



KRYZTAL

Carmenica Diaz

And in love, there is such sweet pain.

Kryztal
Carmenica Diaz
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Note from the Author

This story is not for the faint hearted or for minors – it contains graphic scenes relating to BDSM D/s lifestyles.

The story also carries the subtle warning of attempting to enter this lifestyle without a competent, experienced and loving Dominant.



Part 1:

The lid to Pandora's box was ajar.

Caroline Blaine was beautiful, haughty and a perfect bitch.

Perhaps this was why she was so successful as a lawyer. Caroline had the capability of going ruthlessly for the jugular while smiling sweetly at the judge. She had everything – beauty, career, a refined accent and a handsome husband.

Life, on a superficial level, was great but in those rare honest moments, Caroline admitted cautiously that, perhaps, there was something missing.

Caroline was a rarity in Hollywood as she was truly a natural blonde. That hair, together with legs to her shoulders, large breasts, honey coloured skin and a warm and sensuous smile, made her stuff men dreamt of and women envied.

Even though, Caroline had lived in California for ten years, she scrupulously maintained her English accent; in fact she became more British as the years went on as it gave her a distinct and different image.

Caroline hadn't been back to London for six years and sometimes wondered what her old school friends in Chelsea would think of her now.

It was a different time, a different world, she would tell her self when old memories came back, *I was a different person to what I am now.*

The firm of lawyers that employed Caroline saw her as the perfect addition to their partner ranks; a beautiful young woman with a stylish English accent who was not ashamed to be a carnivore in the courtroom.

Only in Hollywood could a lawyer look like a movie star while the movie stars looked and acted like lawyers.

It also helped Caroline's image that her husband of almost ten months was also a successful Hollywood agent and as ruthless as he was handsome.

Hal had been blessed with perfect teeth, dark brooding eyes and a crooked grin that seduced women and put men off guard before he crucified them with delight. It was said around

Hollywood that nobody closed a deal like Hal Blaine, nobody could outwit or out-negotiate Hal Blaine.

Originally from Georgia, he had spent several years in Boston before moving to California and his dress sense was impeccable, favouring expensive American suits, crisp shirts with glittering cuff-links and, of course, always the perfect tie.

In an industry where 'California Casual' was the fashion, he stood out as a man of style and a man that women always noticed when he walked into a restaurant.

Caroline sometimes thought the suits were just a little ostentatious and a little shiny for her tastes, not subtle and refined like the English or European but, she told herself it was America and Hal was certainly one of the best dressed in her circles.

He also had a voracious but casual appetite for sex. Caroline accepted the sex although she never achieved a real connection to it. Sex was something men needed and she accepted her lot as one who gave when the mood suited her.

On the surface, Hal and Caroline appeared to be remarkably suited to each other.

And they were, but not truly until Kryztal came into the picture.

Bea Rutledge was the most successful Madam in Hollywood and her girls only provided their special and discrete services to stars. Anybody that was making less than three point five million a movie could not get near one of Bea's girls, Bea's girls *were* special, had specific tastes that would appeal to certain producers, directors and stars.

A date with a *Bea Girl* was not a simple fuck, it was an event worth paying for and paid they did and then paid extra to remain anonymous.

Bea was not the stereotypical owner of a high class escort service; if they made a movie about her she would, of course, be played by some blowsy, blonde, addicted to cigarettes and cheap cracks – Hollywood producers love stereotypes. Instead, she was short and slight with dark hair in a pageboy style, dressed severely in man's clothes and always wore dark glasses.

It was rumoured Bea preferred women and had told Julia, a famous actor, 'Men think with their cocks, thank god! If they didn't, I'd be broke and I wouldn't have my lodge in Aspen. Women

think with their hearts,' she had said softly, gently stroking the inside of Julia's wrist.

It was also rumoured that Bea and Julia spent a week in a famous Hollywood hotel suite where they played many games that involved a dildo imported from Holland they had nicknamed Frederic.

Apparently, so the story goes, when the epic week ended, Bea gave Frederic to Julia who had it mounted on an polished stand and put it in her hall closet next to her Oscar.

Unfortunately, the law enforcement officials didn't turn a blind eye to Bea's business activities. She always blamed the ultra conservative right wing of American politics but not too loudly as a great deal of the conservative senators and congressmen were actually customers.

Apparently, these conservative politicians enjoyed being flogged by a beautiful girl called Tanya dressed as a catholic schoolgirl.

Tanya, who was twenty-four but appeared to be sixteen and specialised as *Bea's Schoolgirl*, always took to the flogging with relish and left her conservative clients gasping in pain.

Sometimes, when she was watching television with her lover Sonja, she would giggle

when she watched her customers secretly wince at press conferences or in interviews.

But, political hypocrisy and desperate image consultants prodded the law into action and, therefore, Bea had to spend a healthy amount each year to retain the services of an accomplished firm of L.A. lawyers.

And that firm was where Caroline worked.

From their first meeting, Bea and Caroline hated each other immediately and intensely. That meant, of course, that they were exceedingly polite to each other and smiled a lot.

Men had no idea as to the extent of the mutual hatred of these women and sat in blissful ignorance in a minefield of hate. Women wished they could get out of the room before either Bea or Caroline produced a weapon of mass destruction from their Louis Vuiton handbag and dropped it on the polished conference room table.

'Prostitution is such a tawdry case,' Caroline had smiled sweetly at Bea, 'but I believe the current crack down will disappear soon and your hookers will be safe to walk the streets again.'

Bea inwardly seethed. 'My girls don't walk the streets as well you know. They offer services far more detailed and caring than a quick roll in

the hay. I imagine a quick roll in the hay with the lights off is what you occasionally give that new husband of yours, poor dear.'

'How dare you!' Caroline flushed deeply. 'Our sex life is very full, not that it's any of your business!'

'But it *is* my business,' Bea smiled thinly, gathering her handbag, 'Hal has a standing appointment with my girls every week.'

Caroline blinked and gaped as Bea opened the door. 'He comes for what he can't get at home,' was her parting shot. 'Call me if you want to know what he likes. It would appear that *I* know but you don't!'

That night, Caroline almost attacked Hal and was very aggressive in their lovemaking.

Why, she even forced herself to suck his cock for a few minutes before sitting astride him and ramming it into herself. All the time she was mechanically fucking her husband with an obsessed vigour and energy, Bea's taunting words haunted her.

She couldn't sleep and stared at Hal's sleeping face.

Bea was lying, Caroline told herself, she had to be!

Why would Hal go to her girls?

I let him fuck me regularly, don't I?

He loves me, doesn't he?

It became an obsession and, at last on Monday, she shamefully called Bea.

'Want to know what Hal likes?' Bea had mocking asked in a voice laced with silken triumph.

'Yes,' Caroline had admitted, face red and feeling like crying. 'Yes, I do.'

Bea gave her an address.

'Be there at two-thirty on Wednesday. You'll get to see what floats Hal's boat.'

Bea was laughing as she disconnected the call.

Caroline showed up at the appointed time dressed in a simple business suit and waited. Bea entered, as usual wearing dark glasses and they air-kissed with restrained hatred.

'This is Caroline,' she said to the two women standing beside her in black Armani pants suits. 'She wants to see Hal in action.' The women nodded and Bea slid some papers across her desk. 'Sign this, it's just a standard disclaimer for entering these premises.'

Caroline glanced at the papers but as she was so upset at what was occurring, so obsessed by it all, that she committed the number one sin of lawyers – she didn't read the documents before signing them.

Bea smiled.

'Go with the girls and you will see what Hal likes.'

The women led Caroline to a room with a large four-poster bed.

'I am Breanne,' one said, 'this is Zoe, take your clothes off.'

'What? Are you kidding...'

'Take them off or we will take them from you,' Breanne said calmly.

'We'd much prefer if you struggled,' Zoe said with a cruel smile and Caroline suddenly felt frightened. 'We always enjoy a good struggle.'

'I don't...'

Breanne stepped forward and slapped Caroline hard across the face, so hard the force of it sent her reeling across the bed.

'Get naked, slut or there will be more!'

'But...'

Zoe gripped a handful of Caroline's hair and tugged it viscously before slapping her again.

'This isn't a courtroom, sister. We don't do debates!'

Tears rolling down her wounded face, Caroline kicked her shoes off while she unbuttoned her coat. The two women stood with arms folded, smiling until Caroline was down to her coffee coloured lace bra and panties.

'Please...' she began but Breanne wouldn't let her continue.

'Naked, or I'll let Zoe take them off you!'

Sobbing incoherently, hoping the nightmare would be over once they stole her clothes, Caroline unsnapped her bra, and shimmied out of her panties.

Zoe calmly gathered the clothes and Caroline stood with one arm across her breasts, the other covering her crotch.

'I've seen it all before,' Breanne said wearily, 'you've got nothing new and nothing special, baby.'

Disdainfully, she offered a small drawstring bag.

'Jewellery - rings, watch, earrings, bracelets, put them all in here.'

Woodenly, Caroline complied, dropping her various pieces of jewellery into the bag.

'Hair clip,' Breanne prompted and Caroline removed it, her hair falling forward.

Zoe returned without the clothes and then both of them advanced on Caroline.

'What do you want...'

Breanne slapped her again and Caroline fell on the bed.

Suddenly, leather cuffs were wrapped around her wrists and then attached to ankle cuffs so she was locked in an uncomfortable position, wrists to ankles, knees bent and exposed, so exposed.

The door opened and Bea entered, smoking a pink cigarette in an ebony holder, smiling.

'Now, that's much better. That has to go,' she said, gesturing at Caroline's pubic hair, 'he may recognise it.'

'Please...'

Caroline whimpered, trying to move but whatever position she tried, her pussy was openly exposed, her large breasts rolling over her rib cage, nipples stirring.

Breanne ignored her and the other woman held Caroline's legs apart as Breanne switched on the clippers she had suddenly produced.

'No...'

Caroline's head moved from side to side in her humiliation as the clippers ran roughly

over her sensitive groin. Zoe winked at her, sprayed her crotch with shaving lather and proceeded to shave.

'Don't move,' she warned and Caroline tried to bury her head in the bedclothes to hide from her own shame and Bea's mocking eyes. It was done, so smooth and Zoe calmly removed the shaving cream with a fluffy blue towel.

Caroline had always privately referred to her vagina as her 'bits' and now her bits were so clearly visible. It was impossible for Caroline not to see her bald crotch; she stared down at it, her large intimate lips gleaming pinkly against the smooth skin.

Breanne beckoned to Bea and pointed at Caroline's crotch.

'Look,' she said and Caroline turned her head away in shame as Bea leaned forward to look at her newly shaven groin.

'It's a birthmark,' Bea pronounced and Caroline knew Bea had identified the small almond shaped birthmark on her inner left thigh, situated where the leg meets the groin. 'He might recognise it so cover it.'

Zoe applied a thick coating of a flesh covered plastic skin over the birthmark and Bea

smiled down at the red faced Caroline as they waited for it to dry.

Breanne and Zoe approached Caroline, both carrying bottles of scented oil. Despite Caroline's protests and her horror at having two women intimately touch her, the women oiled every part of Caroline's body so she gleamed in the light and smelled of a musky exotic perfume. The oil, in Caroline's horrified eyes, made her large breasts look lewd and her now bald bits, obscene.

'Why are you doing this?' Caroline cried but the three women ignored her.

'The hair,' Bea instructed, exhaling smoke and Breanne snapped a rubber cap over Caroline's hair, holding it close to her skull while she fitted a bright red wig on Caroline's head.

'A redhead,' Bea said maliciously, 'Hal loves to fuck redheads!'

'I'll sue you,' Caroline bawled. 'I'll see you in prison, you...'

'I doubt it,' Bea said evenly, 'you signed a release, baby.'

A leather hood was snapped on which covered her upper face to her nose, leaving her mouth and chin free and closed around her throat.

The ponytail of fake red hair emerged from a hole in the rear of the hood and Breanne locked it on with a gold lock.

They pried her mouth open and inserted a ring gag so her mouth was forced to form an 'O' and she couldn't make intelligible sounds. She drooled, her eyes rolling in the eye slits of the hood as they also locked it shut.

Breanne used the same blue towel to clean the make up from Caroline's lower face and then applied thick lipstick in a shade of orange Caroline would not be normally caught dead in.

'Roll her over,' Bea said, stubbing her cigarette out in a large glass ashtray.

Caroline tried to resist but found herself face down, her head turned to the side and her fleshy bottom pointing to the roof, knees bent and her entire crotch obscenely displayed.

Suddenly, she felt hands around her waist and she was lifted up while an enormous round cylinder of a cushion was slid under her breasts. When she slumped down on it, she was bent with knees on the bed; her upper body hanging over the cushion so her breasts wobbled free and her head hung uselessly.

All the time, Caroline knew her legs were forced apart and she was helplessly displayed.

'Tattoo,' Bea snapped and Caroline tried to protest but her mouth could not form words, spittle rolling from her gaping mouth.

'Don't worry,' Bea laughed, 'it's not permanent.'

A transfer was applied to Caroline's bottom on her left cheek and, in black, said simply '*Pain Slut*'.

'Turn the lights down low,' Bea instructed the others, 'our friend here is probably only used to being fucked in the dark.'

Bea knelt down so her face was close to Caroline's.

'The tattoo says Pain Slut,' she said softly, 'and that's what you're going to be because it's what Hal likes. I don't think he'll recognise you with the red hair, bald cunt and the tattoo but, then,' she laughed, 'he just might, you might have a highly individual cunt that he'll recognise it immediately!'

She patted Caroline's arm.

'I doubt it though, men are so unobservant and a cunt is a cunt when their dicks are hard.'

The women left Caroline alone in that ignominious position, face down, wrists and ankles connected so her knees were bent and her

wobbling bottom and bits would be the first thing that anybody entering the room would see.

Then, they would see her breasts hanging like udders over the cushion. Stupidly, the vain part of her wondered why they didn't leave her in a more flattering position.

She remained like that for ten minutes and then the door opened again. From the corner of her eyes, she saw Bea standing in the door way, her arm linked with Hal's as both looked in.

'This is Kryztal,' Bea said. 'She's new and she likes what you like. From opposite ends, of course,' she laughed.

'She looks great,' Caroline heard her husband's voice. 'You've got her all ready for me?'

'She's a submissive pain slut and we treat her that way. Of course, she loves it.'

'Ok, thanks Bea,' and to her horror, Caroline saw her husband kiss her enemies cheek.

'Oh, don't worry about condoms,' Bea said with a laugh, swinging the door shut behind her.

'You sure?'

'She loves bareback and she's clean.' The door shut and Caroline was alone with her husband.

'Well, hello Kryztal,' Hal said, his fingers lightly tapping Caroline's oiled and gleaming

bottom. Caroline gurgled in the gag and then cried out as Hal slapped her bottom hard.

Then slapped it again and again until it was covered with red marks and it was stinging. Caroline felt humiliated and used but, strangely, she also felt aroused.

There was nothing I can do, she told herself, I'm helpless, go with the flow; Hal comes quickly so it will be over soon.

She heard him undressing and then rummaging in the chest of drawers.

'Bea always leaves me some toys,' he suddenly said and Caroline tried to turn her head to see what he was doing.

His hand slapped her bottom again and she gurgled into the gag, then suddenly screamed as she felt him clamp something sharp over her nipples.

'I think nipple clamps are great, don't you, Kryztal?'

Hal laughed as she wriggled and moved but it just made her breasts move all the more.

'I'm going to have fun,' he said, suddenly close to her ear, fingers roughly kneading her breasts, 'and I don't give a fuck if you do, it's my dime and I'm having fun.'

Caroline yelped into the gag as two fingers pushed into her pussy, moving deep and searching. 'You *are* a pain slut,' he murmured, 'you're so wet.'

I'm wet, Caroline asked herself, *I'm enjoying this?*

Whistling, he removed something from the drawers and Caroline felt him buckle a wide strap around her waist, sliding it between her skin and the cushion, pulling it cruelly tight.

A vibrator slipped into her pussy, moved in and out in a slow maddening rhythm and then suddenly removed while fingers pushed something wet and cold on her bottom.

No, she silently screamed, *not that, please not that, not my bottom!*

The vibrator began its relentless journey into her anus while Caroline gurgled and spluttered into her gag; drool escaping from her desperate lips.

Suddenly, she felt a second vibrator slipping easily into her pussy and she was so full, so violated. The vibrators hummed into life and Hal connected another strap to the belt around her waist, jerked it between her legs and fastening it back to the belt, keeping the two pulsing vibrators securely in their place.

Hal moved to the front, shoved his cock deep into her mouth that was held open by the gag and began to fuck her face.

'Make me happy, baby,' he said warningly, 'or you'll regret it. Come on, lick and suck.'

Tears were forming in her eyes, her bits and bottom throbbed to the vibrators, her nipples painfully aware of the clamps and Caroline desperately began to suck and lick her husband's cock with a vigour she had never before shown.

'Pathetic,' he said succinctly, removing his cock and jerking the clamps from her nipples in one swift movement.

The pain was enormous, worse than when he applied the clamps and Caroline shrieked into the gag, her body rigid with the pain, her head turning from side to side while she tried to ignore the waves of agony.

Blinking the tears from her eyes, she saw his cock was in front of her face.

'Try again, bitch,' he said softly.

Caroline lunged for that cock, bringing her head over to it as quickly as she could before he did anything else to her. Hal slipped the cock into her mouth and smiled as she slavishly licked and sucked, trying to make him come so he would stop, leave her alone, anything!

'You are the worst cock sucker I have ever met,' he said, removing his cock and walked to the drawers, ignoring Caroline's gurgling pleas.

He returned with a strange device, a stubby handle that had many straps of leather attached to it and she stared at it, eyes wide, as he laughed quietly.

For the next twenty minutes he relentlessly used the flogger over her ass and back while the vibrators churned within her. Her muffled screams of pain became pleas of desire as her skin glowed red.

On and on, he flogged – her bottom, her thighs, her back, nowhere was safe and Caroline felt as if she was just one moaning animal of lust, trying to move her clit against the leather of the belt that was tightly fastened over her crotch.

For the first time, Caroline's entire body was alive with lust and connected to sex.

The lid to Pandora's box was ajar.

Hal dropped the flogger on the bed and surveyed his handiwork. The slut's skin was red hot and he unfastened the leather straps and laughed as the vibrator in her pussy immediately slipped out, lying glistening on the bed.

With another laugh, he jerked the vibrator out of her bottom and Caroline moaned into the gag, the bedclothes wet from her saliva.

Without any thought or concern for her, he fucked her and fucked her hard.

Touch my clit, Caroline silently pleaded, *please,* but Hal ignored her clit and focused on her cunt, ramming that large cock of his in and out.

Almost casually, he pulled out, leaving her vacant and empty, wanting more and, walking around, pushed his cock into her mouth.

'Last chance,' he whispered and she desperately sucked, tasting herself on his cock.

With a grunt, Hal came and his cum flooded her mouth while he forced her to continue, forced her to swallow until he finally pulled out, leaving her still face hanging down, his semen trickling through the hole in the gag, dripping on her dangling breasts

In a daze, desperately wanting to cum herself and still tasting his cum, she heard Hal dress and then saw dollar bills flutter onto the bed next to her head.

'There you go, pain slut,' he laughed.

Hal turned to go but then returned as if he had thought of something and Caroline felt his fingers on her bits, feeling something hard being

forced in. It was bigger than the vibrator and filled her, making her want so much more.

He was chuckling as he left and Caroline felt something light caress her thighs and ass.

He's inserted the handle of that whip thingy in me, she realised with horror and shame, he's left it there for them to see.

At that point, Caroline really wanted to die. It was an intense contradiction that she also wanted desperately to cum, that she was vibrantly and sexually alive.

A short time later, Breanne, accompanied by Zoe, entered and calmly unstrapped the gag from around Caroline's head.

Gratefully, Caroline began to flex her jaws as the hood was unlocked and removed, as was the wig and skullcap.

Breanne put the items on the chest of drawers while the other woman released Caroline's ankles and wrist.

'I'll let you get that out,' she said with a smile, pointing at the flogger that poked from Caroline.

Face bright red, Caroline gently pulled it from her glistening wet bits and dropped it with disgust on the bed.

Groaning and wincing with pain, Caroline shakily got to her feet as Breanne put her clothes on the bed.

'There's a bathroom there,' she said, pointing at a small door Caroline had not noticed before. 'Be quick, we have to get the room ready for the next client.'

Caroline tottered into the bathroom, her entire body was aching, especially her back, her bits and bottom and, especially her nipples which felt as if they were on fire.

Her face felt as if the gag had mashed it and her bottom cheeks were really on fire.

'Oh no,' she murmured when she saw the red marks over her back and bottom, 'how will I ever explain these?'

Bea, flanked by the other two women, was waiting for her when she reluctantly emerged from the bathroom, hair wet from the shower and walking gingerly.

Unable to look Bea in the eye, Caroline looked around for her handbag, saw it and picked it up.

'I put his tip in your bag,' Bea smiled coldly, 'hookers always want their money.'

'You bitch,' Caroline said quietly, eyes lowered, just wanting to get out of the room.

'I wonder what Hal would think if he knew he had shoved the handle of a flogger into his wife's cunt after flogging her? Oh, don't worry,' Bea sneered when she saw Caroline's face go white at the thought, 'it will be our little secret. I imagine it would be difficult for you both to go on with your marriage when all your dirty secrets were out. How would you smile sweetly at each other over the breakfast table if you both knew? Pass the orange juice dear, and why did you push that flogger handle in my cunt last night?'

Bea found that hilarious and laughed loudly.

'Fuck you,' Caroline said, pushing past.

'I think you were the one who got fucked,' Bea laughed, 'and I think you liked it.'

The other women grinned when they saw Caroline's face flush.

'Give me a call if you want to come back, Kryztal,' Bea mocked, 'we've always got a slot on our roster for a pain slut!'

Caroline slammed the door behind her.

Resisting the urge to rub her smarting bottom through her skirt, she walked gingerly to the street, searching for a cab and wondering how she was going to hide the marks from Hal.

She had no idea what would happen if Hal realised that Caroline knew of his activities and had even witnessed them first hand – really first hand.

It was a hateful experience she had endured but despite all her faults, Caroline actually loved Hal and believed, no, now hoped, he still loved her.

I never knew he was such a dominating man, she thought, searching the street for a cab, so rough and powerful. It's a pity, the thought slipped into her mind that he didn't let me cum.

'Taxi!'