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Miss Irene Clearmont



*This tale is an **ADULT** experience. It contains strong sexual content that is not at all suitable for minors.*

CRYSTAL.

Written

by

Miss Irene Clearmont.

This story can be read separately, or be regarded as a continuation of 'Phoenix Rising'. Be aware that there are spoilers here for 'Phoenix Rising' and that you may wish, therefore, to read that story before you tuck into this one...

As you wish, it's your experience not mine...

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Women do most *delight* in revenge.
Sweet is revenge. Especially to women.
Where vice is, vengeance follows.

Sir Thomas Browne
Lord Byron
Scottish Proverb

Crystal.

The office was plush and reflected the opinion that the woman who occupied it had of herself. Wood panelling, copies of old masters done in oil and a desk that dominated the room like a brooding oaken cube.

Discrete.

Striking.

Intense.

Mrs Crystal Veryon, the owner of that plush office, dressed in the same fastidious way that she had decorated her office. With an eye to the prejudices of her rich clients she was always formal, but also stylish in the way that only money can define. The stockings were silk and imported from Hong Kong, the shoes were spiked with five inch heels and were made for her in London to measure. Her tweed suits spoke of serious money while remaining subdued and prim.

Since acquiring considerable sums by running a most particular trust fund she made it her specialised business to make wills and testaments, run offshore trust funds and act as a legal adviser when her clients came into conflict with that all pervasive government arm, the IRS.

Over the last year or two, the actual amount of work that she had been doing had declined, to the point where her social calendar, hobbies and her tennis amounted to the greater part of her life. What was new was that instead of a new client bringing thousands of dollars in fees to the table, they were bringing in ten times that amount.

Of course there was Sarah in the outer office. All that work required a fine sense of decorum, which Sarah had in spades. There was no doubt that she did an excellent job relaxing nervous clients, preparing documents and all the other jobs that needed doing prior to Crystal interviewing the clients.

The problem was that Sarah was getting married. Actually that was not the difficulty, it was the fact that she would be moving from Fort Pierce to Miami that was the crux of the matter!

A timid knock at the door.

'Not really a good sign,' thought Crystal as she called "Enter!" in a firm voice.

The young woman who entered the room was dressed in a cotton summer frock and ballet style shoes. In the opinion of the rather severe Crystal, this interview was not off to a good start.

"Please sit down," said Crystal, waving her hand at the easy chair that faced her desk.

"Thank you, Miss," said the young woman as she settled into the chair with considerable grace.

Millicent was the third on the list to be interviewed and despite her rather casual dress she was an improvement on the gum chewing slut and the eighteen year old child that Crystal had had the displeasure of interviewing. In fact there was something indefinably erotic about the young woman who sat quietly, waiting for Crystal to begin the interrogation.

The interview started with the usual questions about experience as a legal secretary which Millicent answered with aplomb. After a few minutes it was clear that she not only had the requisite experience, but also some knowledge of Crystal's practice.

Crystal adjusted herself to the idea of offering Millicent the job.

"Of course it would be on a probationary basis," she said as she smiled at Millicent. "Three months to see if you are suitable and a permanent post if all goes well."

"I expected no less," replied Millicent. "With just one extra pair of hands in this office you need to find the correct person."

"I still have two other people to see, so it will be a couple of days before I can give you a definite answer."

Millicent stood and glanced out of the window into the street below. For a moment the sun shone through her dress allowing Crystal to see her generous figure as a dark shadow beneath the thin cotton.

"You have my number," said Millicent as she turned back to face Crystal.

She noticed the scrutinising look and held out her hand.

"I am impressed," said Crystal.

A small shiver passed through her like an electric shock. Millicent was certainly attractive. For a moment her thoughts wandered and she speculated about Millicent's private life.

"Are you married?"

"I have a boyfriend. Going steady might be the right description."

"Occasionally you might have to be present for social meetings with clients which may go well into the evenings."

"That's fine," replied Millicent. "Knowing the clients *intimately* is important in a job like this."

Crystal was not quite sure if she had heard the stress on 'intimately', but there was no doubt that this young woman was ideal for her office.

'I wonder what she would think if she knew about my little hobby,' she thought to herself. 'I would love to take her to the Green Room and interview her thoroughly!'

Another firm handshake and Millicent was leaving.

Cracked Crystal.

The other two interviews had not gone so well. Both candidates rated as poor on the legal knowledge, but the second had scored well on attractiveness.

'Still,' thought Crystal to herself as she drove home to her mansion by the still waters of the lagoon. *'Millicent might be ideal but, I am sure that there is something questionable about her. Too perfect to be living in Fort Pierce by half!'*

She pulled in to the long driveway and allowed the car to roll to the covered area before the house. Something had tweaked her finely tuned sense of empathy.

Taking her case she entered the house by the wide front door. Emilia, the maid and cook was just pulling her coat on and preparing to leave. In her forties and bustlingly efficient she nodded at her employer and made a comment.

"You are looking well this evening Mrs Veryon," she said. "I left a note for you but a few words will suffice. I have prepared a goulash and salad for you, the salad is in the fridge. I have covered all tomorrow's chores as well as today's, because tomorrow is my son's birthday and I will not be here. I also wanted to remind you that my holiday starts in a month so if there was anything special that has to be done before then..."

Crystal nodded and slipped off her long coat. "That's fine Emilia, wish your son a happy birthday from me."

From her pocket she produced a small packet and presented it with a smile to her maid.

“This is for him,” she said, “and I will see you the day after tomorrow so that we can discuss your holiday.”

Emilia thanked Crystal and left the house, locking the door behind her.

As she headed for the kitchen she noted the pan gently bubbling on the stove and smiled. Sometimes it seemed as if Emilia was behaving like a mother who was worried that her child was all alone. At other times she scolded her employer for not finding a man to replace the useless husband who had died a few years ago.

If only... If only Emilia knew what the secret of Crystal’s love life was!

Because Crystal had a special lover who lived with her.

A man who was truly hers; only for Crystal.

A man that she had purchased.

A man that she possessed.

An unwilling man.

Henry!

Tonight he would be hers in the Green Room. A lover who was so attentive to his mistress’ orders and needs! She would play with him there and then later decide if the colour of his luck was red or white or just plain black.

There had been a time when Henry had been the most self-willed and difficult of all the legal problems that she had had. Now he was just a doll who submitted to her demands before they were even given voice. She had tricked him and bought him from her acquaintance, Valerie when they had both cheated him of his trust fund.

Crystal felt a surge of delicious dominance surge through her veins as she opened the small door to the cellar and descended the steps in a slow

cadence of those little clicks as the heel touches the tile. She could feel a swelling in the lips of her pussy as she contemplated her menu for tonight.

Red before green?

Black or perhaps white last of all?

Each colour was a separate room in her little private hell. Each room had a different meaning. White, the colour of indoctrination, cleansing and mental anguish. Red the colour of pain, raw and deep. Green the colour of service and abasement. Black the hole where the slave waited without distraction. Immersed in his own fears.

Devoid of all stimulus.

As Crystal slid the wine rack aside she wondered how she had managed to put up with all that sexual molestation and unrequited passion in the days before she had met Valerie. Valueless husband, octopus handed boyfriends, leering men and self-willed males had all played their part in making the attractive Crystal allergic to sexual contact.

Then she had met Valerie. Rich and demanding. Bitch and owner.

The woman with a girlfriend who was not only unwilling, but a chattel. A woman who possessed people like others bought a car or a new television. She had promised Crystal nights of sensation, nights of gratification and a swelling thrill of owning another human being, fully, without compromise.

The metal door opened, a cell door, a prison door that led to a place where Crystal was a goddess, a queen, a mistress and a deity that administered pain and favour at her whim.

Slowly she walked down the tiled corridor.

As she went she could feel a sway come to her hips and a trickle of the juice of her passion trickle to her stocking tops. She faced the four doors and enjoyed their import...

Henry was behind Black.

Her slave was waiting in the dark. Surrounded by soft walls, chained to the ceiling, ready for her attention.

As always, when she released him from Black, he was grateful for the contact. The stimulus took the nightmare away and gave him a momentary contact that was almost treasured.

Tonight she looked so business-like. Heels, of course, but a long skirt that concealed thighs and knees. A jacket that covered a blouse that laced tight to hide those magic breasts. Hands covered in sparkling jewellery that had been bought from the trust fund that she had stolen from him.

He bowed his head and awaited the most important decision of the night!

Green or Red?

It was so rare that she pulled him from his slumber to go into the scratchy hell of White.

She led him to Red and his heart fell and the fear swelled in his breast. She was going to punish him, or rather torture him tonight. She always had her most violent climaxes when she made him suffer in Red. Green was more passionate and White was an almost detached orgasm that left her thighs trembling for hours.

Then her hand reached out and she led him to Green.

He breathed again, his mistress was in search of pleasure-pure tonight, and if he served as she willed he might get to sleep at the foot of, or even in her wide bed tonight. Or maybe in the tight cage at her feet...

The room was touched by romantic and boudoir atmosphere. Pictures of pre-Raphaelite women hung on the walls amidst lavish silken hangings. A huge bed, a field of sexual glory, filled the room and velvet concealed the

cupboards where the toys that gave Crystal so much pleasure were housed. A dark green carpet so thick that toes sunk into its luxurious surface swept from one wall to the other. The only feature that was missing were any windows, the only indicator that the room was deep underground and was part of the prison in which Crystal kept her sexual slave.

Crystal turned to admire her creation, the man who served her lust unwillingly, the slave who cringed at her touch, but could not but serve her every debased and perverted need to dominate.

The collar that was the method, by which he was controlled, shone on his naked flesh, the cage that confined his prick. They were his only adornment. Crystal only allowed Henry to wear mechanisms of control and restriction.

“Wait,” she said.

The word hung in the quiet room like a symbol of her power as she decided what route she was going to take to find gratification tonight.

As Henry stood in anticipation and fear, Crystal noted that the dread that made her sex slut shake and tremble did not stop that prick of his straining in its cage. Despite the knowledge that he would be used he could not help but pant in hope that tonight she would allow him to garner some small pleasure.

The hood that she chose was black and tight. It covered his features with a shiny, creaseless surface that reduced him to a doll like anonymity. Satisfied that it looked perfect she admired the effect of the painted eyes that opened in startled shock and the red lips that now begged to be kissed, used or abused. Abused was best. As she chose more items from her collection she could feel the tension rise.

In many ways this was one of the times that she enjoyed the most. The preparation, the anticipation, the knowledge that it was she, Crystal who chose the pain to inflict and the pleasure to receive.

Tonight Henry would be fucking her; tonight he would be on the brink of a chasm as she fell into an abyss of gratification pure.

The dildo, hollow and covered with stipples and small holes allowed Henry to breathe as she fitted it over his gaping ruby red lips. It merged into the mask to become an obscene limb that poked from his smoothed features. As he breathed she could hear the breath whistle through those breathing holes, but she resisted the temptation to clasp her hand over them and make him suffer. Not yet. Not yet! Crystal even owned her slave's breath!

That was to come, but it would not be her hand that would choke him, but the slick cunt that even now was yearning to be filled to the hilt. She led him to the bed, the field of play and pushed him to fall, face up. The man with two pricks lay and awaited his fate. One prick was caged and impotent the other sprang, lewd and permanently erect from his face.

Crystal sighed with lust and expectation.

But...

Something was missing! A frisson of resistance from her slave. He was so passive, a tool for her use that had been broken and rendered less attractive by its very passivity.

As she mounted the man who had become nothing more than an object, she slipped aside her panties, slid up her skirt and lined up his black prick. Slowly she sucked it in and was gratified to hear him struggle for breath as she took her pleasure. The air shrilled through the holes as they were closed one by one by her flesh. His chest laboured and his other cock lost its struggle to become erect in its little cage.

As she felt the nubbin at the base of the dildo brush her clitoris she climaxed. Crystal slid up and down on Henry's face enjoying the physical intrusion into her body. But, the mental joy of superiority over her sex toy was gone in a single moment of realisation.

The best had faded.

Henry was, at last *fully* destroyed. The last vestiges of independent thought had faded to be replaced by passive acceptance. Instinctively Crystal knew that by creating the perfect sexual pleasure slave she had defeated her own purpose and lost the excitement of all that fear that she had inspired in the young man that she had spent the last year victimising.

Crystal had discovered a truth...

That it was the fear and anguish, the pain and resistance, the agony and false hope that had given the high. Now, all that was left was a hollow shell of a slave.

Total compliance was no diversion for her.

Henry might as well have been made of plastic.

She needed fresh meat, a new start. Crystal went through the motions with passion. She sucked one climax after the other from her doll. But that's all it was; going through the motions.

Lead Crystal.

Money!

'You can have all the money you like, but it is the exercise of power and domination that truly turns me on,' thought Crystal as she sat at her desk and flicked idly through one of the venture capital brochures that were sent by investment funds that sought to get her to choose them. *'That only works if my victim and lover is compelled to serve!'*

Henry was burned out, that was the problem!

She had put him back into the Black Room and left him there. There was no point in using the White Room because he was no longer influenced by anything that she could do.

He was beyond her reach!

Of course she could try to reawaken the fear, but she sensed that he had retreated to a place where her power over him would never penetrate. In one sense *he* had won the battle, in another sense, Crystal had overachieved her aims.

She was bored.

It had been a week now since the revelation in the Green Room. Crystal had fed and watered Henry, but she no longer wanted to use him. Now he was nothing but a burden, a weight on her mind, a doubt in her heart.

With a sigh she laid down the glossy brochure and stared at the cover pictures of vast houses in Hollywood that she had the opportunity to invest in.

'I need a new project. A new slave. Something that is challenging, stimulating and requires planning and cunning...' she thought as her mind wandered over various possibilities. *'Excitement!'*

It was clear now that she needed to dispose of Henry first. Then would come the next step. The capture and enjoyment of new blood. Now there was an interesting thought. *'Was it a male or a female slave that she would own next?'*

There was no way that Crystal was going to admit that she was addicted to sex and dominance like a junkie on crack. She was just going to go to get her next fix after throwing away the last needle used.

She reached for the speakerphone and had a word with Millicent:

"Take the rest of the day off! I have a private meeting to attend to in New York. I will be flying back the day after tomorrow. So consider the time paid, but you will be alone tomorrow so you will be able to tidy up the office properly ready for my return on Wednesday."

Millicent popped her head around the door for a moment.

“Thanks Mrs Veryon, have a good trip.”

Crystal looked up and smiled.

Millicent so attractive!

Crystal Meth.

Millicent had her probation under her belt now and was proving to be a very efficient secretary and helper. Of course she was well paid. It would have been so beneath Crystal to have a cheap worker on the payroll!

As she drove home she wondered if tonight was the night to propose to Kenny that they get married? The job was stable, Kenny had beaten his meth addiction, the debts had been paid and the future looked rosy.

Crystal would have thought twice about giving Millicent the job had she known about the seedy private life of the beautiful young woman!

But, Millicent was very guarded and kept all her problems from her employer with great care. Never a word was allowed to slip about Kenny and his layabout friends. The debts that followed in the wake of an addict almost drowned Millicent, but the job from Crystal had saved her.

The car journey always took twenty five minutes and was a time when Millicent could relax and chill in the car. Then when she got home the small battles would begin with Kenny! Months ago it had been so much worse than now. Now, the arguments were over details; before, they had almost come to blows so often that Millicent had run away from Kenny.

As she pulled up at the small supermarket that they lived over, her heart fell to see the dilapidated pickup of Jimmy, one of Kenny’s old mates from years ago.

'Shit, that's all I need,' she thought as she climbed the metal stairs to the apartment. *'Fucking Jimmy in my flat!'*

Sure enough Kenny and Jimmy were slouched on the sofa with the television blaring at full blast. Millicent took in the scene with disgust as she saw what was showing on the screen.

Porn.

Of the very crudest kind.

A tattooed woman who was being fucked at both ends by a pair of older men who could barely maintain their hard-ons. She moaned in synthetic orgasm as a tumble of electronic music slurred from the television.

"See how a real slut fucks," was Jimmy's greeting as he lifted a hand in acknowledgement of her presence. "Skull fucking, always was my favourite, care to give it a try?"

"I wouldn't touch *you* with *her* cunt," said Millicent in clipped tones as she strode to the television and pulled the plug from the wall just as the 'money shots' commenced.

"I told you that Millie would get aggravated," said Jimmy to Kenny. "Get rid of the slut for the night and we'll go and fuck some real women!"

Kenny started to laugh at Jimmy's comment as though it was the funniest thing he had heard.

"Millie is always angry and telling me what to do..." he said.

"You stupid cunt," said Millicent in a high voice. "This wanker has got you all stoked up on vodka and meth; and *you* tell me where to get off? I have a good mind to leave you to rot here, you fucker!"

"So you don't want a little fuck up the ass after all then?" said Jimmy.

Kenny was in tears of laughter.

“Millie does not fuck up the ass, she sucks and fucks, but I’m not allowed to go there!” said Kenny in between coughing and laughing. “Millie ‘makes love’ she never fucks...”

Millicent stood nonplussed. On the drive here she had been dreaming romantic dreams that now foundered on the rocks of reality. Kenny would never escape morons like Jimmy who would suck him in and spit him out like the fuckwad that he was. Vodka and angel dust...

She felt a single tear teeter in her eye before it broke free and trickled down her cheek.

Jimmy struggled to his feet and made as if to hug Millicent. She stepped back and pulled a face.

“The cute little bitch is crying, can I have her now?” he asked Kenny. “You promised that I could have the little *ho* tonight and now she is trying to escape!”

“Don’t you dare touch me Jimmy, I’d rather cut your cock off with a rusty knife than allow you to touch me!”

The phrase took far too long to say...

Kenny, high on meth, was behind her blocking her fast exit. His hand brushed her shoulder and then took a fist full of her thin dress.

Jimmy closed in and cupped her breasts in his palm as Kenny tore the dress off her back in one swift motion to leave her standing in bra and pants.

“Nice tits, fucking tasty cow with big udders,” said Jimmy. “Like!”

Kenny started to laugh again. Everything that Jimmy said was funny to him in the state that he was in. Suddenly he was Jimmy’s mate again. The world

was set to rights and Millicent was available for both of them, whether she liked it or not.

He grabbed her wrists and pulled them up her back sharply allowing Jimmy to rip bra and panties off with no problem.

“The bitch is smooth as a bottle,” said Jimmy as he slid a hand between her waxed thighs. “But dry as a bone. Maybe she doesn’t like to be fucked by two real men?”

Millicent started to scream, but it was cut short as Jimmy punched her face brutally and then slapped her with the back of his other hand. It was like slow motion to Millicent.

She saw the erection that his jeans contained.

She saw him pull a flick knife from his pocket.

She felt her arms being pulled up her back by her boyfriend as he offered her to this beast.

A hand brutally opened her pussy while the other held the blade to her face as if he was going to carve her cheek with the razor sharp blade.

It took just a minute to stuff her mouth with her panties and bind her arms up to her neck so that she was ready to be fucked by the two drug filled fiends who were going to rape her.

Jimmy knocked her onto the sofa and kicked her in the ribs.

“Ken, d’you want ass or that cunt?”

“I’ve had the cunt before, I’ll go for the tight entrance.”

Jimmy took a swig of his beer and then poured the rest over the stricken Millicent.

"That'll grease you up a bit, bitch!" he said as he poured the last of the foam over her slit. "I'll fuck her and then you can have what's left over, Ken."

When she began to kick he ran the blade of the knife across her breast bringing up a thin line of red from nipple to nipple.

"I'll cut your udders off, ho, if you do that again," he laughed as he struggled to get his jeans off revealing a fierce erection that sprang from his groin like a truncheon. "Open wide bitch, here I come!"

The prick approached and Millicent opened her legs. She could feel the beer in her pussy, the blood on her chest and the prick rammed home to the hilt.

Jimmy's idea of a good fuck was a sudden plunge, a vigorous rhythm, a short sharp fuck that tore at her insides. Millicent tried to relax to make it easier, but all she could see was Kenny pulling off his trousers to reveal his half erect cock.

The invading prick withdrew just before Jimmy came so that he could spray her face with his cock. As she was flipped on the sofa to allow Kenny her ass, she felt the warm, sticky goo coursing over her face and invading her lips.

"Taste it and become addicted to my come!" laughed Jimmy as he slapped her and held her legs wide to reveal her ass hole, the target of Kenny's hardening prick. "I should have gone for her ass, Ken, Maybe I'll have it after you."

Kenny started to laugh again; Jimmy was more than amusing he was a veritable fount of wisdom and clever comments. Overcome by the meth that was in his system and the alcohol swilling through his cerebellum he felt alert as never before to every subtlety of his experience.

He lined up his prick and took the plunge...

The next two hours were an abyss of agony and humiliation for Millicent as the two addicts took more meth and more beer on top of it. Jimmy led the

brutality. Control, it was all about having godlike power over Kenny and Millicent. He was like a hyperactive film director that led his cast through the hoops of a complex script.

But, at last, the assault was over. For now...

The two men tied Millicent to the toilet bowl in the bathroom and slept on the sofas in sheer exhaustion. They had lived Jimmy's dream for three hours, fucked Millicent every which way, filled every hole with their cocks and then Jimmy had beaten her for trying to resist.

Naked and vulnerable on the floor he had kicked her with Kenny's encouragement, for not begging to be fucked again. The final humiliation was when he pissed over her bruises, directing the stream into her spluttering face to howls of laughter from Kenny.

They slept all night.

It was when Kenny staggered to the bathroom to see Millicent bound tight to the toilet that he started, in his hangover, to realise that the events of last night had not been a crazy dream.

He stood looking down at the girl who had supported him all of the last year. The woman who had hoped to marry him. The woman that had had romantic dreams that were now extinguished in a stream of piss.

He bent to undo the knots.

To release her.

At that moment Jimmy staggered into the bathroom. He slurred a few words and bent over Millicent to be violently sick into the toilet. Millicent pleaded to Kenny with her eyes; her mouth was gagged with a belt.

“Fucking great night,” laughed Jimmy as he wiped his lips with the back of his hand. “Let’s get some more meth and we can do it all again. It’s always better second time around...”

Kenny stood and looked from Millicent to Jimmy.

This was the moment when he would make his choice and all three of the participants of the drama realised that the choice was Kenny’s. If he decided to release Millicent, Jimmy would not be able to stop him. If he decided for Jimmy then his former girlfriend was doomed to days of intense abuse.

Jimmy was a man who had no qualms leaving a body in the woods...

“What a hangover,” said Kenny. “Hair of the dog. Let’s get some more of that bitchin’ meth and a couple of bottles. It’s time that this slut here,” he looked down at the bruised body of Millicent, “got used to real hard fucking!”

Kenny had decided.

Millicent’s eyes filled with tears.

Jimmy smiled at this victory. Kenny was now his. He owned him.

“I know where we can get some money,” said Kenny as he slipped back completely into his feral self. “That fuckin’ bitch of a lawyer that our slut works for is sure to have loads of cash in her office or house!”

A parting slap and kick from Jimmy was all the goodbye that they gave their sex slave as they grabbed her keys and left the house laughing and arguing whether the office or the house was going to yield the most cash for their next binge.

Crystallised.

Crystal arranged everything before she took the plane to New York.

A van picked up her useless slave, Henry, and at last, after years, he was out of her life. At first he had been the main correspondent for his Aunt Maisy's trust fund. Gradually she had seen the money as hers and she had schemed to make him break the conditions that his aunt had laid on the fund.

But, Henry had resisted the temptations.

So Crystal had resorted to simply forcing Henry to sign a release and, to cover her tracks, she had enslaved him for her own pleasure and gratification. Now he was used up. Depleted and emptied of resistance. So she passed him on to Valerie, the woman who had helped her entrap him in the first place.

Who knew where he would go?

Perhaps he would find a caring owner, perhaps he would not. Crystal did not really care, that phase was over.

Now she needed to find a new victim.

One that would resist.

One that would try to engage in futile escape as she refined her pleasures and approach to having a slave. A slave that would cry and weep for her.

As she sat on the plane, idly flicking through the inflight magazine thought about the day that she had spent on Long Island! Once before she had been there to meet the women who offered a service that rendered men to chattels. Now she had returned and was flying home without having resolved her problem at all!

None of the slaves that they had had on offer had turned her on. As she looked out of the window at the distant checkerboard landscape below, she realised that she needed something special. Very special.

She needed a slave that was more than a bought man.

Crystal needed to know her slave.

Intimately and personally!

Crystal needed to know how far he or she had fallen. She wanted to use a former relationship to squeeze the pleasure out of the service. To make every little submission, every lick of her cunt, every painful interlude heightened by the contrast.

She wanted to look down and see a person that she knew bring her to climax in pain and servitude.

Like all of the problems in her life, Crystal considered her options.

Mentally she listed all those people that she knew and considered each in turn as a candidate for slavery. She considered the advantages and disadvantages of each with a small frisson of illicit pleasure.

There were her tennis friends and their husbands.

Mostly rich and successful, living in the lap of luxury and high society. They would fall so far when she brought them to her prison boudoir. Perhaps she should capture a couple. That would be so sweet as they watched her destroy their partners before their eyes!

The thought made her sex throb with lust. She could feel friction vanish as lubrication flowed and soaked the silk panties that cosseted her cunt. Just the thought of Jeanette and Wilbur as slaves made her nipples stand and her breathing become heavy.

Of course it would not be easy to add them to a coffle. The police tended to investigate the disappearance of the rich most thoroughly. Perhaps she should aim a little lower.

Her thoughts came to Millicent and Emilia!

Women as slave sluts!

Emilia, she dismissed with a shrug. She was not attractive enough for Crystal. What was the point of destroying a plain person? It was the breaking of something precious that brought the satisfaction of vandalising a person. Millicent on the other hand? She was attractive, quiet and a real diamond in the rough.

An ideal victim.

Sensitive.

Susceptible.

Natural.

She would be ideal for Crystal to subjugate.

Perhaps it was time to taste a little Sapphic love? To crush the spirit of another woman. To penetrate and slowly distort her character until she became a bed toy.

A fuck-doll.

An ass-slut.

'It will be an interesting experience,' she thought as she allowed her hand to stray to her lap. She was making up her mind. The fantasy was heading for reality.

The man next to her slept on as Crystal slowly frigged herself to a quiet climax as she considered the idea of having a woman lapping her cunt. Cleaning her ass with her tongue. Pampering her body before suffering torment at her hands.

A woman could be remodelled. Decorated and gradually spoiled before finally being disposed of, for a new challenge.

‘Yes,’ she decided as she climaxed and then risked slipping her hand to push into the hungry maw that lay between her legs. The gash that would soon have a personal slave. The slit that might determine the fate of another woman.

The next challenge was Millicent!

The next orgasm followed...

Crystal Healing.

The call to her mobile in the taxi as she returned from West Palm Beach Airport to her house in Fort Pierce. The delicious thoughts of a Millicent serving her body were still coursing through her mind as she took the call.

Those delicious thoughts stopped in their tracks as the policeman on the phone explained that there had been a break in at her office, and would she please come to the scene to meet the officer in charge of the case?

When she arrived the blue lights had stopped flashing, just one uniformed officer stood by the door and a small crowd stood, aimlessly chatting to the radio reporter who was hoping that she could find at least one person who knew what was going on.

Crystal stepped out of the taxi.

Her legs were not long, but the heels were.

The radio reporter tried to interview her but Crystal pushed past her insistent querulous questions and spoke to the uniformed policeman guarding the door.

Showing her driving licence as ID, Crystal was ushered upstairs to her ravaged office.

"I'm Detective Charmont," said the man as he showed her his badge with a flourish. "We were called here an hour ago when a witness noticed that the door to the street was open. I'm afraid that your office has been burgled and we need to know what is missing..."

He paused to let her take in the scene of utter chaos that had been wrought on the carefully tended office. Crystal breathed in slowly as she saw that every picture on the walls had been smashed to the floor. That the drawers of her desk lay smashed and forced by all that broken glass.

"I'm sorry, Mrs Veryon, but they seem to have been interested in cash! Did you have a float or any large sums on the premises?"

Her eyes took in the mess, the shit smeared on the walls and her nose detected the smell of stale piss.

"I have a safe. Then there is the petty cash..." she said as she noticed the small tin box that lay broken on the floor. "Perhaps five hundred in the cash box there," she said. "Mostly small bills."

"The strongbox?"

"Mostly important documents, client's accounts, about ten thousand in cash and papers for the trust funds that I administer."

"Where?"

Crystal went to a wall cabinet that had had the doors ripped off. She looked up at the officer and smiled with relief.

"Here," she said as she slid the cabinet to the side to reveal the plain door of a safe set in the wall. "Looks untouched."

"Would you mind confirming that for me?"

Crystal took a deep breath. The safe contained all the papers from Henry's trust fund and evidence of her money transfers.

“Certainly, anything to cooperate.”

She dialled a code on the door of the safe and swung the door open to reveal the one place in the office that had not been touched by the thieves. A neat stack of papers, a single banded block of one hundred dollar bills and two small locked boxes that contained the evidence of her having robbed and enslaved a man. Robbed, enslaved and raped.

“Untouched?” he asked.

“Untouched!”

“Good. Then reseal the safe and we will take you home after a general question. The first of which is; who has the keys to your office, because the door was not forced?”

“No one,” she lied as she thought of Millicent. “I have a great number of sensitive documents here. At the moment I do not even have a secretary!”

Why had she lied? Crystal was not sure, but it was instinct. There was no way that she wanted Millicent involved in an investigation. Not when Crystal had so much planned for that luscious body!

“We will need you to come to the station house tomorrow and make a statement. What time would be suitable?”

“In the afternoon at three?”

“Fine, I’ll see you then. The crime scene will be secure until then as I am leaving an officer here so you cannot start the clean-up until forensics have passed through tomorrow.”

Refusing a ride from the police, Crystal called a taxi and started on the journey home. After about five minutes of driving she pulled out her phone and checked Millicent's address.

There was a moment's thought and she told the driver to take her there. Crystal had never been to Millicent's house before, but now she had a sudden curious impulse. Just a few hours ago she had been pondering how she was going to capture Millicent for her own deviant use. Now she just wanted to see where she lived.

It was the raw start of her plan...

The taxi pulled up at a small row of shops and a supermarket. Crystal gave the driver a fifty to wait for her and went for a little explore. As she had suspected she found steps to the second floor in the car park at the back of the supermarket.

This was where her future slave slut lived!

Crystal pulled her fur coat around her shoulders against the cold and slowly ascended the stairs to be faced by a glass door. Obviously there was no one home, all the lights were off.

She pressed the buzzer and waited, but there was no answering approach from within. About to turn away, she tested the door handle to find that the flat was unlocked.

Curiosity drove her on.

Of course she had the excuse about the break-in if she was caught by Millicent. Crystal just wanted to see the house that Millicent lived in. There was much to find out about the style in which one lived.

She opened the door.

There was a smell of piss that brought her back to the scene of her office. Shaking her head she entered the apartment. Millicent seemed so tidy and

fastidious, why would her flat smell so bad. A smell of stale cigarette smoke underlay the smell of festering urine.

Crystal entered the apartment.

It was untidy. Plates smeared with food. Cartons from takeaways, a sofa on its back and broken glass. Wandering from room to room, Crystal was shocked by the disorder. Not just disorder; the place was worse than a pigsty.

She opened the door to the bathroom door.

A naked woman, bruised, splashed with blood, tied to the bowl of the toilet. Millicent was gagged, savagely. A belt had been used to hold the panties in her gaping, but filled, mouth. Rough rope held her legs open and circled her large maltreated breasts. The head of a brush showed where the handle had been savagely pushed into her ass and needle marks punctuated her arm with blood.

Crystal stood a moment, in shock at the picture of degraded womanhood that lay at her feet. This was, in crude terms, what she had intended for Millicent, but to see it like *this* provoked outrage!

She bent and undid the belt.

A lump of cloth fell from Millicent's open lips to the piss soaked floor. She looked up, one eye almost closed by a massive bruise, and tried to smile.

"Kenny," she said.

"Your boyfriend?"

"And his buddy, Jimmy..."

"Let's get the fuck out of here!"

Using a kitchen knife, Crystal freed Millicent from the ropes and draped a dressing gown over her battered body and the two of them made their way to the taxi waiting outside.

Millicent sat bolt upright in the back seat, tears in her eyes, silent but wracked by sobs as the taxi took them to Crystal's house on South Indian River Drive.

Crystal helped Millicent to the huge bathroom where, amidst steam and soft soap some of the past was washed off. Crystal made a coffee and poured two brandies before heading back to see how her abused secretary was managing.

The door was open, showing the figure of the naked woman just standing under the flood of hot water like a mature nymph in the pool of a waterfall. Crystal stripped off her clothes and joined the woman that she had intended to enslave.

Somehow, she had moved from that thought and felt genuine distress at Millicent's treatment. She took a bar of soap and gently washed Millicent. Her fingertips coursed over the marks of beatings and the pricks of the needles. The palms of her hand soothed Millicent, contact healed some of the invisible wounds.

The soap was soft and the lather eased Crystal's hands as she massaged and stroked Millicent. She touched those wracked breasts. Stroked those cut nipples. Her hands soothed an ass that had been belt whipped, it slid into the violated crease and soothed away some of the pain of anal rape.

Millicent just stood and soaked in the attentions of her boss. The woman who seemed so distant became a paradox to Millicent. The contrast of the assault of the two drug crazed men contrasted to the attentions of this mature woman who seemed to know that she could not speak, yet. That she could do no more than bathe in the steaming water, smooth lather and

gentle hands of this woman who had saved her from a wet grave in the everglades.

Crystal Maze.

The interview with the police consisted of filling in a number of forms and signing them. The inspector seemed distant and that attitude was confirmed when he told her that there was little chance of finding the thieves.

“Probably addicts needing money for their next fix,” he commented as he showed her out of the office. “When we know more I’ll contact you again, but there are three hundred unsolved such crimes on my desk and I expect to solve fifty and have perhaps another fifty solved by confessions. For the rest there is insurance!”

So Crystal headed home to her new hobby. The broken Millicent.

Forming in her head was a plan that went beyond making her secretary a slave. The idea was seeded by their contact in the shower. It flowered in her head as she supervised the cleaners and decorators who were to put her office to rights.

The idea matured as she headed for home.

What she really needed was a confederate. A sister who she could play her games with! Crystal needed a partner in crime and the vulnerable Millicent would be ideal. She was erotic when exposed; she was ready to be bent to her mistress’ will. She was in shock and she had lost the man who she had dedicated so much effort to winning.

Like a piece of wood in the steam cabinet, Crystal reckoned that she could bend Millicent to a new form, and that form would stay once the heat and steam faded.

Her idea was to create Millicent in her own twisted image.

A man hating, sexually motivated dominatrix.

A weapon in her mistress' armoury.

A friend, a sister a lover.

A beholden bitch!

"Five times, or maybe only four," said Millicent. "I couldn't tell any more, it just hurt!"

Millicent was recounting the rape to Crystal. She had not asked why Crystal had not called the police. She had not asked why Crystal had appeared at her apartment. She had asked no questions, she just recounted the experience of the last two days to her new friend, her saviour, in a calm and bitter tone.

"It was the crystal meth," she continued. "It has destroyed Kenny once, three years ago, now it will take him the rest of the way."

"It's not the drug," said Crystal, "It's in him. He is a delinquent, a thief and a rapist. We could tip off the police, since I'll bet that it was Kenny and Jimmy that wrecked my office."

"I know that it was."

Where do you think that they are now?"

Millicent looked around as if expecting to see them appear any moment in Crystal's front room.

"Jimmy said that they would rob your house and your office!"

"If they come around here then they are making a huge mistake," said Crystal in a firm tone. "By now they will be far away off their faces on booze and meth."

Millicent almost smiled.

Crystal could see that she was adjusting to the events of the past days. The time where she could begin Millicent on the path that she had determined was a window that was slowly closing.

"Come with me," said Crystal gently. "I want to show you something."

She took Millicent by the hand and led her up the broad stairs to the bedroom.

"I just want to tell you something that you need to know about me."

Millicent stopped on the stairs and turned to face Crystal.

"I know about you, Crystal. You are the woman who saved me."

It seemed so strange to call her boss by her first name in this intimate moment. Almost as though it was a forbidden word. 'Crystal'. She held out a hand and touched Crystal's cheek in affection.

Crystal turned her head slightly and kissed those fingers.

"I need you, Millie. It was coincidence that I came to your apartment yesterday, but I almost feel as though it was meant to be!"

Millicent did not withdraw her hand she allowed the lips to kiss her fingers and felt so grateful inside. Grateful and fondness. Maybe passion. One of her fingers slipped between those pink lips, it felt a tongue, it felt good.

"We should do what we feel the need for," said Crystal as she put an arm around her new lover and guided her to the bedroom. "I so need to soothe you, heal all that hurt."

“Is it for you as well as for me?”

“Yes. For me. I need this so much. I get what I want, *always!*”

“I know that you do. Be gentle with me! I am so tender...”

Crystal Hard. (Pt 1.)

The man in the leather jacket stood casually, leaning on the corner of the wall, watching a doorway. Waiting for it to open. The fifth cigarette that he had smoked whilst on this watch burned low and then joined the others on the pavement.

Even though this was a dangerous neighbourhood, with whores, thieves and drug addicts trolling the streets during the daytime, he was not worried. Any fool that dared to challenge him with fists or knife would quickly find himself in trouble. Somehow this self-assurance communicated to those who normally did not allow others to trample their territory and he was left to smoke in peace.

The door opened and his frame stiffened slightly and then relaxed as he realised that his quarry was not the man who was leaving the building. Muttering about the way that criminals, lawyers and sluts always made a man wait, he lit another cigarette.

Two months ago he had taken the job from Mrs Veryon. It was not unusual, he was the man that she always turned to when she needed a little private investigation doing. The rates were pretty good. This time it had been a little harder.

Find Jimmy Scofield!

That was it. A name and no more except for a physical description that could have described any hood in the hood. He had started with his police contacts. He had read the file.

Finally! The effort had paid off and taken him to the green door.

He pulled the phone from his pocket and checked that the camera was ready to use. The door opened as if his premonition had triggered the real world to conform to his will.

Jimmy walked out of the door of the crack house and staggered up the street with the private detective coming up behind. Jimmy Scofield was being sought for three murders, a rape and a sheet of crimes that made him one of the most sought after petty criminals on the streets of Florida. Now he would meet his nemesis.

As he rounded a corner at the end of the block the detective called out his name.

“Hey Jimmy!”

Jimmy turned to look but did not see the man who had called and then ducked into a doorway. He shrugged and walked off whilst the detective congratulated himself at the quality of the photos as well as the fact that his quarry had answered to his name.

Of course. Why Mrs Veryon needed to know where Jimmy Scofield was and what she planned, the detective had no clue. Lawyers were always up to something!

Crystal Hard. (Pt 2.)

It was two months since the rape.

Two months since Jimmy and Kenny had disappeared and Crystal had put a detective on their trail.

“What happens when you find them?” asked Millicent. “The police?”

“No way,” came the reply. “We get our revenge, but I can’t think exactly what we are going to do.”

“Beating up Jimmy will do no good. He will brush off his jacket and come back with a knife.”

This was a subject that had been discussed a few times. It was clear that Millicent never wanted to see either Jimmy or Kenny again, but a hatred boiled just beneath the surface that Crystal could feel.

She warmed her hands on its heat every day.

Crystal led her lover down that path that she had determined. It was not as difficult as she had thought it would be. Once Crystal had become her lover she bathed in Crystal’s advice, guidance and instruction.

The bruises and cuts healed, but the inner loathing for men did not.

It festered until Millicent realised that she would never again make love to a man. To have Crystal’s hand inside her, to have a tongue at her clitoris was to be fucked by her lover. She gave it all back and Crystal realised that part of what she had been missing had been affection. Now that she had it she played her cards to appease her baser desires and wants.

Soon it would be Jimmy in her cellar.

He would never stop fighting.

He would suffer for ever.

“I have no intention of just beating him up or giving him to the police,” said Crystal. “What I want to do to him is what he did to you!”

“Rape?”

The word still came hard to Millicent. Now it came firmly and there was an agate look in her eye that told Crystal that she was ready to find out what

Crystal was about. The dark place which she lived in, the purpose that filled her heart and her sex.

“Rape!”

“I would love to fuck him to death!”

“My plan is exactly that, darling,” said Crystal breathing heavily now that she realised the time was ripe. “I want to show you what I have prepared especially for Jimmy Scofield.”

She took Millicent by the hand and led her to the cellar. Red, Black, White and Green.

She opened the door to her private hell and revealed the need that was still inside her breast for the moment, but that would burst out fully grown when she had Jimmy Scofield in her power.

“We will fuck him until he is less than human. I will show you how to reduce a man to meat that melts on the palate. When we are finished with Jimmy Scofield we will give him to be fed to the pigs!”

Like Unto Crystal.

It was the dead of night. A pollen of neon dusted the road and the few people who were foolish enough to be out and about at this time of night and in this part of Fort Pierce.

Angel dust was no longer of interest to Jimmy Scofield. Now it was heroin, horse, crap and hard candy, the big H. It left him euphoric and then in deep depression. It made him violent when he got it and violent when he could not! It led him to abandon his contacts with his confederates, like that cunt Kenny that he so despised.

The crack house at the corner of fifteenth and seventh was his best source, all he had to do was get enough money to pay for it. A week before he had

gone three days without his supply and he had robbed a gas station with a knife in broad daylight just to get his hands on his fix. Now the narcs were after him and his description was posted on every detective's wall.

Still he had a fix in his pocket and another coursing through his veins.

Life was good!

A car pulled up. A red sedan. In it was a whore. Jimmy bent to look into the window and found himself staring into the chambers of a revolver that was showing all its chambers full.

"Fuck off bitch," he yelled and reached for the woman with the gun.

For a moment Crystal was in shock. In her imagination Jimmy would get in the car and submit to being cuffed.

In her imagination.

He reached for the gun and did not notice the other woman in the back of the car who snapped a cuff onto his wrist and then onto the stanchion that supported the headrest.

Jimmy pulled at the cuffs and tried to pull his body out of the window as Crystal regained the initiative by pushing the barrel of the gun into his face and releasing the brake.

"In the fucking car, Jimmy, now!" she ordered as the car slid forward in automatic and dragged him with it. The cold metal of the gun slid over his teeth and entered his lips like a rapist's hard cock.

The car stopped and he pulled himself in the window, into the passenger seat. One hand was still fixed, the other was free, but the barrel was now in his mouth and the hammer was back. Any violent move and he would be splattered, any violent move and the woman who held the gun would be splashed with his brains.

He saw a movement behind and tried to pull away as a hood covered his head and a racking as something banding the neck of the hood pulled tight. His hand flailed to go for the gun. It was clear that he was going to die, why not at the hands of the bitch with the pistol?

"Jimmy, we just need to talk to you, if you come quietly you may survive this!"

Crystal tried to sound as though she was offering a business proposition as Millicent lined up the cuffs and cuffed his right wrist to the hand grip above the door.

"That's better now, Jimmy, let's go for a ride!"

Crystal could scarcely have said anything worse. Jimmy started to struggle like a madman. In his violent world, 'going for a ride' could only mean one thing.

A lift to the graveyard.

Crystal at last lost all self-control and pistol whipped him through the hood. "Sit and fucking behave you witless cunt," she yelled.

The whole thing had lasted thirty seconds, but they had attracted the attention of the two men loafing on the other side of the street. Crystal passed the revolver to Millicent and put her foot down.

The feeling of movement seemed to calm their acquisition and he asked who they were.

"I'm your nemesis," said Crystal.

"What the fuck's that?"

"You'll find out, Jimmy, you'll find out!"

Cut Crystal.

Jimmy cleaned up and dried out was almost a different Jimmy. Three days with his head in a hood while he went cold turkey. Four days of being hosed down and chained to a wall in a white cell that looked like a weird bathroom.

He was confused.

Revenge for Jimmy was a dish eaten hot and spicy.

Who was doing this to him? Whom had he upset? WTF?

At the end of a week the hood was lifted from his head and he found that he was back in the white room with two women. One of them, the big titted brunette, he recognised from somewhere, but the exact time that they had met baffled him.

The other looked like a whore, rich bitch and hooker all rolled into one. She was the one who had had the revolver in the car. Now she was dressed in a tight latex costume that belonged in one of the pornos that he had made some money as an actor a few years ago. The crop in her hand was long and ended in a curl of leather braid that looked more like a pretty toy than a whip that could flay a man in the right hands.

“So?” he asked insolently.

The whip curled and left a stripe across his thighs, neatly missing his cock and balls but wrapping into the tender skin between his legs.

“He doesn’t recognise you,” said the older woman with the whip.

“I’m not surprised, he saw a different part of me then,” said the large breasted woman as she started to slip her dress over her head.

Her body was smooth, like a bottle. Hairless and pale in complexion. The slit and lips of her sex were a subtle opening between her firm thighs, her breasts were heavy and hung like ripe fruit but her face. The face of Kenny's girlfriend. The face of the fat bitch that he had raped again and again.

Suddenly Jimmy understood his peril. This was no criminal who wanted money. This was not a man that needed him alive to repay a debt. This was no dispute over the purity of drugs or who was going to go first in a gang rape. This was a woman that he had raped and fucked up the ass. This was a woman that he had pissed on and wanked over. This was a woman that he had beaten, gagged and kicked and now she was in a position to extract her revenge at leisure.

"I should cut your cock off, Jimmy," she said.

He shook his head in fear, unable to speak for the dread that was filling his mind.

"Can I?" asked Crystal.

"Of course, whenever you like. But first I want Jimmy here to find out what two days of rape is like. But, it may well be a lifetime of rape."

"Please," he said in a pitiful voice.

"I've heard enough, Millicent, bag him!"

The bag closed over his head as the whip kissed his flesh again, this time above his prick. It kissed and like an evil woman's manicure, it tore and it left a scratch that wept a few tears of blood.

Through the hood he could hear the two women talking.

"So I have to wait until you are finished before I can cut his balls off?" said the 'rich bitch' to the one with the big breasts.

“Honey, just because you have put on the latex does not mean that you can go first every time! You can cut off what you like when I have finished with the fucker...”

From inside the darkness of the hood, Jimmy tried to make his own contribution to the conversation: “Please, I will do what you want...”

It was the sharp retort of the whip that silenced the begging just as Jimmy was starting to get up steam. It cut across his prick like a line of liquid fire and made him cry out with the agony, it told him that these two bitches were really into this scene.

That they were enjoying every moment.

That Jimmy had better come up with a means of escape or he would be in real trouble!

A hand stroked his cock, the finger tips running along the damage that the braided whip had done.

“He can’t get it up,” said the voice of Crystal.

“It’s all the angel dust! They always steal Viagra when they break into chemist shops because the meth kills their little willies!”

“That’s a shame because a hard prick is so much better to play with than a soft one.”

“Hey, don’t worry, he’ll recover in a couple of weeks and then he will be able to enjoy every moment of being fucked by us!” said Millicent as the two women left the room.

Just before the door closed Jimmy heard Crystal make one last comment:

“I have some other ideas too...”

The door closed and he was left to contemplate the part he was to play in their revenge.

The part of the helpless victim.

Crystal Tipped.

Trained?

Jimmy never thought of himself as having been trained by two women. No! What he had developed was pragmatism that was waiting for the inevitable moment when he would overcome these two weak sluts and wreak his own revenge. He just had to await that opening, that moment of vulnerability when he would show them what real fucking meant.

For the moment he was biding his time!

Until then he was submitting...

Tonight was his three hundredth night of confinement. Almost a year of revenge had been taken, more would surely come. Tonight he was caged at the bottom of Crystal's bed in the Green Room.

Waiting for his owners to arrive.

Millicent wandered into the Green Room and stood contemplating the man who had raped her. Arms and legs were bent and bound at wrists and knees. The whole was tightly ensconced in tight, clear latex, to leave him on elbows and knees.

To her eyes he looked like a contorted dog, a pet ready for her attentions. Soon he would be gone from their lives, the arrangements had been made. Soon her revenge would be passed into other hands...

He looked up at her with animosity in his eyes. She could almost feel the hatred emanating from him in waves. Fear and loathing. It was nothing compared to the distaste that she felt for him.

She smiled at him and bent to reach between the bars of the cage. Her hand ran from the top of his head, down the slick rubber on his back and caressed the wide stopper that nestled between the cheeks of his ass.

Every function of Jimmy's body was controlled by his two mistresses.

Her fingertips slid to his balls and squeezed them. They were so ripe and ready to be milked. Then his erect shaft. There was no doubt that Jimmy was well endowed. This was the prick that had invaded her pussy and ass. This was the prick that had spurted on her lips. This was the prick that now belonged to her.

She slid her fist up and down the length of his stiff flesh and enjoyed the reaction. His hips betrayed him as they moved to get more traction and fuck the hand that gently brought him to his full size.

Millicent heard her lover enter the room and enjoyed the sight of Crystal in all her glory.

Her heels were high and spiked with bronze. A loose shift of lace allowed Millicent to admire every curve, every crease of that body, but the crop in her hand added a menacing touch to that alluring picture that bode ill for Jimmy.

"Tonight is our last night together," said Crystal to the pleasure slave. "So we would like to make it special!"

"It's almost a shame that we are to be parted," said Millicent with an ironic tone. "Such *sweet* sorrow."

Crystal stood behind her lover and allowed her hands to wander over that luscious body. A scar drew a line between her breasts, a reminder of those terrible two days.

“When he goes where we are sending him, he will still be available...”

“It won’t be the same when we watch the films rather than having the star actor with us, doing our bidding.”

“True,” said Crystal as she released the bolt on the cage. “But, I think that we should change our partners every now and again, after all variety is the spice of life! As it is I have an idea in mind that may be of interest to you...”

Jimmy was ushered out of the cage and struggled to get onto the soft surface of the bed. A light kick with the pointed toes of Crystal’s stilettos made him jump up to where he waited for further abuse.

“Since it’s the last night that the three of us are together, I really think that we should fuck him thoroughly,” laughed Crystal as she touched his bobbing prick with her whip.

“Let’s play a little game of surprise sex with him, shall we?”

Crystal chuckled as she nodded agreement.

“I feel like dressing up this evening so let’s push the boat out!”

Taking a chain she hobbled their sex slave to the bed and went laughing into the adjoining dressing room. Jimmy could hear them laughing as they made their decisions about what fantasy to enact.

‘What had Crystal said about it being his last night here? Surely they were not going to dispose of him?’ he thought as he pulled a little at the chain to see if there was a way to get loose and find some implement to cut the bindings that kept him folded like a piece of human origami.

His eyes were uncovered and he surveyed the room for possibilities. His thoughts were fearful, but that just seemed to excite him. His prick was as stiff as a board and rubbed on the soft silk of the coverlet.

Jimmy knew the price of coming without permission.

The whip!

The Red Room!

They had taken off the steel tube that normally imprisoned his cock for the first time today, there was no way that he was going to make the mistake of climaxing without express permission from his owners.

'Owners!' he thought.

Slowly he was bending to the rules of the terrible game of pain and service that they had built like a net around his conscious thoughts. His attempts to escape were feeble and without hope. Almost like a fish thrashing around on the deck of a ship.

'That bitch Crystal was evil,' he decided. *'but, Millicent was worse.'*

It had been Millicent that had taken out his teeth. She was the one that had cut the word 'slut' into his back with a knife. It was Millicent that did not just enjoy his service, she made every moment torture if she could.

It was not enough for him to be in the darkness of the Black Room. Millicent had smeared ginger oil over his body that stung and burned in waves of pain.

It was not enough that Crystal used the cane in the Red Room. Millicent had soaked the canes in water to make every blow twice the agony.

When Crystal punished him for real or imagined infractions, it was Millicent that friggged herself in time with the blows. Until *she* climaxed he was punished so that if she was leisurely in orgasming he was punished all the longer.

Jimmy never lamented the fucking that he had inflicted on Millicent. What he regretted was that he could not get free and strangle her while he fucked her tight ass hole.

He wondered what was taking the two cunts so long. He could feel a sweat that made the rubber coating slick on his skin. Nervous apprehension!

Then the door opened and he saw what had been so time consuming.

Crystal and Millicent had decided to dress as dominatrices of the most terrifying sort. Leather and laces was the theme.

Aggression and violation was the leitmotif.

Crystal still wore her heels and stockings and had added a basque that brought her waist to a waspish, slender neck above her wide naked hips. The slit of her smooth sex pouted, ready for attention, and her breasts swelled naked, cupped, to contrast with the black of the smooth matt leather. Elbow-long gloves smoothed her forearms and her whip dangled from her hand as the accessory for her belligerent costume. Black makeup and hair in a bun contrasted the sly smile on her face as she did a little turn for her victim.

“What do you think?” she asked the gagged slave rhetorically.

“Perfect,” said Millicent, as she emerged from the changing room.

Millicent had obviously decided that leather and defilement were the perfect dress code. Her thigh high boots with their elaborate lacing merged into a body covering, tight, costume. The dildo that sprang from her crotch like a black extension of her hate already had a condom pulled over it, ready for it to plunge into Jimmy’s body. The leather covering did not have a break in it. It covered her, leaving just an oval opening for her face. Her long hair streamed out of the metal ring at the back of head to drape a single plait that had been finished with a black bow.

"I think that we should get our little Jimmy into the mood for you," said Crystal as she hefted the whip and tapped him on the back. "He needs relaxing!"

She pulled the stopper free from his ass with a soft sound and waved it before his face.

"Now that you are the little girl you can put into practice all that we have taught you."

The closure of his gag was also pulled free by Crystal who made sure that the ring held his mouth open wide.

"I think that you will thank us for all the work that we have put in when you go on to your next home," she said as her gloved hand grasped his erection and pulled him rigid.

Millicent laughed as he bucked at the handling that Crystal was meeting out to him. Alternately slapping his hanging balls and roughly pulling at him.

Jimmy tried so hard not to cry out as her open hand slapped at him. He knew that a scream or cry would result in just more punishment. He could not help himself. The squeeze and pull of her hand after a vicious slap made him yelp.

"Please, please," he shouted as tears began to stream from his eyes. "I will do anything!"

"I know you will," said Millicent as she came onto the bed to kneel behind him. "You will come for me like a fucking whore and then beg for more..."

She lined up the dildo and placed it on the rear entrance to his body ready to fuck him, to rape him, whilst Crystal laid a blow of her whip on his back as a punishment for speaking out of turn.

The women ignored the slight squeal of pain as the braid lashed at his ass.

"I think that Jimmy is ready for you now," said Crystal as she enjoyed the way that his prick nodded with his unwelcome excitement.

Millicent rocked her hips and pushed the intruder into his body. She could feel him try to resist, but the smooth shaft entered with ease and paused an inch into him as the bulge at the tip forced him open.

"More, bitch?" she said to her unwilling mate. "Beg for it!"

Jimmy's breath came in a whistle over the ring gag as he accommodated the vast interloper in his ass. This was so much larger than anything that the two women had used on their slave before. It stretched him wide threatening to ruin his ass, it was at the very limit of his capacity.

"Please, Miss, please fuck me," he gasped.

Once the head of the object was past his stretched ass the rest would be easier. He prayed that she would be gentle and slow.

"That's better, Jimmy. Maybe you can please me too? I would not want to be left out?"

Crystal climbed onto the bed and lay under the sweating male slut. Parting her legs slightly, she allowed him to gaze at her streaming cunt. This was what she had wanted, a partner and an unwilling slave. Her hands came and pulled his face into her flesh as the spikes of her shoes grazed the length of his prick as her legs stretched below his quivering belly.

Millicent pushed and Jimmy felt a little relief as the head pushed inside to allow the knobbed shaft to ream him. His tongue worked at Crystal as she moved him to find her clitoris.

The hardness of the shoes pressed against him and Jimmy started to feel the excitement of being raped by Crystal and Millicent. His prick rubbed against sole and then spike alternately as he worked to give Crystal her first climax.

Then he heard a hissing noise from Millicent.

In horror he realised that the intruder in his rear was swelling as it pushed into him. It recognised no resistance as Millicent pressed it home. It pushed deeper and deeper, swelling all the while until Jimmy was caught between the rock of the intense bliss of the savage shoes and the hard place of being painfully raped.

He was at his limit. His cock was a slave to her sharp heels.

“Are you going to allow him to come?” asked Millicent as the leather of her costume pushed into the cheeks of his ass.

Crystal gasped and wriggled to allow his tongue to slip into the depths of her ass. Her head nodded in answer to her lover’s question as she pulled the braided whip handle through her cunt.

She could feel Jimmy’s unwilling lips on her ass; she could feel his flesh under her heels. She gouged at him and felt a shiver run through his pinned body.

Jimmy came with a rush. His cock pumped over the shoes that had brought him to climax. The massive dildo still fucked him. It reamed him, it unmanned him. It filled him beyond capacity.

It fucked him.

The shoes that had brought him to climax withdrew slowly and the smiling Crystal offered them to his face.

“Lick!” she ordered.

Jimmy lapped up his come as he was raped from behind. The thrusts of Millicent rocked his body as the base of the dildo pressed against her cunt

Millicent climaxed with a rush as she realised that at last she had reversed the roles of that night nearly a year ago. She was the rapist and he was the tart with come on his face.

He had become the fuck slut. Meat on the end of her rubber prick.

Millicent's hands went to her exposed nipples to add just that little bit of spice. A final push over the edge of gratification. She felt an overwhelming feeling. Like a release, a sudden flight of imagination.

Crystal had set her free.

She looked down at the wreck of a man who lay beneath her. The dildo slowly retreated and pulled free. The hole of his ass closed slowly as though kissing its tormenter goodbye.

Light headed and happy, she looked at Crystal.

The woman who loved her.

The bitch that she loved.

Crystal Love.

Crystal lay back on the bed and toyed with the remote.

"You know that we have not thought about getting another slave yet!" she said with a wink. "It's great with just us, but I sort of miss Jimmy."

Millicent smiled.

"As you like," she murmured. "You know that you can have whatever you want, so just do it!"

"My private detective has found Kenny!"

"Is that what you are asking? My permission to make him pay us a visit?"

Crystal laughed and stroked her lover's hair. "Of course I need your permission, not just because it's Kenny, but because I love you!"

Millicent responded with a kiss that lingered on Crystal's lips and then drifted to her breasts. For a moment she teased the nipples with her tongue and then she looked up into Crystal's eyes.

"You are naughty, Crystal. You have been training me as well!"

"I admit it, you delectable slut, but you have to admit that you have responded well to instruction."

"OK. I'll give you that. I have a bit of a taste for more servile male flesh. But, let's not bother with Kenny just yet. I fancy that an older man would be interesting to train. Maybe a couple, fresh and vulnerable!"

Crystal did not answer, she flicked at the remote control in her hand and the television sprang to life.

"I thought that you might be interested in some of Jimmy's latest doings," she said.

The television blazed with crude film titles and then the picture darkened to reveal a man in a hood being staked out on a crude wooden frame. All around were other men who watched whilst the hood was removed to reveal Jimmy.

"This is his first film," said Crystal. "It's called '*Anal Violation*' and I have been informed that it might be the start of a series. Personally I think that he may not last beyond part five, but who knows?"

The two women watched the men take their turn at using Jimmy at both ends in silence. Millicent could feel a twinge of pleasure at seeing the end of Jimmy. When *they* had finished with him there would be no marker over

the grave. Jimmy struggled and fought but the ten men who were using him just slapped him and used him.

Again and again.

“What did you get for Jimmy?”

“Just five thou’,” said Crystal as she planted a kiss on Millicent’s forehead.

“I always wanted a fur coat!”

“I can’t think of a better way to spend the money!”

THE END

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