

The following is one of 3 short stories that were written by David Mann.  
All 3 of his short stories will  
make up a *BONUS CHAPTER* in my new book

## **SECRET CONFESIONS OF A FETISH MISTRESS**

which will be published in the next couple of days.

**Note:** *I have done only minor editing on this story.*

**By David Mann**

Christina was employed as the executioner at a maximum security prison outside L.A.

The prisoners who were detained there had been shrunken with a cocktail potion and were now only 150 - 200 mm in height. Three men were to be executed this morning. The first was a very violent man who terrorized people both outside and inside the prison. He was very powerful and muscular from working out in the gym. His body was heavily tattooed. The man knelt in the middle of the execution room floor.

Christina entered the room wearing a white blouse, black skirt, black stockings and silver high heeled mules. She walked over and stopped a few inches in front of the prisoner. She requested the paperwork from the medic and checked everything was in order.

As she read the notes, the prisoner looked at Christina's long red toe nails encased in her glossy black stockings, a gold chain hung from her ankle. He showed no emotion but knew that in a couple of minutes his life would be ended by her beautiful foot.

Christina passed the paperwork to the medic and said she would like to get the execution started. The Priest stepped forward and read the prisoner his last rites. He still showed no remorse.

With that the man rolled himself in to a tight ball. Christina stepped forward and placed the sole of her silver mule on to his muscular tattooed back. The medic nodded to Christina and she started the execution. Hands on her hips she steadied herself and then started to press down. She could feel the man starting to compress under her weight. 15 seconds later her sole reached

the floor with the prisoner crushed to death beneath it. Christina kept her foot pressed down on him whilst she signed the death certificate. By now blood was starting to seep out around her shoe. Christina removed her foot from the now unrecognizable man.

It had taken just over fifteen seconds for the most feared, deadly man in the prison to be crushed to a pulp under Christina's beautiful yet deadly foot!

After stepping off of the mans pulped remains, Christina removed her expensive shoes for cleaning. There was a commotion on the other side of the room and the next man waiting to be executed had collapsed at the shock of what he could see on the floor. Christina approached and the medic said, "I think he is dead."

Placing the front of her stockinged foot across the mans chest and stomach, Christina started to lift her ankle and magnificent arch in to the air. The tremendous pressure forced the mans inners out of his mouth.

"He's dead now," she said.

The final man was now shaking with fear and knew his end was near. He was brought to the execution spot and made to lie down.

As Christina lowered her foot on to him he moved and the front of her foot only covered his legs and waist. He was screaming in agony as his lower half was crushed, he sat up in pain and tried to bang his fists on the top of her foot. Christina pressed down harder and the man gave out a blood curdling scream before collapsing dead, face down on top of her foot.

Christina slid her foot out from under the mans face, he sat dead but upright and slightly slumped. She placed her foot on the back of his head and folded him in two. Christina then applied her full weight and pulped the man. Her work for the day was complete.

Christina was in work early the next morning. There were no planned executions today. Christina always changed nail varnish after an execution day and was now showing dark blue through her dark stockings, she was wearing a white dress and the expensive silver mules from the previous day had been replaced by a less costly black pair.

The prison Governor entered her office. Christina despised him as he was creepy and always leeching at her figure, legs and in particular her feet, She had contemplated on more than one occasion getting him to drink the shrinking potion!

"I believe you made quite a mess of the big man yesterday," he said.

"I wouldn't know." replied Christina "I didn't look down after I moved my foot off him."

"Well you did. I watched it on the linked camera system," he said, "and it was quite a turn on!" It was this kind of remark that made Christina dislike him, plus the way he talked down to other female staff.

Christina said she was going to see her friend across the complex. The friend was an elderly man in his eighties who had been an inmate for over 40 years. Sadly for Christina, her feet were due to end his life in two days time. She had to pass through the prison gardens to get to his room. Prisoners who had gained merits were allowed to look after the gardens and it gave them a little freedom.

One man though was abusing his position and was shouting racial comments towards a warden. Christina hated this and as she walked along behind him, the man was shouting that much that he never heard her approaching. Her shoe came down on top of him forcing his head and neck down in to his chest, his legs were pushed up in to his stomach and in one flowing move her foot crushed him down to the floor. Christina never broke stride or stopped. She just kept walking to the old man's room.

Once at the old man's room they chatted, she said that she would make his death as pain free as possible and certainly wouldn't pulp him.

The old man was pleased with this. He asked if he could see her feet closer and she removed her mules. He admired her beautiful feet and asked which one she would use to end his life? "You choose," Christina replied.

The old man took his time and said they were both gorgeous, but eventually said the right one, as he liked the gold chain on her ankle. He asked if Christina would raise her foot slightly off the floor and could he lie underneath to view the position in which he would die. Feeling sorry for him

Christina agreed. He lay on his back and Christina lowered her right foot on to him and trapped him with a light pressure. After a few seconds she could feel that the man was aroused and was rubbing it against the underside of her foot. Christina did her best to stop herself from laughing at the thought of what was going on under her foot. After about three minutes, she heard and felt the man orgasm on the underside of her foot. At the same time, Christina increased the pressure on his chest for about thirty seconds ending his life.

She carefully removed her foot to reveal the dead mans body, there was no visible damage to him and he had a smile on his face from ear to ear!

Christina placed her foot over him again, she thought about squashing him but knew she had agreed not to pulp him in order for him to have an open casket funeral. She was tempted as she loved the sensation of bursting a man open, especially when in stocking feet.

She kept her promise to the old man and moved her foot away from him. Putting her mules back on she left his room and spoke to a nearby medic who would arrange his funeral. Christina made her way back to her office passing the unrecognizable man who she had earlier pulverized in the garden area.

Back at the office the Prison Governor came to see her. Christina was in the process of crushing some old boxes and was pressing them down in to a waste bin when he entered her room. "Don't stop," he said, "I like watching you crush things."

She smiled and said, "Do you have a thing about my feet as you are always looking at them?"

He replied that he did and thought they were beautiful, sexy and deadly,

Christina liked lemonade and had been drinking from a can. She was about to drop the empty can in to the bin when the Governor said, "I bet you can't crush that?"

She said, "How much do you want to bet? If you can't then I'll take you out for dinner." Christina put the can upright on the floor and placed the sole of her black mule on top of it. She applied her full weight on one foot and the

can crushed down to about 2cm in height off the floor. She could see this had excited the Governor but he had lost his bet.

Just to show no bad feelings, Christina said, "Why not come to my place at 8:30 pm and I'll cook for you?"

The Governor couldn't believe his luck. Neither could Christina, she planned to execute him tonight. Now all she needed was to get some of the shrinking potion!

Christina spoke to the Governor later that day, she had a change of plan if he went home and dropped his car off she would call by his place and pick him up. She didn't want his car being seen outside her house was the real reason. Thinking his luck was in he said, "Fine."

Christina got to the Governor's at 7:30 pm. She walked from her car up his pathway. An apple tree in his garden had dropped apples which were now rotten on the path. She stepped on them with her black mules and enjoyed them squashing beneath her foot. Christina lost count of how many she reduced to pulp as she reached his door.

The Governor was ready and they walked to her car. "You're driving?" he said as they passed all the squashed apples. Christina nodded yes and smiled. He watched in anticipation as one lay in her path about twenty feet away, and without breaking stride, Christina pulped it.

Once in the car she could tell he was admiring her legs and feet as she pressed the pedals on the journey to her house. Once there, Christina told him to make himself at home whilst she changed out of her work clothes. Ten minutes later she re-entered the room wearing the shortest, tightest black skirt he had seen her in, with a tight white top and fresh black stockings she looked amazing. Her feet were encased in Black patent high heels.

Christina made them both drinks in her kitchen. His would contain the shrinking potion. In 20 minutes time the effects would kick in and the Governor would start to shrink, then the fun would begin!...

Christina and the Governor sat on her sofa and sipped their drinks. Christina swung her legs around and dropped her heeled shoes in his lap making him

groan. "They look lethal," he said. "Can I take them off?" he asked as they are starting to hurt me.

Christina said, "Yes." The Governor removed them and could now see her perfect long blue nails encased tightly in her black stockings. This was the closest he had seen her feet and they were truly stunning. As he rubbed them he asked Christina, "How many prisoners have you crushed with them?"

"Must be around the 100 mark," she replied.

The whole experience was exciting the Governor. Christina asked him, "Would you like to feel them on him properly."

He said, "Yes," nervously and she told him to lie on his back on the floor. Christina placed her right foot on his stomach then stood up so her left was across his chest, he let out a groan and she could tell he was struggling to breathe. Christina started to walk in position on the two areas causing discomfort to him. He was now going red in the face. She crossed her right foot over her left and placed it across his throat, lifting her left foot off his chest her full weight was now on his throat.

Christina could feel it starting to cave under her foot. The Governor grabbed her leg in attempt to move her off but he had no chance, she was too powerful for him. As his eyes rolled backwards and his legs thrashed about, Christina could feel his grip on her leg weakening. She held the position for a further 20 seconds then quickly got off.

She returned to her seat and watched as the Governor now lying on his side holding his throat gasped for air and coughed. It took two minutes for him to compose himself. Christina smiled and asked him did he still like her feet? He weakly said that they were beautiful but *man killers!*

Christina said, "They have a softer side, Why not lie in front of me and I'll show you." The Governor moved to near her feet and lay on his back, Christina gently rubbed his aching chest and stomach with her feet and they seemed to ease his pain.

The Governor said, "It was great, but I am feeling a bit dizzy and feel slightly sick."

Christina knew why. The clock had gone past 20 minutes and the shrinking potion was taking effect. From where she sat she could see his length was dropping from six feet to just under four. He realized what was happening and said to Christina, "You've made me drink the shrinking potion haven't you?"

Christina had a wicked smile on her face. He tried to move but even though Christina was sitting down, her feet were pinning him firmly to the floor. As he struggled to get away and his body continued to shrink to now just over three feet, Christina stood up on him. She felt his ribs and sternum break under her left foot and she knew her right one was rupturing his internal organs.

Christina got off him and he was in terrible pain. She placed her foot on his head and knew she could squash it if she chose, but she knew she would make a lot of mess which would take a lot of cleaning up. Instead she just pressed on his head a little until she heard a crack. The Governor was now writhing in agony.

Christina returned to her seat and continued to drink her wine. At the same time she put her black high heels on. She admired them and liked the way they showed her toe cleavage. She wondered why she didn't wear them more often.

The Governor continued to shrink and after a further five minutes, he was just 200 mm in length. Still in terrible agony and unable to stand up, he slowly crawled across Christina's floor until he reached her French door. He managed to crawl over the step and dropped on to the patio outside.

Christina was watching all of his futile efforts to escape from her seat and by now he was about twenty feet away from her. She followed him outside and soon caught him up. Placing the sole of her shoe on his back and applying pressure, she caused him to scream in agony. She released the pressure and allowed him to crawl further before repeating the torture three more times. Even though she detested him, she was now starting to feel sorry for him.

Christina walked about ten feet passed him, stopped and turned around so she was facing him. She lifted the sole of her right shoe off the floor and told him that if he crawled under she would end his suffering. The Governor couldn't take the agony anymore and slowly crawled his way to certain death.

Once underneath her sole, Christina told him to lie on his back. This he did. As she had promised, Christina brought her black patent high heeled shoe down on him and ended his life. Very rarely did Christina look at her victims after she had killed them, but as it was the Governor, she removed her foot and looked at him.

He was clearly dead and he had burst open down one side of his body. His head was horribly disfigured but still recognizable. Christina placed the sole of her shoe on him again and pressed down with such force that her heel and arch lifted out of her shoe. She felt him squash and she knew he was now just pulp!

Christina hosed his remains down the nearby grid and at the same time washed the soles of her shoes. She left her shoes at the back door and made her way upstairs and opened her wardrobe door.

She took out a business suit jacket and put it on over her tight white top and short skirt. Slipping back in to her black mules, she admired herself in the full length mirror. Her long nails and black stockings looked amazing in the shoes and she thought about a few of the men she had crushed to death with them.

Unfortunately, she might have crushed her last man, as she was no longer the executioner- she was now the PRISON GOVERNOR !

THE END.