

True Crime Fake Supporting Character Series

Petrification of the stuff in the swamp

Theresa Kampmeier, February 2019, mail@theresakampmeier.de, creative commons

From stepping stone to stepping stone to stepping stone... what lay between is lost to memory in hindsight.

'Good girl', the man said to a woman, after his dripping cock popped from between her lips with a smack. The sub blushed and her eyes sparked up. She was all naked. She cowered on her knees before him. She traced her tongue over her lower lip into the left corner of her mouth, and closed her eyes in relish for a moment. 'Look at me.' The woman, alert, straightened up, and tried to read in his still and graceful face what would come next. Her bottom was burning. Where the cool floor touched her skin, she felt its comfort creep onto the marks of the flogger he had brought down on her earlier. An hour... maybe less. She had become his willing slave easily today. She knew he had also had the whip with him that always stung her like a blade – if she had been bratty at all... But today she felt absolutely perfectly satisfied to be his. He had worked her up to this point over weeks. Now she could forget herself completely. It brought blissful focus to be there for him only. He was reading all this in her face, she was certain. He knew her, he could see her, all of her. He seemed satisfied with her compliance today. Her eyes were outright radiant at the thought. Sinking his stare into her, he could feel her shiver in exultation as he said, 'I think you are ready.'

It was a typical multi-storey building from the beginning of the 20th century. Framed by others like it, this one had been painted a dark grey with tinges of blue and violet. Between the slim windows of the fourth floor the ornaments creeping up the facade from below turned into small ledges. At some point, gigantic humanoid sculptures had crowded each of these shelves, pressing against the wall and distorted by the pure emotions that identified them, gesturing at each other, opening their mouths to call on those walking below. Only Ecstasy was left, a glorious young man with round edges and an oblivious smile on his face. Who didn't care about the ongoings of the pavement in the least. Who was gazing up at the roof. On the shelf two windows down from E, the sub was pressed against the wall, still naked like the sculpture. She was sitting with her legs crossed and eyes closed. Her face was expressionless and beautiful. The toes sticking out from under her folded legs had a hue of light blue about them. She had been sitting on the ledge outside her Dom's dungeon for a couple of hours already. Her nipples were hard raised ice picks. Her torso occasionally swayed forward when she lost grip on her posture, but she had been told to stay very still, and so she did. It frightened her to think that she could fail just because she would fall asleep, and that kept her alert. She was resting in the fulfilling meditation of doing what she knew would please her Master. Would please him so. She was the one he had chosen to do this, she. He trusted nobody else with this like he trusted her. He had worked so hard to perfect her. And a delicious sense of vertigo was growing ever inside of her.

By nightfall some passers-by had spotted her. A little cluster of stares formed on the other side of the street to keep watch. The police had tried to break into the fourth floor apartment behind her, but had failed. She never moved. Nobody guessed why she was there, nor how she had gotten where she was. Her skin glowed under the last diffusion of light from the sky. She had to be cold. Maybe it was just a prank played with a very realistic doll. But then something... the fire engine arrived and unleashed its telescopic ladder. It rose quickly with a tall rescue worker waiting in the ascending basket to catch the little one up on her ledge. Working as a firefighter, it was his third mission today. He was anxious to save her, but calm. The vehicle cranked up the speed of its swelling once he had set the right direction. He knew exactly how long it would take. He was also a bit unnerved, because he didn't understand what was going on, but he had gotten used to this feeling since most suicide cases were very irrational. As he got closer, she started to look more and more fragile. The ledge was large for her body. Also, the sculpture of a huge imbecile was grinning past her head close by. The woman looked strangely peaceful. The distance between the ledge and the next window was so large he couldn't imagine what she had done to get there. Even when he had nearly reached her, she didn't open her eyes. Now he could spot the slight tides of her chest, but he had already known she was alive when he had recognized the determination on her face. As his cage tugged at the plaster shelf and he was about to lean over to speak to her quietly, she threw her eyes at him. Of course – some drama, some self-condescension, some despair, there was something she needed, he thought, and she would claim it from him before adjusting her lunatic plans whatever they may be. Considering talking to people in extreme situations a kind of game of desires had helped him

tremendously to stay on point and wriggle from them what society commanded him to make them do (or not do). But the look from these eyes made him stop.

Staring, she told him with a meek voice: 'He knows your secret. The dogs under your house will start barking. You will suffer the worst fate a human can experience. You are the true victim.' Then she simply dropped herself sideways and tumbled head-first off the ledge, nothing betraying her face as she dissolved out of reach of his solid hands.

The swamp hides its flowers. They can only be broken with arms deep in the shit. Becoming stone, swampy goo reveals a ledge to hold on to when the time is right.