



# Akasha's Web



[HOME](#) \* [Online Training](#) \* [CyberDungeon](#) \* [Story Archive](#) \* [For Women Only](#) \* [Articles](#) \* [Miss Blue](#)

## Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

**The Twins**  
*illustrated by* **Sardax**

### The Illustrated Story Archives:

#### Jigsaw

**The Twins: Part Three**

**The Twins: Part Two**

**The Twins: Part One**

**Gregory's List: The Cuckold**

**Bitch**

**Deconstructing Stephen**

**Foot Fetish Frankie**

**Machines**

**Party Girls**

**Using His Mouth**

**Milking Apprentice**

**Converting Chad**

**Pussy Collar Torture**

**Cum Guzzler**

**Casting Call**

**Dual Lust**

**Femdom Reflections on**

**Strap-On Play**

**Milkmaids**

**Milking Matthew**

**Pussy Boy**

More Archives:

**Forced Femme**

**Strap-On & Anal**

**Humiliation & Groups**

**Chastity**

**Cuckold**

**Pussy Worship**

**Feet**  
**Seduction & Lust**  
**Sheila's Show**  
**Romance**  
**BDSM**  
**Unfinished Stories**  
**Behind Closed Doors**  
**Space Age Love Song**  
**The Corporate Slut**



Katrina wasn't exactly the most trusting woman, but when she recognized real talent, she knew she had to

lower her guard.

Plus, the twins had great gear.

The duo of femme sadists weren't real twins, actually; they just appeared that way to the untrained eye, and part of their sinister repertoire was their ability to read each other, communicate non-verbally and leave their hapless male prisoners' heads spinning. And they were absolutely gorgeous.

Raven was clearly the woman in charge; Crystal just followed in suit, but she handled most of the gear. And oh, what gear they had.

Once Katrina learned of the advanced equipment the twins had in tow, it was just a matter of time before she recruited them to the base. And to make sure they were really all she'd heard about, she intended to present them with a most challenging case:

Lieutenant Brent Richards.

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Brent was young for his rank, but despite his apparent lack of experience, Katrina's girls had not been able to crack him at all. She didn't doubt that a few of the ladies were merely taking their time with the handsome recruit, because their hands often lingered inappropriately on his bound frame, or their advances appeared way too obvious. She'd had to suspend one of her younger women for administering a drug – so to speak – in the form of a kiss. Such adolescent games were trying her patience; Katrina brought in the twins – and their massive amounts of equipment – for a one week trial.

So when the twins arrived – walking down the halls of the fortress as if they owned the place, sashaying in a manner that displayed confidence she'd never seen in youth – Katrina just had to bite her lip and force a smile and remind herself of the prize. Should the young, cruel pair decide to stay on board, she'd get her hands on some of the most diabolical interrogation gear available.

At least, long enough to recreate it in her own labs. Rumor was that these twins had developed the most cruel, humiliating torture equipment that could effectively – in less than 24 hours – not only render the men totally helpless and pliable, but reform their identity, self image and even gender, if so desired. Apparently this duo had developed machinery that would violate their victims in a manner that was previously unthinkable – and if the rumors were true, it also provided unbridled sexual enjoyment for the ladies who administered the treatment.

If it was true, the twins had found the Holy Grail; gear that not only broke the men they were interrogating, but provided them the ultimate sexual satisfaction as they administered the torture. And pleasure was Katrina's ultimate goal; she knew that if the ladies in her crew were being sexually satisfied – they'd be

undeniably loyal. After all, she kept the ladies in her pack buzzing with the height of sexual desire – controlled, with cool confidence – to most effectively impact the psyche of the men they interrogated.

After all, men were horribly distracted and always inappropriately motivated by the sexual arousal of a woman. Even if he feared the woman or she was his sworn enemy. If she was hot, wet and turned on, he was victim to it. No amount of military training and preparation could change that. Of course, the sexual arousal drugs she pumped these men full of helped. By the third day in her “care,” these men were so driven by sexuality that they would cut off their own balls for relief if they had to. In fact, some had.

Katrina decided she’d simply watch “the twins” go to work on Brent from the other side of the two-way mirror. This would give her a chance to see just how they operated – and see some of the equipment they considered their own. She was most looking forward to seeing how the handsome young prisoner would stand up to arguably the two most sadistic “interrogatresses” in the universe.

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Raven found Brent to be undeniably handsome, but Crystal found his charisma and pretty-boy face to be an annoying distraction. So much so that she vowed to not even look at him – to pretend he wasn’t even in the room – while Raven did the dirty work. It was easy for Crystal, anyway, since she was mostly in charge of the gear. Staring at Raven and observing her dirty work wasn’t unpleasant anyway, because she was the most remarkably stunning female she’d ever had the chance to work with.

Raven seemed to be merely amused by Brent’s good looks, and enjoyed the opportunity to insult and degrade him. She started off by calling him a “pig” and a “whore,” and when the defiant man didn’t even react, she straddled him on the medical table – with ease – and peered down into his eyes. The soldier just held her gaze defiantly.

“You aren’t handsome to me,” she told him, running her gloved hand through her thick hair. “In fact, I think you look like a girl, really.” Raven took her time, looking back over his frame as she straddled him, moving her hand over his naked body. She let her fingers trail over the contours of his muscles for a moment. “I could have these gone in a matter of hours, Brent. Just a few injections and every last bit of strength and – pathetic masculinity would be gone.” She paused deliberately over the word “masculine” and for added emphasis tightened her grip around his balls.

That got a flinch out of him, and his leg twitched a little. Crystal couldn’t help but smile as she started to assemble the instrument on a tray nearby. She could tell –she could see, hell, she could even smell – that her twin was getting into her groove with the victim.

Brent’s defiance and lack of reaction just incensed the more sadistic twin, who slid her body up onto his chest, closer to his face, and just looked down at him. She took her time running both gloved hands through his hair, sweetly, affectionately, caressing, waiting for him to close his eyes before she clenched her fists

and tightened her grip until he let a little bit of a whimper escape.

"Ah," she smiled, leaning down, placing her lips close to his ears. "That's the sound I like to hear. There's more of that deep down, isn't there Brent?"

The soldier was strapped down pretty tightly to the medical contraption, but Crystal was able to maneuver a few switches and buttons to reposition his frame with ease, then lean over and refasten a few shackles that held his thighs apart and in place, and kept his wrists and hands well out of reach of her twin as she straddled him tighter.

Raven slid up once more, opening her legs, revealing to her prisoner that her form-fitting outfit really didn't have much to it; with the exception of her thigh high boots and gloves, and a meager corset, she was nearly unclothed. And the moisture was undeniable, her scent was undeniable; she was unbelievably wet from his suffering and nervous anticipation – no matter how much he tried to hide it.

"Put the cock lock milker on the little girl bitch," Raven ordered over her shoulder. "Let's see what her 'pussy' is made of." All the girl talk, she knew, would slowly chip away at his ego. A man so handsome – Raven reckoned – surely had a delicate ego, and his cock was visibly throbbing in her presence. Probably partially due to the scent of her pussy, and partially due to the heavy dosage of arousal drugs that were pumping through his system. His balls had swollen, already, to an inhuman size. The pressure from the built up cum in his balls was clearly maddening, and it was taking all his resolve to not think about it.

"Go ahead, struggle," she ordered from her prime seat, just an inch from his face. "Struggle like a helpless little girl, because it just makes me wet," she grinned. Raven was enjoying herself, it wasn't a lie. She saw him try to look away, try to focus on a dot on the ceiling, try to meditate, but she knew it was all useless. Once Crystal finished snapping the plastic milking tube to his thick cock and wrapped the band around his balls, he'd be enduring the most agonizing cock torment ever – and his screams, should they come, would be muffled by her sitting on his face. She already decided that.

In fact, she hoped he would scream; it would give her an excuse to sit on his face and ride the first of many orgasms – brought on by the desperate trembling in his body as his frame was racked with orgasmless agony as a result of the milking machine.

"How much you think we'll milk from this cunt?" she asked her sister as the final strap was placed under his balls.

"Four tubes," Crystal responded after making a few calculations. Wearing her own latex gloves, she took time prodding, poking the underside of his balls before taking a lubricated finger and pressing it up into his ass – just to watch him wiggle. This made her smile. Her sister just shook her head and gave a gesture to keep things moving.

"We'll be saving every last drop of it," Raven told Brent as she gestured to the machine beside her. "Still warm, still pumping from your dick, we'll funnel it right back into your mouth and make you eat it – all of it – until your stomach is full." She waited for the gasp or grimace from him, but he remained relatively calm and just looked at her, knowing she had more to say on the topic. "Unless your mouth is otherwise occupied and doing an efficient JOB," she said.

"Machine is ready," Crystal announced.

"And so am I," Raven smiled, sliding up to position herself over Brent's face. It was so easy for her – just leaning over to the control panel, deciding which button to push, which switch to flip. All he could do is moan – between her legs, against her pussy – as she selected the control that would lead to the most pleasure.

She knew that when faced with the option of being force-fed his own cum or having to lick the pussy of a woman he feared, he'd give in instantly. The degradation of consuming load after load of his own cum would be too much, and Brent would soon be licking eagerly, hungrily at her pussy until she was on the brink of cumming. And he had no idea that the intoxication that would come from eating her eagerly – the drug-induced reaction that would result from this act – would just lead him further down the spiral of despair. By making her cum, he was consuming the fluid that would ultimately break his will. And he did it all just to protect his fragile male ego!

Raven rode his face as his body twitched and ultimately convulsed from the pain and humiliation of his cock being mercilessly milked under her controls. Her sister just giggle in the background, cleaning up some equipment, snapping off her own latex gloves and finally muttering, "When's MY turn on the ride?"

"I knew you had it in you, little CUNT!" Raven hissed down at her male prisoner, finally rocking down on him so hard that she effectively cut off his ability to breathe. She listened to the heart monitor and watched his fingers scratch desperately at the sides of the gear, but just laughed it off and told him to lick harder, lick faster if he wanted to live.

Brent had a talented tongue, she admitted to herself. He was clearly working hard to not have to endure the forced consumption of load after load of his own cum as Crystal counted off the vials and tubes that were filling up one after another. "He can carry quite a lot of CUM," she announced, "He just keeps squirting."

His body continued to twitch beneath her, but Raven was impressed by his ability to concentrate on the task at hand and continue to use his tongue inside her. Even when he could barely breathe. His hair was drenched in sweat and felt sweet and hot against her naked thighs, his breathing finally came in short, desperate gasps, his face turned against her so that his cheek rested against her flesh.

"I didn't tell you to STOP," she hissed, and with one flip of a switch began the milking again, despite her sister's quiet observation, "I don't think there's any cum left..."

"It's not over until I say it's OVER," Raven glared down at him, and when he shut his eyes tight in pain, desperation, she felt the last wave of orgasm she'd been looking for. Hers, not his. In front of her, on top of the machine, she saw the full evidence of his pleasure-less orgasms – thick, milky cum in a clear glass jar. She pondered it for a moment and had to laugh to herself.

"I don't think we're nearly done with you yet, Brent," she announced to herself and to her girlfriend. "In fact, I think you're going to be the perfect guinea pig for my latest piece of equipment."

Crystal looked up and hesitated. "You know, we haven't even put it through a lab test yet..."

"HE is our lab test," Raven snapped. "The little bitch wants to play hard, he can play hard in my gear," she said, her anger growing as the solemn prisoner started to pull together his resolve and stare beyond her, his face still glistening with the moisture from her pussy, yet his mind apparently miles away.

"It may destroy his cock for good," Crystal observed. "Then he's no use to them any longer," she said.

"We'll just have to cut off his balls then," Raven countered. "And rename him Becky. Get the equipment ready. And prepare his cum for redistribution."

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**LOOK FOR PART TWO OF 'THE TWINS' THIS WEEK....**

**For earlier installations in SALS, click [here](#).**

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Crystal would never admit it to anyone, but she masturbated that night thinking of Brent.

She was alone in her quarters and couldn't stop thinking about this look in his eyes – she saw it only once – a nice mix of pleading but with some shred of pride still remaining. He obviously thought she was the more sympathetic of "the twins," or maybe he had a good idea that she was the one with her finger on the dials.

Crystal didn't get many more looks at his eyes; after all, Raven was pretty much riding his face the whole time, and quite enjoying herself in the process. It was obvious that Raven enjoyed that part of her job – turning her prisoners into simple sex objects. Brent apparently had a decent tongue, or worked well under pressure, because while Raven was riding his face, she seemed to be in heaven.

On some level Crystal worried about Brent's safety, honestly, since Raven had decided he'd be the "guinea pig" for her latest machine – her latest piece of torture gear. And ounce after ounce of his "pig seed," as she called it (semen) had been saved up from the lengthy milky sessions that lasted all evening. The poor little victim's cock had been nearly shriveled and shredded by the time the machine was done with him, basically milking every last ounce of milky fluid from his balls.

"All for later!" Raven had exclaimed with glee before sending the prisoner off for "A good night's rest." The session with the new gear was scheduled for the morning, and the ragged, exhausted prisoner was put to bed for the night just an hour before Crystal found herself massaging her clit and rolling under her sheets to images of his head between her legs, instead.

The vision were vivid and remarkable. She reckoned that perhaps she was just randomly horny, because when she delved deeper into her feelings, there really was nothing so spectacular about this prisoner, apart from his traditional and handsome good looks, fine frame and sense of pride. Soon that would be all dissolved anyway, as if Raven had her way, he'd find himself castrated, feminized – or, worse, so broken and pathetic that Crystal would not even want to look at him.

She resolved that she would not give him a second look once he ultimately was turned into this "pathetic, useless waste of limp dick meat," as Raven put it, or transformed into a big-breasted bimbo to be led around on a leash, prancing, for the amusement of the female staff.

No, instead, Crystal would just keep the images in her mind just like they were; Brent as a strong, handsome and somewhat prideful soldier, who looked at her just a couple of brief times, before being reduced to a series of faceless muffled whimpers beneath the hungry pussy of her counterpart.

Those images, still, were enough to rock her to orgasm a few times. Or maybe she was just that good with her fingers.

\*\*

In the morning, when he arrived with the guards, he was all freshly showered and perky, almost. Raven

laughed at him and whispered to Crystal that he looked good enough to "eat," only to correct herself and say, "he looks good enough to EAT his own MEAT!"

While the men shackled Brent into the odd, half bent, twisted device of metal machinery, Crystal pondered that she and Raven sort of came across as two spoiled, stuck up teenagers mistreating a shy boy on a playground. Ironical, since in their minds and in their own language to each other, they were highly sophisticated, intelligent and deadly. Yet, their "routine," as they had developed, included speaking to each other and their prisoners like youngsters, at times. At least, for the most part, childlike and in wonderment and amusement – but unmistakably cruel.

Raven once told Crystal, "I think all these pathetic men immediately relate us to some gorgeous, out-of-their-league BITCH who, growing up, trampled their balls, pissed all over them and humiliated them in front of all their girlfriends, leaving their dicks as useless, shriveled up pieces of meat. Ultimately that's why they go on to become tough-guy soldiers! They are just trying to prove to themselves they are still manly, when we both know they are just sissies, pussyboys, and wimps when cornered. By a woman."

Observing Brent in the remarkably cruel device, still untested, Crystal had to kind of agree. Handsome and well built, Brent clearly had fucked many women, she could tell. He had sparkling eyes and a nice smile (she hadn't seen him smile, but upside down, in that device, a grimace kind of looked like a smile, if she tilted her head the right way.)

Indeed, the device was untested. It was a machine to beat all machines, mechanical and unforgiving, twisted metal and tubes and unbreakable shackles. The position it held Brent in was incredibly uncomfortable and undeniable vulnerable. Nearly upside down and naked, with his flaccid cock forced into a tight, clear tube attached to the machine's control center via a trailing set of hoses.

When Crystal watched Brent as she adjusted some of the controls, she noticed that he was watching Raven, watching her walk around him and survey the restraints, and really, he was just looking at her pussy. Marveling at it, or maybe just trying to take his mind off the tugging on his dick that was rapidly producing an erection against his will.

"Interesting," Raven observed, flicking the clear glass tube with a fingernail and watching his cock twitch from behind the surface as if jumping to attention. "Is it the scent of my pussy getting you all hard, Brent-boy, or are you remembering the taste of my asshole? Is your mouth watering?"

He responded with a mutter, a mutter Crystal wished she could understand, but there was no repeating of the sentence as Raven promptly, and without warning, placed her bare ass square down over his face. His neck arched a bit, the position put incredible strain on him, and he clearly could not breathe.

"Give me a review of the data, Sis," Raven said casually, looking at her nails and humming a little. Under her sweet ass, the prisoner was struggling and the machine rocked a little, his cock reducing in size in the

confines of the clear glass tube.

Crystal checked a few of the monitors and with a bit of a giggle gave back some data, mostly on the prisoner's testicle weight and size, amount of trace fluid forming at the tip of his cock and, of course, his heart rate.

"Lick my asshole, bitch," Raven finally ordered, "If you want to have hope of ever taking a real breath again."

Crystal could tell by Raven's facial expression that the prisoner was responding – at least, trying to – and on some level she envied her. But the data in front of her was intriguing since the equipment was new, and she was admittedly excited to see if the pumping device was as thorough and effective as they'd planned.

Positioned nearly upside down with his cock being pressure-milked by the tube and surrounding gear, Brent's situation was precarious. The tubing could be fed any number of directions – into a flash-freezing device to save the ounces and ounces of cum, or funneled right back into his mouth or even ass. The cock – to ass "cum repurposing" had been deliciously appealing to both women, as they knew the realistic dick-shaped dildo pulsing in his ass, pounding him, shooting load after load of cum into his hole would be horrifyingly degrading.

The feeling of his ass, full of cum, despite his groaning – the pleasure combined with the humiliation – would realign his ego in no time, both women knew. But the slow, dreaded drip of the creamy white cum down the clear tube straight from cock and down to his gagged, forced open mouth would be delicious to observe. Electric pulses attached to his balls would administer direct, excruciating pain if he refused to swallow, and ultimately, they'd get him sucking eagerly on the tube to down the juice more quickly. By the end of the treatment, his own sucking would actually control the pressure and tempo of the cock milker – essentially, leaving him to suck his own dick!

(A true success, they both agreed, would be when this self-sucking ritual would be complete; he'd be able to milk his own cock through the tubing device, controlling the sucking pressure and speed, and causing his own orgasms without the use of anal probing. Soon he'd be sucking off his own dick in less than two minutes, eating the entire load, and begging for more.)

"Shall we roll the dice, then, Crystal?" Raven finally smiled. Apparently, it was because his tongue had eased up on the enthusiasm around her asshole, probably signaling that he was nearly ready to pass out from lack of air.

Of course, Raven was asking her partner which of the milking options to use. Cock to ass, cock to mouth (and eventual self sucking) or something else entirely. The machine could also be a traditional milker, collecting more loads to add to the unspeakable amount of cum they'd collected from him previously.

Raven dismounted. Brent took a breath, and then cursed under his breath, and was panting as he watched her body pace back and forth in front of him one time. She knew he was admiring her perfect round ass cheeks and strong thighs – her outfit left little to the imagination since she was essentially naked below the waist, except for her interrogation boots.

Raven paused, bent over in front of him, and spread both of her ass cheeks wide with her gloved hands. "Look how clean he made it, sister," she mocked. Crystal just gave her a glance and a wave, and shook her head with a smirk.

Raven paused for a moment, looking back over her shoulder at her prone victim, as he watched her with his face turning red, his lips slightly puffy. His cock was limp in the tube. Of course, the machines were all shut off, and both women knew that his limp cock was a temporary and quite fixable predicament.

"Let's make it a surprise for him," Raven said, leaning over with her gloved hands and fastening an unforgiving, open-mouth gag with a cover over his mouth. He struggled, but there was nothing he could do. It was a squishy, pliable kind of silver metal, almost, and it filled and opened his mouth and jaw while also completely covering it. It was thick enough that fluid could flow all around it, and it locked readily into the panel beside his head.

When she watched his eyes trace their way up the tube to his cock, and then he struggled, Crystal knew he had it figured out pretty quick. His struggling was vain, but interesting to watch, nonetheless.

"Oh, you ain't seen nothing yet, bitchboy!" Raven chuckled, reaching around the panel he was fastened to, and finding the large, fleshy dildo attachment in the back. She lubricated her fingers and his body strained helplessly away from the table when she started to work them into his asshole, but there was nowhere he could go. The metal strap over his waist kept him in place.

Crystal could tell that Raven was taking her sweet time loosening up Brent's tight asshole at the back of the panel before finally sliding the large, realistic shaped dildo inside. "You feel that?" she coaxed. "It's a living, breathing cock, at least to you! And it shoots cum, real cum. All the cum we want it to! Your ass is going to be so full of cum when we finish with you, you'll be leaking it for hours."

"Maybe he will need a tampon," Crystal sighed, flipping through some controls.

Raven laughed, glancing down at their victim, but all he could do is squirm and sweat. The dildo was all the way in place and locked, after quite a bit of wiggling it around and waiting for him to relax when he realized resistance was useless and painful.

One simple flip of a switch from Crystal and his cock immediately swelled inside the glass tube, causing him to let out a desperate, muffled groan that made both of the women smile. "Now, that's a good sign," Crystal

observed. She'd barely adjusted any of the controls and his cock was already pumping and pulsing, and his desperate struggling succeeded in nothing but exhausting him.

The gag was effective enough, holding his mouth wide open behind the silver bracer and reducing his pleas to muffled whimpers that were absolutely delicious.

"And the best part is," Raven leaned down to smile at him. "You have no idea where the cum will go. We can decide, so casually, if it will be forced into the gag in your mouth, or pumped into your 'pussy' through that nice, big dick you feel up your ass right now. Feel that pumping, growing cock in your ass right now?" She purred. "Crank it up, Crystal, make that cock pump his ass harder."

Crystal nodded and adjusted the controls, and the entire frame of the machine started rocking as the dildo behind the backside of it started to ram his ass, adding a circular drilling motion at the same time. It was fucking him with a force that was felt all the way through the control panel, and with a giggle, Crystal had to move her cup of water so it didn't tip over.

"Oh, now THIS is good," Raven paced, keeping eye contact with the prisoner as she saw him use all his might to focus and control himself, try to control his growing, throbbing milked cock in the tube above him. "You are wondering where it's going to go, even as you feel the orgasm building in your balls. Will you soon have a huge load of cum racing through this machine and pumped through that gag, or will you feel it squirting out of that cock in your ass, filling you up?"

"Should we make him choose?" Crystal offered, leaning over to get a look at his face as well.

"Oh, now that's an idea!" Raven smiled. "Let me ask you this, first. How does it make you feel that all your pathetic milking and ass pumping is making me oh, so, so wet?"

Raven waited for a reaction in his face but he just gave her a stern, stoic look. Unsatisfied with the response, she spread her legs a little, moved her fingers to her pussy and purred down at him. "You can't look away. Even if you wanted to. Even as your cock is pumped and milked, even as your ass is stretched and bleeding with the force of that pounding dick, you just can't help but look and wish you could taste me."

Crystal saw, too, just how wet Raven was. Raven always got wet during these situations, though, sometimes even squirting when she climaxed from the little "shows" she created, sometimes squirting on the face of the prisoner if she could time it right. Crystal could tell that Raven was preparing to squat down over his face and squirt on him, just to make her point.

Brent could do nothing but try to remain still, remain unemotional, even as his cock started to change color, his balls swelled a little and the first waves of unintentional orgasm started to rack his restrained body. He grimaced and groaned, contorting his face as he mustered self control but realized he had none, and the creamy white cum was soon shooting up the clear tube in spurts.

His eyes were closed in mid-climax and Raven was waiting for that reaction – the look in his eyes – when he realized the cum was filling the insides of the gag he was wearing. He would wonder how - just how it could be pumped so quickly through the machine to fill up the surrounding areas of the gag and drown his mouth. And soon, he would wonder how much cum he had produced, because the load would grow and grow in size.

Crystal wondered if he'd figure out, in time, that the gag wasn't just filling up with his fresh cum. Oh yes, that was there, to start. But another load, and another, and a third and more, all from the day before, all collected! And so much cum, it would keep pumping into his mouth even as his cock grew again in the milking device to produce another load. Whose cum? His own? Someone else's? Would it taste different? How many loads?

"I hope you are very, very hungry!" Raven hissed down at him, as she reckoned he'd be feeling his mouth filling up with at least the seventh full load. And when he opened his eyes, to look at her pleadingly, she squatted down square over his face and let the fluid from her pussy spray down on him without warning, stinging his eyes, sticking to his hair.

"Surprise!" she gasped, with a heavy laugh, and Crystal peered over from her control panel to just shake her head before turning a few knobs.

She wondered, if next, Raven would be raining down on him with something else entirely. It was clear, by her reaction, that she was just getting start. And there was plenty more cum saved in the machine.

If Brent would remain conscious, that is.

...to be continued? **you tell me!**



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Brent never confessed to anything.

He didn't reveal any sensitive information, either. Despite the cruel torture, the extreme milking and torture devices, the threats to remove his testicles completely and begin the transformation process to turn him into a brainless, spineless "bimbo-fied" blow up doll to be passed around the womens' quarters.

To all involved, the young man seemed remarkably "unbreakable."

That's not to say Raven and Crystal, the "twins," were not enjoying themselves. Katrina observed by the interrogation logs that the girls had taken him to three additional sessions, and while reviewing the video files on their procedures, found herself to be quite impressed and undeniably aroused.

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The twins were magical at their approach to interrogation. Their prison, even while bound and gagged and nearly unconscious, was absolutely smitten by them! She had seen this before – prisoners developing deep affection and strong lust for his gorgeous captors – but this man, Brent, was starting to look more and more like a teenager deep in puppy love, especially with Crystal, who usually was tucked away behind the measurement devices just giving him a sly wink now and then.

This infuriated her jealous sister, Raven, who wanted all of his attention for herself, and the competitive juices began to flow. Among other juices. Constantly wanting to prove herself as the more dangerous, more seductive and more sadistic sister, Raven had to increase her intensity with each session, proving something to herself and to Brent.

As if, in his delirious state, he was well aware of anything – even the flow of her warm, dangerous piss down the winding tube that fed into the funnel fastened over his mouth, ("My nectar," she told him, "Will only addict you to me more, you bitch!").

(Yes, it's true, she did take a sort of black market drug that mixed with her own chemistry made the taste of her piss – well, addictive. It was in "trial" stage, like many of the twins' procedures).

Delirious Brent just took it all, occasionally stealing a glance from the quiet sister, who merely smiled at him, but the smile was never reassuring. It was a smile that said, "Oh, I would be the one sitting on your face if I were not busy reading these medical devices that are telling me how your pathetic body is betraying you."

Betray him it did. Monster erections, huge ejaculations (load after load was saved, processed, frozen and packaged, marked with a big pink "b" and put into a storage freezer in the corner of the medical center in his full view, "for later.")

Despite her ability to hide her affection for him, Crystal worried that her mind-reading sister would catch on to her fondness of the man, and the reality that it went beyond just competitive amusement. She longed to kiss him – he had the most beautiful mouth – and she found herself thinking of how his body would feel, his thick, hard cock, as he fucked her.

These thoughts made her giggle, sometimes, when she just gazed at her sister, mounting him with the large, thick latex cock attached to the menacing harness. Brent, locked down on all fours with a collar pulling his head down to the floor, his ass raised up high, keeping him prone.

As her sister thrust, grunted and groaned, ramming the length of the glistening shaft into his fine ass, Crystal imagined it was her being fucked, and it was his cock. Brent's cock always managed to remain hard, even when he was fucked or degraded, even under the threat of castration and even when guzzling the most degrading fluids that were forced into him.

The young soldier clearly still had the hormones of a youthful and horny boy, even though he was quite the man. Trying to take her mind off the highly sexually charged ass-fucking (and his eyes starting longingly at her), Crystal searched his medical records to see if any experimental "youth-influencing hormonal drugs" were being pumped into his body that Raven failed to tell her about.

Nothing, she found. Listening to him grunt – his soft, desperate whimpers that came with each of Raven's thrusts – Crystal pondered that he was merely just a very, very horny man.

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The next time Crystal pleased herself while observing the prisoner named "Brent," she was watching a video of him eating an apple. She had hours and hours of footage from his cell, since everything was monitored, and she used the footage sometimes to observe whether or not a prison was medicating, self medicating or doing anything else that might otherwise interfere with their ongoing interrogation.

But Brent was just sitting on the floor of his cell, in tight black shorts and nothing else, eating an apple. Slowly, methodically; not desperately, nor weakly. He just regarded it for a brief moment before every bite, turning it slightly, and then staring at the wall as he chewed slowly. He seemed proud, unaffected and not the slightest bit disheveled. It was hard to believe this was the same man that four hours earlier had been sucking a large, phallic inflatable cock at her sister's command, forced to endure a long electrical torture through a metal rod in his ass, until ultimately, finally, he licked up the entire load of his own cum that had shot across the floor when Raven wanted to show him how she could elicit and orgasm with the snap of her fingers (and the flip of a switch).

Brent seemed to have a remarkable calmness about him – and, again, that incredible mouth – that made Crystal ache inside. Oh how she wanted some alone time with him! But her sister would never have it.

It occurred to her, briefly, that Raven had a few commitments the next afternoon that would keep her out of the picture. And if – in fact – the prisoner needed some medical evaluation in preparation for the next night's "lengthy debriefing," she'd need to attend to that.

While she may have to take a medical doctor along with her, she was certain she could find plenty of reasons to schedule a private visit with him.

Then, maybe, she could see if Brent's longing look at her were a simple diversion for him, a method of self-hypnosis, or a figment of her own imagination.

And she could get a piece of him for herself. Finally.

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Alone with Brent.

Well, almost.

The medical technician – a square type, despite being admittedly sadistic (it was a job requirement) was named Beth, seemed almost harmless on the outside.

Crystal was the superior ranking officer, so she instructed Beth to simply administer the appropriate medications to the prisoner, and be present should any trouble develop. She was really seeing Brent in a bit of a secret encounter, and being there without her "sister" seemed almost – wrong.

But lust is a powerful thing, and it quickly consumed her mind. Brent was handsome; the subtle bruises on his face already subsided a bit, and his frame looked solid in the simple black shorts he was allowed to wear. The dutiful guards had already secured him in what Crystal found the most exotic and exciting interrogation tables – with his legs spread and in steel bonds, his arms pulled out and away from his body and locked in place with cool metal bands. He wasn't going anywhere.

Without her sister hovering around and taking control of things, dark and moody Crystal was able to soak in the moment, and she could tell, from the expectant look on his face, that he was wondering where Raven was.

"You can speak," she finally said, breaking the silence. She was surprised and pleased at his polite – yet, in a way, subtly deviant – posturing.

"Where's your twin?" he asked her quietly. His voice was soft. Unassuming. It wasn't a demanding-type question, it was gentle, careful. It was one of the first times she heard his voice (other than groans, whimpers, and screams) and Crystal found it to be smooth and warm.

"She's busy," was her simple response, laying out a few plastic and glass vials, unrolling some rubber tubing on the small medical table. Beth was in the corner of the room, checking some equipment. Obviously not that interested, and perhaps even bored. The ever present, nearly invisible technician – Crystal knew the type. For her purposes, this time, it was perfect.

Crystal took her time putting on cool, menacing black latex gloves. She could feel Brent staring at her, looking at her body. Without even looking at him, she could tell that his eyes were scanning her body, taking in every curve as it was accentuated in the skin tight uniform. It was a sixth sense she had; she could tell when men looked at her, longed for her. She could feel him desperately wanting to be held by her. It was intoxicating.

Mostly, though, it made her want to possess him. To hear him scream, to beg her name. Not Raven's name, but her name. Free to speak, free from judgment from her most critical peer, she slid close to Brent and leaned to his face, holding his chin in her gloved hand. "Now I can have you all to myself," she said to him softly.

"I...think I like that," he responded, licking his lips – nervous, perhaps. Or just coy. She could smell what seemed like faint traces of cologne on him (how could this be, she thought to herself, he's been locked up for days). She ignored the thoughts for a moment and just held his chin and looked at his mouth, his slightly swollen bottom lip, his very straight bottom row of teeth.

It all made her ache. A dull, throbbing ache in her pussy. Her uniform felt warm. She was keenly aware of the nagging present of Beth, who rattled bottles as she assembled some non-essential equipment. Rules were rules though; a lady was never alone with a prisoner. It was not safe. For anyone.

Crystal felt free to speak her mind, nonetheless – after all, what would Beth know. Posturing, dominance, seduction – cruelty. It all sounded the same.

"I could enjoy fucking your face," Crystal said. It sounded like something Raven would say. "I could enjoy lowering this table, squatting over you, creating a very precise tight seal so the only thing you could inhale is all of me. My moisture, my scent. My cunt. I could kill you, you realize, with the strength in my thighs."

"I don't doubt that," he said softly, not lifting his head, not moving his head, but tilting it, so slightly, so little strands of hair fell in his face. As if timed. He looked genuinely innocent. "But like I told your sister, I don't know anything. I can't tell you anything. She's made it clear that she will take everything from me, my pride, my soul, my masculinity. I believe her," he said.

There was a pause.

"Did you bring me here to have your way with me, before she does?" he finally asked.

This made Crystal laugh. She laughed at him and realized too late that the forced laughter was too obvious. Yes, he was right. And it made her mad on some level, but on another level she didn't care.

There was a bored yawn from Beth.

"Bring me the milking tube," Crystal ordered the blonde technician. "Lube the equipment. He was milked dry last night, but I know there's more. This time, we do it my way."

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Finally, Crystal was going to have her way with Brent. She took her time fastening the simple, yet effective ball gag, pulling the leather straps just tight enough to solicit a muffled protest from him. She felt his eyes searing into her – not defiant, but unwavering.

Cutting his tight shorts away with medical scissors, Crystal remained silent and undeterred. His cock sprung to attention at once. He never disappointed. Again, she found herself pondering where he hid all that youthful sexual energy, because despite the endless hours of erotic torture, his body always responded favorably.

The milking tube slid over his rigid cock with ease. She added a fair bit of slick lubrication for added zest, possibly just for the excuse to teasingly, tauntingly stroke him with a content smile. Her gloved hand slid up and down the entire length of his cock, lingering over the tip and occasionally tightening two fingers, and she smiled with amusement when his hips twitched and he let out a muffled gasp with a wince.

"Sensitive?" she purred at him. When the tube was in place over his cock, she instructed Beth to prepare the rest of the equipment. It was a job she would have done, if Raven was in charge. Now she was able to enjoy the close proximity to his body, to actually hear his ragged breathing, to place a hand delicately on his chest and feel his heart beat.

"This time, when you cum," she told the prisoner, "It will be for me. The first time, the second time, the sixth time," she continued, watching as the machine began to work on him. Relentless and without mercy, the milking device would pump and massage his cock and force him to cum despite anything he tried to resist – as many times as she wanted, as quickly as she wanted. She could make the orgasms come quickly and pleasurelessly, or drive him to the erotic edge and shut the device down to leave him on the edge of a horribly spoiled ejaculation. Only to press a button and lead to his release without warning or satisfaction.

It was the kind of control that made her so wet, and his reactions to it only made the experience more rewarding.

Unlike most prisoners, Brent did not beg or break down. He kept his eyes open, he alternated between



watching her, and watching the thick stream of white fluid shooting up the vial through the tube, unaffected, it seemed. He wasn't defiant, really, he was just present. The presence was such a turn on to Crystal that she pondered telling Beth to step aside so she could mount his face – even though he was so tightly gagged – and ride him to her own orgasm.

She imagined how it would feel sitting on his face, facing the tube, watching the extraction of his cum as she moved her pussy over him. His ragged, strained breathing against her pussy would be enough to make her cum, in time. She could smother him with her ass cheeks just enough to make him strain against the unforgiving shackles, she could force him to plead, wordlessly, for air.

Just gazing at him, watching him watch helplessly as the machine milked load after load of cum from him, Crystal found herself needing more than just his surrender and suffering. She did long for the feel of his tongue inside of her ass. She wanted to know how much he'd be willing to trade for his life. She knew he was obviously a very sexually robust creature; she felt like a cat in heat. Why did he have this effect on her?

Beth had stopped what she was doing, for the moment, to take a more intimate view of the proceedings. She seemed unusually amused for such a conservative type, so Crystal assumed that Brent's charisma and charm, despite his total degradation, was equally intoxicating to the medical assistant.

"He's very interesting," Beth observed, noting that he'd ejaculated a fifth time already. The machine was not giving up; it would continue forcing the orgasms from his body so long as Crystal demanded it. And when his body was too tired to ejaculate, she'd move to anal probing, of course, to continue to milk every last drop of cum from him. Her goal was to leave him absolutely dry, and then make him consume every drop, one tiny spoonful at a time. On his knees. Begging for each bite.

(Where she got these ideas, Crystal had no clue – but it was an image that had stuck with her since morning, and she was determined to get it. She'd write it off as experimental interrogation, after all.)

Everything was going according to plan, and Crystal was swimming in contended bliss with the imagery in her mind. Until her sister showed up.

Inside the doorway, arms folded across her chest, a fuming Raven scoffed. "How dare you work on this man without me!"

Beth looked up, more startled than Crystal, who just shut her eyes and paused a moment, before composing herself. She opened her eyes to address Raven, but caught a glance of her bound and helpless victim.

Brent – looking at her – seemed to so easily convey without words what he was thinking. And it turned her on more than anything. Through his pain and humiliation, he managed to somehow say with his eyes, "Don't let her do anything to me; I want you to do it to me."

The rest of the afternoon, Crystal thought, was going to be very interesting. As if right on time, Beth announced, "He's dry."

Raven scoffed and entered the room, grabbing her gloves to put them on. "We'll see about that."

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***...to be continued***