

After her adventures in the mud Carol vowed never again. It had taken her almost a month to clear up. The car was easier than she expected as the mud had dried and was reasonably easy to get out but it had got into all the switches which were a devil to clean. The carpets also took some cleaning but after a few days work the car looked a good as new.

The clothes she'd worn were always destined to be thrown away as they were ruined but the rest of her clothes she tried to rescue. Apart from the coat she'd worn the other coats had the mud brushed off then dry cleaned.

Her underwear all cleaned up apart from a silk camisole and knicker set which were stained too much. Almost all her hanging clothes were okay and her shoes all cleaned up nearly as good as new.

Her bedding was ruined and she needed a new stairs carpet but overall she rescued more than expected. However the cost, the time and the energy meant she definitely wasn't going to repeat the experience. That was until she won a large amount on the lottery. Her first thoughts were for a holiday and maybe a new car but very soon her mind turned to other ideas. She could repeat the muddy experience.

However, the more she thought about it the more she went off the idea. For a start she'd done it and probably the second time wouldn't be the same. It was some weeks later when an accident gave her an idea. She dropped a tin of paint in the garage and it splashed all over her jeans and boots. At first cursing she then realised she was getting aroused. She then sat down and purposely let the paint dry as she thought what things might look good painted.

Very quickly she realised almost anything would look good painted as it would be ruined. And if that item was ruined it wouldn't matter if it got a bit more damage. Soon her mind was running at full tilt and she started going round the house imagining what she could break.

Gradually she started to plan another mass session and after a week of thinking about it she set about putting her plan into action.

The first thing she did was clear quite a few things out into the garage. Not to protect them as such but to make way for new things. Once that was done she spent a few evenings on the laptop shopping.

Over the next few weeks things started to arrive. For the dining room there was a new sideboard with shelves above and this was then stocked with china and ornaments. A new white linen cloth went on the table with matching napkins and a full set of china, glasses and cutlery. For the lounge there was a new coffee table with a glass top and some large ornaments. A new TV, a large wall mirror, some large paintings and some huge metal candle holders were put in place. Her bedroom got new bedding and a new carpet and all her clothes were now displayed on dress rails and open boxes.

Finally the kitchen got a new microwave, new washing machine, new fully stocked fridge freezer and lots of crockery and utensils.

Satisfied everything was in place she spent some time buying herself a new outfit. Again she went for designer clothing and this time it was a black silk basque and matching thong, black seamed stockings, a black leather knee length skirt and a purple silk blouse. Her boots were black and knee length with a polished steel spike heel.

She had also been buying up paint from anywhere she could find. This meant she now had a selection of paints ranging from emulsion which would wash off easily through gloss to enamel paint which didn't come off anything. She made sure there were tins in every room and more before declaring herself ready.

She took one last look round before putting on a full length black leather coat and picking up her handbag with her phone, purse, vibrators, and make-up. She went out to her car parked on the drive and climbed in with some difficulty as the coat restricted her movements.

She parked down a country lane and opened the boot. In there were two large tins of white gloss paint. She carefully opened them and placed them on the back seat before slamming the door. Taking a good look round she then kicked the door panel as hard as she could with her heel. To her surprise the steel point went clean through the thin door

panel. She repeated this a few more times until every panel was damaged. Then she got back in and used her heels on the dashboard. First the infotainment screen went then gradually all the panels got holes before she did the same to the roof lining. Starting the car she set off home and very quickly she heard the paint tins topple and a quick glance showed the paint splashed all over the seat and floor. With as much control as she could manage she attempted to scrape the car on ever wall she could and bang the alloy wheels into as many kerbs as possible. Finally she drove the car into her drive and smashed it into the stone wall at the end of the drive. A quick look showed her the car was not going to go any further as a large protruding rock had smashed the engine and oil was now leaking out onto the drive.

With a smile she headed inside and into the kitchen. Picking up a tin of paint she opened the microwave door and pour the tin in and then set the timer for ten minutes on high. She sat on a kitchen chair and waited. After only three minutes there was a loud bang and the door fell off and hot black paint ran down the front of the cupboards.

Picking up the carefully placed hammer she approached the worktop. The first thing to suffer was the espresso machine as she smashed the nozzles off then put a hammer through the gauges. Finally she smashed the little cups in their stands.

Next was the brand new food mixer that still had the makers stickers on. As it was quite well made she only managed to dent it but the two bowls smashed quite easily and a gallon of black paint finished it off.

The next thing round was the ceramic hob and this took a lot of hammering before she eventually smashed the top. By now she was sweating in her leather coat and she took a moment to enjoy the sweat running down inside her clothes. Opening her bag she took out her two little vibrators and inserted them front and back before making sure her thong kept them in place. They certainly made her feel good.

The cupboards were next and she pulled out all her crockery and dishes letting them fall to the floor where most of them smashed. If they didn't then the hammer finished them off. The cutlery drawer just got filled with paint as there was little more she could do. Then she turned her attention to the large package on the kitchen table. This was a brand new set of Royal Doulton bone china. Slowly opening the box she took each item out of their protective wrapping before throwing it forcefully at the wall. It took ages and did nothing to decrease the lovely sweaty feeling she had.

Her final task in the kitchen was to open the fridge freezer and throw in two pots of paint which covered all the food inside. Finally, with the door still open, she pulled the whole thong forward so it crashed to the floor, smashing the doors and emptying the contents over the tiles.

As she moved out into the hall she felt the first orgasm spreading through her. She paused to let the vibrator do it's job but managed to control herself as there was much more to come.

Into the lounge next and the first thing she did was to walk along the settee and then the chair enjoying the pooping sound as her heels punctured the leather.

Then, picking up one of the large metal candle stands she started to swing. The ornaments on the mantle piece went first followed by the wood of the mantle splitting. More holes were punched in the furniture before the large mirror was destroyed along with the pictures on the wall. The glass topped table was smashed into shards of glass and splinters of wood before she finally smashed the large TV that had never even been turned on. As she left she kicked over a couple of tin of paint and watched as it soaked into the carpet.

Although she enjoyed the lovely slimy feeling that the sweat was giving her she did think she would collapse if she got any hotter so she returned to the kitchen and found a large knife which she used to slash her leather coat into very small pieces. At the same time another orgasm swept through her and she had to wait for her body to recover.

Next on her trip was the dining room. Although the table was covered in a cloth she knew that underneath was a beautiful cherrywood dining table. Taking up the battery powered nail gin she started to try to fix the china to the table. It was no surprise that each plate and glass smashed but the nails stuck into the wood leaving a pin cushion effect. The

cutlery were bent over the edge of the table before she turned to the sideboard. She went back to the lounge to retrieve the candle holder which she then used to smash the glass front of the sideboard before destroying the contents and then smashing the wood shelves and door frames.

As she headed upstairs another orgasm ripped through her and she took out the vibrators when she recovered. She climbed the stairs and stopped at the top to kick two large pots of black enamel paint down the stairs. The black paint splashed over the cream carpet, the walls and the back of the front door.

Reaching the bedroom she paused to take in the still immaculate room before she started her destruction. She started with her non matching knickers and bras which were all stacked neatly on the bedside cupboard. She took up her electric pruning saw and carefully cut everything in two with the knife finishing buried in the wood. She picked up the clothing and took it into the en-suite where she stuffed it into the toilet before flushing. Obviously the underwear wouldn't flush but instead the water flowed over the top and over the floor.

On the other bedside table were all her good matching sets of undies which she did exactly the same with before throwing them out of the window.

Next she took each pair of shoes and boots and placed them on the dressing table before cutting them in half as best she could. The final pair were a pair of black leather thigh boots from a well known designer. These were still wrapped in the tissue paper and had never been opened. As the blade cut into the soft leather she came in a huge body shaking orgasm and had to sit on the bed to recover. Finally she turned her attention to her outer clothes and slowly she worked her way along the rail cutting each item into many pieces.

The only thing left were two complete outfits of including underwear and shoes. Both had cost a fortune and both were still in the bags from the shops. She carefully unwrapped the silks, satins and leathers and laid them neatly on top of the cream bed cover. With a final glance she then emptied four gallons of red gloss paint over them before taking her huge vibrator from the table and lying down on top of the clothes. She felt the paint invading her clothes and she pay back to let her hair sink in as well. She pulled her thong off and threw it away before turning on the vibrator and playing the end around her pussy. It wasn't long before she could resist no longer and pushed the red stained vibrator inside herself. She came with a scream like she'd never made before and collapsed back.

She didn't stop there and once recovered she repeated the teasing and the orgasm before she eventually fell asleep and the paint gradually set bonding her body to the clothes and the bed. But that was for tomorrow.