. He breathed hard and focused like a man finishing a determined workout.

He only opened his eyes – barely – when he heard the sound of a zipper. She was unzipping the crotch of her bodysuit. Peeling the layers aside. Applying a small, bullet-sized vibrator. Unbuckling the harness and letting it fall to the floor, then stepping carefully out of it.

“Vanessa,” she said sternly. “You have three minutes to make me cum.”

He looked at her, eyebrows raised. She admired his face for a second – lips slightly swollen, the corners of his mouth chaffed and even slightly bruising.

“And if you don’t” she said to him, rolling the instrument table closer, “I will begin the systematic exploitation of your tight, virginal asshole, hooking a milking machine that will begin pumping your own disgusting loads of cum through a tubing mechanism and into your mouth,” she continued.

“And then, I will sit back and settle down with a book to wait until your stomach is full and your balls are empty.”

She saw that his hands were forming two distinct fists.

“Not that I expect a pathetic excuse for a man to be capable of getting me off,” she said as she lowered the chair more and then swung a thigh over his head. “But I’m sick of your games. If you think you have me figured out, well, we will have to see.”

Then she reached down and plugged his nose – tightly – with two fingers. And when she lowered her pussy over his mouth, he could not breathe.

At all.

**Part Two available to Members Only by [Clicking here](#)**

## **SALS XXX**

### **Part Two**

The chair shook. He was struggling to choke a breath, anything. “Thirty seconds wasted with you in a panic,” she mused, lowering herself even more, and then tightening her thighs. She knew his head would be numbing, buzzing, vision blurring from the sheer strength of her legs.

“I haven’t even felt your tongue,” she mocked him. “I bet your dick is equally useless. But look at it. Stiff. Dripping. So fucking predictable. Sixty seconds.”

A moan, a muffled whimper, almost. That’s all he could muster. “I hope they trained you to hold your breath.”

Finally, futilely, he did something with his tongue. Granted, she was so aroused by his desperation and fear that she might have been able to cum from rubbing her clit over his face. But mostly, he was struggling.

“I had high hopes for you,” she sighed.

He was passing out, clearly, from lack of oxygen. Her fingers still pinched tight over his nose, she started to rock her body, taking matters into her own hands.

And sure enough, as he drifted out of consciousness, her orgasm on his face was hard and wet. She squirted. Fluid dripped down his cheeks. She was almost disappointed that he had lost consciousness right at the moment of truth.

He probably would have thought she was pissing on his face.

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When he regained consciousness, he was fully immobilized in the milking contraption. Face down, almost suspended in a harness lifting him from the ground.

Legs spread wide. His mouth stuffed full, uncomfortably, with a wide open gag hooked to tubing over his head. The hum of machines. When he struggled a little, his whole body rocked and swayed.

She spread his ass cheeks. He left out a muffled groan. A large tube was inserted into his asshole, well lubricated.

"It is going in so easy," she mocked him. "Have you been fucked a lot or something? Or do you just LIKE being penetrated?"

He struggled to turn his head to see her. She could tell. He probably wanted to look at her again. Turn on whatever fake charm he had. Big sweet eyes and long eyelashes. What else did they teach him? It didn't matter; she was now simply amused and in full stride.

She flipped a few switches on the machine.

"You will feel pressure in your ass," she explained coolly, like a doctor. "And then the electricity will start. The tightness of the tubing around your cock may increase, but don't get excited. It won't be pleasurable."

She walked around, finally, to take his chin in her hands, propping his head up so they were looking at each other. "In fact, it will be anything but pleasurable. Degrading, demeaning. Your body betraying you. The load will well up in your balls, and explode into the tubing with the painful absence of true ejaculating."

Now he was breathing hard through his nose. Uncomfortable. Maybe a bit broken.

"And then you will hear the machine humming louder as it pushes the load up through the tubing. And I set it up so you can see the creamy white fluid in the tubes snaking in front of your face being pushed through until it enters the gag and fills your mouth."

He was unable to hide his desperation now. She felt her pussy ache. Just a little.

"I suggest you swallow quickly and even bring yourself to suck the fluid into your mouth – hard. The second load always comes quickly. And you may find yourself choking on it if you don't swallow fast and cause a back up."

The load came quickly. Now, the water coming from the corners of his eyes were quite possible of the delicious flavor.

"You were almost interesting and challenge for all of five minutes, Vanessa," she said "As soon as you eat your dinner, I will begin your transformation."

The second load came immediately. "Impressive," she commented as his body shook. He was making distinct sucking noises, afraid of gagging. "The way you suck down loads of cum, I think you are going to make an excellent girl."

This time, when he looked at her with big eyes, it was clearly honest.

In reality, she had hoped he presented more of a challenge. But there was still hope for him yet.

**To be continued**