

Phoenix Rising



Miss Irene Clearmont

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An adult tale by Miss Irene Clearmont.

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Henry is a rich layabout who is just waiting for his twenty fifth birthday so he can claim his inheritance. A massive blowout in a Bahamas casino finds him looking for a little cash and something to allay the boredom. The deckhand job on the small cutter, the 'Phoenix', turns out to be just the ticket, a ticket on a ride that assumes a serious turn when he starts to uncover the intentions and duplicity of his employers.

Irene.

Phoenix Rising

Chapter 1.

Boats Missed.

Henry had a gambling problem. Actually it could be fairly said that Henry had a great many problems in his life! Gambling, drinking and being a womanising slob were his principal problems but there were other character flaws that occasionally made themselves felt. Usually they did not affect his life at all, or at least he did not allow them to.

Tardiness, facetiousness, indolence, licentiousness and shiftlessness were all minor traits that could have been listed as his trivial negative qualities.

In fact they battled for attention!

After all, Henry was really quite well off, in fact he was rather wealthy; though to look at him you would have thought that he was a typical wastrel. The trouble was that he was twenty four and until his twenty fifth birthday, he was as rich as Croesus but only on paper.

Every nephew and niece dreams of being the recipient of a fortune from an uncle or aunt. For Henry that dream had come true. Aunt Maisy had left him millions but she knew him well, too well. So the

will was read and the usual fortune went to charity and good causes. Henry was the recipient of the fifteen million that was left over, but strings were attached. Until he was twenty-five he was 'only' paid ten thousand dollars a month from the trust fund, auntie Maisy had known what she was doing.

That had been four years ago and now that red letter day was approaching fast, but not soon enough for Henry. Not that that made a difference in his attitude and the way that he viewed life. He took his allowance in cash every month and spent it, often in the first few days, to leave him destitute the rest of the month as he waited for the next lump sum of cash.

On the island of Nassau, in the Bahamas islands, is more than one Casino. Each one was like a little slice of heaven for Henry. A place where all those character traits could mix, combine and ferment to form a heady cocktail of conduct that was tolerated because of the money that he could play, and lose, on the dice tables.

How had he got there?

Well there are so many ways, but the one that Henry had used was to take a cruise. Over the years he had often taken cruises when the 'binge' feeling overwhelmed what little self control he had managed to garner. He found that paying for all the basics of life a month in advance meant that he could spend the rest and always had some security to fall back on.

That had been the plan.

Four days from Miami and then three days on the island. Gambling and whoring, drinking and maybe doing the odd line of coke. Then back on the ship and another two weeks that would take him to Aruba or Curacao before he turned around to be back in the bank of America in Miami to pick up the next dollop of aunty Maisy's fortune in cash.

That fourth day in the Paradise Island Casino had been nothing less than a twenty four hour binge. Henry had won big for the first time. With just five thousand he had been the main benefactor of a three hour roll that had seen him empty the table float and a follow on fill of a hundred grand. The heady, elevated thrill of having a pile of chips a mile high, the adoration of the female guests and the whiskey all combined to fix Henry to the table as he tried to recreate his win and go for a million.

Of course it was not to be.

It *never* is.

The dice were passed, the rolls petered out and all the drunken strategy in his fevered mind came to naught. The dawn was breaking as Henry left the casino with dragging feet, to find a taxi to take him back to the ship.

"Fuck aunty Maisy," he muttered as he realised that he did not even have enough money to take a taxi.

The reason for his bitter mood was the fact that he knew that credit was the one thing that the conditions of the will did not allow. A

single credit card, loan, floater, mortgage, prepayment or retainer and the money would be gone.

Gone forever to some cat home or good cause that had nothing to do with Henry. Worst of all was that that lawyer, Mrs Crystal Veryon, who controlled the trust fund, knew that if she could just catch Henry panhandling once then she would be the main beneficiary because the trust fund would live on and she took her fees as the administrator.

That bitch was like a spider in the middle of his life, her tight lips and old fashioned politeness, looking down at him. To her he was the only thing that stood between the money and her own bank account. All she had to do was catch him out.

Once!

After about six months he had realised that that prissy cunt of a lawyer had even set a private detective on his tail to check his every move. Had he taken out any loans? Was Henry breaking the terms of the will? Even his E mail account and his Facebook page had been hacked but nothing had come of it.

The result of this harassment had made him cautious and careful to stick *absolutely* to the rules. The money remained in the trust fund and he was nearly through the tunnel. Soon he would be rid of her and all her wiles.

So Henry walked from the casino to the dock!

But the huge silhouette of the ship was gone.

Missing!

Tardiness had claimed its victim.

He looked at his watch and realised that the fucking ship had gone on without him and now he was stranded in the docks in Nassau with not a red cent in his pocket and two weeks to manage without any money at all. No money and no way of getting his hands on any money.

So he sat.

Henry had one character trait that held him in good stead, he lived in hope.

So he sat on a crate and thought about what he was going to do. Well, eating for the next few days was really no problem. He had enough player points to eat burgers for a month in the casino and if he asked for a room he might just get one.

Henry walked along the docks, from the massive piers where the liners docked, opposite Potters Cay, where the smaller boats and yachts of the rich were tied up. From there he could see the casino and the blue of the bay.

At last he found himself looking at the boats tied up and thought that in just a few short months he would be able to buy his own and solve all his problems when his twenty fifth birthday arrived with a bundle of money that *even* he could not spend quickly.

Or at least too quickly.

He cast a professional eye over the boats, motor cruisers, yachts and others that were almost small cruise ships before deciding that what he would buy would be at least thirty metres long and fast.

In the end it was all a daydream and he could feel the first pangs of hunger that meant that he would have to return to the casino and start begging from some fucking supercilious manager to get a room.

The walk was long and left him exhausted but at last he was over the toll bridge and sitting in the player's bar that stood at the centre of ten empty craps tables.

He pulled his player's card from his pocket and proffered it. In exchange he got a burger and fries and a whisky to smooth it down.

This was going to be a long two weeks...

Chapter 2.

Boats Found.

With a little greasy crawling and continual references to the three hundred thousand that he had lost back to the tables, Henry managed to arrange a two week stay in the hotel at the back of the casino as well as enough player points to feed himself and drink a little as well.

So it was that three days after his loss he sat in the midst of a busy gaming floor looking longingly at the women and men who played at

the tables. There but for a seven rolled, that damned one and six, stood Henry, at the centre of the storm.

He found himself sitting next to a guy in jeans and T shirt who by coincidence was drinking the same brand of Bourbon by the glass full. Not having had a conversation for three days, Henry made a comment which was answered in a friendly fashion and the conversation was under way.

"Name's Larry, call me 'Las'."

"So what are you doing here? Las," said Henry's new friend as they raised another glass.

"I'm one of those people who get stranded when the cruise ship leaves on time," replied Henry.

"Huh, bad luck."

"Times two, I was well ahead on the craps and then I lost it and missed the ship."

"So? Wired for some money then?"

"Can't until next month."

"Well that's a shit result, what you gonna do for the next few weeks then for money?"

Henry laughed. The whole problem was one of tedium, nothing else now, so he felt that he could relax and not feel so depressed about the whole thing.

“Nothing, I’m living on my player points!” said Henry.

“Well I am a pilot, for Nassau harbour, I might be able to find some work for you. There is always a need for casual labour to clean and polish the boats and so on.”

“I’m not sure,” pondered Henry. “I mean it’s not going to bring much.”

“Just saying. A couple of hundred would at least see you with a better grade of Bourbon in your hand, if nothing else.”

“Where do I find you? I mean if I want to take it up...”

“We’re at the end of Potters Cay; come in tomorrow afternoon and maybe something will have shown up!”

When Henry was back in his room he contemplated the idea of working. Never had a hundred dollars seemed so much money as it looked like now.

Boredom.

That was the main problem. Being occupied always needed dollars, and in Henry’s case, thousands.

The next day Henry found his steps taking him to Las' office. The thought of having another chat with the pilot was almost as attractive as the idea of earning a few dollars.

The office was not busy and Las was sitting in the sun outside smoking a cigarette and having a tea.

"Hi," said Henry. "I just thought I'd come along to see what's going on."

"Not much at the moment, but funnily enough I think that I've found a berth for you, on the 'Phoenix'."

"Oh, I really didn't want to leave Nassau. I suppose that I was looking for harbour work!"

"As you like," replied Las with a grin as he offered a cigarette to Henry.

After a few moments Henry could not help himself asking about the job.

"Well," said Las as though he had expected the question and already got his thoughts in order. "You see that small cruiser, there?"

He pointed at a fairly large motor yacht, the Phoenix, that was sitting lightly in the water on the dock.

"Mmm."

“Well they are looking for a reliable man to take with them on a week’s fishing expedition. All he has to do is to man the wheel and make sure that the boat does not drift when they go diving.”

“I’ve never sailed a boat like that,” said Henry as he looked at the thirty metre boat and pondered if he could bull-shit his way on board.

“Nothing to worry about, Henry,” said Las. “I’ll introduce you and then we’ll take a quick trip on mine to show you the ropes. Piece of cake really.”

Las stood with a grunt and led Henry down the quay to the motor cruiser. It was an old fashioned fifties wood hulled cruiser that was both low and sleek, but was covered in brass fittings and mahogany that made it look dated compared to the gleaming translucent hulls of the ships moored to either side.

He bent down and rapped on the deck before they used the gang plank to board.

“Nothing the girls like better than a bit of old fashioned courtesy,” he commented as he called out, “permission to come on board.”

A young woman emerged onto the deck and smiled when she saw Las. Dressed in slacks, a loose top and just bare feet she stepped over the wooden deck and shook Las’ hand.

“Trudy, how’s it going?” said Las.

“Hi there, Las,” she said in a breezy voice. “Who’s your friend?”

“This is Henry,” said Las as he introduced them. “He’s had a couple of years experience on the water and might be the man who you’re looking for to man the boat.”

“Sounds good.”

Trudy led them down the deck to a sunken stair that down into the bowels of the ship. Emerging from this stairwell was a man of about fifty who smiled and introduced himself as Steve.

“Call me ‘silent Steve’,” he said with a grin.

Henry looked at him, impressed. It was not that he was huge or muscle-bound but he was clearly an incredibly strong man. Just the grip of his hand had made Henry gulp as the enormous fingers enveloped his hand and squeezed almost to the point of pain.

Trudy smiled and asked of Steve, “Where’s Valerie? Still in Nassau?”

“Yep,” was all that Steve said.

“OK then, Henry. What we need is really quite simple,” said Trudy, “We are heading out to the Turks and Caicos for some fishing, a little diving and then back here. If the weather holds a week or maybe two, if it turns bad then we probably are out only a couple of days.”

Henry smiled. He was normally good at begging for money but he was not sure that he knew how to ask. He was rescued by Las.

“You said that you were offering a hundred a day, for the right man?”

“That’s right,” said Trudy. “So between a few hundred and a thousand probably. You’ve got to keep the boat ready, a little polishing and staying out of the way as well as you will be sort of butler as well! You can cook?”

“I do a mean omelette,” laughed Henry, “and I know every cocktail under the sun so there should not be any problem!”

“Sounds good,” said Trudy, “be back here at seven tomorrow and we’ll be off. Bring a passport.”

Las and Henry stood looking at the Phoenix for a moment from the dockside. There was no doubt that the old-fashioned lines of the big boat combined with the wood and brass made it a stunning work of art.

“Listen,” said Las. “You’d better take my card, we’ve gotta meet up for your lessons later and you’d better take my number.”

“OK,” said Henry as Las opened his wallet and pulled out a card with his phone number already scrawled on it in his untidy hand. Henry noticed that the wallet was stuffed with cash.

All in hundreds, but he affected not to notice.

‘There must be plenty of opportunity for a bit of business as a pilot,’ he thought as he changed the subject.

“That Trudy, she’s a bit hot,’ he said.

“Yep! She’s a looker,” said Las as they headed back to his office after a casual ‘good bye’. “But you should see her friend, Valerie! She was my wet dream for a year until I realised that she’s less horny than ornery, I like ‘em big and a bit older than most men.”

“Who’s that Steve character?” asked Henry.

“Not sure, because I don’t think that he’s with either of them, the two women.”

“Strange!”

“Not really, Valerie is pretty rich, or at least she has loads of money from what I can gather and Trudy is her girlfriend. Steve’s just their factotum and the pilot of the cutter. They are here about once a month for the diving and so on.”

“Oh right.”

Henry felt a little let down, Trudy had struck him as a bit tasty and he was disappointed that she was probably not available.

Chapter 3.

North.

Henry had arrived, on time, with his one bag and a feeling that he was embarking on an adventure. The money was just a joke to him, it was the trip and the escape from boredom that had hooked him.

The two hours on Las' boat, yesterday, had given him a good understanding of how to steer and handle the boat. Not really as difficult as he had imagined, with a wheel and the various throttles and so on he quickly understood how it all worked.

He could not understand why Las had so taken with him and showed him the ropes all at his own cost. On the other hand Henry was a man that took for granted that all his friends loved his wit, his easy going manner and his good looks.

He was shown a cabin at the very front of the vessel that just fitted a barred cot and a small cupboard. A single thick glass porthole allowed him to look out and a sink provided a trickle of fresh water.

Steve spent almost all of his time tending to the huge engines and doing various tasks that Henry took to be the normal run of the mill of operating the cutter.

Valerie.

Henry could understand Las' interest in her. Tall, and big in every way, she had been striking years ago, but it was made pretty clear early on that the two women formed a close couple and that even Steve did as he was told when Valerie ordered it.

Henry soon found that he was at a loose end and when Valerie noticed it she started to give him a stream of things to do.

Polish the brass work on the decks, cook a meal in the galley, make cocktails, wash up and keep lookout. Even with all this petty work to

do Henry had time to observe the boat's occupants and make judgements about them.

As far as he could see, Steve was nothing more or less than the mechanic, odd job man and oft times steersman of the boat. Calm and unperturbed he did as he was told by the two women without a murmur.

On the other hand, Trudy seemed flighty and constantly happy. She spent a great deal of time on the foredeck soaking in the sun, topless and seemingly unaware of the gaze of a rather avid Henry. He watched her undress and then lie first face down and then she turned to even the tan. She was slim, narrow hips and waist and long legs.

Tattoos embellished her, from breasts to the tops of her thighs, a pattern that Henry found fascinating, sort of a paisley pattern, like a quilt of colour that faded at the edges and was strongly colorized in the middle where it vanished under her slight bikini bottom. Then there were those breasts. The sun caught the flash of gold at their tips that were the reflections on gold piercings that adorned the nipples.

Last on the list to be under the inspection glass was Valerie. She spent a great deal of the time at the wheel letting her long red hair flow in the wind as the cutter made its way north through the crowded sea lanes between the various islands of the Bahamas. She wore tight clothing, jeans and blouse, which showed her figure to considerable advantage. Large breasted and wide hipped she had compensating long legs that put the picture in balance. There was no way that Henry would have described her as beautiful, but he had to

admit that she had something; something authoritarian and potent in her personality even if she was more than twice his age.

Valerie expected her orders to be followed and Henry could understand how it was that they were! She had a sort of natural formidable personality that brooked no contrary word.

At night they moored in the lee of some small cays and then they pressed on, but in a leisurely fashion. With Hugh making the drinks and Steve tending the engines.

As Henry had no idea about navigation, and in fact never even thought about it, he did not realise that they were not heading south east where the Turks and Caicos Islands beckoned but north, parallel to the coast of Florida, but with that land well below the horizon.

Henry started to enjoy himself despite the tyranny of Valerie's po-faced rule. He polished the brass work and got useful experience with steering the vessel as they went. His omelettes were celebrated and in demand and the bit of tidying and work that he had to additionally do under the watchful eye of Valerie did not stop him enjoying the sight of Trudy and her quilt-work markings.

Chapter 4.

Swimming In Deep Waters.

The weather held, so Henry figured that he could expect the full two weeks on the boat. For some reason he found that he was enjoying himself enormously, such a change from the pseudo delight of the craps tables and the solace of all that Bourbon.

West End Key is a western extension of Great Abaco, a narrow bar of sand, coral and rock that extends like an accusing finger pointing at Florida. Below it, just to the south, are a collection of cays that nestle in the shallow waters and provide sighting marks for sailors and a distraction from the intense blue for tourists.

The fishing is good and the diving is great there, amongst those slivers of land. It was there that the Phoenix finished up with its four diverse passengers.

They spent a day fishing while Steve spent his day gazing through the powerful binoculars that he pulled out of his cabin.

It was Valerie that most seemed to want to reel in a big Bluefin but it was Trudy that attracted the fish. The pan fried steaks that resulted were one of the best meals that Henry had ever eaten, or maybe it was just the blue of the sea in the sunset and the gentle swaying of the cutter that lulled him into his state of enjoyment.

The next day Valerie moved the boat closer to the small cays and Steve, Valerie and Trudy did some scuba diving. The water was shallow and clear as crystal so Henry spent his time watching the three of them as they swam.

To his imagination Trudy was like some exotic fish, the patterns of her tattoos seemed like scales on her body. Steve was a whale, even through the surface of the azure he seemed huge and powerful, a deliberate and purposeful swimmer. Valerie was the lurking shark, she stayed by Trudy and swam to and fro as she kept a watch over her prey, continually looking up to check that the cutter was still in sight.

In the end Henry got bored and turned to the various small tasks that Valerie had given him before the dive. He was a little jealous of the other three, but then, not only had diving and swimming never really appealed to him, he convinced himself that one of the four had to stay aboard.

The sun burned down and Henry put on a huge battered straw hat that he had found in a locker. Starting at the front of the boat, over his own cabin he worked his way back, polishing the brass before working on all the varnished wood that formed the decks of the boat. Finally he lifted the hatches over the engines so that he could polish the gratings and he got a surprise.

Anyone who is interested in American cars will know about the Hemi-426. Henry, who was a bit of an aficionado, immediately recognised the four huge Chrysler car engines that sat in the rear of this boat that would make it one of the fastest things on the water! This was untrammelled raw power even if these engines had not been tuned.

Henry quickly put the hatches back in their place all the while he wondered why a boat like this, a pleasure cutter, a casual cruiser, might need over two thousand horsepower under its bonnet. It really didn't make any sense unless... unless of course the boat was some sort of 'go fast', in other words a smuggling boat.

But what was there to smuggle here, on a diving and fishing trip in the north Caribbean?

Well, he decided it had to be drugs, what else was there to move from South to North America that could be worth enough to afford this type of boat?

A shiver passed along his spine as thought that he was involved in some sort of illegal activity that was punishable by life in jail. Somehow he had to get off this boat. Then another thought occurred to him.

They knew who he was!

If he cut and ran then some crazy drugs cartel or some such would be after him, he knew the boat, the people and now that they were smuggling.

A rising tide of fear made his legs feel weak and a pit in his stomach full of nervous butterflies made him feel enervated. It had all seemed such a lark, a way to pick up a little money and spend a couple of weeks lounging around. A couple of weeks that would bring him ever closer to his all important twenty fifth birthday.

'So should I stay or should I go?' he asked himself, 'If I stay there will be trouble...'

The song rattled through his head and somehow made it all look like some sort of television story. Miami Vice or something else dated from the eighties like Magnum. Glamorous smugglers and their innocent, naive but clever dupe.

'Well they haven't been caught yet and they don't even know that my name is anything other than just 'Henry',' he thought as he wondered about bailing out. 'I'll just go along for the ride and disappear.'

Then it occurred to him that his passport was in a drawer his cabin, he'd better hide it or keep it with him to make sure...

He made his way to the small cabin and opened the top drawer where he had put the passport, but it was gone. Frantically, and somewhat illogically, he looked around before starting a search of the tiny space.

He opened the second drawer to find the passport safe and sound. He paused as he tried to remember when he had moved it; he had been so sure that it was in the top drawer. He flipped it in the air and slid it into the pocket on his cargo pants.

At that moment he heard the return of his three passengers and he headed to the deck to meet them.

Chapter 5.

Revelation.

A couple of days passed in a seemingly idyllic setting.

A boat sitting on the azure waters of various lagoons with the palms and beaches of the cays in the background. Frosty Valerie, painted Trudy and silent Steve dived and fished. Sometimes with scuba gear and tanks, sometimes just snorkelling they enjoyed themselves while Henry sat on the deck and watched the boat.

It was starting to look as if Henry's fears were unfounded.

He was expecting to see them hauling packets of drugs from the sea or some such, but even though he watched every move that they made they only brought up speared fish for their meals.

"We have to be heading back soon," said Trudy to Henry one evening, "but the weather is perfect and the moon is full so Valerie wants to do a midnight dive tonight."

"How long will the dive be?" asked Henry, concerned about having to steer the boat at night when he could not follow the divers.

"Just an hour or two."

"Where?"

Valerie entered the galley and put an arm about Trudy possessively.

"Around here, the coral is perfect," said Valerie.

"I'm not sure if I should come along," said Trudy as she held up her hand with the bandage that covered a cut that she had got whilst on the last dive.

"Nonsense," said Valerie. "That little cut is nothing."

"Please, it hurts."

It was the first time that Henry had seen the pair of them argue or act anything other than like the perfect couple. He stayed out of the squabble, not wanting to get involved.

“The conditions are perfect, you really should come.”

There was a moment's pause and Henry wondered whether Trudy would take the way out or not.

“No, really,” said Trudy as a slight whine entered her voice. “The sea water will make it worse.”

Valerie made a dissatisfied sound and then stared at Henry as if he were the cause of the disagreement. Finally, since he said nothing but continued to beat the eggs and grate the cheese for the evening meal, Valerie gave up and stomped out of the galley and paced the deck.

Henry did not speak to Trudy he just continued making the meal.

“I just hate diving,” said Trudy confidentially to Henry. “I just do it because Valerie says that I have to!”

“Mmm,” replied Henry.

There was no way that he was going to get involved in this spat between lovers, he had decided that all he wanted to do was get off this strange ship of fools and get back to Miami. He would breathe a sigh of relief when it was all over.

That night at eleven the two divers, Steve and Valerie, started to prepare for their adventure. It was clear that Valerie was angry with Trudy as she did not speak to her at all and cast her continuous looks of ill will that spoke volumes.

At last they were in the water and the navigation lights were switched on. The sea, with its soft swell, had an eerie quality, contemplative and flecked with the reflections of the full moon that was almost at zenith.

With two soft splashes, Steve and Valerie were gone and Henry stood in the cockpit looking for signs of the bubble trails from the divers that would give some small indication of their position under the water.

Trudy climbed the couple of steps and stood by him for a while. She seemed nervous, almost frightened as he stood watching the water.

Finally, after thirty minutes or so, she spoke in a soft voice.

“Henry?”

Without taking his eyes from the smooth water Henry answered with a small sound.

“We have to go!”

Henry turned to her and saw that she had tears in her eyes and her face was animated by some passion that he could not quite put his finger on.

“Pardon?” he said.

“We have to start the engines and leave, now!”

“What? Why?”

Her voice carried a quiver of a sob as she continued.

“Valerie! I have to escape her!”

“That’s a bit heavy isn’t it? I mean leaving them in the middle of the Caribbean here, to end a love affair over a small spat?”

“You just don’t understand,” she cried as she tried to reach the starter button. “She’s not my lover, not willingly anyway. She owns me!”

At last Henry took his gaze from the swell and looked at her.

“What do you mean? Owns you?”

For a moment Trudy was so emotionally distressed that she could not speak. Henry put his hands on her shoulders.

“Just leave her in Nassau,” he said. “I mean we get back in a day or so...”

“God! Henry, I cannot just run in Nassau,” sobbed Trudy, “She has my passport and, and everything.”

Henry looked at her and wondered what was going on that he didn't understand.

"Valerie owns me. That means that I am hers, she bought me from a place in Long Island where they train their victims and then sell them to rich people like Valerie for their amusement."

Henry had never heard anything like it in his wildest dreams.

"She is the very devil and I have to escape," said Trudy. "Please help me!"

Henry started to think that Trudy was crazy. This was a preposterous tale that belonged to the script of some cheap film.

"That's none of my concern," he said as he turned his gaze back to the water and hoped that this mad woman would just go away and stop spinning fantastic tales.

"You just don't believe me, do you?"

"No!" he replied in a strong tone. "Speak to her and leave at Nassau, like I said. It's nothing to do with me!"

There was a moment's silence before Trudy shook him by the shoulder and said, "We haven't got much time, I'll just have to show you the truth and then if what I say is verifiable then you promise to get us out of here?"

Henry looked at his watch. One hour of the dive was done and the tanks held just over two hours of gas for Valerie and Steve. He

nodded assent wearily and followed the eager Trudy down into the depths of the cruiser.

She opened the cabin that she and Valerie used to reveal that almost the whole cabin was a bed. Henry squeezed into the small space and shrugged his shoulders. That Trudy and Valerie were addicted to fucking was certainly no surprise.

Trudy threw herself onto the bed and Henry almost cut and ran as he misinterpreted the move as a pass, an invitation of sorts.

“It’s here,” muttered Trudy as she pulled up a corner of the thin mattress and pulled out a box that rattled.

In triumph she opened the box to reveal a selection of sex toys that would have shamed a depraved debauchee. Chains and plastic cocks filled the box as well as other items that Henry could not really identify that looked like jewellery.

He shrugged noncommittally at the tearful Trudy.

All of this was proof that he’d better not get mixed up with these two strange women.

Trudy started to shout at him in a loud voice: “Don’t you see, they want *you* too. It’s *you* they want...”

“Pardon, why would an aging dyke lesbian like Valerie want me when she has a cute little thing like you?”

Henry had already turned and was on his way back to the deck when the answer came and stopped him dead.

“For your money!”

He came back to see her tipping the contents of the box onto the bed with a rattle of chains and handcuffs and then she turned to face him.

“I didn’t hear all of it; I only caught part of the conversation...”

Henry was shaking her now. “What conversation?”

“That there was some person, a woman I think, that has asked Valerie to do something with you. I think I heard something about a loan being signed.”

Henry let her go and stared at her.

‘What the fuck is all this?’ he thought with his mind in turmoil.

“Do you owe money?” asked Trudy. “I mean I know that some of the people who were being trained as slaves owed money that they couldn’t pay back.”

“No, I don’t owe money,” he said.

There must be more truth to this than he had thought after all. He thought of that bitch lawyer in Miami and how she had had him followed.

“Well I don’t know why that awful policeman in Nassau pretended to be someone else then!”

“What do you mean?” he asked. “Policeman?”

That ‘Las’ guy, he owes a fortune in the casinos and Valerie was laughing about how cheaply she had bought him.

Henry thought back.

They had met in the Pilot’s office in the docks. No; that was not true they had met outside and then Henry thought of how easily he had been tricked onto the boat.

Another thing occurred to him and he pulled his passport from his pocket and opened it. All the pages were blank!

Every single one.

It had the right cover but it was not his passport, it was nobody’s passport. No wonder that it had been in the wrong drawer!

“We can’t waste time like this,” cried Trudy. “We have to get out of here before they come back.

“I need my passport,” he said as he crashed through the boat and flung open his cabin door.

“It will still be on the bloody boat if we escape,” shouted Trudy. “Find it later but for fuck’s sake get a fucking move on.”

It took a moment before Henry realised that she was keeping her head while he was losing his and he raced for the exit to the deck.

Trudy disappeared out of his sight and then he saw Steve stepping into corridor by the galley!

He was dressed in his wet suit and a knife was in his hand.

Chapter 6.

Negotiation.

For a moment Henry was actually on the point of attacking Steve despite the knife and his physical prowess. Steve made a small movement with his hand and flipped the savage looking knife to face the point away from his thumb so that he was holding it like a dagger and Henry felt his enthusiasm for a fight fade and wither.

As the two stood in a standoff that could only end in Henry surrendering Valerie appeared behind Steve dragging Tanya by the wrist. Valerie in a wet suit was a sight to behold, all curves and overly feminine contour.

With a jerk she flung Tanya to the floor and placed a foot on her neck as if to prove her complete control.

“I think that we caught the two elopers just in time,” said Valerie in a grating voice. “This slave has managed to overcome her training and act independently. I suppose that I will have to claim a refund on goods that do not serve their intended purpose!”

A smile played on Steve's lips for a moment as the irony of her comment tickled his black sense of humour.

The boat moved as there was a dull thump, another boat had come alongside and there was a call from the deck. Valerie and Steve ignored the voices and continued.

"On the floor bitch," said Steve.

Henry did not understand that Steve was talking to him and did not move; so that he blow from the left forearm caught him by surprise and laid Henry out on the narrow floor.

"That's better, bitch," said Steve as he reached into Valerie's cabin and recovered a pair of handcuffs. He tossed these to Valerie who cuffed Tanya to a pipe before he did the same for Henry himself.

Valerie padded over to Henry and looked down at him with a smile.

"This was not quite the way that we had it planned, Henry," she said as she started to unzip the wet suit. "We were going to just make you sign the backdated loan form so that when you got back to the casino you would have a bit of credit. Then, if I understand it right, you would lose your trust fund and so on and I would receive a remuneration that paid for all my expense and hard work in organising this small undertaking. Our plans have changed now that my friend has turned up, so we will have to extemporise now and throw the old strategy away."

"I will pay you myself if you let me go," said Henry. "I mean, in six months I get my inheritance and I can pay you."

“Mmm. An interesting offer, Henry, and one that certainly is worth considering. How much are you willing to give me?”

“Double what you are getting from Crystal, that bitch of a lawyer,” offered Henry.

“I don’t think that Mrs Crystal Veryon, my lawyer as well incidentally, would be very happy with me auctioning my services to the highest bidder. I mean, how little trust there is in the world already and you just lowered the average by a small amount.”

A pair of legs appeared in the gangway entrance to the deck. Low oxfords and stockings first and then Crystal came fully into view. Short skirt and a windcheater jacket she was wearing the usual heavy makeup and her hair was hidden beneath a baseball cap.

By now Valerie had stripped off her wetsuit and stood naked, still dripping with the water that had been trapped inside. To Henry the tableau was outlandish in the extreme.

Though Steve had put the knife away he was standing watching Henry as though he thought he would attempt some act even when he was handcuffed to the boat.

Just behind him was the naked Valerie looking triumphant and enjoying living in the moment of triumph. Her large breasts were without support and hung long almost to her swelling belly. Her sex was naked, naked of clothing and naked of hair.

Dark skin lipped the half parted opening.

“Was this little shit trying to bribe you Valerie?” asked Crystal. “I mean if he offers you money that he hasn’t got yet, he might just think that he does not have to pay you when the bill comes due.”

Valerie laughed at Crystal even taking the whole idea of accepting money from Henry seriously.

So she teased a bit more.

“So, Henry,” she said, “ We are talking about six million dollars here, I mean if you double the three and add my costs then we are talking about six to six and a half million.”

“Yes,” said Henry who felt that he was getting somewhere. “Seven is fine!”

“But that’s half your fortune,” came the reply. “Are you sure?”

“Absolutely!”

Valerie turned to Crystal and smiled.

“That’s a lot for you to compete with, Crystal. Are you prepared to up the bid?”

“No way! We had a deal!”

By now Valerie was creased with mirth, she couldn’t hold it in any longer and doubled up with the repressed laughter.

“Darling Crystal!” she said between gusts of hilarity, “I would not sell you out for the world. What are you thinking? But I’ll tell you what! I’m sick of that little painted shit,” Valerie pointed at Trudy, “so how about you and me? I mean *we* would make the perfect couple!”

Crystal relaxed visibly. The moment of stress had passed and been just a joke so she took this new offer in good part.

“Valerie, if I liked women I would go for it, but I’ll certainly consider it, you are looking quite ready for a little rough fuck dressed as you are! I’ll just trust you to look after our business and I’ll owe you a favour. Come up on deck and we’ll discuss the details. It’s important business that needs to be done privately.”

The two women went on deck and left Steve with the two captives.

Chapter 7.

Choices.

The signing took moments.

On Valerie’s cruiser the scene in the large living room was one of grim formality. Henry sat at the small desk with a pen in his hand while Valerie sat, relaxed by the window, Crystal stood over Henry and pointed to where he should sign.

For a moment the tableau held still as Henry hesitated. He knew that he would sign the loan forms and then he was damned to a life without all the things that all the millions would buy. That flick of the pen would signal the end of his life of gambling and enjoyment of riches.

With Steve standing, watching every movement, there was no option. They had not been explicit but his failure to sign might end with him being tipped into the water of the lagoon.

'In the end the result was the same,' he thought. 'I am as much use dead as alive to that bitch Crystal. One way or another she will have her hands on the trust fund and I will be poorer by millions of dollars.'

So the pen flicked and he performed as he had been told.

Crystal let out a sigh that could have been interpreted as relief, or maybe triumph as she swept the papers up and scrutinised the signature to see that he had not been so foolish as to *not* use his usual signature.

The documents were slotted into a slim attaché case ready for the bank's attention and the case was locked into a drawer.

"That's it than," said Valerie with a small smile. "Henry will not arrive in Miami for three days, giving you time to get the forms processed and the money placed into his bank account."

"Sort of ironic really, isn't it?" asked Crystal as she came to stand next to her victim. "I mean that fact that we pay Henry and that ensures that he loses everything that should be mine anyway."

Henry looked up at his adversary and thought, *'She actually thinks that the money is hers. Until five years ago she had never even heard of my aunt Maisy, now she has had the money in her care so long that it has become her right.'*

Crystal must have noticed a slight change in his demeanour because a frown came to her face.

Her hand slapped his face sharply, like a mother punishing her child for being rude.

“Henry, from now you are just another failed bum. Just like you always were, but now without the means to support yourself. Be glad that I do not have the inclination to punish you even more for your insolence to me.”

Valerie crossed her legs and wagged a toe at Henry. Her stilettos lay discarded on the plush carpet of the cruiser’s lounge close by her silk cased feet.

“I think that we can finish this little story in several ways Crystal,” she said. “We can just let him go and watch him being sucked down the plughole of life. He’s pretty useless at everything really so he will be living in a dumpster before the year is out. I have a second idea to add to that just in case you decide that Henry might just be a little too credible when he goes to the police.”

Valerie reached into her cleavage and pulled out a small box and opened it.

“Just imagine if he arrived with some cocaine dusted into his clothes and secreted on his person. I think that that would take the wind out of so many of the problems that could arise from his integrity as a witness,” said Valerie.

“There is of course the third way,” said Crystal, “where poor Henry is washed up on a beach in Florida, or better still in the Bahamas, with just enough remaining to identify the remains. How about it Henry? Liking it so far? We just want to plan your future for you; we just want the best for ourselves, after all!”

Henry looked at Crystal and then to Valerie and then hung his head. He knew that they wanted to humiliate him and destroy him. What they wanted as well, was to make him beg and plead with them.

It was in their power...

Valerie laughed, “So many choices, so many variations of those wonderful choices. They all have risks attached to them but I really think that between myself and my lawyer here we can bring them to such a low level that poor little Henry will be the only sufferer.”

Crystal put her hand on Henry’s head in a motherly fashion and said: “Of course it is our duty now to provide for Henry. I mean think of the moral side of the equation. We have impoverished him with our little scheme and it would be wrong of us not to ensure that he was well provided for!”

“What do you think?” asked Valerie of Henry. As she spoke she picked up one of her shoes and looked at it speculatively as if trying to resolve some thought that had occurred to her. “Tell us which choice you would make if you were us! You could be on the streets of Miami in four days, or perhaps with the police as you try to explain all the drugs that you are carrying as a mule. On the other hand the sharks need feeding and you would make good bait for fishing. Then there is the other option, we could care for you, specifically Crystal!”

Henry saw that he could not escape giving an answer. He looked up at Steve who seemed ready to cut his throat at any moment and toss him overboard.

“Please, Mrs Veryon,” he said as he addressed the lawyer that had robbed him of his patrimony. “Please, would you provide for me?”

Crystal felt a thrill of authority tingle her skin, it clenched her insides like a fist and made her feel like a divinity who was dispensing divine justice. Now she could exercise that power and make him beg, the little shit.

“Henry, of course, if that is your choice. I really feel that I could look after your future, that is if you show proper respect for Valerie and myself.”

For a moment he looked up at her face and saw her smiling at him. Not a pleasant smile, more like a victorious, self satisfied grin. He wondered what she meant by ‘respect’ and then Trudy entered his thoughts. Was that what they wanted, these two evil bitches?

He slid of the chair and placed his lips on her smooth red shoes and kissed the feet of the woman who was his betrayer. Then he made his way across to Valerie on all fours and submitted to that lesbian virago by putting her stockinged toes in between his lips.

“Very good, Henry! You are learning an incredibly important lesson well. The lesson is the meaning of the word ‘place’,” said Valerie, “just mind the stockings, they are worth more than you to me *and* they ladder so easily!”

Chapter 8.

Delivery.

Three days.

That was how long that Henry spent chained to his bed waiting for the next phase of his life to resolve. The boats had parted, sending Crystal on her way to Miami to sort out the details of the loan and the effect that it would have on Henry's trust fund.

Crystal visited the bank and got a trusted and blackmailed employee of the bank to backdate the loan application and the payment of the few thousand into Henry's account. That sorted out the first part, the second was the investigation that was carried out under the terms of the will that showed that Henry had borrowed money to play in the casino in the Bahamas. That small loan sum was lost in amongst his losings and became part of the story that was being spun from truth and fiction, lies and reality.

A web that could be, should be and would be the whole truth as the law understood it.

Her so called investigation was processed and presented to the probate court of Kendall Miami, where there was no contestation of the infringement of the terms and the probate was closed and sealed. The court date had been set two weeks before as Henry had been in the casino winning and losing a fortune at the craps tables!

Mrs Crystal Veryon became the sole administrator of the trust fund, administrator and soon to be sole benefactor as she would spend the money on expenses and other administrative fees.

The cabin was so small and the bars on the cot were raised and locked to make the cage that had always been there, a pen for a human cargo that would find its way to his new owner.

To the anguish of Henry, Trudy, in the cabin two doors down was treated to the wrath of her lover and owner. Every night he heard the cries that echoed around the hull as Valerie took it on herself to teach her that her special duties as a lover were to be taken seriously.

It seemed to Valerie that the best way to achieve this way would be a three day punishment that would end when Trudy was sent back to Long Island.

Unwilling to damage the tattoo that adorned her fuck slut, Valerie mixed psychological torment with the physical as she discussed what would be done to ensure that Trudy would never betray a mistress or master again. How she would be sold to a new owner who would ruthlessly exploit her and destroy her for the sheer pleasure of asserting brutal authority.

The middle aged woman let her mask slip.

Formerly she had behaved as if Trudy really was her younger lover, really loved her and was devoted from warmth and affection. The tools of this new assault were those from the box under the bed.

Implements intended for pleasure were used to cause pain and distress as the stricken Trudy's screams echoed around the boat night after night.

Now she had decided that Trudy would never make the grade as a lover and she had determined to sell her and find a new partner, perhaps one that was fully susceptible and like an empty vessel waiting for her mind to be filled by her mistress.

That was the problem for Valerie. She wanted her slaves to be in public view not hidden in some dungeon. She wanted just one faithful, beautiful young woman to serve her every wish without question, but still be a delicious morsel to show to outside view. She was sure that she would find what she was looking for.

It would just cost...

So, at last the cutter, the Phoenix, slipped into Fort Pierce, just one of many pleasure craft that cruised under the watchful eyes of the United States coastguard. At midday the craft nosed into the Fort Inlet and moved at a steady walking pace to her private quay on Indian River Drive. A quay where unloading could take place privately at night without being overlooked by either neighbours or the authorities.

Steve dragged both of the unwilling captives the short distance to the house and ensured that they were securely ensconced in the cellars of the spread out villa.

Gagged and fettered he carried them almost bodily to their new lives.

Chapter 9.

Crystal.

The last three months had been a frantic experience for Mrs Crystal Veryon. Normally she was slow and thorough in her work, but the excitement of subverting the trust fund had absorbed her as she invested and plundered the money that had no attendant but her.

Crystal had paid her fees to Valerie in a businesslike fashion as investments and bonds that would mature to be realised as cash. As she had more contact with Valerie she joined that club of secretive people who revelled in absolute control over the lives and bodies of their victims.

She paid two visits to New York which introduced her to the shadowy society of women and men who needed more than just paid service. It was a heady experience finding this new woman inside herself. Crystal had always been a strong person who was not afraid to indulge herself as she willed. Since the death of her husband she had built her business to a little empire that she controlled with obsessive detail.

Boyfriends, she had had a few, but she always obsessed over them. The control that she needed to assert found them leaving Crystal, normally in a few short weeks. She needed the sex, she needed the physical release, in fact she was ravenous, but she was an island that was surrounded by reefs that resisted attachment. Her last relationship had ended when her boyfriend had told her that she was

too demanding, too unreasonable and more like a mother and dominatrix than a partner.

So, there was the constant thought of that day when she would assume responsibility for the former owner of that pile of money. That delicious moment when Henry had kissed her shoes did not fade as she thought that it would, it lingered in her thoughts and dreams and every day brought the day of his return closer.

This was what she needed. Total control over her lover. She would be able decide everything. She would be able to experiment without her partner being able to refuse. She would be able to allow her mood to dictate his experience.

Her being stressed at work would result in his punishment.

Her triumphs would be heightened by his subjugation.

The best of it was, she decided, that Henry was a person who she had personally reduced to a chattel. Always resented for the block that he represented on her ambitions he would be the perfect adornment for her idea of servile intimacy.

Chapter 10.

Crystal Hell.

In her new house in Kendell she paced like a tiger in a cage. Henry had at last been delivered to her clutches and was chained in the cellar. He had not seen his new mistress yet, that pleasure lay before him.

Crystal had planned this moment for all of the last three months but now she was uncertain what would happen when the mistress and her property would meet. In the end she decided to take it as it came, after all this was not just one night of her passion it was the start of a lifetime's pleasure and gratification, for her.

So she took a crop from the selection that she had bought for this moment and let herself into the stairwell to the cellar through the concealed door in the kitchen.

Her heels clicked as she made her way to the underworld that she had spent a fortune creating. This was her space, the play area that her victim would never leave. Crystal could live her public life without anyone ever being aware of this cave of depravity where she became the goddess of pain and pleasure.

Fifteen steep steps took her into the small room that served as the entrance to hell. Another concealed door took her into a corridor that was lined with doors that were coloured according to the purpose that was concealed behind the bars and steel.

Her evil purposes.

Red for the days when her mood was one where Henry would pay for delaying her becoming wealthy by years. Those would be the days when he would suffer at her hands, feet and cunt. The days when she would take out her ire on his body.

White was for experimentation and training. The satisfaction of that brutal curiosity that she occasionally craved. Henry would come to know that a day or more in the white room would disfigure his mind

with her training. He would be attacked by images, sounds and light that would remake him gradually in the image that Crystal desired.

The green door led to a bedroom with no windows. A place where Crystal could indulge her fantasies of love and affection. A bed with fetters for her helpless lover and soft mattress for her body. Stocks and chains for him and pillows of Eiderdown for her. A playroom where the games were ones that she would only ever win.

Now at last her gloved hand was on the handle of the black door. The room where Henry had been placed to await her attention in utter darkness and fear.

The handle opened to reveal a room tiled in black that was barely three feet deep. The room was still locked because a barred gate closed the entrance, a barred gate of which only the bottom two feet opened so that the slave leaving the room had to crawl on his knees to exit.

Crystal looked down on the naked figure of her victim and smiled. Once again she could feel the rising tide of that feeling that had possessed her as Henry had kissed her shoe. Now that there were no other witnesses she could take untrammelled advantage of his service.

As she had requested and paid for, every hair on his body had been removed. He looked up at her, allowing her to see a face that was a container for his fear of her. Strangely smooth with no eyebrows, that face, it no longer entirely resembled the young man that she had known. This one was her creation with metal rings that pierced him and a collar that ensured control with electronic surety.

Her foot passed through the cage to allow her to relive *that* moment.

His lips placed a kiss on the point of the shoe and Crystal realised that she could experience again this moment every day. She bent into a crouch to smile at him through the bars.

“It’s good to see you again, Henry,” she said as her hand slid over the smooth skin of his head. “I will look after you so well, I promise. Soon you will learn that I am not only strict, but that I will sometimes punish you even when you are perfect. I have everything prepared for our first trip into my fantasies, are you ready?”

Chapter 10.

Green Room.

She opened the cage door with the remote control and allowed Henry to crawl from the tiny cell. Without casting a look behind her she opened the door to the green room and ushered him in with an expansive gesture as though she were the servant and he was the master.

“On the bed, lover,” she ordered.

Henry did not reply because the power of speech had been taken from him in that terrible place near New York. He moved his lips for a moment as though he was able to reply, but Crystal had mandated a silent lover, her wish had been fulfilled at a little extra cost.

She would whisper sweet nothings while she fucked him but he would bear it all in silence as she wished. *‘What more apposite way*

of ensuring that he could not complain or disturb her while she enjoyed him than to deprive him of speech,' she thought. 'If only I had the power to make all those objectionable men dumb at will!'

His form lay on the bed awaiting her instructions, her orders. So she fixed those arms and legs and started to undress. Carefully she stripped down to stockings and bra noting with approval that Henry was responding well with a huge erection that sprang from his smooth groin to point at the ceiling as it awaited attention.

As she parted company from her lacy knickers she realised that she was so wet with the pent up excitement that drips of lubrication were dribbling down her thighs. Crystal almost kicked off her shoes before she remembered that this was not a lover who would object to her scoring his thighs with her metal heels.

"Are you ready, lover?" she asked of the silent prick with a young man's body.

Henry nodded as though giving a nod that was really superfluous, was consent to the rape that was to follow.

She climbed over the chains that held her lover until her avid cunt was poised to take him in. Just a small movement and he would be hers, just an opening of thighs and he would be in her.

"When we have finished here we will taste the red room and you will pay a day's visit to the white room. I promised that you would be looked after and you will have all of my attention as I educate you and then rebuild you."

As she spoke her thighs opened, her heels dug into his thighs and her pussy slipped onto that cock, that upright tower that slipped into her sheath like a finger through warm butter.

Crystal gasped as he went to the hilt, it filled her and stretched her to what she felt was her limit. It pushed into her so deeply and penetrated to her limit. Her hand slipped to her clitoris as she enjoyed the first lover since her husband who had truly submitted to her will.

The lovemaking in the green room lasted just over an hour. Lovemaking was what Crystal thought of it as; actually she was enjoying raping him, taking without consent.

Crystal felt that Henry had acquitted himself well as he had fucked to her orders, reaming her cunt without climaxing himself. He had given and given with prick and lips without spilling his come. Finally he had kissed her shoes again, the ones that had grazed his thighs as he had performed as he had been trained to do.

Chapter 11.

Red Room.

The slave was presented on the whipping horse, ready for his punishment. Chastisement for no noticeable offence, penalty with no misdemeanour having been committed.

Henry's only crime was that he was Crystal's to do with as she wished.

Crystal looked over the weapons at her disposal and showed them one by one to her victim. Finally she noticed a tear form in his eye and run down his cheek to slither silently down his smooth chest and into the crack that was formed by the skin of his thighs and hanging balls.

She decided that he had chosen the vicious crop and bent to kiss the back of his neck.

“This is for your own good,” she told him. “I expect perfect service, anticipation of my needs and all done in good grace without hesitation. Do you understand? I have so much to teach you and I will be so happy when at last you can become the perfect slave, the fuck doll that I need for my ravenous cunt.”

She stepped back and placed a light blow across the base of his ass, just an opening shot over the bows. She noted that his prick stood out as it had for an hour now so she went to grip it in her hand and gave him three strokes.

“Every stroke of the cane earns you three strokes of my hand. If you come before I allow you to you will regret it.”

Once more she pulled a stroke from the air and placed it just above the last one. Her hand closed on him and pulled at that huge cock thrice, firmly.

And so it went until Crystal had placed nine strokes and given him twenty seven with her hand. She went to his ear and whispered.

“Do you want to come, lover?”

He stayed stock still and made no move.

“Very good! You have learned the first lesson well. Never ask, request or even beg for release. That is under my control. I decide and I do not need or wish for your input!”

Her hand strayed between his legs and started to wank him.

“You will come when I tell you to and no other time, If you can manage this little thing to please me then I will reward you.”

All the while her hand moved up and down, bumping his balls and pulling him, stretching, gripping and controlling.

Her other hand moved over the supple and soft skin under his balls, seeking that spot where a little pressure closes all chance of ejaculation.

When she found it she pressed upward and ordered him to climax.

Henry pushed against the frame that held him at forty-five degrees and allowed himself to fall over the edge of that cliff into the unknown. It was so much better here than at the Farm where he had been sent by his new owner. The whipping had been terrible when a real infraction of the rules had been committed. The control that they had taught him allowed him to fulfil her wishes and he came in a rush.

Nothing exited the single closed eye of his prick. No drop of milky white left his body as she blocked its path.

'This was pure pleasure,' she thought as she watched his puzzled face. Even when she allowed him to climax she could ruin the orgasm and increase the level of his frustration at will.

As she found her feet she could invent a dozen new torments and find the limits of mishandling that he could cope with. Crystal would drive those limits up and up as she learned their limits.

Chapter 12.

White Room.

The white room; a bathroom was the place where she could wash his body as well as his mind. Crystal chained his wrist rings to the steel loop on the wall and then slid it up with a touch of the remote to hang him from his wrists, just resting on the tips of his toes.

She left him there, hanging as the films started to roll.

With a clang the door closed and Henry was alone with in the shadowless room that would now claim him for hours.

Sound and light would bombard him mercilessly.

In a week or two Crystal would have the first film of Henry ready to be shown and he would have to suffer his former treatment as a pornographic overload. She would create films that hopped and skipped as they showed him being degraded until his mind was filled and overwhelmed by those thoughts.

The sound would go up and down in volume. It would not always be synchronised, the show would go on, and on, and on...

Chapter 13.

The Pleasure.

All the while she would be in bed asleep after a long sensuous bath and a slow self pleasing as she imagined his suffering. Her hand ploughing herself with slow sensuous movements as she contemplated all that suffering that was so agreeable, so pleasing and such a release from a long days work. Then at last she would turn over and go to sleep.

Sometimes on her own bed sometimes in the green room with her helpless Henry by her side. Then when she slept she would dream and cast her arm over his bound and silent form as if he was her lover and she needed the comfort of his presence.

Her days would be spent working and improving her tennis. She would store up the stresses and trials of the days spent in the office meetings and courts of Miami and then return to vent them on that fuck doll that she kept in the cellar.

It was the love life that she had always wanted. A young man at her beck and call, ready to serve her as she willed and always available even if not always willing.

So, whilst Mrs Crystal Veryon improved her tennis, went to parties and amazed everyone with her wit and charm, the white room scratched Henrys brain. Its bent needle scored his mind like a damaged long player record until he forgot his name and past.

He just had one purpose left. One goal and one need. He had to serve his goddess of pain and pleasure.

Her pleasure.

That her pleasure might not be worth it never crossed Mrs Crystal Veryon's mind.

She was worth it!

The End.

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