

**This is based on a hope I have for a session to be booked with a well known messy woman. I have all the clothes and I am trying to raise the funds to visit as soon as I can. The outfits can be seen at <https://vimeo.com/245043289> If there is a kind sponsor this will get filmed as soon as I can book otherwise it might be a few months yet. The characters in this story are fictitious.**

I have known Carol for quite some time or at least I thought I had known her. All that changed one morning when she came round for our regular coffee and gossip.

Carol is someone you always want at parties. She is a buxom brunette who always seems to be happy. Laughing and smiling as if she hadn't a care in the world. However this morning I could see there was something troubling her.

As I passed her a mug of coffee I asked, "So what's the problem?"

"No problem." came back far too quickly.

"Yea, right. Come on, we don't have any secrets, remember. Spit it out."

"I haven't been as honest with you as you have with me."

Oh my God. What has she done. I envisaged a career in crime or a string of married men.

Not quite sure I wanted an answer I asked, "So what is so terrible?"

She didn't say anything but got out her mobile and started to tap. Very quickly she turned the phone towards me and I saw a video playing. Although her phone was quite large it took a few moments for my eyes to focus.

I was watching a woman in black pvc pouring what looked like custard over a man in a smart suit. How weird was that. I looked at Carol as if to ask why she was showing me this but she directed me back to the screen. It was only as the woman turned I realised it was Carol.

"Oh my God. That's you."

Carol just nodded and turned the phone back towards herself. "You know I told you I teach photography, well it's not so much teaching as performing."

"And that was one of the things you did?"

There was silence for a moment before she continued, "No, that is what I do. I deliver very messy fantasies for men and women."

"What sort of fantasies?"

"Messy ones. Very messy ones." she thought for a minute and continued, "Maybe the best thing would be for you to have a look at my website and then you can ask questions."

I just nodded as my mind was trying to process what had just happened. She then produced a card which she left on the counter before leaving.

I sat there for some time cradling my coffee not quite sure what to think but eventually I picked up her card. There was a picture of Carol dressed in tight pvc but the card held the name, Miss Treacle Tart and alongside was a web address.

Not sure I wanted to go any further I decided to wait until after lunch before checking out the site. In fact it was only an hour later when curiosity got the better of me and I sat in front of my computer.

Although most of the content was member only or for sale there was enough free content for me to be totally amazed. Here was a friend who I really didn't know.

In every clip she was pouring something messy over a man or woman or receiving the same sort of mess over herself. Sometimes wearing pvc, some times dresses or skirts and some times just underwear.

I was shocked. Not in a prudish way but more that she had managed to keep it a secret from me. Then another thought hit me; why had she told me now.

I actually managed to hold out until the next morning although a couple of times I'd picked up the phone to ring her. I walked the short distance to her house and went round the back as normal to find her in the kitchen.

She looked at me and eventually said, "Still friends?"

"Don't be so bloody silly. Of course we're still friends although I do have more than a couple of questions!"

Carol let out a sigh and said, "Thank God for that. I was so worried yesterday and I kept wanting to ring you." she turned away and put the kettle on. "Coffee?"

"A large brandy would be better but I'll settle for coffee."

Carol's laugh returned as she set out the cups. "So ask away."

I had to think as there were so many questions. "So how long have you been doing this?"

"Since I was about twenty. A boyfriend I had at the time wanted to try it and I was surprised to find I loved it."

“So how long has it been a business?”

“I started selling clips some years ago but it’s only in the last five I have really started to make money.” she placed a coffee in front of me and continued, “I don’t make a fortune but it pays the bills and I love it.”

“So where do you do this? Obviously not here.”

“No, I have a house I rent that is about ten miles from here so I can keep the whole thing separate.”

I noticed on the website you were sometimes just wearing undies. Don’t you get embarrassed being part naked?”

Carol laughed. “Oh I am quite often totally naked as are my customers but I don’t show that on the free bit.”

Not quite sure how to phrase the next question I decided to just be blunt, “So do you have sex with these people?”

Carol’s laugh was quite genuine as she replied, “No. That is not on offer and everyone knows beforehand what is allowed. There is a certain intimacy as we are naked and rubbing food over each other but that is all.”

On safer ground I continued, “It must take some cleaning up?”

“It takes a lot of setting up and a lot of clearing up but luckily I have a number of friends who help in turn for a bit of fun.”

“What sort of fun?”

“Some like to be fully dressed while they clean up after a session so getting messy themselves. Others just like being bossed around.”

Sounded odd but I didn’t mention that. “So what about you and your clothes?”

Well the clothes sometimes survive and sometimes they don’t but that’s up to the customer as they’re paying.”

“And what about you. Your hair must suffer.” she had long dark hair to her waist.

“I actually enjoy my hair getting messy although some things can be a bugger to get out.”

There were lots more practical questions but I decided to move on to the big one. “So why did you tell me all this now?”

For the first time Carol was on the back foot and she fussed around tidying dishes before eventually telling me. “I’ve had a request from a customer who wants a second girl in the film and his description fitted you perfectly.”

“Surely you have other girls who would do it. I saw at least two others on your website?”

“The thing is he was very specific and you fitted the bill. He wanted a woman with a good figure and long legs, a good size bust and long wavy blonde hair and you fit the bill.”

It was interesting to hear yourself described by someone else and all I could say was, “Well I was thinking of having my hair cut.”

Carol laughed. “You better read his email as you fit his description perfectly.” and she handed me a printout of his mail.

I read it through in a slight blur before handing it back. “Wow. he is pretty specific.”

“Now you see why I thought of you.”

I wasn’t quite sure if that was a compliment or not but took it as one. “The thing is I have never done anything like that and I’m not really sure I would like to have all those things smeared over my body let alone appear naked for everyone to see.”

“Well the video will be solely for the use of the customer and myself and there is a clause in the contract forbidding him distributing the video without my sole permission. As for the getting messy well I can’t answer that but I love it and he does want someone who has never done it before.”

“I’ll have to give it a lot of thought. How long have I got?”

“A couple of weeks at least and don’t forget the money. It’s worth about one hundred and fifty pounds.”

“Any chance I could see a few more videos?”

“Oh, of course. I’ll email you a login so you can view everything and just ask any questions you like. I’ll also send you Alan’s email so you can read it again and ask him any questions directly.”

“Will he be all right with me contacting him direct?”

“If he thinks you’re going to join me I’m sure he’ll love to chat.”

With that I headed home with a thousand thoughts flying round in my head.

When I got home the email had already arrived and I promised myself I would have a look that afternoon but curiosity got the better of me and I decided to have a quick look about an hour later.

There was a search facility but I decided to watch from the beginning as the videos were in date order by default.

I very quickly realised the first few were filmed in Carol's house and were quite tame and were just of Carol getting covered in all sorts of different things. There were six of these and I could see they were priced quite low so Carol obviously didn't rate them too much either.

Then the location changed and I assumed it to be the new house she was using. It also saw the introduction of the first girl and the sequence was a tit-for-tat pie fight with both girls starting out in smart dresses and ending up dripping with custard and a lot around them on the walls.

The next few followed a similar format although a couple were just them wearing undies and one was them in swimsuits.

Although I intended to watch only a few I was hooked as I moved on to the first film involving a man. He started in a nice grey suit, white shirt and tie and Carol was in black pvc. He was seated in a kitchen chair and Carol then poured all sorts of things over his head. Some were obvious as they were things like ketchup and soup. There was some eggs and quite a lot of coloured paint but some were less obvious as they were poured out of plastic containers.

Once he was covered I was surprised to see Carol produce a pair of scissors and start to cut his jacket off. I knew this was something that had been asked for in Alan's email but it still took me by surprise. But then I guessed the clothes were ruined anyway.

Once the jacket was off Carol made sure any white bits of shirt were covered before she cut off his tie and cut and ripped the shirt. There was actually something quite satisfying to hear the material rip.

Then Carol poured on more food including treacle to cover his still clean torso and then it was time for the scissors again. She knelt down and cut the laces of the shoes and cut off his socks before cutting slits in his trouser legs and ripping them to his waist. Again the scissors completed the trouser removal and his almost clean white boxers and legs were subjected to a coating of food.

Carol then started to pour food and paint into the boxers and rubbed it well in creating a very obvious bulge in the cotton. Finally she cut the waistband and ripped the shorts off revealing a very well endowed man who had obviously enjoyed the session.

The film stopped there and I made a note to ask Carol about what she'd done as she had told her that no sex was involved.

I really did stop there and had some lunch and promised myself to get some housework done but that didn't happen as I was back on the computer again.

Most of the films were of a similar nature. Some had two or three girls, some were Carol and a man and some were just Carol. Most were clothed at least to start with but some were completely naked the whole way through. There was also quite a lot of cross dressed men with some looking really good at least to start with.

I managed to hold off speaking to Carol until the next day but when she turned up for coffee I couldn't wait to ask my questions.

"I've watched most of those films and I have some questions."

"I thought you might. Go on."

"You said there was no sex involved but I saw you rubbing food into some men's underwear and quite a few came away with erections."

"I'm quite happy doing that and I haven't a problem if they want to rub food into my boobs and pussy but that's as far as it goes. I take it as a compliment if they get an erection and I tell them they are welcome to finish things off in the shower but I won't get involved. One guy brings his girlfriend with him. She doesn't get messy but they have sex as soon as he is clean. Takes all sorts I suppose."

"You mean she watches you get him hard and is okay with it?"

"Seems to be."

"Was that one of the ones I've watched?"

"No. It was a private session. Like the one Alan has asked you to do. The ones on the website are ones people are happy to sell."

"That answers my second question. Has anything happened that you weren't happy with? I mean you aren't really sure who your customer is going to be."

"I normally have a girl or guy filming and I check out the potential customer quite well beforehand but most of mine is repeat business anyway. Before the session we go through everything to make sure we are all happy and then in the session we have a code word which stops everything."

"Have you ever had to do that?"

“Not in a bad way but sometimes it’s something silly like getting something in your eye and you need a towel.”

“Oh I see.”

“Any other questions?”

“Not at the moment but would it be possible to come along and see a session?”

“Yes, sure but I’ll need to ask the customer if it’s okay. Not everyone is happy with an onlooker even if it’s a gorgeous woman.”

I felt myself redden at the compliment. “I thought you said you normally have someone there anyway?”

“Not always. One or two of my customers want to be completely private so not even a camera.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll give you a ring later if I find a booking that’s suitable.”

And that’s how we left it. In fact Carol rang later that day to say there was a session booked for two days time if I was interested and of course I said yes. Carol told me to be round at her house by ten in the morning and to wear some old clothes.

So Saturday morning I arrived promptly at ten in jeans, t-shirt, jean jacket and trainers to find Carol similarly dressed.

After a quick greeting we were off in her car and I asked, “So what’s going to happen today?”

“Well, there is one guy and we are both going to get messy and him naked. There will be one other girl, Kimberley, who is going to help with the filming and the setting up not to mention the cleaning.”

“Okay. Well I could help with that if you want?”

“That would be great. The more the merrier.”

“No problem.”

“Now a couple of things to remember, firstly I am Treacle Tart so always use that name as I like to keep my real identity secret. The second thing is this will be a session that will go on the website so make sure you keep out of shot as much as possible. There will be three cameras running so you’ll probably get caught on one but I’ll try to edit you out if I can. Oh, and obviously don’t talk while we’re filming!”

I was pretty sure I could manage that and sat in silence for the rest of the short drive.

When we arrived I was surprised to see a small detached house in a leafy suburb. Not what I’d expected. We pulled into the drive behind a Mini that was already there and as we got out a tall girl got out of the Mini and I guessed that was Kimberley.

We were introduced and the three of us went into the house. Again, I was not sure what to expect but was surprised to find a normal living room, dining room and kitchen downstairs along with a toilet. Upstairs was a different matter. Both large bedrooms were completely empty and were cream painted walls with a vinyl floor. Each had lights hung up at various points and both had an en-suite shower. The third bedroom had a single bed and also a stack of plastic chairs, a large inflatable pool, a large wardrobe and all sorts of other gear. Finally there was a large wet room with a lovely free-standing bath.

“What do you think?”

“Fantastic. far bigger than I expected.”

“You’ll be surprised how small it seems when we get going. Right let’s get going. Greg is due at twelve.”

I followed her downstairs to find Kimberley already emptying her car of trays of food and I helped Carol unload her boot which had some food and lots of bottles of coloured poster paint.

Everything went into the kitchen where I joined in opening all the tins and bottles and filling plastic tubs with the food.

Carol explained, “We keep glass and sharp tins out of the play areas as we do not want an accident.”

That made sense and I was sweating by the time we’d finished and had already discarded my jacket.

“Would you be a dear and make three coffees while Kimberley sets up the cameras and I go and change.”

“No problem.”

I soon found the coffee and set about making three cups and wondering what was going to happen and, more importantly, how I would react.

Kimberley was the first to appear and I handed her the coffee. “Do you always do the camera work?”

“Most of the time but sometimes I get involved. So are you going to get involved?”

“Ca .... Treacle asked me to take part and I’m just seeing what goes on. So do you enjoy getting messy?”

“It’s great fun most of the time although you do end up smelling of food a lot of the time. Some of the sauces can sting a bit in certain places and flour is a nightmare to get out of your hair.”

“I can imagine.”

At that moment Carol reappeared dressed in a black pvc corset, black pvc mini skirt and black pvc thigh boots.

“Is that what he wants you to wear?”

“He didn’t specify but most men seem to like the outfit and its a doddle to clean. A quick shower and wipe with a cloth and its done.”

She looked at her watch and said, “Greg will be here soon.” and at that moment the bell rang and Carol went to answer it. We followed her through to the living room as Greg came in carrying a large holdall.

Carol introduced us, “Greg, you know Kimberley and this is Cindy who I told you about.”

For a moment I was confused then realised Carol wasn’t using my real name for safety. I quite liked being a Cindy!

Greg nodded towards me then asked, “So are you joining in as well?”

“I told you she is only here to watch.” interrupted Carol.

“Shame!” was Greg’s only reply.

Carol continued, “Now off you go and change while Cindy makes you a coffee.” and Greg headed off to the bathroom with his holdall.

Realising I was in charge of drinks I went to the kitchen to make another coffee which I took through to the living room where the two girls were sitting with their cups.

I sat down with them and put Greg’s cup on the table. “So what’s going to happen?”

“Well, Kimberley has set up two cameras on tripods and she’ll use a third one to capture close ups and whatever else happens. We’re going to use a pool as it’s much easier to clean up. Basically we’re going to pour food over each other then wrestle a bit before he strips to his boxers.”

At that moment Greg reappeared wearing a white t-shirt, white skin tight jeans, white trainers and a white jacket.

Carol turned to me and said, “Can you two take the food upstairs while I chat to Greg please?”

We did as instructed and went to the kitchen where we piled containers on trays and took them upstairs where Kimberley had set up the cameras and the pool. With the lights on it was already quite warm and the action hadn’t started. Two more trips saw the last of the food in place and Kimberley stayed in the room while I went down to let Carol know we were ready.

All three of us went upstairs and I positioned myself behind one of the fixed cameras as Greg and Carol got into the pool. Once Kimberley confirmed everything was running they started. It was very different from watching on a computer as the sounds were magnified and the smell was everywhere.

Some food went over the heads and others went inside the clothes until they were both completely covered. Then Greg stripped off everything apart from his white boxers and they play wrestled in the slop of the pool. It was fairly obvious from the bulge that he was enjoying the session but seemed quite content with rolling around and being smeared by Carol.

Eventually he stopped and Kimberley stopped the cameras. With a peck on Carol’s messy cheek he headed for the shower in the en-suite while Carol went for the one in the other bedroom.

“Come on. Time to clear up.” said Kimberley as she lifted the two tripods to the side of the room. She started picking up the empty containers and piling them on the trays so I joined her. Some were still in the pool but most were scattered around the floor.

Once they were out of the way I asked what we were going to do with the contents of the pool.

“This time we’ll just flush it down the loo once Greg is out but sometimes we have male help and their treat is to play in the pool before we empty it.”

At that moment Greg appeared from the en-suite stark naked and still with an erection.

“Thanks a lot.” he said as he went downstairs to dress.

Carol reappeared wearing just a dressing gown and Kimberley said, “Greg’s gone downstairs already.” and Carol followed.

Kimberley produced a couple of plastic dustpans which we used to empty the pool into the toilet and then she told me that the pool would be hosed clean in the garden.

There was quite a bit of food across the floor and this required going on our hands and knees to scoop the food into the dustpans followed by a bucket of water and some cloths.

Eventually we declared the room clean and went downstairs dragging the pool into the garden where Kimberley hosed it down and I went back in to see Carol. Greg had gone and Carol was back in jeans and t-shirt looking a lot cleaner than the two of us.

"Now you see why I told you to wear old clothes."

"I do." I said feeling distinctly grubby.

"So, what did you think?"

"It was fun."

"So do you think you'd be up for taking part?"

I had thought about this for some time and so I was quick to reply, "Yes. I'm up for it."

"Fantastic. I'll let Alan know. Did you want to try some mess out first?"

"No I don't think so. After all Alan's email said he wanted someone who'd never done it before."

"Well if you're sure then I'll get a date sorted out. Can you go shopping for the clothes you'll need. I'll let you know how much you can spend."

"Sure."

"Right. Let's get you home." and I got a lift home where I got out of my food covered clothes and took a shower. Whilst I was showering I wondered if I'd done the right thing but everything seemed okay and after all, what was a bit of dirt.

Carol rang half an hour later to say she'd provisionally booked the session for a weeks time. When she told me how much I'd got to spend on clothes I was staggered.

"Two hundred pounds!"

"Yes. And make sure you get receipts. Not because he is checking up on you but he loves to see expensive clothes destroyed."

"Okay, well I better get shopping. Any preferences?"

"It's not up to me. Alan was pretty specific in his email so see what you can do."

The next day I went off to town and at first I was lost as to what to look for but got lucky when I saw a shoe shop having a sale. In the window were a pair of red heels that looked perfect. Going inside I found they were the last pair and they were my size. The heel was the ultimate stiletto point and at 5 inches high more than most would wear including myself. The best thing was that they fitted the brief perfectly as they were just a succession of thin straps from toe to above the ankle. Some were false but most were real buckles. Totally impractical but just what Alan had asked for. even better they were reduced from just under two hundred pounds to fifty.

I tried them on and could hardly walk but they were mine.

Wanting things to match my only concern now was whether I could find a matching red dress.

I spent the rest of the day looking and was getting more concerned there really wasn't what I wanted. It was as I passed a wedding dress shop I saw a sign saying they had a sale of prom gowns so I went in on the off chance. There weren't that many on the rail but lo and behold there it was. A red cocktail dress. A tight fitted bodice with a very full below the knee skirt and the whole thing was covered in lace. I tried it on and it was perfect. It was reduced from three hundred and fifty to eighty-five pounds. I now had the dress and I returned home happy.

The underwear was not going to be a problem as I had a place in mind so the next morning I set off in the opposite direction and after a n hour arrived at my special shop. It only sells underwear and nightwear and I love it.

I knew the sort of thing I wanted and ended up with a matching set of undies. Mainly black but with white lace edging and stitching. A good uplift bra, a suspender belt and a thong. All together they cost seventy-five pounds but I decided to pay the difference as they were just what I wanted. Of course then I remembered I would need stockings and that was another twenty-five for seamed lace topped ones.

I stayed in the town for lunch and whilst window shopping saw a nice black patent shoulder bag that was in a charity shop but had never been used. That would be perfect especially for a fiver as it was worth ten times that.

I couldn't wait to ring Carol and tell her I had everything and she was delighted. She kept asking if I was okay with everything and I kept reassuring her but secretly was already getting nervous.

Carol ran through the timings for the day and asked me to be there by ten in the morning and to bring all my clothes but not to wear them. She wanted to surprise Alan once they started.

"I noticed in his email he suggested we might want to destroy his male clothes at some point as well. Is that going to happen?"

"Oh I think so don't you? He loves clothes being destroyed after all but I think we'll keep him waiting until nearer the end. Why?"

"Is it something that would involve all of us?"

"No. I think he just wants us to attack him. Why did you want to get involved?"

"Maybe."

"Well let's see what happens."

"Will Kimberley be there?"

"Yes she will be filming and will have her friend Natalie to help as well."

"Going to be busy then."

"Yes, but you'll be pleased to know you won't have to get things ready or clear up this time. I have a couple of guys who will be doing all that. They won't be there for the shoot though."

"What about the boiler suit and flat shoes I'll need?"

"What size shoes do you take?"

"Six."

"That's fine. I've got everything you'll need."

"See you tomorrow for coffee then?"

"Probably have to give coffee a miss until the day as I have a lot to do. When you come to the house can you park a bit away to allow Alan to park in front."

"Sure. See you at ten on Saturday then." and I hung up.

Now it was confirmed I started to flip between moments of doubt and moments of excitement. All week I kept thinking of things and so by the time I was ready to go I had two bags of clothes and a dress bag with the red dress inside.

I arrived a bit before ten to find the door open. Inside everything seemed calm and Carol welcomed me with a kiss and said, "If you put your stuff in the third bedroom for the moment. The front bedroom is set for filming and Ian can change in the bathroom and then I'll do his make-up in the dining room. While I'm doing that you can change but stay in the bedroom until I come to get you. It will be while we're filming so make sure you stay in character."

I nodded but said nothing.

"Do you want to rehearse anything?"

"No I think I know what's going on."

"Right. Now the safe word is 'Christmas'. If anyone says that then stop what you're doing and that goes for you as well. If you're not happy at any point then just say the word."

"Won't that ruin the film?"

"Doesn't matter. Your concerns come before the film but we can normally edit out any stops anyway."

"What time is Alan arriving?"

"About eleven. Why?"

"You know you don't want to reveal my outfit until we are on film, well I have a plan to trick him."

"Okay. I'm intrigued."

"I'll go and put my stuff in the bedroom and I'll show you."

I went upstairs and had a quick look in the front room where Kimberley and Natalie were positioning lights. "Hi girls."

They both turned and Kimberley said, "Hi. This is Natalie. Natalie, this is Cindy who is taking part today."

We waved and I continued to the bedroom where I quickly dumped my stuff and hung the dress bag up. Stripping off my clothes I put on my other outfit which comprised of a knee length pale blue skater dress with matching blue lacy undies. Bra, suspender belt and thong along with black seamed stockings and blue court shoes.

When I went back downstairs Carol did a double take.

"I thought I would greet him dressed like like this and he would think this is the outfit."

"Great idea. What's under the dress?"

I lifted the hem up and Carol smiled. "You need to let him see the stockings as it will convince him you're wearing the outfit for the shoot. I wonder if he will make any comment about it not fitting his brief?"

"Let's see. By the way what are you wearing for the session?"

Carol smiled again and said, "I'll let you see later but to start with just these."

She had on a pair of jeans and a white blouse with ankle boots.

"So, let's go through the day. When Alan arrives we won't be filming so we can have a coffee and you can try to let him see more of your clothing. Then he can go off and change while I change as well. Once he is ready we will film the bits outdoors he's asked for and then the sequence in the lounge as well as me phoning you to come over and see what I've got. Then we'll start filming in the bedroom and during that I will come and get you as if you've just arrived at the house. I'll take the lead in the room as he wants me to be in charge anyway so just follow what I do. When you agree to get involved that is when you ask to go and change. We'll stop filming once you leave

while you put on the protective clothes. Then it's back into the bedroom and I will instruct you what to do all the way through. Once I declare the session finished you go off and we'll stop filming while you get ready in your red dress. Then back into the bedroom and we'll do your bit. Again just follow what I say. Once it's all finished we can decide what we want to do next."

By this time we were upstairs in the bedroom. I noticed there was no pool this time. Just a big wooden frame like a cross. Then there were two long tables covered with cloth.

"Is that what we're going to use?"

"Yes. One table for Alan and an identical one for you."

Suddenly it was all very real. I went to look but Carol halted me. "Don't spoil the surprise!"

At that moment the front door bell rang and we both went downstairs to greet Alan. He looked good in a very smart suit, shirt, tie and gleaming black shoes.

"Come in. Good to see you." then standing back she introduced me, "and this is Cindy who will be joining us later."

I could see his eyes looking my up and down but the smile was genuine. "Nice to meet you." Then to Carol, "I'll just get my stuff out of the car."

He went out to the car and returned with numerous bags, some of which he dropped in the lounge and the rest he took through to the bathroom. Meanwhile Natalie appeared with coffee for us all.

Carol sat first then Alan and I made a show of straightening my skirt as I sat but what I was trying to do was pull it up unsuccessfully.

Eventually I stood and said, "Excuse me I think my suspender just popped." and pulled my skirt right up exposing my thong back before dropping my skirt and adding, "No it's fine."

I looked at Alan and I think my ruse had worked as he looked as if he was about to say something but politeness held him back. Perfect.

Once coffee was finished Alan went off to change and I settled down to a long wait while Alan got ready and they filmed him arriving and then being drugged before being tied to the cross.

I waited downstairs until Carol appeared. She was now dressed in a tight white blouse unbuttoned enough to show the top of her black bra. She also had on a very tight black short leather skirt and black over the knee heeled boots.

"Come in. let me present my cissy slave." she said as she ushered me into the bedroom.



It was all I could do to take in everything. One table was uncovered and groaning in containers. Alan was now dressed and his wrists tied to the cross. He looked completely different partly because of the clothes but also the long black wig which looked real from this distance. also the expertly applied make-up and the long red false nails. Kimberley and Natalie were behind the cameras but I noticed they were now wearing little shorts and cropped t-shirts.

Carol continued, "This is Davina. I found her outside. She is a cissy cross dresser and we are going to punish her."

Following the script I asked, "So what do you mean, a cross dresser?"

Carol crossed over to Alan and lifted his coat and dress to show his white lace undies and his obvious prick inside.

"See. It's a man dressed as a woman."

"Oh I see. So what are you going to do to punish him or should it be her?"

"I'm going to get you to punish this slut. We're going to turn her into a nasty messy naked slut."

"Okay. Well if there is any mess about I

better put on some protective clothes." and as I said it I headed off to the bedroom with

Kimberley following on with her camera.

Once in the bedroom I stripped off everything and strangely didn't feel at all embarrassed being filmed. Once everything was off I put on the boiler suit Carol had left out for me along with some little rubber boots, a plastic hair net and some black rubber gloves. I felt more like I was going to inseminate a cow rather than play to a male fetish.

Returning to the room I asked, "So what should we do first Miss Tart." remembering her alter ego. "Have a look in the first bag."

I was not aware of what I was going to find but apparently Alan, or Davina, had posted a video showing everything she was wearing and carrying. Opening the first bag I found three little dresses and took them out. They were obviously still new as they had their tags inside.

"Thos look far too small for that slut. Hold one up against her."

I did as I was told and it was pretty obvious it would never have fitted.

"Get the scissors and put a slit in the side. That might make it fit better."

Doing as I was told I took the nearby scissors and cut right up the side of the first dress. At first it felt strange destroying a dress no one had ever worn. However, as I did the same to the second I started to enjoy myself and get a bit more into character. Unlike the first two tight dresses the third had a great big chiffon skirt and I decided to rip this. The sound of the material ripping was lovely and I spent some time ripping the skirt into little strips before eventually cutting through the bodice.

The next bag produced a blue taffeta prom dress and a cry from Davina pleading with me not to harm it. I knew from Carol that this was all part of the show and to ignore or even taunt her only stopping if the safe word was used.

Mind you even I was surprised as there was a dress agency ticket inside with a price tag of over two hundred pounds.

To my surprise Carol said, "That's nice. Hang it up on this hanger." and passed me a plastic hanger.

I did as I was told, hanging it from the two loops inside the dress and putting the hanger on the end of the cross.

The next dress out was a satin floor length skirt and bustier and that was also two hundred pounds. Again Carol got me to hang it up on the other end of the cross.

The next bag produced a shoe box and inside were a pair of black high heeled shoes.

"Give me those." Carol said and I passed them over. "Go and get some paint as these are going to be recoloured."

I went to the table and found a tub of red paint and a brush. As I returned to Carol she took the shoes and jabbed the heels through the lace overlay on the blue dress creating two big holes.

"Now you can paint them without getting messy."

Taking her cue I painted the shoes and got a lot of paint over the now ruined dress.

Once finished with the paint and the shoes, still with paper stuffed in the toes, were now red I opened the next bag. First out was a cream and black set of undies with a bra, suspenders and knickers.

"They're nice. We'll keep those but to make it fair we'll share them so if you could cut them up the middle please Cindy."

Very carefully I laid them flat on the floor and cut right up the middle of all three items and handed half to Carol who pretended to put them away as if they were any use.

Out of the same bag came a red and black set of basque and thong and I took great delight in trimming the suspender straps off as well as the shoulder straps and then cutting the rest into pieces.

Carol then took the handbag and tipped it out on the floor. I couldn't believe all this was to be trashed. The first thing that caught my eye was a mobile phone. Picking it up Carol turned it on and started to take photos of Davina.

"I think I'll put these up on Facebook." and ignoring Davina's pleas she did just that before dropping the phone on the floor and smashing the screen with her heel.

I found a working e-reader which I too destroyed with my heels along with some spare glasses and a watch. There were spare undies that we cut up between us and a little purse.

Finally we opened the make-up bag and found all sorts of things to play with.

Carol started by giving me a lipstick and she took one and we played noughts and crosses on her satin outfit hanging at her side.

Now for the first time we turned to Davina herself. I watched in total surprise as Carol emptied the first bottle of nail polish over her head and I watched as it ran down her long black hair and dripped onto her cheek and down her coat.

Even worse was to come as she very clumsily painted Davina's nails covering the immaculate red nails in deep purple and getting a lot of it all over Davina's hands. I briefly gave thought to how she would get the varnish off but realised she wanted the mess.

Taking a deep red lipstick she ruined the existing lip gloss by drawing right round it the forcing open her lips and painting her teeth red.

Then Carol stood back and said, "Right. Your turn. Let's see how messy you can get this slut."

Now it was all up to me and I didn't really know where to start so I went to the table and surveyed the options for the very first time. I saw there were all types of food, both sweet and savoury as well as coloured poster paints, mud, cooking oil and tins of household paint.

I decided to start slowly and picked up a tray of eggs before returning to Davina who had a great big smile on her face under the lipstick and varnish.

I filled the satin lined pockets of the coat with as many eggs as I could then took the scissors and hit the outside of the pockets breaking the eggs one by one. The ones I couldn't get in I smashed on her head watching the mess run down through her hair.

I then used a bowl of ketchup and a bowl of brown sauce to coat the rest of her hair in muck and watched as it left dirty streaks down her coat. I picked up a tin of blue gloss paint and a brush and started to paint things on her coat ruining it forever. Once it was fairly well covered I poured some white poster paint over her head and it left white streaks across the now blue coat.

Carol then said, "I think it's time that coat came off. Start cutting it away."

I took the scissors and started to cut through the end of the sleeve which had escaped most of the mess. The coat was well made and it took quite a time to reach the shoulder where the paint had damaged the material beyond repair. Once the sleeve hung down I did the same with the other side. Then I bent down and cut through the hem and slowly up the front and joined up with the shoulder. The same on the other side and the strips down the front were all that kept the coat in place. Cutting through these and the rags slipped down Davina's back to the floor.

Underneath was a lovely copper and black flared dress that had very little mess so far.

I went to the table and returned with some white paint and a brush. Very soon the dress was trashed and I took the scissors and cut it up the front. Underneath was a gorgeous set of white undies and stockings. I couldn't resist getting a big pot of goose grease and emptying it into Davina's knickers where it stayed. I followed that with some treacle inside the bra cups. Looking down I saw those lovely heels were still relatively clean so I smeared them both with margarine and then started to spread raspberry jam over all the bits that were white.

Next came two large containers of tomato soup thrown over her and then two bags of flour which turned her white. That didn't last long as I used a whole pot of red emulsion over her head to change her colour before another two bags of flour.

Next came a bucket of very black mud, or at least that's what I think it was. More tins of food including baked beans and spaghetti went over the top making it very colourful. Between each covering I emptied another bag of flour so the coating grew thicker. Carol also reminded me about her mouth and I took the opportunity to fill it with a mixture of black paint and flour.

Finally I cut off her underwear and shoes leaving little white patches of skin which slowly covered over as all the mess flowed down. The final touch was to cut most of the long hair which was caked thick with flour and muck.

"Well done Cindy. A triumph of trash."

"Thank you mistress Treacle." I replied performing a little curtsy.

"Now you can go off and get changed whilst this slut cleans up my house."

I went off with Kimberley following and stripped off all my messy clothes before washing any bits of muck off me. Satisfied I was clean I then went into the bedroom and got dressed. I did the whole thing slowly so Kimberley could make sure she got good shots of all the lovely clothes. It was only as I was dressing that it all started to become real. All that mess would be coming my way in the very near future.

When I returned to the bedroom Alan, now completely naked, had cleared a large section of floor around the cross and wiped it down so it looked as good as new.

Following the script I said, "I can't imagine what that must have felt like."

Alan turned and even under the muck I could see his smile as he realised I had followed his request after all. He stood and looked at Carol who said, "Why don't you give it a go?"

"No way. I'm not getting these clothes messy. They're all brand new."

As if coming up with the idea for the first time Carol then said, "Well, let me tie you to the cross and you could pretend."

I tried to act as if I was giving it some thought and then said, "Okay but make sure nothing gets on this dress."

Alan took his cue and moved away from the cross and I stepped carefully around any mess until I was in front of the cross. Carol took one arm and tied it to the wood before repeating it with the other arm. I must admit I felt very exposed standing there with my arms pinned. Again, as if just thinking about it Carol said, "Alan, why don't you get something and pretend to pour it over Cindy."

"No, don't you dare." I shouted.

"It's only pretend, isn't it Alan?" Carol prompted.

He nodded and went over to the table. I watched as he picked up a large jug of custard and walked over to me. He held it right in front of my face and I was trembling. Slowly he tipped it towards me while I pleaded not to ruin my clothes but eventually a drop fell on my breasts. I screamed, partly because it was part of the acting but also because it was cold and came as a shock. I suppose I had only ever had custard on puddings and it was always warm.

Carol then said, "I think you should give some pay back for the mess she made of you."

Alan then continued to pour the custard into my cleavage helped by the bra holding my breasts apart. The dress was too tight to let any through so soon the gaps was full.

Alan then got two tins of treacle from the table and poured one over each shoulder where it slowly ran down the front and back as well as down the sleeves.

Taking my bag from my shoulder he opened it up and I started to regret filling it with things. I had put in a pair of my own white silk undies which he took out and hung on my fingers. Then he started taking out the make-up. He examined each thing before selecting the scarlet red lipstick which he used to colour my face. Worse was to come as he shook the mascara over my dress then emptied two pots of nail varnish down my cleavage. Finally he slowly cut the bag into little pieces before doing the same to my undies.

Returning to the table he produced two pots of melted margarine which he used to plaster my hair to my head before he massaged in a bag of flour which made my head feel very heavy.

Now he went to town on my dress using pots of paint which gradually turned the dress from bright red to dirty brown. Seeming satisfied with the mess he then took the scissors and snipped through the hem of my dress in different places before slowly ripping the skirt to the waist until it hung in strips. My thoughts were mixed as he was destroying a beautiful dress but the sound of the ripping was strangely arousing.

He then cut slowly up the front of the bodice and the dress fell to the floor. I glanced down to see my bra was fairly well covered but the rest of my undies were still clean with my shoes just lightly splattered.

He then produced a tin of household white paint and carefully painted my shoes and my stockings up to my knees. I just hoped it was washable! Then he filled my knickers with goose fat which felt awful as he squashed it round my pussy and bum. Melted ice cream went over my head and then melted margarine over my entire body followed by bags of flour turning it into a sticky mess.

It was then Carol surprised both of us by walking over and standing right in front of me. She looked at Alan and said, "You mustn't do that to my friend Cindy."

Alan took his cue and painted her boots and her skirt with the white paint while she stood still. I didn't realise she planned to get messy as well.

He then poured a big jug of tomato soup over her chest where it flowed down the inside and outside of her blouse staining it red. Her long hair then received two pots of melted margarine and a bag of flour before he piled her hair up on her head where it stayed.

More melted margarine went down the inside of those gorgeous boots until they full. I couldn't believe she was okay with that but she didn't flinch as he cut the boots and the skirt off before ripping her blouse to shreds.

Turning his attention back to me my stockings were shredded before he cut the suspender straps and then the belt itself. The bra straps were next followed by a cut between the cups to finish the removal. Finally he ripped the knickers and I was left with a few almost clean bits of skin.

Alan finished by tipping the rest of the house paint over us, half each.

Then it was time for me to be released and we headed off to the shower. This was a mutual session as it took quite a lot of washing up liquid to get the mess off our bodies before we could even think about soap. However, after an hour of scrubbing and lots of conditioner we were near enough clean and I changed back into my blue outfit. Returning to the living room I found Carol wearing a similar looking outfit in black.

Alan appeared a few minutes later looking very smart in his suit and tie. I wondered how Carol was going to start things going. What I still hadn't got used to was how some men liked to be dominated and so was surprised by Carol barking an order. "Sit down on the chair."

Alan obeyed and sat on the dining chair. Immediately Carol produced some cord and tied his arms to the side of the chair.

Looking at me she continued, "I think he is wearing far too many clothes, don't you Cindy?" "Oh yes, Treacle, should we help him off with his jacket?"

"How are we going to get it off with his arms tied down?" and then, as if thinking of it for the first time she produced a pair of scissors which she handed to me. "These might help."

I took the scissors and saw the great big grin on Alan's face. I started by cutting round the buttons fastening the jacket and then cut the front off in strips before cutting up the sleeves until the rag hung on the back of the chair.

Handing the scissors to Carol I said, "Would you like to help Treacle?"

She took the scissors and started to cut small pieces off the tie before cutting it off completely. Grasping the shirt pocket she pulled it down but the shirt was well made and put up quite an effort before the material finally came away. Grasping the neck she ripped it open scattering the buttons before ripping it up the side seams leaving it hanging in shreds.

My turn and I bent down and attacked the shoes. They were obviously new like everything else and there was not really much I could do apart from cut through the leather either side of the laces before pulling the shoes off. A quick cut also removed his socks.

Carol then went down and snipped through the trouser hems before ripping the trousers to the waist. It took a cut through the waistband to finally get them off and now it was my turn again. It was fairly obvious how excited he was and I carefully cut the waistband of his boxers before ripping them down each side letting his cock spring free.

I thought we were finished but Carol cut off his watch before dropping it on the floor and smashing it with her heel.

Now it was my turn to surprise everyone as I said to Carol, "I'm ever so hot in all these clothes. Do you think you could do something to help?"

It certainly took them both by surprise but Carol recovered quickly and she said, "Oh I think we should let Alan help you with that."

"That's a good idea."

Carol then released Alan from the chair and she handed him the scissors. I then stood there as he cut pieces out of my dress before eventually removing it completely. The shoes were next before he stuck his nails into my stockings and shredded them. Working up he cut away my knickers, then my suspender belt and finally my bra.

We were now standing face to face totally naked and he looked straight at me before taking my hair in his hands. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Carol flinch but she didn't know what I'd planned and I stood absolutely still as he brought the scissors up to my hair. It was obvious he was waiting for me to stop him but I stood my ground and eventually he went through with it and a large chunk of my hair was in his hand.

Obviously happy I hadn't stopped him he slowly cut my hair right round taking off about six inches. Finally I took the scissors from him and turned away.

Recovering from her shock Carol said, "I think it's time for you to head home." and she removed her dress and handed it to Alan. "Something for you to wear."

Alan took the dress and slipped it over his head with his cock pushing out the skirt. He kissed us both on the cheek, collected his car keys and left looking quite a sight as he got into his car and drove away.

What an experience!