

The Light at the Top of the Hill

Chapter 1

Mistress Andrea was sitting in her favorite ottoman preparing to read a one of several novels that were carefully laid out for her. She had her choices between several romance novels or a few Science Fiction novels. Tonight, she felt like a romance novel with a twist of Renaissance added to it. She had picked out a series on The Heritage of Shannara written by Terry Brooks. The series looked interesting enough to catch her eye, which very few things did now days. The books were set upon a time when the Druids ruled the Four Lands.

Mistress Andrea had just started reading the First King of Shannara, and was just learning of the characters she would be envisioning in her imaginations during her readings, the doorbell rang. It gave her a start, after all, it was raining heavily, and if not for the crackling of the wood in the fireplace, and the heat that it put out, she might have retired to her private room hours ago. Mistress knew that her slave would answer the door, yet her curiosity was peaked at the late hour and who would be around her fortress this late at night. As she thought the words, she grinned to herself, looking at the book in her hands, and shook her head as she dropped it onto the table in front of the ottoman.

Slave answered the door, and standing under the awning of the front stoop, was a tall, yet slender woman. She appeared to slave to be approximately five foot seven, and no more than 125 pounds, soaking wet, which of course she was. "May I help you?" slave asked.

"I'm sorry to call upon you at such a late hour sir. But my car has broken down at the bottom of the road. And your house was the only place around. I saw the light up here from down the hill, and..." She just ran on and on. Slave was getting some amusement at her ravings, but knew he wasn't allowed to interrupt a lady while she was talking. Mistress stole up behind slave and startled him as she began to speak.

"Well, don't just stand there in the way, slave! Move over and let her in. Get her out of the rain!" Mistress sounded exasperated, that slave just stood there and let this poor woman stand dripping wet on the front stoop. "Come in dear. I will see to it that your car is fixed, and that you get something warm to drink and wear while your clothes are drying. Please come in and warm yourself by the fire. Won't you?" Mistress asked. Even as she led the young woman into the house, through the foyer toward the den. Mistress gave slave a nod that he knew only too well. Slave shut the door and disappeared down into the other end of a long hallway.

"Thank you!" The young lady tried calling to slave as he disappeared. He didn't look up as he turned the corner. "Thank you, Ma'am!" the young lass tried to show her gratitude. A little nervous about entering such a large house, out in the middle of what seemed to be miles from anywhere.

"Shh..." Quieted Mistress. "We are more than happy to help someone in need. Especially someone as, ("Delicious", thought Mistress), uh, stranded as you are." She smiled and helped the young lady out of her wet coat. Mistress let the coat drop high behind the young lady, but

before it hit the floor, slave caught it and handed the young girl a glass of Brandy to help warm her.

“I’m Mistress Andrea, but you may call me Andrea, if you wish. And you are?” Mistress questioned her, but with an air of authority that showed she was in control and knew it.

“I’m Crystal, but you can call me Crys, if you want to.” She said with a playful smile. Mistress Andrea returned her smile with a truly warm heartfelt smile. “And who would the young man be?” Crys asked, nodding her head toward the young man that she had thought Andrea had called slave.

“Oh, him, he’s just a slave.”

“A Slave!” Crystal was taken aback. Her mind drifted to the stories she had read in school about the African’s who were brought over on boats and their descendents. How they were treated and abused. “Isn’t slavery like illegal or something, nowadays?” she asked. Her mind running through the other stories she had heard about white slavery in Asia and the Middle East. Where Caucasian Americans were kidnapped and sold into slavery. Never to be heard of again. Sold to rich sadistic people, who could do anything they wanted to them, and they couldn’t be prosecuted, because they owned the law.

“Relax, I assure you that he is here of his own free will. He could leave at anytime. Couldn’t you slave?” Mistress asked looking at him.

“Yes Ma’am.” Was his only reply. His face flushed red with the knowledge that he had just told a complete stranger that he was a slave.

“Wow! That is so cool. This house is awesome!” Crys said as she took a drink of the Brandy and almost gagged as the heat burnt her throat going down.

“Easy there. This stuff isn’t water, and it will warm you up, rather quickly.” Andrea said as they walked over by the fire.

“Oh!” Crys exclaimed in a sorrowful voice, “I’m getting your floors all wet. I’m sorry!” she stammered. She had barely gotten the words out when slave came to her side with a large pink Terri-cloth robe, and a large soft towel which to dry off a little.

“Don’t worry about it. Slave will clean up the mess later. He’s really good at doing all the house work. If you need anything at all, just call him.” Mistress said.

“Do you have a phone, so I can call a garage to look at my car?” Crys asked.

“We do have a phone, but slave has already had one of my other staff go down and retrieve your car. They will get it running by morning.” Andrea smiled a reassuring smile. Knowing that she spoke the truth. “I have extra guest bedrooms, that you could stay in tonight, if you wish.

You may use any of the phones in the house, to call anyone who might be worried about you.” Mistress was fishing for information. And the bait was taken.

“I don’t want to put you out.” Said Crys.

“It’s not a problem, Crystal. You are more than welcome to stay the night.” Mistress held out her hand and slave placed a cordless phone into it. Crystal was impressed at how this slave seemed to know exactly what his Mistress was thinking. ‘They must have been together for a long time.’ She thought.

“I don’t need to call anyone. I’m just traveling through the Midwest on vacation. I am basically just touring America for a few weeks. Then, it’s back to school at good ole INU where I’m working to become a Vet.” Crys continued, “So, what do you do for a living, Andrea, was it?” She asked. As she watched slave take the phone from Andrea’s hand and replace it with a glass of Brandy.

“I’m, what you might call a facilitator, or a teacher, of sorts. You see, men, and women, pay me to make their fantasies come true.” Andrea said.

“You’re a Hook... Oops.” Crys stopped herself when she saw the glare growing in Andrea’s eyes. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean...”

“That’s alright dear.” Said Mistress Andrea. “I’m not a hooker, or a call girl. What I do isn’t even considered being a Dominatrix. I cater to men, women, couples, groups, etc. giving them a show for their money.” Mistress said leading her on.

“I thought you said you were a teacher?” Crys asked puzzled.

“Awe, but I am, my dear. I teach people that the limits they set for themselves are just little stumbling blocks that have to be overcome to enjoy life to it’s fullest. I believe the words of one of our greatest astronauts, ‘Only those who risk going to far, can possibly find out how far they can go.’” Mistress finished the little line looking up at the ceiling, then smiling back at Crys, who seemed to melt into her gaze.

“That’s so cool.” She said, as she shivered a little. “Do you have a restroom I could use?” she asked.

“Sure, slave here will show you to a guest room, with an adjacent bath. Help yourself. Give him your clothes and he will see that they are properly cared for and returned to your room and put away for you.” As Mistress finished, slave appeared with another drink for Crys, and he motioned for her to go up the hallway.

“I could get use to this! This is totally awesome.” Crys mused.

“Yes it is.” Mistress Andrea smiled and let her words trail off as she watched this young olive skinned beauty stroll up her hallway. Feeling a dampness and a stirring that she hadn’t felt in

quiet a while. "You can stay as long as you like..." her voice trailed off into silence. She listened as the dark haired raven chirped up the hallway and out of site. Mistress Andrea's thoughts turned to the young lady, who couldn't be any more than twenty years old. Touring the United States, alone. What a shame it would be if something happened to her, like what if she was lost for a few years, of her own free will of course.

Crys followed slave up an inclined hallway that curved to the left near the top. There were old paintings on the wall that seemed to resemble royalty. The dimly lit hallways gave the feeling of old castles to Crys. She loved the feeling, it had a romantic overture to it. Slave walked into a room and turned on the light. Before Crys stood an old Gothic four poster bed with a canopy. Just the way she would have imagined it to be. The old red wood frame, and the ruffles around the sheets giving it the old middle ages feeling to the room. Slave stepped over to another door that led into a bathroom. Crys stepped through the door, and was stunned to see a tub in the middle of the room. Filled with bubbles and hot steam floating into the air.

"My God, is that for me?" she asked slave.

"Yes Ma'am." Was slaves reply.

"You know, you can talk to me, I won't bite you or anything." Crys said a little sarcastically to slave.

"Yes Ma'am. If that is your wish." He answered.

"Well, Slave! Are you going to just stand there while I undress, or are you going to step out of the room?" Crys demanded of the slave. She liked the way the word slave rolled off of her tongue.

"Yes Ma'am" slave said as he stepped backwards out of the room. Lowering his eyes as not to offend the visitor.

After a few minutes, Crys called to slave. "Can you come in here, slave?" she had barely finished the sentence and slave was standing beside the tub. "Oh, there you are. Could you do something with my clothes and bring me another drink on your way back. You are such a sweetheart... you are" she giggled as she watched him pick up her clothes and leave the room.

As slave passed the entrance to her bedchamber, he moved out of Mistress Andrea's way to allow her room to pass. Crys noticed her standing at the door to the bathroom and started to talk to her. "Wow! I just can't believe that your guest room is this cool! It must have cost a fortune to decorate it like this?" Crys asked.

"It wasn't too bad." Mistress Andrea answered her. "How is the water? If it wasn't hot enough for you, I will have slave severely reprimanded. My guests are my largest concerns." She said, meaning every word of it. "If it's too cold, he will pay for that too!"

“Oh!” Crys giggled, and Andrea giggled along with her as she noticed the long smooth leg rising out of the water, slightly red from the heat of the water, but not to bad. “I think the water is just perfect!” Crys purred. “But I sure could use that other drink I told him to bring me.” She said, sounding a little annoyed.

“Not a problem. Two Brandies.” Mistress hadn’t even finished getting the words out of her mouth and slave handed each of the women a Brandy. “See how easy that is?” said Mistress Andrea. “All you have to do is wish for it, and he will do it. He is very well trained, you’ know, I trained him myself.” She said proud of her work, more than pride in her slave.

“Are you saying he will do anything you tell him too? I don’t believe it!” Crys chided towards Mistress Andrea as a dare. “Make him do something really silly, or better yet, have him bathe me.” She had barely spoken the words and slave was kneeling at the side of the tub with a sponge and a bar of pink Dove soap in his hands. He wetted the sponge and rinsed the leg that Crys held out of the water for him. He lathered the sponge gingerly, and began to wash Crys’ leg, starting at the knee. He worked up a thick lather as she lay there with her green eyes in a daze and a smile on her lips as she sipped the drink. Slave reached her ankle and started to lather the sponge some more. As he reached for Crys’ foot, she jerked it and kicked the bar of Dove out of his hand and it plopped right into the tub. Sliding up the front of the tub and brushing against Crys’ thighs.

“You klutz, now find that bar of soap, and be quick about it. Oh, and one more thing slave!” Crys said with an irony in her voice. “Since you have to do what you are told. Don’t you dare use your hands to bring up that soap from the bottom of the tub.” Slave glanced quickly at Mistress Andrea, who smiled at him and nodded at the tub of hot water and bubbles.

“You heard her slave, what are you waiting for?” Mistress asked, knowing that his answer would be to send his mouth bobbing for apples, well, in this case, Dove. She had no sooner finished saying it, and his head was buried deep into the water, pressing his nose along the legs and the tub, searching for the soap. When slave felt the Dove on the bottom of the tub, he pressed it up against her leg with his chin, trying to create enough force to pick it up. When this failed he resolved to grab it with his lips. This too, failed. Slave pressed against the bar a little harder and it slipped up to the crevice between her thighs. Slave rose for some air.

Mistress was glad to see slave’s head rise so quickly out of the water. She knew that he found the soap, but was surprised when his head went back under the water just as quickly as it had came up. Slave’s mouth quickly found the Dove pressed snugly against Crys’ pussy. His tongue darted out to try and position the soap into just the right position. As it did, it slid across Crys’ clitoris and she jerked. Mistress noticed this jerk and figured slave was playing without permission. She stepped out of the room to fetch something. Crys watched her leaving, and brought her athletic legs up and around slave’s back. He was pinned between Crys’ legs.

Slave grabbed the soap between his teeth and tried to rise up out of the water. The soap pushed against Crys’ labia and across her clit. This time Crys’ hand found slave’s head, and pushed it back down into the water. Slave, with his mouth full of a bar of Dove, worked against the hand pushing him down and the legs behind his back pulling the hips into his face. It was all he could

do to keep from drowning. Crys allowed him to catch his breath a few times, and guided his head back down into her flower again and again. Slave worked the soap against her clit and her pussy and smoothly as he could, knowing better than to hurt a guest. Before long, as she was tensing, slave felt something cool on his ass. He figured it was one of Crys' cool feet from being out of the water. He was wrong.

Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap! The stinging pain. Mistress Andrea was caning him in front of a guest. Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap! Crys tensed and pulled slave up out of the water. Seeing the surprise look on his face, and his mouth filled with soap, she started to laugh. Mistress too, started to laugh, and she pointed to the sponge which slave had dropped during the frolicking in the water.

“Finish her bath, slave. And get a new bar of soap for her. Yours seems to have teeth marks in it. And, you know what that means?” Slave nodded as he went into the walk-in closet to get another large bar of Dove. Knowing that, after he finished bathing Crys, and drying her off, that he wouldn't be needed by Mistress Andrea or by Crys for the rest of the night. And the only prize he had won this time, was the bar of Dove that his teeth were stuck deeply into.

Chapter 2

Slave returned with the new bar of Pink Dove. And continued to bathe Crys. He paid special attention to her shoulders, which she seemed to loosen up with his ministrations. She relaxed quickly and sank into the tub until she was almost completely submerged. Mistress looked over at the tub and then at slave. She realized that Crys wasn't going to be much help to him in a few minutes. So she dismissed him with a nod. Slave set some towels for the on the vanity and walked out of the room. He couldn't wait to remove the soap that was stuck between his teeth. Mistress grinned as she watched him leave, knowing what was in store for him, even if he didn't.

Crys looked up dreamily out of the hot water and the bubbles that had almost hidden her completely. Mistress smiled and reached her hand down into the water. She brushed the edge of Crys' right breast. Crys gasped and closed her eyes. Not sure whether to allow this strange but sensuous woman touch her, or to retire to her room and lock this woman out. The Brandy was taking it's toll, and Crys murmured something under her breath, and brought more bubbles up out of the water.

“I beg your pardon!” Exclaimed Mistress. “I'm afraid I didn't quite catch that?” she questioned Crys.

Crys rose ever so slightly out of the water until her breast was pressing firmly into Mistress Andrea's hand. “I said, hmmm, that feels good.” Crys replied. “Your slave has a great mouth. I see why you keep him around.” She finished.

“Slave? Ha! That was nothing. What you will experience while you are here, will leave you with ideas that would have been unheard of where you grew up. You will learn the meanings of the words pleasure, and if you wish, pain. After all, most people realize that there is both

pleasure in pain, and pain in pleasure. It just depends on which one you enjoy the most.” Mistress reached over and took the Pink Dove soap, and lathered a body sponge thoroughly. She looked at the beautiful girl lying in the water, and then at the soap in her hands. “Hmmm, what a predicament I have? A well lathered bar of soap, and no soap dish!” she said.

“I will hold your soap for you, Mistress.” Said Crys as she raised her arm out of the water and found it quickly shackled to a chain that was now hanging from a wooden X rack crossbeam on the ceiling. “What are you doing?” Crys cried horrified at her hand being yanked above her head. When she reached up with the other hand, she found that Mistress was too strong, and the oily water in the tub gave her no footing to grasp. As she found her other wrist in a twin shackle and she was trussed upward so that she was now on her knees. “Please! Please! Let me go.” She cried. “If you let me go, I won’t tell anybody about this!” Crys lied as tears started to flow down her cheeks. She looked at Mistress Andrea, searching for some compassion.

Mistress Andrea reached over and caressed the side of Crys face. Brushing one of her tears onto her finger and then sucking it into her mouth passed her full lips. “You will leave when I tell you that you can!” Mistress claimed her victory over Crys as she started to speak by shoving the creamy bar of Dove into her mouth. As Mistress’ hand pulled away from Crys’ face, Crys spat the bar of soap out of her mouth and into the tub below. Mistress’ eyes followed the bar as it hit the water, he open palm hit Crys on the side of the face. “We will have no disobedience here!” Mistress scolded. “You will pay for that. I promise you will!” she shouted into Crys’ ear as she pulled her head back.

As Mistress released Crys’ head, she dropped it forward, sobbing. ‘What have I got myself into?’ she thought as the stinging grew more prominent in her cheek. Crys watched as Mistress Andrea reached into the water and pulled the Dove soap out of the tub. Mistress started to work the soap into a frothy lather as she walked to the backside of the room. Crys tried to turn her head so she could see what Mistress Andrea was doing. It was useless. The slippery tub made it hard for even her knees to stay in one spot, and the restraints holding her upper torso out of the water made it hard to spin or turn around.

Crys heard some clanking like old-fashioned keys, and then felt Mistress’ presence close behind her. Mistress grabbed Crys’ hair and pulled her head back firmly. Crys wanted to cry. Mistress Andrea was not being very hospitable at this time. “Please don’t pull my Umph...!” was all Crys could get out before she watched through her blurry eyes the bar of lathered pink soap come down over her head and into her mouth. Before she had a chance to spit it out. A tight band with a hole that caught the soap at its end was secured around the bar and fastened behind her head. Crys felt her hair being pulled roughly out of the way, as Mistress Andrea finished latching the gag restraint into place.

Crys tried to scream, but all that came out was a muffled cry and some bubbles managed to escape. Crys swallowed hard, and started to choke. She swallowed some of the soapy solution that had already formed in her mouth. Her saliva glands were now working overtime. Crys started to gag and then she felt a sudden, searing sting on her ass. Mistress quickly gave her pale bottom fifteen strokes with her cane. By the time Mistress was finished, Crys was hanging limply against the shackles, sobbing uncontrollably.

Mistress set the cane down against the side of the wall closest to the tub and brought back another bar of Dove soap. She lowered the soap into the water to wet it, and then ran the soap over Crys' newly bruised and reddened ass. Crys jumped as much as her knees allowed. Her body convulsed with the stinging pain of the soap hitting the newly cut flesh. Like salt in a wound. Crys cried out in pain, and all Mistress heard was the muffled moan and the choking sound as more soap slithered down Crys' throat. Mistress continued lathering Crys' ass and worked the soap around Crys' hips to her vagina.

Mistress continued soaping Crys' body until her ass, vagina, stomach, breasts and back were covered with a thick white lather. As Mistress Andrea began to rub and massage Crys' breasts with one hand, and the bar of soap was working its way across her clitoris' mound in Andrea's other hand, Crys started moaning no, and pushing away from Mistress' skillful hands. Mistress dipped the soap into the water and then trailed the soap the length of Crys' body, from her knees in the water, passed her lathery white pubic area, up her belly, and between her breasts. Mistress circled each breast and areola several times, pinching the nipples extremely hard, until she got a reaction from Crys. Then she made a trail up Crys' neck, over her chin, passed her gagged mouth. Pressing against the soap between her lips and trying to force it deeper into her mouth. The soap made a trail over the tip of her nose, between her eyes, which Crys smartly closed and avoided Mistress' glaring smile. Then Mistress set the bar of soap on top of Crys' head and left it there as she started to fondle Crys' breasts again.

Crys shuddered as Mistress purred something about her new soap dish. Crys wasn't sure what she meant, but was sure she didn't like this game. She was so tired. Her muscles ached from being partially hung. Crys felt Mistress stroking her swollen clit and tried to jolt back. This caused the soap on her head to fall forward into the tub of water. Splashing Mistress with water. Now, Mistress liked to play in the water. She even enjoyed it, as long as it was her decision to get wet, when and how. She was wet now, but not entirely from the soap splashing her. Mistress grabbed hold of Crys' clit hood and pinched it as she leaned down into the water to fetch the soap. When she retrieved the soap, she pinched harder of Crys' clit as she rose up and brought the soap with her, as if she was using Crys' soapy clit for a hold anchor. Crys was so shocked by the pain, and the sensations going on inside her body, that all she could do was shiver and shake. Mistress released Crys' clit, and a searing fire went through it as the blood returned to her nerve endings. As if the clit wasn't one big nerve to begin with.

Crys tried to remain still as Mistress ran the soap into her hair. Mistress lathered Crys' head thoroughly. She wasn't gently about the head scrubbing she was giving Crys. Crys wondered if anything Mistress did would be considered gentle. Crys closed her eyes to keep the soap and water from going into them. Mistress continued to wet the soap, and lather the rest of her body from the head down. Crys felt the bar of soap cover her entire face, lathering up even her eye sockets, as she had them shut. She attempted to open one eye, which was filled with lather. All she could see was the white lather surrounding her eye and nose, and the lathered covered bar heading toward her eye only inches away. Crys closed her eye just in time, as she felt the hard pink bar press against her eyelid, and then the other. Rubbing back and forth until she was sure that her eyes were burning from the soap.

Crys felt the restraints pulling at her arms and then her upper body. She rose with it, until she was sure that she was almost out of the water. The fact was, that her tiptoes were still touching the tub. Mistress ordered her to step out of the tub, and with a swat on her right ass cheek. Crys quickly complied with Mistress Andrea's orders. Crys was now standing on what she could only perceive as a towel. Her arms still trussed up over her head, Crys felt a pain in her ankles as she felt something cold and hard against them. She felt the pain on the inside of the ankles as she tried to bring them together, to realize that they were now locked in place by a spreader bar. Crys figured that things couldn't get any worse than this...

Mistress walked up behind Crys and pressed something hard, rounded against Crys ass. Crys ass tightened instinctively. Mistress dipped whatever it was into the water. Crys could hear her making splashing noises with it. Before Crys could really fathom what it was, a vibrator, a dildo, a butt-plug, Mistress had it shoved more than what Crys would realize was half way in. Crys tried to fight, but the pain was intense. Her ass was being ripped apart, or at least it felt like it, so Crys pushed and tried to relax to except the intruder. Only then, did she realize that it was the bar of soap that Mistress Andrea was raping her with. Crys gave a mighty push, only to feel the soap completely pass her sphincter muscles. Crys hung her head in shame. She had been warned not to talk to strangers, and if ever in a crisis, to wait on a police officer to help her out. Now, she was paying for her mistake.

Crys was quickly brought around to reality as she felt another intruder being inserted into her vagina cavity. Crys could do nothing to stop this intruder. As the spreader bar and the ass beatings had taken their toll on her. Crys felt a belt being strapped around her waist, and then through her legs. She was startled to hear the sound of what seemed to be not one, but two pad locks being locked shut on either side of the belt. Crys tried to shift her weight around, to accommodate the intruders and the pain she felt. No matter how Crys moved, she couldn't get any relief from the torture that her body was going through.

Mistress looked at her handiwork. She had outdone herself this time. She looked over at the camera in the wall and noticed that the red light was still on. She had managed to record the whole affair for her viewing pleasure. She liked to reminisce about her captures and the prizes that she claimed. Mistress looked around, and then gave the order for the tub to be drained. Another servant did exactly what Mistress Andrea had requested. Mistress gave him a new order. Crys couldn't make it out, though, something to do with the tub and some type of pink pudding. Or at least that was what Crys thought she heard. Crys wasn't sure how long she had been standing secured with the ankle spreader and being basically suspended. But she was sure that the soap on her body was a dry as two day old make up, and that if she could move a muscle, the soap on the outside of the skin there, would crack.

Crys felt the ankle spreader release and drop to the floor. She then felt some prodding with the side or end of the cane to move back toward the tub. "Step into the tub, slave girl" Mistress commanded. Crys stopped dead in her tracks. 'Slave girl?' she thought. There was just enough hesitation to draw the sting from Mistress's cane on her soap-covered ass. Crys stepped up, brushing her foot against the side and top of the tub. She stepped into something thick and warm. She felt the mass give way between her toes, and under her feet. She didn't hesitate with the second foot. She figured the thickness was just the soap thickening up and loosening as it hit the

warm water. Crys stepped all the way into the tub, and felt the restraints loosen as she tried to lie back into the water. The pressure of her weight should have moved the water out of the way, but it supported her pretty well. Wait, she thought, this isn't water, and it's too thick. Just then, Mistress grabbed Crys' feet and stretched them the length of the tub. "Relax, if you can. You will enjoy this. I promise." Said Mistress.

As Crys tried to relax, she felt the thick liquid being poured over the rest of her body. With the exception of her head, the rest of her body was now completely immersed in the thick liquid. Mistress pushed down on Crys' shoulders and forced her deeper into the liquid. 'Is this the end?' Thought Crys as she felt Mistress Andrea adjusting her, so that her face was slightly out of the ooze. It was all she could do to breathe, and then Crys felt the first major cramp, and the solution she was in didn't allow her to move. She tried to move her legs, and she couldn't. Her arms were immobile. She was totally locked into a tub, and the only thing she could think of, was that she was encased in candle wax.

After what seemed like hours, Crys could feel the thick tomb she was encased in being moved. She tried to open her eyes, but there was only darkness. This woman who had captured her, sure did a number on her. Crys felt the soap being removed from her mouth. She could only hear muffled sounds, but through them, she heard that if she called out or screamed, that the substance that encased her, would also be the last thing that she ever tasted. She understood and moaned loudly when the soap was all but yanked out of her mouth. Before she realized what had happened, Crys felt a cold wet liquid entering her mouth. She tried not to accept it. But her jaw was fairly sore, and seems to be held in place by the wax prison she was encased in. Crys swallowed, thinking this was the end. She tasted the Dove soap, and the cold water that rinsed it down. Soon, it was only the water that she tasted. She was thankful for it. She swallowed to get her throat cleared.

Crys was sure she would go to sleep, and wake up in the morning, and this would all be just a nightmare. How could it not be?