



Akasha's Web



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The Twins



I never thought I would end up with two of them. I sometimes jokingly refer to them as "the twins", even though they aren't related and could be considered polar opposites.

Staring through the crack in the door at them sleeping soundly together makes me think back, so long it's been now, think back to when they would not speak to each other. Those first two months were more of a challenge than I had ever predicted. I should have known as much, I was even warned.

But now, watching them together, it makes it all worthwhile. I could never be so lucky to have such company.

It was one year ago today that I acquired them. I had every intention of coming home with a slave that night, but not two. I knew exactly what I wanted when I sat down at the dinner auction, and I felt blessed when they brought him forward only fifteen minutes into the presentation.

He was perfect -- perhaps a bit timid and unsure of himself, but he was beautiful. His blonde hair was combed neatly, pulled all the way back and still wet from a recent shower. He kept his head down a little, uneasy, as the presenter gave his statistics and background.

I was sold on him already, though. Because I intended to have him at any cost, the bidding was relatively easy. They brought him down to me for a closer look so I could confirm my interest, and when he was a few feet away he seemed too timid to look at me.

"Look here," I ordered, and the man at his side reached over and prodded his chin up. He visibly tensed and pulled back, as if afraid he was going to be hit.

"Have you been mistreated in the past?" I asked him.

He shook his head solemnly, looking at me for the first time. I wanted to melt right then -- he had amazing

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pale blue eyes and such perfect features, his lips almost automatically fell into an innocent pout. He was 21 and several inches taller than me, thin, elegant.

I nodded to the men at his side and asked him to be brought to my car while I finished the paperwork; signing off on the agreement to pay his sponsor for 2 years total, in return for his complete slavery to me.

When I started completing the paperwork I scanned down to the bottom searching for his name. There was a single name there, nothing more: Jeremy.

How appropriate, I thought as I took off a glove to handle the pen easier. I have to admit the dollar amounts involved in the transaction made me uneasy, but this had been what I wanted for years, and I knew Jeremy was exactly what I had dreamed of.

I was on the last page of the contract and eager to get finished when I was distracted, suddenly, but some awkward commotion at the front of the hall.

Apparently one of the slaves didn't quite feel like being put on display, and as the men dragged him out he kicked over a dinner table in the front row. Fortunately, no one was sitting at it.

For the next minute or so the men wrestled him to the ground and put him in chains, finally yanking him up by the shirt collar and pinning him up against the wall.

This was such a bizarre thing to see, the uneasiness he created in the room as he struggled even now in heavy chains and locks. He stared out with such defiance, still trying to wrestle himself free, scowling at the man at his side.

I picked up my program and scanned down the list for his specifications, and they only had his age. 17. There was no previous owner, no education, no references.

When I looked up again they were about to close the sale to an older woman in the front row, sitting next to the table he had overturned upon his dramatic entrance.

What I saw of him in that instant enthralled me, he was staring down off the stage toward this potential owner and he looked furious, his dark hair wet with sweat and hanging in his face, his chest still heaving in exhaustion. And he was glaring.

Without hesitation I entered my bid and was immediately approached from behind by a man in a suit. He leaned down and whispered, "With all due respect Ma'am, you have already made your purchase."

I turned around and hissed, "Where does it say in the contract that I can't have two?"

The man laughed, soft, lowered his eyes as if I was a child.. "Ma'am, that is true, but you have Jeremy

already..and Jason is...well..Jason --" His words were cut off when the slave wrestled the men holding him to the ground again and two more needed to be brought up to pin him, this time bringing him up onto his knees.

"Jason," the man continued, "needs more attention than even you could give him."

I gave this man a look and scoffed at him, annoyed but at the same time intrigued as I new he had a deeper knowledge of this feisty slave. I nodded at him and put in my second bid, telling him quietly after that that I would take his advice into consideration.

And now the woman in the front row was even more interested in this boy full of energy, and for the next ten minutes she and I exchanged bids; no one else even dared touch the prospect of owning him.

It was getting to the point of uneasiness for me; I had already committed such a high amount to Jeremy, and Jason was now past that. I didn't even know if I could afford it. As Jason settled down it seemed on stage I started to hesitate, but I just couldn't let him go.

I lifted a hand to indicate that I wanted a closer look at the boy, since all I had seen was a blur of his unbridled energy and misbehavior.

The men took him by the arms, his wrists still chained behind him, and half dragged him down the long aisle toward my chair. I could hear him swearing under his breath from half way across the room, and when they forced him to his knees in front of me he told one of them to fuck off.

"That's no way to talk around a lady," I said quietly. He turned to me and just gave me a glare, and I could see such fury in his eyes, his wet hair down in his face and his composure flushed.

I expected some sort of crude remark from him at that point and was resigned to let him go if he did, not wanting to deal with someone so obnoxious that even his passion was clouded.

But he just sort of looked at me, looked me over the way I was looking him over. I asked to see his teeth and the men leaned down, one holding his head back with a fistful of hair and the other prying his mouth open with protective gloves.

Jason fought this hard, twisting what he could to escape the grip and breathing hard, glaring up toward me for having this done to him. And his teeth were beautiful.

"I'll take him." I said.

"Ma'am..." came that warning voice behind me.

"I said I'll take him. Put him in my car. Leave the restraints."

Jason looked at me when they let go of his hair and didn't break his stare as they brought him to his feet, and for the first time I got to look at the smallish boy. He didn't look a day over 17 but his eyes seemed very alive and aware, and the way he looked at me was puzzling. I wondered if he had just been putting on a show or was really the most unruly slave in existence.

When I slid into the backseat of the limousine I saw them both there, and the image is forever stuck in my mind.

Jeremy was sitting across from me, his hands together in his lap, looking very uneasy, his gaze occasionally falling to the figure on the floor, my ever-feisty Jason, still in chains and putting up quite a fight..

They had chained his ankles together as well and put a muzzle-like device on him, leaving him like quite a caged animal on the floor of the limousine at Jeremy's feet.

I knew at once this was no way to start our relationship, so I looked at Jeremy and used a single finger to point to the floor.

He looked at me and hesitated, as if he didn't know what I meant, and I noticed Jason watching me and watching Jeremy to see what would happen.

I leaned over and took Jeremy by the shirt collar, pulling him out of his seat and prodding him to the floor of the vehicle. "You will stay down." I said quietly as he kneeled next to the bound Jason.

He lowered his head. I don't know if he was scared or ashamed.

"And you," I said, looking at Jason, "Will lay there."

Jason let out a scoff and rolled over so he didn't have to face either of us, and I enjoyed the rest of the trip just staring at my two boys.

When we arrived at the house I brought Jeremy inside first, leaving Jason to sulk in the car for a bit.

I led Jeremy into the basement where my equipment was stored, and I could see the tension surface in him when he saw it. I ordered him to kneel down in the corner, facing the hanging shackles.

He obeyed silently, and I could hear his breathing as he watched me go to my things. I picked up a ballgag and leather blindfold, turning and walking back toward him.

As soon as I was in front of him he leaned down to the floor, his nose at my feet, his hands behind his back. I could feel his breath on the top of my foot.

"What are you doing, Jeremy?"

He lifted his head only, slowly, but kept his eyes down. "I...I thought this is how I'm supposed to be..."

I took a fistful of his hair at the back of his head and pulled so his eyes were on mine, making him flinch. "You don't do anything unless I tell you to, understand?"

"Yes, " he winced painfully, "I'm sorry - they said that.."

"I DON'T CARE what they taught you, "I snapped, giving his hair a yank and making him inhale sharply in pain. "Now open your mouth wide for me, Jeremy."

His eyes fell on the ballgag in my hand and he opened his mouth, wide, shutting them only when the ball was lodged tightly between his teeth. With a shove I prodded his head down so I could lock the strap. Afterward I lifted his chin with my finger and held up the blindfold.

"I'm bringing Jason in here to tame the little bastard. Do you want to be blindfolded so you don't have to watch?"

Jeremy looked at me for a second and started to nod, then quickly shook his head no.

I nodded and stepped back to get some shackles, locking his wrists behind his back and fastening them to his ankles so he would remain kneeling there. I gave his hair a playful tug and told him not to go away as I left to get my unruly pet.

I locked a collar around Jason's neck and he glared at me, struggling to keep moving and make it more difficult for me. I took him by the hair and slapped him hard across the face with the other hand, pinning him to the floor and staring down at him furiously.

His breath came hard and ragged through his nose as he stared back up at me, defiant, angry.

I took the leash and held him hard by a handful of hair as I locked it onto the collar, moving off of him and yanking hard for him to follow.

He stumbled onto his knees and growled behind the gag, half crawling and half fighting as I pulled him out of the car. Finally he walked behind me and into the house, occasionally yanking back on the leash as if to tell

me he was still pissed.

When we entered the basement he looked at Jeremy, who was still kneeling on the floor with the ballgag in his mouth. I position Jason under the suspension cuffs and forced him to his knees to give me more leverage, pulling down the cuffs and opening them for his wrists.

Jeremy lowered his eyes as if uneasy that Jason was looking at him, then Jason threw his head back to watch me unlock his wrists one at a time and force them into the hanging shackles.

As soon as they were secure I stepped back and moved the lever that would raise them to their original position, forcing Jason to stand until he was on his toes.

I used scissors to cut his tattered clothes from his chest, noticing that he watched me now as if curious, his struggling subdued perhaps because he knew what was about to happen.

When I unlocked he muzzle and eased it from his mouth his first words were, "That thing fucking hurts."

"Then watch your mouth," I snapped.

Jason nodded his head toward Jeremy, "And when did he tell you off to deserve that?"

Jeremy lowered his eyes.

"I just wanted him quiet so he wouldn't distract me when I whip you."

"I don't want him to watch this," he said over his shoulder to me, almost softly.

"I don't care what you want," I said, equally soft. I fingered his hair and he pulled away, so I yanked it back and ordered him to hold still.

Jason muttered and lowered his head shaking his thick hair at me, "Here, have it all. I'm yours now. Is this want you want?" he snapped. "You want a fucking robot?!"

I yanked his hair back and glared at him, "don't make me put that muzzle back"

His eyes on me, defiant, he opened his mouth wide and said nothing.

"You arrogant little prick," I said at once. "I want to hear you begging."

He re-gripped the chains with his hands and lifted his head, looking up as I stepped back to take a whip off the rack. I saw Jeremy peering up through his bangs at us, kneeling patiently, still obviously uneasy.

I stepped back and let the first strike hit him square across the center of the back, but Jason said nothing. After a few more times he let out a soft grunt, again re-tightening his grip on the chains and standing up straight.

I moved around front to see his face and his eyes were closed in concentration. I put a finger on his lips and he pulled away slowly. "If you want me to stop," I said quietly, "then ask Jeremy to make me stop. Understand?"

He didn't reply but I knew he heard, so I stepped back around behind him and looked at Jeremy to see that his eyes were open and he was paying attention.

As I continued the whipping Jason still gave little reaction, but when I stripped his pants off and started with his thighs he began to gasp in pain occasionally.

I could see Jeremy clearly and used him as a gauge, noting his reactions to what he saw. Pretty red welts started to appear on Jason's flesh, and when I leaned over to kiss one he arched his back and gasped in pain.

Jeremy whimpered out of the blue and I looked at him. He shifted in his bonds and lowered his eyes, uneasy. "It's ok Jeremy, he's fine."

Jason said softly, "Jeremy just wants..his turn." His voice was distant, soft, almost breathless. I stepped around to look at him and his bangs were wet in his eyes, his gaze distant. He looked at me and was silent for a moment, then mouthed simply, "more."

I felt a strange smile cross my face, reaching up and putting a hand against his cheek. "I have a little pain, don't I?"

"Mmmm.." he shut his eyes and bit his lip a little, then rested his head against his arm and pulled down on the chains, tired.

I moved back around and continued his lashing until he gasped in pain so loud that Jeremy cringed. I set down the whip and went around, taking Jason's face in my hands and putting my mouth on his.

He responded to my kiss slowly, weakly, the perspiration on his face dripping down my fingers and dampening my cheek as I turned away. I reached up and unlocked the chains above his head, holding him up as he half fell against me.

I led him to where Jeremy was kneeling and eased him down as he started to shake his head and come around a little, using both hands to rub his eyes and push his hair back.

"Jeremy, are you ready for your turn?" I asked

Jeremy looked up at me and shook his head firmly, his eyes showing obvious fear.

I leaned down to unlocked Jeremy's shackles and pull him up off his knees, and again he shook his head, this time with a muffled "No..." behind the ballgag.

Jason looked up and blinked at me, saying quietly, "Come on, don't make him, he really means it."

"Pick up that muzzle, " I ordered Jason, nodding to the device next to him, "And put it in your mouth."

He looked at it and didn't move. Jeremy whimpered when I put his wrists in the shackles above his head, this time trying hard to say, "Please..."

Jason looked up again, "Damn it! Give him a break, shit!" he snapped at me.

"Put it in your mouth," I ordered, picking up a whip and sliding it under Jeremy's chin. Jeremy tensed and shut his eyes tight, visibly shaking.

Jason stared at me, glaring, furious.

I put a hand on Jeremy's shoulder and stepped back with the whip, moving behind him, "Put it in your mouth Jason, right now, or I'll whip him."

Jason picked up the leather muzzle and looked at it, turning it around to position it and lifting it to his mouth. He pushed it in deep and lowered his head, locking the buckle so I could see.

I moved the whip slowly down Jeremy's back, whispering softly, "He looks out for you, isn't that precious?"

Jason kept his head down, put his hands behind his back, and remained on his knees silently.

"For Jason, "I said quietly, "I won't whip you this time. But soon you'll learn to enjoy it, just as he does."

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