THE OTHER LIFE

A Man's Sexual Slavery in a Parallel World

The Complete Two Parts

By
Caspar Michael Friedrich

SFPG

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PART ONE

PROLOGUE

He was lying in a strange bed when his eyes fluttered open, familiar and unfamiliar at one and the same time. A warm breeze rolled off the beach from the crashing sea and into the bedroom where the woman watching him. Still, silent, and calculatingly.

Her hair was as red as the lava of an active volcano and he knew that if he were to switch on the light atop the cabinet next to him, her eyes would be the most feline green; though how he knew it he couldn't say. She was not beautiful, but she was sexy in a cold kind of way, he thought; knowing instinctively that it was not the first time his mind had framed such a reference. As she took a few steps towards him he saw the fullness of her lips as they drew back over slightly oversized white teeth in a smile of what he took to be triumph of some kind, but any attempted rationalization on his part was forgotten as she flipped a robe drop from the rounded and alabaster softness of her shoulders.

"You have been returned to me," she said in a low voice that was no less… authoritative… for being melodious and unmistakably feminine.

Then, reaching out to take his fingers in her own, she drew them to the curve of her thigh and the coolness of the skin soon turned to heat as she added:

"You will never escape me again."

Seemingly without conscious volition, his fingers began a gentle kneading of her flawless skin and her smile of triumph broadened, her eyes seemed to intensify in the glow of the moonlight through the open doors leading to the deck, and he felt himself drawn upwards from the bed towards her waiting and, it seemed to him, mockingly amused lips.

A sudden terror gripped him and he sensed the woman, whoever she was in reality, did not have his well-being anywhere near the top of her priorities. He tried desperately to place her – her connection to him and their history with each other. And failed miserably.

Without being aware of the transition, he was now on his knees upon the bed, his own lean and lightly muscled frame as naked as her own as she gazed down into his eyes with what seemed to him an unholy possession. As if ritualistically, his hands placed themselves at his back, each clasping the other, and he lowered his head with what he described to himself as humiliating submissiveness; fighting the movements of his own body, even as it ignored him totally.

"That is the good obedient boy I have missed so much," the melodious but commanding voice gave praise as if to a five-year-old, while his cheeks coloured at hearing himself referred to in such

terms. He was kneeling before her like a penitent with head lowered, eyes at a level with a pair of magnificent breasts that, like the voice itself, seemed to invite obedience.

"Mummy has missed her little boy and has taken steps to ensure he does not go walkabout without her permission again," she went on as his mind went into a whirl.

"Mummy?"

Even without asking, he knew he had to be at least a decade her senior.

"But that is for later," she told him, reaching out none too gently to take a handful of his hair and drawing his head to her hard and impatient nipples.

As if they were the recipient of an unspoken but irresistible order, his lips opened that his tongue might protrude and please her in the way he knew she wanted.

"That's my good, good boy," she told him and he felt a shiver of unfathomable pleasure travel the length of his spine for having pleased her. "I knew you hadn't forgotten how to show your mummy your respect."

He felt her hands rest upon the top of his head for a few moments as she savoured the sensations of his tongue over her engorged nipples, then felt her exert pressure as she withdrew her breast from his mouth and forced him down and over yielding firmness of her stomach and beyond towards the epicenter of her womanhood.

The scent of her was already in his nostrils as his chin, and then the tip of his nose made contact with and utterly hairless and utterly perfect slit he knew would prove as moist as any his limited recollection of other women in another life could provide. He felt his senses, his resistance, being overcome and closed his eyes to the unmanning and emasculating use she was preparing to make of him. Even as a part of him glorified shamefully in the control she exercised so effortlessly.

"Now, be the good boy for mummy she knows you want to be and worship her the way she likes to be worshipped."

As his tongue left his mouth instantly and inserted itself into her sopping labia before making the first of many upward sweeps, all thoughts other than those of pleasing this… stranger… receded other than a lingering recall of her last words before he became insensate with his own lust.

"You never know, if mummy is very pleased with her little boy's efforts and contriteness, she may be persuaded to make his punishment for being naughty and running away a little less… painful."

CHAPTER ONE

The moment his eyes fluttered open he sensed something… everything… was different. There was flame and there was smoke and he felt the curious sensation of somehow having been born again as a fully formed adult.

Around him lay thick forest of laurel and brush and, scanning the wreckage from whence sprang the flames, he realised it was some sort of plane that was burning nearby and he had either been inside it or in the near vicinity when it had crashed.

On the edge, it appeared, of the valet that sprawled out below him.

His mind refused to provide an answer and he was not to know if he had been thrown clear of the wreck or been knocked unconscious when it crashed.

The dusty and slightly ripped cloth of what was a grey two-piece and a white shirt and burgundy tie beneath it gave no clue either but something seemed to be telling him he was the pilot of what he took to be a single-engine Cessna.

Had he been inside it? Piloting it, even? In his mind there was a flash of something that told him this was most likely, but he remembered only the blinding flash of white light before a sea of darkness had crashed over him. Whether he had been thrown clear of the wreck, or whether he had crawled, he didn't know, but that "flash" convinced him that he had once been airborne in that battered craft.

And he had been alone.

Besides a ripped pocket, the grey business suit underneath appeared, with a little dusting over, to be presentable and the thought brought a fatalistic grin to his face.

Presentable to who?

Suddenly realising his thirst and knowing water usually ran through valleys and ravines, he began the descent, using small saplings for handholds while his head thumped and thundered wildly and his thirst grew. He wished it would rain that he might fill his mouth with its hydration. But the clear and starry sky made such a hope forlorn.

Some discomfort at his most northernmost point sent probing fingers upstairs where they found a lump beneath blood matted hair that was sensitive to the touch. There was a scratch on his cheek, sealed with dried blood, and his hands were skinned as though he had broken a fall in cinders with them. All in all, he decided as he continued his descent, it was both strange and amazing that he had survived a plane crash with so little injury.

And, with that thought, he suddenly had a feeling that stranger things than this miraculous escape were in store for him.

There was a run at the bottom of the hill, one of those leaf choked, meandering little creeks that become stagnant pools in summer but seem to flourish at all other times. Lying on a sloping, flat rock he thrust his face into the stream and drank deeply, feeling the life flow from the water into the weariness of his body. Thought he vague sense of unease that hung over him was not lessened in the least.

He washed his face and splashed the creek water over his head until his mind began to function with a semi-familiar clarity.

Which was the very point at which he first realised he had not the first clue who he actually was...

Attempts to locate his past took him no further back than a white flash and then darkness.

Out of a sense of dislocation he suddenly felt fear.

It was as though someone had opened up his head and wiped his memory clean of anything pertaining to a past life.

Halting his progress to - who knew where? - he fumbled through his pockets and found a wallet and a key-ring with a small pen-light attached to it.

But no sign of a cell-phone.

Flipping on the light, he searched the wallet and read the cards inside.

An identification card tagged him as Shaun Patrick Yeats and stated that he lived at 23 Pilgrim Beach, in Mid-Coast Maine. The memory struck a chord and he knew the location as being about a two hour from Portland and the same again to Augusta the state-capital There was also a social security and driver's license inside together with several membership certificates to various clubs and organizations.

Finally, there were several pictures of himself and a woman.

In fact, there were a great many pictures of the woman.

One was a portrait of her, inscribed, "love, Sandy", which, though she looked vaguely familiar, only told him that she was either a girlfriend or his wife.

Of course the proper thing to do would be to get to a pay-phone, any phone, and call the local authorities to report the crash. The authorities would help him get home and check him out. That was the proper thing.

All well and good if you were in full command of your faculties.

But he wasn't.

He was a stranger. And not just to the authorities but to himself. Who was he? What was he? A criminal? And what if he was? Should he turn himself in and put his faith in the law?

Yeats grimaced.

“The hell with that,” he told himself. “And find myself behind bars for what’s left of the life I’ve just been spared to live?”

He shook his head.

“Not a fucking chance.”

His best option – the only sensible one given his lack of memory, he told himself there and then - was to get to this Sandy woman and make her answer a few questions.

Apparently no one had seen the crash. It seemed quite an isolated spot. Inland and high – though not so far from the sea if the familiarity of the horizon he had glimpsed when above spoke truly. No one knew he was here so perhaps it would be better to leave it like that until he had a chance to find out just what he was up against.

He decided not to contact anyone. When it was light enough he would look for a ride to somewhere. At a gas station he could find out where he was and just where Pilgrim Beach was in Maine. There were dollars in his wallet, more than enough to get him a bus ride if he could get to a nearby station. If this Sandy woman was his wife, girlfriend, or whatever, she could fill him in.

There would be plenty of time to call the law afterwards.

If he so chose.

Suddenly exhausted, he slumped against the base of a tree and tried to sleep. Unsuccessfully. Whatever he was, it soon became plain he was no great outdoors man. Every rustling in the undergrowth, or the cry of nearby wildlife, startled him into wakefulness. So much so that he gave it up as a lost cause and decided he was far better on the move. Besides, there were too many unanswered questions bouncing off the walls of his cranium to aid his relaxation. He needed to find a road, sooner or later, so it might as well be now.

Perhaps the more distance he put between himself and the wreck, the better it would be for him.

With a final drink of creek-water, he stood his sore and battered body up, muscles protesting violently, then began to stumble through the forest in search of a road.

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It was getting light when he found the highway. He guessed the time to be around six, but couldn’t be exact as there was no watch on his wrist. Though an indentation told him one had been there previously and had most probably detached itself sometime during the impact of the previous evening

It was small and narrow, bedded with pebbly asphalt with a faded white line down the middle that told him it was not a first class road. It stretched ahead of him, dwindling among the thick pined

forest and dwarfed either side by steep and wooded hills. He allowed himself a rueful grin, wondering vaguely which direction he should travel to get to Pilgrim Beach.

He chose left – and hoped he was right.

Making off along the empty road, the stiffness and the weariness dragging at him like the anchor on a moored trawler, he studied the pictures in his wallet as he went, noting happily that there were some more twenty dollar bills in a compartment he had overlooked in the dark.

That was comforting.

In the daylight, the picture of Sandy that had looked pleasant by the glow of the pen-light, suddenly seemed… sinister.

It was a monochrome photo and he used that to explain away the sudden shiver of…

What?

Unease?

Guilt?

Fear?

Shaun decided that her hair was brown... maybe red It swept about a face that seemed soft and heart shaped at first, but soon began to strike him as hard and calculating.

Before, to his puzzlement, becoming soft and welcoming once again.

A cold and involuntary chilled the length of his body.

Staring again at the image, it seemed as if it was smiling at him, but upon closer scrutiny it also looked to hold a hint of mockery rather than affection for whoever had taken the picture.

If she did turn out to be his wife or a serious girlfriend, and he proved to be the photographer, he sure hoped he was wrong.

It was late in the morning when he reached the end of the back road and found the service station that intersected with a highway a sign proclaimed as “Route-17”. A road he *was* familiar with. Somehow knowing that it ran between Augusta and ended at the coast where it became Route-1 around Rockland.

But still the location of Pilgrim Beach escaped him and he hoped the service station attendant – or at least a map – could enlighten him.

It was a small but clean looking place that sported two newish looking pumps and repair shop to the side of the main concession selling the usual merchandise travellers were likely to need.

The attendant, a surly natured fifty-something with a beard, grunted out his ignorance in regard of Pilgrim Beach and Shaun bought himself a map as well as a couple of energy-bars and a Gatorade and sat outside on a bench to drink it.

The attendant expressed no surprise about the absence of a car and Shaun offered none.

He found Pilgrim Beach on the map without difficulty. And saw that it was just north of a place called Thomaston about half way towards the point where 17 became 1.

Wherever he'd flown that plane from, he had not been far from his destination when it crashed.

Either that, or he had been in one son-of-a-bitching hurry to get away he had made a mistake and got brought down.

Location found, he looked to his right and saw "MEN". He nodded to himself. It was just what he wanted. His clothes, his hair and his face – if the surly guy's appraisal of him rang true - needed a few emergency repairs before he could confront the population of Pilgrim Beach.

When he had worked out a means of getting there, he told himself.

He went in.

In a mirror, with most of the backing peeling away, he discovered that Shaun Yeats was rather good looking, if you overlooked the damage. His smooth skin was smeared with dirt and dried blood, with a slight stubble shadowing ever so slightly hollowed cheeks. The mop of tangled black hair had a lot of red splotches in it from the blood he'd lost. He filled the bowl with tepid water and began soaping his face and hands vigorously, even though it hurt. After washing most of the blood from his hair, he found a comb in a pocket and whipped some order into the matted, dark mass.

A different attendant to the surly guy was standing outside when Shaun left the restroom. An ageing man with no hair and bland features in a lined face that looked like an apple left too long in the sun. His grin was friendly, though.

"Thought I heard someone in there," he said, tongue moistening his lips. "Car break down on yer?" he asked, reffing the empty forecourt.

"I'm hitching," Shaun told him.

The grin broadened knowingly.

"Thumbing's gone up market since my day, I reckon," he said, running an eye over what was no less an expensive suit for being a little worse for wear after Shaun's adventures of the night before.

His eyes and grin reffing Shaun's scratched face then:

"You been fightin' the local wildlife in between thumbs?"

Shaun shook his head and trotted out the lie he'd prepared beforehand.

"Got drunk last night and into a brawl. My so-called friends pitched me out of the car in a moment of playfulness."

He hoped he had put enough bitterness into the explanation to make it ring true and sighed with inner relief when the man chuckled softly.

“Playful bunch, eh?” he said, extending a hand. “Name’s Ben. “Yo’ from around here?”

“Boston,” Shaun lied. “I’m staying in Pilgrim Beach.”

“Pilgrim Beach,” the old man cackled. “Hell, that’s a ways south and east o’here. Pretty isolated too. You might be lucky’n get a trucker going that direction but it’ll be sooner rather than later, I’m betting.”

He paused, swiveled his apple-like head and nodded.

“Tell y’what, son, if yer don’t mind waitin’ till after supper, I live in the same direction and I’ll be glad to run yer myself. Drop yo’ off where yo’ want to go. Could use some company, if I’m honest.” He hooked a thumb in the direction of the store and his surly colleague. Denzel’s not what you’d call scintillating company, bless him.”

The observation won a laugh.

“That real nice of you,” Shaun told him. “But supper’s some time away yet. What would I do? Just sit here?”

“Hell no! In the back room there’s a cot. Been sleepin’ there myself sometimes rather than go home…”

A look of pain creased his dried out features even more.

“Well… Since my wife passed along back a year or so.”

The pain lingered until he shook it off with a vigorous up and down movement of his head.

“Go’n get your head down. I’ll wake ye, come supper’n then we can take off.”

“I think that’s just what I’ll do Ben. Thanks.”

He turned and then turned back, thrusting out a hand of his own.

“The name’s Shaun, by the way.”

Then, amenities complete, and with the hunger gnawing at his stomach, Shaun took one of the energy bars from his pocket and began eating it.

“S’funny,” his benefactor said, rubbing a cleanly shaved chin. “Yer don’t smell like no drunk. Ought to be some likker smell coming off y’son.”

“I was drinking vodka,” Shaun countered, wondering how he had pulled that from a mind that could not remember his past; taking another bite of the bar and hoping the man would buy the explanation.

“Bad stuff, vodka. Those Russian can have it?”

“I think my head agrees with you,” Shaun said with only a slightly forced laugh, chewing on the energy-bar for all he was worth and thinking of a big juicy steak.”

“Well, it ain’t for Ben Grenson,” his benefactor snorted. “Them Cossacks can have it.”

Shaun was saved from further conversation by a new station wagon pulling into the pumps. A young woman, dressed in a suit, cut the engine and honked the horn briefly. Ben waved and headed for the forecourt.

“Get some shut eye, son. I’ll wake yer later.”

“Thanks, Ben,” Shaun said before heading for the backroom, closing the door, falling onto it, and a moment later into a deep sleep…

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…It was the woman in the picture. Sandy. She was staring out to sea with a forlorn look, a cell phone clutched tightly in one hand as if she were waiting on a call that could come through at any second. Her features were again warm and inviting and he felt his heart ache for the pain he could see she was enduring.

Her flaming red-hair was loose about her shoulders and she had wrapped herself in a shawl-like knit to take the edge of a wind that was whipping in from the Atlantic giving the autumnal air on the deck a chill and whipping a slate grey sea into, if not a frenzy, then at least a pique. She was wearing skin-tight designer denims that clung to her incredible legs as if they’d been contoured to them via a spray-can, emphasising powerful and shapely thighs and the slightly exaggerated calf muscles below as they descended towards slender ankles and flawless feet with bubble-gum toes. Whatever was ailing her, he decided, there was no sign it was having an adverse effect on her grooming.

“Where are you, Shaun?” she spoke suddenly, eyes fixed upon the scudding and ever darkening clouds above as if they were high enough to be omnipresent and give her the answer she sought. “Why were you in the plane in the first place? Where were you going?”

Her palms came together as if in prayer and she closed her eyes, looking at any moment as if she were ready to genuflect.

“Please, my Lord,” she beseeched. “Please let Shaun be safe and well and return him to me intact.”

Her full and sensuous lips moved again, but before a recognisable word could exit the cell in her hand began a sunny musical chirp that was entirely out of sync with her mood.

“Yes?” she almost shouted into the phone, so great was her need for news and the anxiety not receiving any provoked.

“Dennis!” she almost screamed. “Tell me you’ve found him. Please! Tell me he’s safe and…”

Suddenly, as she halted in mid-plea and listened to her caller with fierce concentration, her lines began to blur into the surroundings until she was no more than an amorphous mass on the decking.

And then her lines took shape again.

Only differently.

This "Sandy" was no longer on the phone and she was no longer warm and inviting of feature. Though she was dressed identically to her previous incarnation, the lava-like tresses of her hair were now scraped from a cold and vengeful looking face and tied at the back to add to a severe expression that required no embellishment. Where before she had seemed genuinely distraught and fearful, she now had look of someone intent upon meting out… retribution.

Even the voice she raised to the scudding clouds and the sea below it that was gradually being stirred from pique to frenzy, held nothing of softness:

"You fucker!" she hissed, the burst of colour infusing her cold features the result of pure vindictive rage rather than anger for a sense of possible loss and the what might have befallen a beloved partner.

"Try and fly away from me, you cunt?" she questioned, as if her absent lover were there in front of her to hear her obscene rant. "When I get you back I'll make your pathetic arse sorry it was ever given a crack."

She raised a defiant head to the heavens, as if he was actually above her and able to hear, and spat:

"Your cock will be a long time before it ever gets to spurt its pathetic white cream again. That's a promise."

Her eyes became truly demonic in their intensity:

"That's if I don't decide to cut the fucking thing off and feed it to a passing fucking cat!" she screamed.

"Cunt!"

Her hands went to her waist in a movement that was both defiant and imperious; her chin still tilted upwards at the darkening skies:

"Hear that cunt?... Cunt… Cunt…"

…Hands were shaking his shoulders.

"Snap out of it son," said Ben Grenson. "Yer having a mare."

Shaun stared about him unable to come to terms with the fact that what he had just dreamed so vividly was a dream – despite the disturbing character swap at its centre.

"Slap some water on yer face then come'n have some supper. The we can hit the road…"

CHAPTER TWO

Detective Dennis Green eased the pool-car to a halt outside 23 Pilgrim Beach and got out quickly. For a moment, he wasn't sure whether Sandy Yeats would be there, but it was a long drive into headquarters and he didn't want to go back to a dismal office, or even a lonely bachelor apartment. He shrugged and decided to try it.

She answered his knock almost at once, smiling him into the front room; though once again he was struck by how the smile itself did not seem to reach her eyes. For a moment, he allowed his eyes to drink in her body, almost wishing they could spear through the robe in which she was wrapped to take in the warm flesh beneath. The same he had fantasised over so many times; despite not caring for her on a personal level.

But then sexual attraction, in his world at least, was seldom based upon goodness and character – and Sandy Yeats was a woman who had the unconscious ability to look beautiful under any circumstances. Dennis felt a thunder in his veins as he took a seat on the sofa. Only to rise again instantly when she nodded him towards the kitchen.

A shadow crossed her face momentarily as he sat at the table and she made them coffee. "I had a dream, Dennis. A bad dream."

"About Shaun?"

She nodded and set a cup from a pot already made before him. There were no tears. She was not that kind of woman. Tears were what she inspired in others and, he suspected, took much pleasure in the so doing. Her attachment to Shaun was never in doubt to him, but he sensed it was an attachment of the possessive kind on her part; almost as if she viewed the man as property.

"It's been a while," he told her, unable to stop his eyes zeroing in on her smooth and tan thighs as she took a seat and crossed them one over the other – slowly, as if knowing her effect upon him and drawing it out.

"He's alive," was her emphatic reply to the question both knew he had just asked.

"It's possible," he agreed, not believing it for a second. It was the twenty-first-century. If he was alive, new technology and tracking methods would have found him. Or at least a trace.

Sandy lifted a hand to brush the flaming red hair that in turn enflamed him into place and sipped at her coffee as Dennis studied her. She actually believed that her husband was alive and that he would be returned to her. Though, behind the concealment of the cup, her lips hardened as she thought of just how she would punish him for having had the temerity to take off when he was.

Dennis, however, was wracked with a guilt that was at least a match for the lust he felt for the wife of a friend he knew had no emotional or social use. It was a selfish thing to think about, but he was in heat whenever he was near her and would have tried to take her long ago had it not been

for her obsessive attachment to Shaun and his dark good looks and the fact the man was one of his few real friends.

He took an unenthusiastic swallow of coffee – her kitchen skills another facet of her he found wanting - and settled the cup in its saucer.

She was looking at him, eyes as ever giving him the impression she could read his thoughts.

"So you didn't come all the way out here to give me any news?" she asked, the real question asked being why he had come at all.

"About Shaun? No."

He touched her arm and felt electricity shoot the length of his own.

"Well, there's still men out looking for him but… Far as the authorities go, they've pretty much given up ... and so should you." He knew where he was going now and what had drawn him there, and despite his guilt and dislike of the woman herself he knew nothing would stop him now.

"Honey," he went on, the endearment sounding just as false to him as he knew it truly was, "you're young still. Attractive and sexy. It's been over a month now and your life's still on hold. Hell, another woman would have gone out and had a ball."

"But I'm not another woman, am I?" she said, eyes holding his in a way that made him feel strange; almost as if he were… afraid.

Laughing at his own timidity, shallowness not even registering, he pressed on, the urge to sink his steel-hard cock into a molten-pussy he just knew would clamp itself around him until it had drawn every last gram of his manhood from him too powerful to ignore.

"Listen, there's some kind of a show on down in Thomaston. Want to go?"

"You think I should have that 'ball' with you, right?"

"Well… I…"

She shook her head. "Dennis, I know how you feel about me. But you should know that I'm far too much woman for you to handle."

He could only stare back at her, stunned by what she had said. Apart from being a tenacious and diligent detective, he also had a reputation in the area as a gifted cocksman – the reason he was still single at thirty-seven. Her missing husband might be handsome, but…

"Do you really think you could satisfy me anyways close to how Shaun satisfies me?"

He felt his back stiffen under the insult and wondered if she was deliberately trying to anger him so that he wouldn't take his attempted seduction any further. If she was she was doing a damn fine job of it – at least when it came to his anger. And how the hell would she know if he could satisfy her or not?

"Not just close," his ego stung him into retaliating.

"Yes," she said serenely untroubled by his anger. "I've heard the ladies in Thomaston discussing your 'Big Wang'."

Dennis smiled, albeit grudgingly. The knowledge the women in town were speaking about his tackle edging his annoyance at having the woman he wanted to bed right now compare him unfavorably to another man. Even if that man was a missing friend.

But she wasn't through with him yet.

"If all I wanted was a big cock," she told him, hearing the word on her lips for the first time other than in one of his own dreams making his own variation on a theme harden in his pants, "there's no shortage of them to choose from. A lot of them far bigger than yours, I'm sure."

"Yeah, but… he began to protest, only for her to cut him off.

"What if a big cock on its own just doesn't do it for me?" she asked, going on before he could answer. What if got off on the owner of that cock being obedient to me; rather than thinking he was Mr Macho and god's gift?"

He got a look on his face that told her he thought she was yanking his chain.

"What if I wanted someone who was man enough – the way my Shaun's man enough – to admit I was the boss and do just what I wanted him to do and when and how I wanted him to do it?"

She allowed him time to mull it over, her confidence obvious, even if he was too preoccupied to spot the fact.

"Think you could be that man?" she asked at last.

"Is…? Is that…? You saying Shaun's a…?"

He swallowed, truly never having considered the possibility as she finished his question for him.

"A submissive?"

He nodded and she laughed.

"Hell, no," she told him. "Shaun's his own man. With most people."

Her eyes lanced into his and, inexplicably, he felt his erection go from hard-to-harder.

"But, as that steel-bar in your trousers is telling you," she smirked, "I'm not most people."

Detective Dennis Green's mouth worked but no sound came forth. He was seeing a side of the woman he hadn't even guessed at, let alone expected to be up close and personal with. And he was in about as big a state of rut as he could ever recall.

"You are right about one thing though, Shaun isn't here right now and you are."

Hope leapt in his breast and any last lingering thoughts he had regarding a lost friend vanished as he pondered ramming his cock into her hot snatch and quelling forever any thoughts she might have of him not being "man enough" for her.

Breath catching in his throat as she moved her powerful thighs apart to reveal an absence of panties and a pristine and hairless snatch that looked for all the world as if it belonged on a virginal teen.

"So," she began, amused at the way his eyes seemed magnetised to her pussy, "why don't you put your mouth where the money is and give my lovely shaven cunt the worship it deserves."

His gasp of shock at her words and lust for what they conveyed would have been audible out to sea.

"Good boy," she said as, just as if he had been switched to some kind of auto-pilot, he slid from the chair to his knees and gazed at her mound and the sleek slit either side of her labia as if hypnotized.

He leaned his head in eagerly and was prevented from burying his tongue in her gash by a palm upon his forehead.

"Easy, Deputy," she warned. "Show some finesse. I want you to woo this lovely superior cunt. Show it your respect. Revere it. Take your time and let your tongue worship every crack and crevice until it's every ridge and cranny is imprinted upon your mind for any further use I might have of you."

His head was straining against her palm to get to it now and she knew her scent was already embossing itself upon his subconscious with such power he would never be free of it again. He was not Shaun. Could never be Shaun. But, until such a time as she took possession of her most valued possession again, Detective Dennis Green was at least here.

"Impress me and do a really good job," she went on, "and I might even let you jerk of the 'Big Wang' of yours against the sole of my foot."

So far did this demeaning promise not diminish his desire for her, and the moment her hand left his forehead, Detective Dennis Green bobbed his head forward, slowly and with an effort of will, for his tongue to make contact with the heavenly nectar belonging to the pussy of his best friend's wife for the first time.

Until, and if, Shaun Patrick Yates were found, it would be the first of many.

****

"He's gone, Den?" Sandy Yates told her husband's best friend. "It's been over a month and there's still no trace of his plane. There's no record of it having landed anywhere so it must have crashed. He's laying out there cold and alone. I can feel it."

"Stop, Sandy," said Detective Dennis Green with the firmness his fondness, love even, for both husband and wife entitled him. "We don't know anything right now and until we do its no use torturing yourself with pointless conjecture."

"But…"

“But nothing. I agree it doesn’t look good and I’m about as torn up about it as you are. But people and planes have disappeared before – and for a whole lot longer – and turned up with the occupants alive and well.”

“Really, Den?” she asked, expression a mix of hope and sarcasm. “After a month, you truly believe that? We’re in Maine, not Siberia. How can a plane just go missing? I thought they were fitted with tracking-devices anyway.” Her hands went to her mouth with horror. “Do they work underwater? Perhaps he ditched in the…”

“No, Sandy!”

The firmness of his voice and the grip he took of her forearm stopped her in her tracks and staved off the hysteria she felt threatening to overwhelm her.

“His flight path was tracked going inland until he was out of local airspace. He did *not* ditch in the sea.”

Her shoulders slumped and, though she was no longer on the verge of hysteria, she was nowhere near convinced.

“There can be any number of reasons for his lack of communication and the fact the plane hasn’t been found.”

“Such as?”

Dennis shrugged. “For a start, if there was a crash landing the tracker could have been damaged upon impact.”

“Which doesn’t explain why the search helicopters have found nothing,” she said.

“Maine’s a big State, sweetheart. Verdant, when it’s not covered in snow. If it came down in heavy forest its likely a copter wouldn’t spot it immediately.”

“But they would if Shaun was alive and was trying to get attention,” she pointed out. “You know how smart he is. He’d find a way, even if he couldn’t get to the flares the plane carried.”

He took her hand in his gently.

“Look, sweetheart, you’re tearing yourself apart over what you can’t effect. All we can do is wait. I know it’s not what you want to hear but it’s all we’ve got. They’re still looking for him, I know that for sure. Though it would help if we had some idea of where he was going and why.”

She nodded dispiritedly.

“You still can’t think of a reason why he would have chartered that Cessna?”

Her head shook, still dispiritedly.

“Not a one. I’ve been through everything and so have you. There’s nothing in his diary or on his laptop… How did you get on with his cell-phone records?”

It was the Detective's turn to shake his head, every bit as dispirited and mystified as his friend's wife; even if he tried not to show it.

"Zilcho. Nothing. Zip," he told her. "The usual contacts. None of whom, like you, have a clue why he might need to fly anywhere – let alone in a tiny charter."

Suddenly, unable to bear it any longer, Sandy burst into a series of lung-busting sobs that threatened to overwhelm her.

Her husband, the reason for her continued existence, was gone. She knew it as sure as the pot of coffee she had put on for his best-friend over an hour before was congealing in the percolator. Shaun was gone.

She felt herself pulled upwards from her seat at the kitchen table and into the arms of her husband's best friend, her face against his chest.

Sandy allowed it.

There was nothing sexual in the embrace, just two friends consoling each other over the possible loss of someone they both loved.

It was, for both, reassuring.

Even if it did nothing to lessen their misgivings on behalf of Shaun Patrick Yates.

CHAPTER THREE

"Soup and sandwiches," Ben told him as they sat at a table by the bed he, Shaun, had just left. An' some of Denzel's famous coffee. He might be wanting on the conversation front but his brews are the best I've tasted."

Shaun returned from the basin where he's splashed his face and slipped into his suit jacket. shaking the last remnants of his disturbing dream from his brain.

Ben went on talking to him and said something that took thoughts of his disturbance clean away:

"Yer buddies was here, couple o' hours ago, son."

"What?" It was almost impossible to keep the surprise out of his face and voice. Ben didn't seem to notice anything wrong.

"Th' fellers y'got drunk with. Wanted t'know if I'd seen any strangers on th' road. I said I hadn't because I figured they might want t'slap yer around again."

Shaun nodded thoughtfully.

This was not good.

"Thanks, Ben," he said at last, thoughts racing. Who could possibly know about the plane crash? If the wreck had been found already – and he seriously doubted it, it would be the police asking questions. Not two strangers.

Somebody, somewhere, was searching for him.

But who?

And what did they want?

Fingers of fear and worry flittered along his spine and somewhere deep inside him he knew it was the woman in the dream who was responsible.

And the second, scarier incarnation of them, too.

When they had finished eating and Shaun had given fulsome and deserved praise for the coffee – which had indeed proved to be as good as he could recall tasting – he followed Ben out to where his car was parked. He found that he liked the old man, but under the circumstances conversation was difficult. The plane crash, for one thing, was a bit on the odd side.

Why on earth had he been flying again, he thought in a sudden flashback; an image of him swearing to the second, more warm and loving Sandy of his dream, occurring to him from out of nowhere.

For now, though, this was probably minor.

The important thing was that someone knew he was here.

As they drove towards the Atlantic and Pilgrim Beach, the old man began talking about the strangers that had inquired after Shaun earlier in the day.

"... Nope, I says to the big feller, ain't seen a soul on foot all day, 'ceptin' o'course, Jimmy Henson, goin' down t'Willer Creek, t'fish. That seemed t'satisfy them so they lit out."

"Notice what kind of car they drove, Ben?" Shaun asked.

"Yep. Gave 'em gas. They was drivin' a Chevrolet. Looked to be a '56 or a '57; black, it was. Blacker'n th' inside of a coal bin, with th' shiniest chrome y'ever saw."

"Sounds like them," Shaun told him, enlarging the lie. "One of them short and the other medium?"

"Not exactly. The one did all the talkin' had a funny accent. Anyways, he was about six feet, three or four, and heavy. Goodlookin', with blond hair. The other guy was about your build, with hair like mine. Bald as a coot. Never talked, that guy."

"They're the ones," Shaun lied. "Thanks for not giving me away."

Ben nodded, lapsing into silence, while Shaun concentrated on coming home to a strange woman, and the two men who had been asking after him. For some reason, he got the feeling that the first Sandy was his wife and he accepted it that way. The prospect of the second ballbuster in his dream being married to him was just too hard to take.

Whichever way it went, though, he would at least get some questions answered.

As they approached Pilgrim Beach, in the gathering twilight, Ben turned to him.

"Where d'ya want off, son, this is Pilgrim Beach?"

"Right here will do," said Shaun with a smile, not wanting to be dropped outside number-23 and have Ben know.

The less information he had the less he could give anyone asking.

Abruptly Ben brought the car to a stop before a sign that read, "Pilgrim Beach." Shaun thanked him and climbed out onto the road. The old man waved and the car spat cinders as it roared back onto the highway, heading toward the town. For a moment, he stood there watching Ben's car fade into the night and felt suddenly lonely, then he began walking along the road, looking for 23 Pilgrim Beach and trying to ignore the feeling of fear that welled up within him.

When he finally found it, he saw that it was a two story place that backed onto the beach itself, but was mildly surprised not find it more familiar. It was crafted from white clapboard that would need regular treatment to withstand the moist salt air and he knew, if he did live here, then he and his wife – if that's what she turned out to be – were not hurting for cash. Not that this would necessarily make his predicament any more explainable.

There was a garage built alongside the house and a good sized lawn in the front, but there was no evidence of children. A light in the front room told him that someone was home - likely Sandy - and caution told him he'd better make sure no friends were with her.

He slipped quietly up on the porch and looked briefly into the window. Sandy was there, sitting on the sofa reading a book. Her hair, he noticed, was red with a brownish cast to it and, perhaps, not as fiery as the mane he had pictured in his dreams. Her body looked every bit as desirable as it did in the picture he carried in his hip pocket but he could not say the same about the face.

Was this Sandy number- or Sandy number-2?

Only one way to find out.

Amazed at the level of fear he felt, he knocked on the door before it occurred to him.

If that this was his own house, why wouldn't he simply enter without knocking simply from reflex?

Why should he rap?

Another mystery.

He waited until she had opened the door and stood looking at him; her initial shock soon replaced by a look promising… *something else*.

It was a look that chilled him to the bone and he knew instantly that if he had been expecting a happy and emotional homecoming then disappointment was in his immediate future.

He tried a smile, but the woman he now knew to be Sandy Yeats, in the second, and less approachable, incarnation of his nightmare simply gave him a look and stood aside so he could enter.

The slap that rocked his head to the side a second after the door had slammed shut stunned him just the same.

His eyes widened in shock and his lips parted in astonishment.

"What the fuck!" he said, almost to himself, as if he were making some subconscious comment on his dream of a few hours previous.

"Get in here, you disobedient bastard," the alter ego of the loving wife he had been expecting/hoping to greet him hissed, features up close and real even colder than those of his dream.

But it was her choice of words that floored him:

"Disobedient?"

Was this her usual way of speaking to him?

Master to ill-disciplined dog?

Why the devil had she been so shocked to see him initially, he wondered. Had she fallen in love with another man and did they rig that plane so it would crash to be rid of him? If they had tried to kill him, he could damned well see why she had fainted at the sight of him. The rings on her left

hand bragged that she was married, probably to him. But he wondered if they were still there for the sake of propriety rather than loyalty to her vows.

He was trying to decide whether to stay or run, when he realised he seemed to have no say in the matter. The knowledge that he would do whatever she wanted and he would have no say in the matter occurred to him from some instinctive memory and he realised with certainty that he would be unable to gainsay her control. It also struck him that returning to her may have been the most ill-advised decision he had made in his life until now.

She was seated now, long and powerful legs clad in the same designer denim of his dreams crossed one over the other as her green eyes blazed up at him vengefully; promising all kinds of nasty retribution for what he knew now was an *unauthorized* absence. Uncomfortable, he wanted to sit himself – either that or bolt from the house never to return. But he remained standing and wondered why. This was his home too, wasn't it? Why shouldn't he sit down?

"Because I haven't given you permission, that's why," the whiplash of her tongue made contact with his thoughts.

He stared at her as if she were alien. Did she just read his mind, or was she simply incredibly sensitive to the way his mind worked? Either way it was disturbing.

"So just stand there like the bad boy you are until I decide on your punishment," she finished.

He picked up on the word with the same startled alacrity with which a deer latches on to the presence of the predator stalking it.

"Punishment?"

"What in fuck's name was going on? What kind of life did they share together? Some kind of perverted mistress and slave arrangement?"

Closing his eyes, he shook his head as if to clear it, praying that when opened them again he would be looking at a more… *normal*… domestic scene. The one he had dreamed of first. The soft arms of his loving wife sliding about his neck as she pulled him down to where she could kiss him. Her warm lips caressing his face, kissing his mouth, his cheeks and his eyes, while she murmured his name over and over in absolute joy for his safe return after news of the crash had reached her and the authorities had presumed him dead, missing, or both.

That was the wife he was praying would be waiting for him when his eyes took in the scene once again.

She wasn't.

His mind whirled with a hundred questions that his stunted memory and fear of the woman seated below him refused to allow him to answer.

Nothing else occurring to him, he decided to wait for her to make the first move.

"So, why the plane?"

He shrugged guiltily, though why he should feel that way he couldn't say.

He was also aware of a monstrous and completely spontaneous erection beneath his suit trousers.

"It was only discovered a few hours ago. Dennis called me to say there was no sign of you amongst the wreckage."

"Dennis?" his thoughts screamed as flashes of… *something*… were set off by the name.

"I… I don't know anything," he told her truthfully, hoping she couldn't see the tent arousal was making at his netheregions. "I only know you because of a photo in my wallet along with a driving licence giving this address. But I don't remember any… Dennis… Or at least I think I don't."

"Your face looks painful," she observed without a hint of compassion. "Must have damaged it in the impact. That's why you're having difficulty recalling things."

It was a less than inspiring insight and he contented himself with a nod.

She was on her feet suddenly, movements panther-like as she strode to the kitchen and barked out commands:

"Get your pathetic ass in here while I patch-up your face and read you your rights."

To his amazement, and without demur – even though he sensed he was a man of no small strength of will in at least one of his existences with her – he shuffled to the kitchen obediently and allowed her to apply iodine to his scratched face. Weariness was again dragging at the edges of his consciousness and he wanted nothing more at that point than to let himself slide into the waiting darkness of sleep that waited for him with anaesthetic promise. But he did as she asked and stood before her submissively as she tended to his face with not a shred of compassion visible upon her cold and angular features.

Close-up, he took her to be a few years young than the age on his own ID. Besides the flaming red hair with earthy brown streaks, she had a face that just missed prettiness – perhaps even beauty – by dint of that aforementioned coldness and angularity. And yet…?

There was something… Something… *sensuous*… there. Something that, while he was sure it held nothing of goodness, reacted upon his libido with a violent compulsion his sense of revulsion for her had no defence against. Up close, the body he had sensed from the photo was compact and womanly was almost fearsome in its appeal to his baser senses. Despite a growing suspicion that she not only meant him some kind of harm but would enjoy inflicting it upon him, he found himself captivated by the warm thrust of her breasts a diaphanous silk blouse she had tucked into her denims. The clear milk of her flesh, at the "V" of her throat excited him in a way beyond self-explanation and he felt a weakness in her presence he had not felt since he had been a child and his mother had placed him in the charge of a nurse or some other female figure of authority. Absent memory or not, he knew enough to realise that he was the junior – *very* junior – partner in their relationship.

A realisation that made him suspect his dreams of her in a less… *assertive*… role were no more than his subconscious thoughts attempting to supply him some kind of wish fulfilment.

So why had the compassionate and loving counterpart seemed every bit as real as the hateful bitch tending his wounds without a smidgen of tenderness?

When he thought of this version as his wife it was frightening. It was as though someone had bound him hand-and-foot with invisible chains and given him to her with a deed of ownership. And, from the look of evil intensity and pleasure his return had fetched to her face, he knew it would be a long time, if ever, before she allowed him back on the open market again.

There was, he told himself, nothing familiar about this version of a woman he knew now with certainty was his wife.

Everything about her was alien and…

No! That wasn't quite right. She was too recognizably human – even in what he perceived as her evil perversity – to be alien.

But, where the other more loving version of her seemed so right, this version just seemed… *off*.

As if… As if, he had stumbled into some kind of parallel world that ran in tandem with his own. A co-existing dimension in which the relationships of the other had no bearing save for being exact situational replicas.

"Yeah, right!" he told himself, and would have accompanied the thought with a self-mocking laugh had the sting of applied iodine allowed.

Alien! That's it! The whole damned world is alien, and I don't know who I am, who I've been...

"How…? How long have I been gone?" he asked, finding he could only ask the question if he didn't look into those green and terrifying eyes."

"Over a month. You disobedient piece of shit," she hissed at him. "And believe me, now I've called you back, you're going to make up for every hour I've had to cope without my little servant while he was gone."

Taking his jaw between her fingers, she forced his eyes to hers.

"A month away from me you're going to regret for the rest of your life."

"What in fuck's name is she talking about?" he asked himself, even as he felt himself withering under the intensity of her stare; aware that his erection, for all his anxiety and, yes, fear, was still raging. *"Called him back, how?"*

And what did she mean by that:

"Servant?"

By the second he was becoming more and more convinced that he had somehow stepped into a world running parallel with the one he actually inhabited as flickers and images suggested themselves to him in the form of the bitch in front of him; but within the confines of a happy home and a deep and abiding love.

For this creature, however, he could detect not one iota of that finer sentiment anywhere inside him.

Save for an embarrassing and inexplicable hard-on.

“Every police agency in the State has been looking for you. Dennis Green has been doing everything he can to locate you. But they couldn’t. No one could. It was as though you had disappeared from the face of the earth.”

“Dennis Green?” Shaun asked in a monotone.

“Your best friend.” She reminded him. Going on when she saw a flicker of recognition cross his battered and handsome cheeks. “The same best friend I allowed to take up the slack in your absence.”

His eyes crinkled as a blurred image of a cop formed in his head; but what did she mean about him taking up *“slack”*.

She looked amused as she told him:

“Don’t worry. That big cock of his won’t be finding its way into *this* cunt this side of forever.”

Shaun winced, liking his women feminine and not comfortable with language of the kind from them – even if it did replicate faithfully her foul words from his dreams of her.

“His tongue, though?” Her laughter was lewd. “Well, let’s just say that what he lacks in finesse he makes up for with enthusiasm.”

For some reason, despite knowing, or least suspecting, that his *real* wife was not this unhinged and depraved harpy in front of him, Shaun felt a sense of betrayal at the thought of another man worshipping at her shrine.

Reading his thoughts again, it seemed, her lip curled as she tormented him.

“And that’s going to be part of your punishment for taking off without your owner’s permission.”

He tried to summon up some fight in himself and failed dismally. There was something about her, some hold she had over his will, that prevented him from even answering back.

“Not only is the cock that’s so hard in your pants right now going to be pierced and put under lock and key,” she told him, smile broadening at the look of horror that joined the abrasions she had just treated to mar his looks. “But until I consider you’ve learned you belong to and know who the master is around here, I’m going to make you watch as your best friend worships my cunt and cleans my fragrant ass.”

She reached to her side and produced a thick leather belt from the kitchen counter, placed there almost as if she had been expecting him.

Shaun’s legs all but buckled as a memory stirred in his subconscious and what was a glimmer of what she intended gradually became clear to him.

“Before that, though,” she went on, face a picture of sadistic anticipation he could not imagine seeing on the face of her alter-ego, as memories of a wife he *did* love came flooding back to him, “there’s the small matter of working out my disappointment for you going AWOL.”

As she turned him to face a chair and her fingers began unfastening his trouser, he willed himself to fight her control of him, the sense that he was betraying the love of his real wife flooding him with a whole other kind of pain.

He was powerless.

As his underpants joined his trousers around his ankles and his bolt-hard cock sprang free, responding still to a situation he found about as hateful as any he could imagine, her hand went to the back of his neck and forced him face first over the back of the chair.

His punishment was about to begin…

PART TWO

CHAPTER FOUR

"Please, Sandy," he whispered against her cheek. "It'll all come back to me eventually and I'll remember. But for now ... for now, you'll have to bear with me. I don't know where I've been, or what I've done, so don't tell anyone I'm here. Please! Don't tell a single soul! No one!"

"But why, Shaun?"

"I… I can't tell you. You… You'll think me insane. It's just too… too…"

"Shaun, you're scaring me."

"Perhaps you should be," he said, taking her hands in his and staring into her eyes with passion. "Who knows what I've done while I've been… away? I could have killed someone. I could have…"

Still in a tee-shirt and a pair of jeans, he let her hands fall and stepped away from the sofa where she had just wakened him; her face suffused with both joy and relief after having returned home to find him there.

Fear about to be added to her facial expressions.

"I don't know…" he told her, staring at a version of his life who gave him a far different feeling than the one he last recalled taking a short whip to his…

He fought back the hysteria threatening to overwhelm him.

"There… There could even have been… Have been someone else," he told her, more economic with the truth than he would prefer but unable to form the words such a truth required; despite the words he did use being *carefully* chosen.

But then just how, exactly, could he choose the words that would explain to her how she had just gotten through taking a whip to his back in what, he was beginning to believe more and more, was a parallel existence.

The alternative to that scenario being, of course, that he was indeed insane.

Carefully chosen words or not, however, she collapsed onto the sofa at his words and began crying; each sob cutting into his core and leaving him in no doubt as to the strength of his feelings for this woman who was the exact emotional opposite of the doppelganger in whose company he had just spent such a painful time.

This before, and inexplicably, he had found himself in the same house with the same bedroom in which she had *"punished"* him.

A place that now housed a woman who was exactly the same but different, in a place that seemed wholly different in atmosphere but utterly normal at the same time.

What in fuck's name is happening to me?" his thoughts screamed.

“Sandy, please,” he began, his concern for her overriding the hysteria threatening to overwhelm him in turn. “I didn’t say that’s what I’ve done. You know, killing someone. But… But…”

Her face was stricken as she finished for him:

“You did find someone else?”

“No!”

She flinched from him and he knew instinctively that this was the first time he had ever drawn such a reaction from her; but he pressed on anyway.

“I seemed to have lost my memory for a while during my time away, but it’s coming back all the time. Enough for me to know that you’re the woman I love and would never cheat on. But… It’s just that things have been happening that…”

She waited, at a loss as to how she could help.

“I don’t know how to say it without you thinking me insane,” he told her. “I have no recollection of what made me charter that plane and go flying again. None. But I do know that the man who did it was running from… from a situation.”

“The…? The man who did it?” She stared up at him, as lost and afraid as ever she had been when he had been missing. “Wh-What are you talking about? What plane? What… *situation?*”

“Please, Sandy,” he implored. “I’m not mad. If you can believe anything right now, then believe that. What I’m going to tell you will contradict what I’m asking you to trust in. But it’s no less than the truth. Whatever I’ve done – even if I can’t remember having done it – I’m a big boy and I can take my medicine, but I want to know what it is first. You’ve got to understand that.”

She tried a smile, blinking back the tears that lay close to the surface. She had come home after her weekly shop to find him on their sofa. In a deeply troubled sleep and mumbling incoherently. It had been one of the most joyous sights of her life. But now the joy of having him home once again was diluted by doubt and concern. She’d been through a hell of a lot, and she had the memories of believing the man she loved dead.

He did not.

Though he had obviously been through something most… *traumatic*.

Despite the feeling of dislocation that persisted within him, his thoughts were moving along the same lines. He had not experienced the same anguish as she. Maybe when his memory returned fully he would, but at the moment he was protected a little from the consequences of his extended absence by that same partial amnesia.

A small mercy that was not extended to her and went no way to answering her questions; even if she knew he was still the man she loved and trusted him with her life.

But…

“Speak to me, Shaun. I’ll try to help. You know that. But you have to be totally honest.” Her next words were forced out. “No matter how… *painful*... they might be for… for both of us.”

At his nod, she went on with an optimism she didn’t feel: “I’ll make us some coffee and we’ll talk it all through. There’s a rational explanation to all this somewhere and we just need to find it. After we’ve spoken, we need to speak to Dennis and tell him you’re back so he can call off the…”

“No!” he said with a harshness he did not intend, cursing himself as she flinched from him before taking her hand in his softly and reassuringly. “I’m sorry, my love. I didn’t mean to shout at you. And we will call Dennis.”

He hesitated.

“Just as soon as I can make some kind of sense out of what’s happened to me. I promise.”

“Us,” she said simply.

His look was questioning.

“What happened to *us*,” she told him. “If you’re a victim then I am too.”

Shaun kissed the back of her hand, ashamed at his own selfishness and moved almost to tears by a woman he last recalled inflicting acute physical pain upon him.

“I’m sorry, my love. I didn’t give a thought to how hard this must have been for you.”

Her nod was on of absolution.

“Look, memories are coming back to me, even as we talk, but it’s what led me to me to… wherever I’ve been that interests me right now,” he told her glumly. “Things have happened so fast and so inexplicably it’s hard to accustom to…”

His voice tailed off as a memory of the woman before him, in a different time, if not a different place, froze his veins. The face staring at him with such concern and obvious love now transforming in his recall to a snarling and sadistic thing as it towered above his bared to the waist form. He almost felt again the first agony of the whip as it made contact with his tender skin.

“What is it?” she asked as she took in the look of horror writing itself across the handsome features she adored so much.

What could he say? How could he tell her that the loving wife she was here was *not* what she was in this… *other life?* How could he expect her to believe she was capable of dominating him to such an extent he would simply bow his head meekly and allow her to physically punish him for even the slightest infraction?

And as for the sexual humiliations…?

Of course, he knew there would be know way of hiding from her the lacerations crisscrossing his back. Discovery was inevitable. But just how, exactly, could he ever persuade her that she herself had put them there – albeit in another life running in tandem with her own? A life that was, to all

intents and purposes, a replica of the one she lived now. Aside from the fact that, within this *other life*, she was a debauched and dominant, sadistic and perverted, bitch of the highest order he seemed unable to do anything but obey.

Banishing the terror of her alter-ego for a while, he looked at her steadily. “Sandy? What was I doing, where was I going?”

“You were leaving for the cabin to finish the bricking of the fireplace,” she said, her mention of the cabin triggering another rush of memory in him. “You were going to stay overnight and come back the evening of the second day. When you didn’t come back, Dennis took me up to look for you. Your car was there, but you were gone.”

“No clues?”

She shook her head. “Nothing. We thought you might have wandered off into the woods and injured yourself; but I couldn’t accept that. You were always a good woodsman, even in desolate country like that.”

He nodded as memories of the place came flooding in – though *not* the ones he was seeking. “It’s pretty isolated up there.”

She nodded also, “You could say that. We bought the place so we could just be alone.” She smiled. “Our families and friends thought we were crazy,” her arms indicated their surroundings and the slate grey sea and empty beach beyond the windows. “Given we hardly see anybody here.”

He yawned suddenly, feeling a great weight of exhaustion that was as much mental as physical, still trying to come to terms with the feelings of warmth and love he felt in the presence of *this* woman; even as contradictory images of her standing above him as she flailed at his prone body to make a battleground of his back made him fearful of her.

The question as to why he, a man, could do nothing to prevent himself obeying the woman’s other manifestation – even when he hated himself for being so spineless – still went unanswered.

“Then when Dennis discovered you’d rented that plane and…”

She cut off as his eyes drooped and his shoulders slumped, energy levels low.

“Tired, my love?” she asked, eyes moist with love and concern that surely could not be faked.

He nodded dully.

“Let’s go to bed now,” her voice broke into his thoughts. It’s early, but we’re both tired. I’ll call in and take the day off work tomorrow.”

He shuddered at the thought of crawling into bed with the woman who had dominated and humiliated him in some other…

What? Dimension? The parallel worlds he was becoming more and more convinced he now inhabited from time to infrequent time?

But how could he be convinced of something so…? So…? Fantastical?

He felt trapped suddenly, panic stricken at the thought of sharing a bed with her. But she was his wife. He'd married her. He'd slept with her countless times and she was *not* the woman who had harmed him. Abused him. Dominated him. Even if she was a complete replica in all but mindset.

Why the horror now?

"There's… There's something you need to see and understand before we go any further," he informed her; wanting nothing more than to lay his head on a comforting pillow and drift into the welcoming arms of Morpheus, but knowing he wouldn't find rest until she at least knew *something* of his – *their* - problem.

She waited, face and body-language as fearful as it was puzzled when he pulled the tee over his head and allowed it to drop to the sofa.

"What you are about to see was not your fault," he began, still facing her.

"My fault?" she questioned, totally adrift from both his words and his actions.

He nodded.

"This is where you need to be open-minded, Sandy. Just please remember that I love you."

"O-k-a-y," she said, the air between each letter of her assent evidence of her growing sense of being out-of-her-depth.

Sickened by what he was about to show her, and the guilt she would feel when he told her she had been the one responsible for his lacerations – even if in another existence - Shaun slowly turned away to reveal his back.

No sound came from behind him.

"I'm sorry, Sandy," he told her, picturing her horror.

It was a few moments in coming but, when it did, her voice was small and lost:

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry I have to show you this, my love. Sorry that you were the one who did it; even if it was only someone exactly like you and not the woman I love and trust with my life."

Her response was slow in coming.

And, when it did, it was bewildering, to say the least.

"Shaun, you're scaring me. What are you talking about? And what is it, exactly, this woman who looks just like me but isn't me is supposed to have done to you?"

He turned back to her, stunned by her lack of a reaction; or at least one he might have expected.

She looked dumbfounded, but there was no sign of the horror she might be expected to show upon seeing the extent of his… *wounds*.

Almost running, he went out into the hallway leading to the front-porch where, instinctively, he knew he would find a full-length mirror.

He turned sideways on and slightly back to it.

And now he was the one dumbfounded.

The skin covering his back was unblemished.

He could do nothing more than stare at the vanished evidence in silence for a few seconds as she stood behind him and waited.

Then, as the memory of the horror that had been inflicted upon him after the whipping reasserted itself, and heedless of how it must seem to the blameless version behind him, he unbuttoned his denims and pulled them to his thighs, followed quickly by his boxer-shorts.

As he had feared, the evidence he was seeking was not to be seen and the only thing to be seen was his slightly above average cock and a covering of pubic hair that had not been there the last time he checked himself out.

He looked, he told himself, completely and utterly normal.

CHAPTER FIVE

In the final analysis, he was just too tired to attempt an explanation he just knew would be the hardest sell of his life. Not physically exhausted, but mentally. The marks of the lash and the blood congealed over them had been real and he could feel the pain still even now. But they were gone. His wife had simply stared at his bare and unblemished back with complete bemusement and a look that told him she truly was beginning to doubt his sanity.

Doubt, when he proceeded to drop his trousers and then his underpants, that dipped towards certainty as he stared at his unpierced foreskin and scrotum in a condition of benumbed shock.

"Perhaps… Perhaps you're right," he had told her when the power of speech had been returned to him. "I need to rest. We… We can speak about this when I don't feel so… so… exhausted."

Since just before dawn, he felt as though he had been on a fantastic merry-go-round. One second he had been resting upon his stomach at the foot of *her* bed in his *"other life"*, wide awake with the pain of the beating *she* had handed out to him earlier in the day – and the even worse experience that followed when she had actually pierced his cock and balls and, effectively, placed his manhood under lock and key. The next he was being tugged awake on the sofa dressed in a tee-shirt and denims to be greeted by a woman who was the complete opposite of the horror who had beaten and restrained him before insisting he pleasure her with his tongue – and at *both* of her orifices.

Now, as welcome as being returned to his loving wife was to him, he was at a loss as to how he could explain his experience without that same wife having him entrusted to the care of the nearest mental health facility.

And even more at a loss when it came to explaining why – if what he had experienced was not simply his imagination – why he had allowed her doppelganger to dominate him with such ease.

Feeling both moved and guilty by the look of compassion and love she beamed towards him, despite her own understandable anxieties, he allowed her to lead him to the bedroom. The sight of the large double in the airy and light space, with its views of the Atlantic stirring him to remember the pain and humiliation he had experienced the last time he had seen it from his position on the carpet at its foot.

Giving him a smile he knew she meant to be reassuring, she tossed a pair of pajamas to him and, with one last smile, left him alone to take his rest.

*****

"Shaun! Shaun, my love!"

He came awake with a start, his face drenched with sweat and his stomach a tight knot of fear, fetching his knees to his chest and screwing his eyes closed in a vain attempt to avoid the pain he knew was coming.

“What is it, Shaun?” came a concerned voice at his side, the mattress compressing as she seated herself upon it.

Gentle hands stroked his hair and a sibilant voice coaxed him back to a sense of security – albeit fragile.

“N-Nightmare,” he croaked hoarsely, aware it was dark beyond the ocean-front windows and that he must have slept for at least a good few hours.

She smiled with understanding, her full and sensuous lips glistening in the moonlight, and kissed him gently. “You’re safe, Shaun. I have you back now and nothing will take you away from me again.”

The words both reassured and terrified him. A part of him did indeed feel *“Safe”*. But any hope he might have held for his experience having been a nightmare in total had been dashed by her *“I have you back now”*. Unless, of course, his mind truly was unhinged and the whole episode had been a result of his own mental instability?

“Have…? Have I really been away?” he asked, hoping against hope that she would tell him he had been gone from her with a fever, or some other malady; rather than an absence prolonged enough to get the Sherriff’s Department involved. I was… I was hoping I’d been sick and was waking from a fever or something.”

She shook her head.

“You were away long enough for Dennis to have you listed as a missing person. I’ve been frantic. You can’t imagine the thoughts I’ve had. I was really beginning to believe that I would never… I thought you’d left me for another…”

She cut the words off and he could see she was struggling to contain her emotion as he pulled her into him and crushed her to his chest; his love for her suddenly so powerful the sadistic actions of her doppelganger could do nothing to prevent him from showing it.

“I’m so sorry, my love. Here now with you, I… I’m beginning to remember more and more. But… But I still have no idea what took me away from you in the first place or how I came back.”

She clung to him as if he were a life-preserver in a typhoon, terrified that if she let go he would swept from her sight forever, and they sat cuddling in a half-crouch for some minutes until he gently disentangled himself and lay her, still fully clothed, on the mattress and pulled the duvet over her; amazed at the depth of love he could feel for a woman who, in the same body, had caused him so much pain and mortification.

“You need some sleep as much as me, Sandy” he told her gently. “I’m going into the den for some quiet time and a think. Then, tomorrow, we can call Dennis and explain that I’m back.”

“The company you rented the Cessna from will want to speak with you too,” she reminded him, eyes drooping heavily as the prospect of merciful sleep loomed ever greater on her horizon.

“Don’t worry, my love. I’m back now and I’ll take care of it. Sleep tight and I’ll see you in the morning.”

He kissed the top of her head and she was almost asleep before he reached the door.

By the time it closed behind him, *almost* was no longer a factor.

He walked into the hall, feeling his way in the dark places, and into the living room. Leaving himself in darkness as he sat in the chair near the window and took in an unnaturally serene ocean for the time of year as it reflected the vista of the equally out of sync and cloudless sky above it. Everything was familiar and yet strange and everything, save for his feelings for the woman he had just left in bed – or at least this version of her - bothered him. He knew with certainty that he was *not* insane, and what he had experienced was not a dream – despite the absence of the lacerations he knew had covered his back before he returned here and the thin padlock and chain that attached his pierced foreskin to his likewise treated scrotum to prevent any *“unauthorized”* erections.

No mere dream, he was certain, could have been so vivid in its intensity and detail, and neither would it have followed the consistency and logic of a memory so faithfully. Though it did, given its nature, seem both horrific and supernatural to him. In fact, so terrified was he of the woman he had met in this parallel existence, his body was wracked with a series of cold shudders that required him to drape a throw-over from the sofa around his shoulders as he wondered how he could be so comfortable with the woman in the bedroom after what her *evil counterpart* had done to him.

And what could possible explain the erection that started to grow as he gazed out to sea and saw nothing but an image of himself on his knees between her legs as his flattened tongue made long and dutiful sweeps from ass to labia?

Would it be possible for a man to get so confused via a crack on the head, that he believed he had lived in two worlds; both of which existed in real-time alongside each other?

And if it was, how in the hell was he going to explain the fact without finding himself consigned to a long-haul of padded-cell and regular tranquilizers?

And how in the hell was he going to explain the plane away – insured as it was, or not?

Three mugs of steaming coffee later, he was no nearer to an answer and his eyes were again growing heavy despite the caffeine bouncing against the walls of his arteries.

As he began to drift off again, memories of his friend, Dennis Green, flashed through his head. The same man his wife’s doppelganger had used to take off the sexual edge while he had been away from his life in the *“Other world”*, as he was increasingly coming to describe it to himself. Though *Nasty* Sandy would not allow his cock to penetrate her.

Emotional pain of no small intensity discomfited him as an ever clearing picture of his friend using his tongue to pleasure his wife – doppelganger or not – ensured his fists were soon balled into angry fists.

It was to this image, shameful erection still raging, that he felt a familiar and growing more regular tiredness slip over him before he drifted off into yet another fitful sleep, until…

CHAPTER SIX

Detective Lieutenant Dennis Green stood in the brush near the severely burnt out wreck of the aircraft, watching the men move about in the light of several spotlights that had been set up by the National Guardsmen who had roped off the area. The thick blackness of the surrounding forest, plus a glance at his watch, told him that dawn wasn't too far away. FAA investigator Dickson, a thin, stringy ex-pilot stepped around the scrambled bits of wreckage and stood beside him. offered a light to the dead cigarette in Dennis's mouth.

"What d'you make of it, Mister Dickson?"

Dickson shrugged and pointed at the wreckage with a blunt forefinger. "Not much to go on, given the intensity of the fire and the missing black-box; plus, it's pretty dark to see much; but it's a private plane. Cessna, my best guess till we get a better look at the wreckage.

"Why do you say that?"

"No wings, no tail assembly. Of course, it's hard to tell in the dark. When it gets light enough, we'll know the story; but I don't know of any private plane that looks like that one. Then too, the Army is holding the news boys at bay. I think those two government fellows are playing this one close to their chests."

Green nodded, the foreboding he had felt since the backpackers had reported it and he had got the alert growing. "Any bodies?"

Dickson shook his head. "The thing is pretty well burned, and the body, or bodies, if there are any to be found, could be all over the area. Trust me, it'll all come out when we really start investigating."

"How long does a thing like that take?"

Dickson shrugged. "A couple of days, a week. Even a few months. It's hard to say."

Green nodded and Dickson wandered off to the far side of the clearing made by the crash. Which was when he saw the light from the floods glinting on a small silver object. He picked it up and found that he had someone's watch. The crystal had been smashed, likely in the crash, and the hands were stopped at 11:15.

It was a Cartier and his earlier foreboding grew into sick feeling at the stomach.

He *knew* that watch.

But what cinched the whole thing was on the underside of the face, in the light of the spots, he could read: "To Shaun, Love, Sandy."

*****

"…You stupid, disobedient, bastard!" rang in ears that were only just reaching the conscious world once again. "What were my last fucking words to you?"

The daylight of another day, black clouds scudding above the ocean as they were hurried along by a wind threatening to become gale-force, was the first thing to reach his eyes through the den window; not a soul to be seen on the flat white sand of the beach as it awaited the next tide. A vista that never failed to thrill him having the opposite effect on him now. With all but his memory of the crash and the events leading up to it suddenly restored, he knew instantly he was *not* in the loving home those memories drew for him.

Somehow, while he had slept, he had been ferried back to his *"other life"*.

An *"other life"* that was in the process of supplying him with newer – and far more painful – memories.

And this… *creature*, screeching him into wakefulness with a string of obscenities, was not the loving and beautifully mannered wife he knew and loved.

Even if she was her exact replica.

"What didn't you understand about being told to *'Stay?*" she demanded, poised above him with hands on hips imperiously, just as if she were dealing with a recalcitrant and resistant to training dog. "You do not move until you get my permission to move. Get it?"

Any doubts as to his own sanity had long left him in the light of the doppelganger's behaviour. He knew with certainty now that his real life was back with the caring and loving woman who just happened to share certain – *all* – physical characteristics with the controlling bitch ranting away above him. Somehow, he had been thrown into some kind of alternative reality in which everything remained the same physically while being utterly and repugnantly different at the same time.

An alternative world in which it seemed he had no choice but to act as the bitch above's de facto slave – even as he wanted nothing more than to take a meat-cleaver to her.

Which, again, did not explain the erection that throbbed so painfully beneath his pyjama bottoms at the sight and sound of her… or, at least, *attempted* to throb.

Was a part of him actually responding to the control she was exercising and to which he appeared to have no answer?

"The punishment I gave you last night obviously wasn't severe enough," she told him, the reminder stinging the wounds on his back that had *not* been there when he tried to show his *real* wife all too obvious beneath his tee now she had mentioned them.

As was the dull pain between his legs, where she had pierced both his foreskin and scrotum before securing one to the other with a slender but resilient chain and a tiny but sturdy padlock.

He ran his eyes over this woman who was more familiar to him physically than any other woman on the planet; apart from the fact that he was convinced this was not his version of that planet and it was only a physical similarity she shared with the woman he loved.

A lack that did not diminish the desire simply seeing her caused.

She had pulled on one of his collarless shirts rather than a robe to take the edge off the morning chill and was naked beneath and below it. Long legs that might have been considered over-muscular save for their exaggerated shapeliness were made even more erotic by the lightly tanned sleekness of her flawless skin were made somehow even sexier by the powerful thighs either side of that familiar vee he had spent so much time pleasing with his tongue – even when not *ordered* to do so. Flaming red hair atop vibrant green eyes betrayed her Celtic origins, albeit many times removed in a distant past. She had Irish running through her on her great-grandfather's side and it was only natural for a red-haired gene to express itself occasionally in the family tree. Had she been born at the time of John Wayne, then the great John Ford would have paired him with no other actress. As well as being a truly decent and loving human-being, she was also the most erotic woman he had ever seen and remained so still after their years of marriage.

But that was another incarnation.

Not this one.

The one standing above him was in no way decent and any love she had was spent on herself. She seemed to thrive on control and enjoyed the infliction of pain. And especially, it seemed, when her victim – *him* – appeared unable to prevent her inflicting it upon him.

Another mystery.

Along with the perverse and repulsive excitement he seemed to be taking from her control of him; excitement that seemed to grow exponentially whenever he was returned to her.

Why couldn't he seem to disobey her and assert his masculinity?

He stared up at her as if trying to divine the mystery from her expression; without success.

It was simply the same face covering a vastly different interior.

Even if it was a face he had come to adore in its other manifestation.

There was just a sprinkling of freckles across her nose and cheekbones. Her features were eye-catching, striking even, but not conventionally beautiful. Another thing that had first drawn him to her. The modern concept of beauty – perhaps even the ancient – having always struck him as anodyne and antiseptic. Sandy's beauty didn't depend upon any one thing about her. It was the total package…her long and self-possessed stride, beautiful smile, flashing eyes, and the genuinely caring nature that was only rarely marred by flashes of that Gaelic temper.

They were just some of the facets of her looks and personality that made him love her.

The struggle he had now being not to allow her demonic doppelganger to soil that love.

Or, when it came down to it, his excitement at having her treat him so… *brutally*.

For, despite the feeling of being a stranger in a strange world, and of being caught up in a strange set of circumstances, he found himself feeling delightful and shaming tremors when he thought of

this Sandy and the commanding way she treated him. Even now, feeling the sting from his back where blood had congealed upon lacerations *she* had inflicted and the restriction at his groin that prevented his own sexual release without either her permission or an act of self-mutilation, there was a tight, fluttering sensation in his insides when he thought of the satin sheen of her skin and the warm lift of conical breasts. An image of her depilated pussy and a hair-free back passage as it lowered itself onto his face only served to make his fettered cock more uncomfortable inside his pyjamas. She was a striking and dominant woman, all rolled up in a frame of gentle curves and soft flesh, and the sadistic mindset he found so repugnant seemed to make him so much silly-putty in her presence.

He loved the *real* wife in his other-life with every fibre of his being; but his sexual response to this one was off-the-wall depraved and shaming.

"I need an apology," he heard as her lips seemed to move in slow motion to thoughts benumbed by the events unfolding about him on a seemingly ever-changing basis.

His mouth gaped.

"She expects an apology?"

"F-For what?" he stammered.

She backhanded him.

"Don't speak back," she warned, stern matriarch to transgressing infant.

His cock twitched once again and tried to exaggerate the distance between head and scrotum.

Unsuccessfully.

"I believe your story that you can't remember how you came to charter that plane or how crashed it," she told him, taking his chin in her hands and wrenching up his head so that he had no option but to stare into her green and inflexible eyes. "We'll use your loss of memory to explain what you can't explain to the authorities. Dennis tells me the plane is insured and given a lack of evidence to suggest dangerous or negligent behaviour on your part, there will be no charges."

She paused and brought her face nearer to his, so close in fact that he could smell the morning toothpaste upon her breath.

"But that does not mean I'm anywhere near satisfied with either the fact you saw fit to try and run away or that you seem to have such a disobedient attitude now you're back."

Her eyes were blazing into his now and the strength seemed to have left his body to ensure he was powerless to do anything but stare rabbit-like into her eyes and listen.

"Since I first persuaded you to enter into a female-led marriage with me," she went on, "I've kept my word to you and said nothing of it to either family or friends – even if they can hardly be unaware that I'm the one who wears the pants."

Unaware of any such agreement and too weak to respond, Shaun simply listened, knowing that at last he might learn something of their true relationship and what had brought it about.

“I told you from the start that there was a danger I would start to lose my respect – or at least what respect I had - for a man willing to allow himself to be controlled by his woman. But, when you realised it was the only way for you to stay in my life, you agreed. So don’t act so surprised we’ve reached this point when this memory you say you’ve lost returns.”

Once again it was his turn to wonder at not just who this woman who looked like his wife really was but what kind of a man he could be in this alternative world, that he would consent to such an unmanly role in her life simply to remain a part of it.

“Now before you get your lazy ass off that sofa to make my breakfast and get on with the chores that have backed up around here, I want an abject and sincere apology for your behaviour before I leave for work.”

As Shaun pondered whether that work was the same realty office that his *real* wife owned back in the world he considered home, he also wondered how a woman who had taken a crop to his back and pierced his male genitalia could possibly have the gall to ask her victim to apologise.

Unless, of course, she truly was the controlling sexual psychopath he believed her to be.

The words were exiting his lips before he was even aware of having considered them:

“I… I’m sorry,” he told her.

Not good enough.

She looked at him for a few moments, seemingly puzzled, then backhanded him across the mouth.

Head rocked to one side, anger came bursting upwards from his bowels and threatened to spur him to retaliation.

It didn’t.

As he felt a tiny trickle of blood at the corner of his mouth where her wedding-band had caught him, what would have been a physical response confined itself to the furious eyes that blazed into hers.

“How have I trained you to apologise when you’ve offended me?” she asked.

Shaun thought furiously and realised he had no recall whatsoever of his life with this madwoman. Thank God! Images of his *other life* all that occurred to him.

“You really are milking this memory bullshit for all it’s worth, aren’t you? For what good it will do you. I absolutely loved training you the first time around so, believe me, if I have to start from scratch again with your worthless hide it will give me nothing but pleasure.”

Her hands were on her hips again as she berated him, powerful and shapely legs on beautifully maintained feet with crimson nails planted on the rug. A feeling of what he could only describe as

unmanning helplessness welled-up in him from his toes to his throat and he realised that once again, despite the hateful and humiliating way she treated him, his sexuality was responding to her. Or at least as fully as a cock chained to a scrotum could respond.

With enough returned memory to know this was *not* a normal response for him back in his real life, Shaun could only wonder if his presence in this alternative reality compelled him to take on the characteristics of the doppelganger of himself he seemed to be replacing on an intermittent basis.

It was not a comforting thought.

“When you apologise to your Master,” she began, not missing the look of shock her referring to herself in such a way registered on his handsome features, “you do so by going to your knees, placing your hands behind your back, then lowering your head to place your lips upon her toes like the worthless piece of shit you are.”

The sheer contempt for him he could see upon a face he loved and in the sneering words she aimed at him, finally seemed to trigger an outraged response that could not be quelled.

Rising to his feet, expression murderous now, he…

CHAPTER SEVEN

“Go fuck yourself!” he heard himself scream, feeling a small sense of dislocation from his surroundings.

“Shaun!” answered a mortified voice, unable to disguise its pain at having the man she loved address her in such a way.

“You want some flunky to kiss your feet,” he began, eyes seeing but not seeing, “find yourself another man. This one has had enough.”

“K-Kiss my feet?”

Shaun acclimatized to sunlight streaming into his eyes through the den window and focused on the bitch who was trying to humiliate him and who, not before time, he had defied.

Except…

The woman standing in front of him, face full of anxiety and concern, was *not* the bitch his anger was aimed at.

Even if she was bare from the waist down and her lightly tanned legs were equally as attractive to him.

Not to mention the fact that she was wearing exactly the same shirt of his he had seen not seconds before.

The biggest giveaway denoting he had once again switched realities being the unfettered erection he could feel inside his pyjamas.

Despite his anger at the version he had just left and the feeling of being a stranger in a strange world of even stranger circumstances, he found himself wanting to actually kiss the feet of this incarnation of the wife he loved, so great was his relief at finding himself back with her.

Even now, knowing the evil of her counterpart, there was a tight, fluttering sensation in his insides when he thought of the smooth satin of her skin and the strong eroticism of her rounded thighs. She was striking without being beautiful; erotic while giving off nothing of the slutty; and loving and caring without being in any way a pushover. Sex and femininity all rolled up in a frame of gentle curves and muscled yet contradictory soft flesh. Fresh from the nightmare image of her in his alternative reality, it was no great leap of faith for him to regard her obvious love for him as a privilege.

“Shaun,” she began, his reference to her feet still troubling her, “Dennis just called on my cell. I asked him to come over.”

“But…”

“They found the plane and I told him you were here.”

He slumped back onto the sofa at his back, hands cradling his head.

“And what do I say to him, Sandy?” he asked without looking at her. “I still have no recall of renting that plane or of crashing it. All I remember is regaining consciousness and seeing the wreckage. Before that… Nothing.”

“Then that’s what you tell him, my love. The worst that can happen is that you’ll have to see a doctor – which I was going to insist on anyway. Dennis assured me that the investigators at the crash-scene could find no evidence of wrong-doing and the insurance company would simply have to accept an explanation of some kind of temporary mental incapacity on your part. The worst that can happen to you is that your pilot’s licence will be rescinded because they can’t take the chance of you having another episode while in charge of a plane.”

She held his eyes, her own holding nothing but determination:

“Which, as far as I’m concerned, can only be a good thing.”

He took her hands.

“Sandy, I don’t disagree and could care less about that licence. I don’t make a living from it and we’d be comfortable enough financially even if I did. Between my writing and your business, we’re more than secure. But…”

An image of his wife as she thrust a needle through the scrotum she had just iced, prior to repeating the process with his foreskin and securing both, took the colour from his face.

“Speak to me, Shaun,” she pleaded. “Whatever it is, we’ll fight it. We’ll make out. But you have to speak to me!”

He pulled her into him tightly, his hands moving up and under the shirt to stroke the warm svelteness of her back and spine. The freshness of her recently showered hair filling him with a heady thought of summer fields of flowers, of sweetness and tenderness and… love. Almost as if, Shaun Yeats, told himself, he was falling in love with his wife for the first time. Only, on this revisiting, with the shadow of a sadistic and controlling bitch looming over him as he tried to come to terms with the fact that what happened to him in his alternative reality was in no way related to the warm and loving woman pressing against his chest.

He broke off suddenly and it flicked into his mind like a film of the past.

Vivid and undeniable.

Him naked upon his knees, hands clasped behind his back as his equally naked wife stood above him with her back turned. Almost in slow motion, he watched the scene play out across his vision. Looked on as her slender hands with their long fingers reached back to spread the shapely alabaster pillows of her buttocks and edge them closer to his waiting face; his nose no more than a few centimeters from the vortex of shame her anal passage had become for him.

Then her voice. Harsh. Commanding. Containing no evidence or trace of any finer feeling she might possess for him:

"Sniff your Master's butthole and show her how much you revere every part of her body."

As he felt *his* Sandy pull away, a ball of nausea and bile filled his throat as if to counterpoint the shameful and unconfined erection the flashback had won from him.

She spun away from him now, the loose fitting shirt billowing out from her Junoesque body as she stared at him, worry and concern creasing her expression.

"What is it, Shaun?" she almost pleaded. "I know there are things you're not telling me. You're pale. Frightened. Please, my love. I can't help you if don't know what it is that's troubling you."

She came back to him, arms outstretched, kissing him lovingly.

"Please tell me, my love. Whatever it is we can get through it together."

"You… You'll think I've gone mad," he told her, wanting nothing more than to get this off his chest, to ease both his own and her pain.

"No. I won't," she assured him. "The man I love and want to spend the rest of my life with is here in front of me. You're that man still. And I *know* you're not insane."

She seated herself in the swivel chair at his desk and waited.

Her next words, when they came, brooked no refusal.

"Now *tell* me what happened to you."

Thinking it over for a few moments, and knowing the sharing was inevitable at some point, he turned from her to go and fix himself an unheard of but badly needed morning glass of Gentleman Jack. Then, returning to the woman he loved, Shaun Yeats sat on the den sofa opposite his desk and began his story…

…When Dennis Green knocked at their door some forty-five minutes later, it was a pale and obviously distraught Sandy Yeats who allowed him in and showed him through to where his equally devastated looking friend was pouring Bourbon from a rapidly diminishing bottle.

"Hello, Shaun," he said with a lightness he didn't feel.

"Dennis," said his friend with a smile that barely qualified for the description and was obviously forced.

The cop looked from his friend to his wife, and then back again.

Then, receiving nothing from either:

"So, are you going to tell me what the shit's happening, or not?"

CHAPTER EIGHT

…As he entered the bedroom behind her, Shaun watched the gorgeous behind of his naked wife sway from side-to-side. She was the most erotic thing he could imagine and, in this incarnation, up there with the most evil. He heard the front-door close behind the man who, in another life, was his closest and most trusted friend and fought the urge to rush to the en-suite and vomit the contents of his stomach into the porcelain. The sounds and images of what he had just been forced to witness about as painful as any he could recall and not mitigated by the fact neither of the participants were from his *real* life.

She had told him he would never be able to fuck her again. A thought that was terrifying, yet strangely and troublingly exciting to him also. His excitement, he noted, underpinned perhaps by the knowledge there would be no such proscription in his other life.

"Which means, as I enjoy a nice hard cock from time to time, rather than an obedient tongue, that someone will need to take up the slack for you."

His thoughts went back to the past thirty minutes he had spent watching his closest friend plowing his *second* wife on the rug in front of their open-fire. It was mid-afternoon and the curtains were pulled – not that it was likely anybody would have been passing and looked in on their isolated stretch of beach. The dray-horse cock of Dennis Green glistening with the juices of her arousal as he lay with his back to the rug and *"Evil Sandy"*, as he had come to think of his loving wife in her second coming, rode him as if he were a troublesome stallion she was intent on taming. His revulsion at seeing his wife used in such a fashion, even if, in reality, she was the user and was *not* the wife he loved – matched only by his own sexual excitement that was not in any way diminished for feeling it at such a spectacle.

Nor by the shame he felt for being made to observe their coupling from his knees at their side; naked and with his pierced and restrained cock wholly visible to the ridicule of wife and best friend alike – or, in this reality at least, his *former* best friend.

Her eyes had not left his own the whole time since she had impaled herself on his friend's treacherous erection and the joy she was taking from dismantling his manhood in such a way was visible enough in those green depths. The nipples he had only seen aroused in his company and from his efforts were more engorged and missile-like than anything he had inspired her to and he could see her eyes beginning to roll in her head as his friend's cock explored regions his own average variety equipment had been incapable of reaching.

Her words, second wife or not, seared across his thoughts:

"That's good, Dennis. If I'd known how good a real man's cock felt inside me I'd have given you permission long ago."

Her rolling eyes had fixed upon him once again:

"That's it, loser. Sit and watch like the pussy boy you are as your friend takes over your role as man of the house. You ever fucking defy me again and I'll have you clean his cock for you when he's finished doing me."

The threat had pushed his nausea to the forefront and, suddenly, the humiliation he felt for her treatment of him overrode the perverse and shaming sexual excitement it generated.

Though the same could not be said of his *"friend"* and, as Shaun began to suspect the presence of an underlying homo-erotic current in the make-up of his one-time compadre, the cop gave one last convulsive thrust into Sandy's bucking pussy and went rigid as his balls emptied their contents into her.

Other world, or not, Shaun had prayed for her not to have forgotten her contraception.

When they had eased down from their coupling, Sandy had climbed from her prone partner unceremoniously and, with the same promptness and curtness of manner, and after having ordered Shaun to *"Stay!"*, told him to get dressed and leave.

He had immediately protested, probably expecting some kind of apres coitus warm-down or some words of appreciation for his performance.

He had picked the wrong woman and the wrong wife.

"Just fuck off now, Dennis. I'll call you when I need your cock again. Right now I want to see just how much my pussy of a husband loves and worships his dominant wife."

Shaun watched the lithe and powerful body that had just fucked his friend to completion and marvelled again at his situation. His *"episodes"* were coming with greater regularity now and, more troublingly, without any warning, so that it took him time to regain his equilibrium and ascertain just *which* reality he was now in. The *real* Sandy had commented more than once on his tendency to drift off when she was speaking to him and the view of the doctor they had consulted that he might be suffering from some kind of narcolepsy – a suspicion that seen his driving-licence suspended to be on the safe-side – had not convinced her fully; especially after Shaun had explained where he went during these so-called *"narcoleptic segues"*.

That same psychiatrist was also of the opinion that the life he was so sure he led in that second-existence was nothing more than the dreams his subconscious provided him whenever he succumbed to the narcoleptic state.

To this Shaun had protested vehemently. His vehemence only cementing the good doctor in his view that he was the victim of a sleep disorder and the images served up to him whilst experiencing it. A view – the absence of his genital piercings and the wounds from the abuse he suffered missing – he had no way of refuting.

And a view the love of his life concurred with totally; despite the chapter and verse he provided her upon each return from his alternative existence.

The only thing, in fact, that allowed him to differentiate between his two realities – apart from the wives who were at separate poles of human behaviour and temperament – was the photo of them both that sat on their fireplace in each of those realities.

In the reality he preferred, he was shown with his wife as they posed upon the beach, the Atlantic behind them as they stared into the camera cheek to loving cheek.

In this abomination of that same reality, the photo showed him posed with his wife indoors.

Her seated in a comfortable armchair.

Him resting on his arse upon the floor at her feet as her hand rested upon his head proprietorially.

And this second Sandy, the one who had just fucked another man and forced him to watch the spectacle, naked and on his knees, *was* possessed of the same information as the first, he knew.

And, unlike the first, could have cared less.

He watched her stop as she felt his gaze on her back and turn to face him, rivulets of her lover's semen running down her thighs as it fell from her swollen pussy.

"Come on, my lovely boy, and get your reward."

His emotions raced.

"Surely, she couldn't be expecting him to…?"

"Come here, this instant!" she barked when he remained standing in the doorway, restrained but no less treacherous cock attempting to come erect at the sight of his freshly fucked wife and again leading him to question the masculinity in which he had always felt so secure.

"Don't annoy me, little Shaunie," she warned.

"Little Shaunie?" his thoughts questioned. *"This is new."*

“You’ve been a good little cuckold for mummy up to now, so don’t spoil it by making her ANGRY!”

The rising inflection on the ludicrous self-description struck a chord of fear in him out of all proportion with even this second world’s reality. When it came down to it, she was still a woman and he a physically bigger and stronger man. So where did the terror of the bitch that made him obey her so readily come from?

“It's time to begin learning your place, little boy,” she continued, tone becoming still more patronising and infantile, as if she truly were intent upon consigning him the role of infant in their life together. This life, anyway. “I want you to lay down on the bed. I'm going to sit on your face and you're going to make sure mummy is all nice and clean - and I do mean CLEAN. I don’t want *any* of your new step-daddy’s baby-making formula left inside of me when you are done.”

“Step-daddy?” he screamed to himself. *“Is she finally admitting she’s fucking insane?”*

“Okay?” she pressed.

He stood motionless, lips working and no sound exiting them. Unable to move forward unable to move back. Unable for the moment to move at all. As well as asking him to clean another man’s semen – *a former friend’s* – from her freshly pummeled cunt, he was being asked to think of that former friend as his new…

He was horrified beyond description.

Another man's cum?

He'd never even tasted his own, let alone…

His thoughts were interrupted as she closed the distance between them and took him by the ear to drag him to the bed and deposit him upon it on his back.

“Stop pretending to yourself that you can stop me from doing whatever I want to with you,” she hissed at him, propping herself on her hands and lowering her face to his, the nipples on those magnificent breasts he so adored bullet-hard with excitement at the control she exercised over him. You have no choice but to obey your Master. And if she wants you to be her little boy and address her as mummy…”

Balancing herself on one hand she used the other to deliver him a resounding slap by way of punctuation.

“…that’s…”

Slap.

"…what…"

Slap.

"…you…"

Slap.

"…will…"
Slap.

"…do!"

She moved closer and he could feel her warm breath upon the tears descending his cheeks.

"Aaaah, is mummy's little boy all upset, then?"

Her lips peppered his face with soft and demeaning kisses that had nothing in common with the demonstration of maternal affection they were intended to replicate.

"Well, all he has to do to make mummy all nice and pleased with him again is be the best behaved little boy he can possibly be for her from now on."

With yet another thrill of horror, he saw her bring a bare knee up between his legs and make contact with the cock and balls she had pierced and restrained.

Gently.

The satin smooth skin of her knee actually caressing his full to bursting scrotum and the thwarted erection above that seemed independent of his revulsion for the treatment she was handing out to him.

"Tell mummy you understand," she urged, eyes holding his, "and then you can start persuading her to let that little cockle that seems so excited out to play."

Hearing his manhood described in such mocking terms was yet another item to add to his emasculation – especially after having just witness the pussy of his wife being pistoned by huge member of his former friend.

"Tell her," she demanded, giving his ball-sac a less gentle nudge with her knee to remind him of her likely retribution should he refuse to comply.

He simply could *not* prevent himself from giving her what she wanted – no matter that he himself would be the one hammering yet more nails into the coffin she was making for his manhood.

"Y-Yes, mummy," he said, eyes flicking from hers, unable to witness the unholy sense of joy and triumph she took from his capitulation.

"Yes Mummy, what?" she demanded, voice that of a stern mother instilling a lesson of courtesy; no matter the courtesy involved was that of ordering her adult husband to lick her pussy clean of her lover's emissions.

The prospect of what he was being asked to do thoroughly nauseated the sense of manhood left to him and, yet, he knew he would concede to her demands; on this and anything else she cooked up as a means of emasculating him and escalating her demonic control. He seemed to have no defence against her. And, that being the case, he made the decision to simply go along with those demands rather than attempt to join a battle in which he was doomed to fail.

"Yes, mummy," he began in a small and beaten voice that brought an instant smile to her face for having wrought thee transformation from humiliated man to controlled child so quickly. "I understand."

The smile vanished and she shook her head.

"No. That doesn't sound like the way mummy wants her little boy to speak.

"What the fuck now?" asked the part of him that wasn't in terror of this woman he loved in another…

What?

Dimension?

"I think that should have been: *'little Shaunie understands'*," she told him, eyes dancing with sadistic delight at the mental pain she was inflicting upon a man she had sworn on all that was holy to love and cherish – even if this version of that same wife had not seen fit to tell either him or the priest joining them how she interpreted those twinned prerequisites of the wedding vows.

"Say it again," she demanded.

Feeling lower than dog faeces, he did as she asked.

"That's my good boy," she said, actually stroking his hair as if it were a reward for learning his lesson.

Then, without further ado, she raised herself up and slung a leg over his head and brought up its twin to straddle his head; semen rivuleted thighs either side of his sickened eyes.

“Clean mummy’s pussy first,” she ordered, eyes beaming down into his to convey a threat of dire proportions should he defy her; peering over the breasts that had always aroused him so much and now, nipples as energised as he could recall, continued to do just that in spite of himself.

As she eased her swollen and depilated cunt ever closer to his distraught and appalled face and the mouth waiting to be used, the last thing he heard was:

“And when she’s all squeaky clean there, you can use your obedient little tongue to clean your new stepdaddy’s junk off mummy’s thighs.”

As her pussy made landfall on his tongue and she fell forward onto all fours the better to maintain control and contact with his unwilling but no less malleable tongue, Shaun Yeats – *“Little Shaunie”* – tasted another man’s semen for the first time.

Which was when…

CHAPTER NINE

"…His senses were scrambled and he felt a dislocation that was more and more familiar to him. He was still flat upon his back in the bedroom he shared with his *two* wives, but the pussy that had been engulfing his head not a split-second before, as his tongue unwilling cleaned it of another man's issue, was no longer there.

Though it was not far away.

As he adjusted to his return to the reality he *never* wished to leave again, he realised a whole raft of sensations *other* than devastation and repugnance were energizing his body.

And sensations of a positive kind.

For the first time he could remember in their sexual relationship with each other, his wife was astride his *fully* erect cock and was riding him for all she was worth.

The breath caught in his throat at the sight of her hour glass torso rising above him with such sexual majesty and, as he took in the pure pleasure of feeling her cunt walls sucking upon his unfettered erection, the dire memory of what he had been doing with her in his second reality was temporarily banished.

But what had happened while he was away that had led to her taking the female dominant position?

It was a question he was unable to pursue as she began to really grind down upon him, rolling her hips as if milking him.

"Mmmmm.....oooooh.....oooooh fuck"

She leaned forward then, red-hair flowing over her shoulders, and gripped the headboard firmly with both hands so that she might piston her hips in a circular up and down motion. Instinctively, knowing how sensitive she was to having her clitoris played with as they made love, Shaun brought up a hand to try and oblige. Only to be stopped.

"No, Shaun!" she hissed, causing him to flinch.

Her tone, he told himself, praying he was simply being oversensitive from recent events in this same bedroom, upon the same bed, might just as well have said *"Bad boy!"*.

"We agreed I would be in charge for once tonight," she told him, voice and tone sounding ominously familiar. "You do *not* do anything unless I tell you to do it."

A wave of fear began to swell upwards in him until she gazed down and smiled:

“But it would be nice if you stretched your head up and worshipped these tits of mine I know you love so much.”

Rising hysteria vanquished in an instant, he leaned up and began sucking one of her incredible breasts as it swung in front of his face, vacuuming an engorged nipple into his mouth and swirling it from one side to another as if her were sampling a Grand Cru from a particularly venerated vineyard.

She moaned out loud at the feeling of the twin sensation of his penis inside her and her nipple being vacuumed inside his warm and willing mouth; knowing that her unaccountable arousal at this new position in their lovemaking was inspired by the control it gave her and wondering if all these tales he had been telling her of the doppelganger with who he shared a female-led marriage in this other life he was so certain existed were not his way of asking her to dominate him without his losing face for wanting such an *unmanly* relationship.

“You like my breasts, Shaun, hmm? You like sucking my nipples baby?”

He moaned and nodded his agreement, enjoying the freedom of an unfettered erection and the feel of her pussy-walls around it to allow this change in their lovemaking to disturb him.

Yet.

“And we already know how much you love your wife’s pussy, don’t we?”

Withdrawing her nipple from his reach, she placed her thumb in his mouth and was thrilled when he instantly began to suck on it as if she had introduced him to a pacifier.

Or…

Her excitement almost put her over the edge.

…Or the cock of her latest lover.

A surge of guilt for such a thought and added some vinegar to the intense sweetness of her arousal.

How could *she* be having thoughts like this when she knew what her husband was undergoing in this other life of his?

If, there was another life, that is.

The rock hard cock he was now thrusting up to meet her downward pressure drove all thoughts of guilt and empathy – along with pretty much anything else save for her growing arousal – from her

head as he continued to suck upon her thumb; even as his cock continued in its unsuccessful attempts to bottom out upon her cervix.

Attempts, she knew, that had always proved unsuccessful up until now and *always* would.

She loved her husband and he certainly wasn't… *small*.

But then, she thought, a memory of dancing with Dennis Green at a party and the feel of the huge schlong as it pressed against her coming out of nowhere, her Shaun had never been what she would describe as *big* either.

As they thrust away, one into the other, her breasts jiggled right in front of him and sight of his fixated stare as he gazed up at them and the infantile way he was sucking upon her thumb gave her a sense of power over him she found simply delicious. She ran a free hand through her flaming red tresses and luxuriated in the experience of sexual control for the first time.

Feeling her own crisis imminent, and wanting to be able to control the arrival of his own, she rolled her hips back and forth on his lap; adoring the feel of his swollen balls as they tickled her ass and the images of him serving that same ass with his tongue the sensation triggered.

"Ooooh, empty your balls into me, Shaun," she ordered. "Fill your lovely and dominant wife with your cum"

On the edge himself, he required no further invitation and thrust up into gyrating her hips again; pushing repeatedly into her body as she rode him, thumb still inside his sucking mouth as he began to buck and twist and cry out nonsensically as the pressure rose to its inevitable and irresistible conclusion.

A tsunami wave of pleasure hit her as Shaun launched a hot stream of cum into her depths followed by a second and a third and a fourth as he emptied what seemed to him like his whole life-force into her devouring womanhood.

As their bodies spasmed as the intensity of their orgasms and she slumped forward onto his chest, pacifying thumb still hooked in his mouth, both realised they had just experienced the most explosive sex of their marriage to that point.

Which was when she whispered in his ear:

"I think we need to have a good, long, talk…

CHAPTER TEN

It felt like forever, though it had only been a matter of days he had spent uninterrupted in his second-reality. Previously, the morphing his smug and, cocooned in received, logic psychiatrist had assured him was no more than the result of his *"narcoleptic episodes"* had not been long in duration and he had spent less time in his *"other world"* than he had in that version of his reality he so dearly preferred. Now, it appeared, that had changed.

His last memory of that preferred dimension had been of Sandy riding him to the most explosive of orgasms.

With her *thumb* in *his* mouth.

It had been both troubling and sensational.

And a coupling that had ended with her telling him they needed to talk; instilling in him a sense of foreboding for their relationship he still felt in the presence of the doppelganger he hated with a passion.

For, before she could explain what was on her mind, he had been whisked back to the other life and the growing number of humiliations the Sandy he found there so adored inflicting upon him.

But the longer time he had spent in her company had revealed certain… *truths*… to him.

Amazing as it seemed to him, his *second* wife had explained that he was the love of her life and that she would *never* let him go. Dennis was nothing to her but a big hard cock she used to cement her control over the *real* man in her life whose obedience to her and the sensations of being all-powerful it provided her – if only in a personal relationship other millions experienced in their own vanilla way – was simply too euphoric and addictive for her to forego.

In fact, the longer he remained with her, and in between the humiliation she inflicted upon him – humiliations in a different form she heaped on his former friend's head also; even as she rode his cock to completion – he could, unbelievably, begin to see that the love she expressed for him was built just upon words.

He also learned why he was so compliant in her presence.

Obedience to her will explained by a visit to see the show of a visiting mesmerist and magician.

A show at which *he* was asked on to the stage as a volunteer and was placed under more swiftly than any of the other members of the audience and made to perform any number of embarrassing and out of character acts – even if none of them were anywhere near the class of humiliation she served up to him when the desire for personal control was upon her.

That desire for personal control over him triggered in her by that night leading her to study mesmerism itself until…

The knowledge that his will had been subverted by her, and he wasn't entirely the weak and pussified wimp he believed himself to be in this alternative reality, going some way to making him feel *less* emasculated.

Which did not mean he hated what this Sandy was about and how she inflicted her disgusting and unwholesome desires upon him.

"Let's have a nice evening cuddling and watching the TV," her words reached him as he sat on the floor at her feet and painted her nails a vivid blue, begrudgingly admiring the high-arches and shapely long toes of her lightly tanned extremities. "I'll even unlock your cock and balls and we can play around a bit. What do you say?"

After he said what she wanted to hear and they were cuddled together on the sofa watching an episode of "Breaking Bad", both naked and with her gently caressing his cock and balls in their new freedom, he felt his eyes growing heavy. Expecting a rebuke for being about to fall asleep on her, he was surprised when she pulled him in to those wonderful breasts. The words she cooed into his ear soothing.

"You look exhausted, my love, she told him. Close your eyes and drift off while I watch the show if you want to. I won't mind."

She was actually smiling at him now. And not vindictively either. Looking at that face he revered in his other life he could actually see the esteem in which she held him etched into her expression – despite her desire to treat him lower than dog-shit from time to humiliating time.

"Go on, sweetheart," she urged. "I won't be angry. I promise."

Feeling like a child being tucked in by a mother, he felt his eyes grow heavier and slipped into that same sleep she had suggested…

*****

"…What the fuck!"

He came to with a start, head rocking to the side as he realised he was still in his living room; though he could hear no sound from the television.

"How dare you!" he heard the voice of his wife from the sofa above. He was naked still and so was she; but the loving mood he had drifted off to sleep to had vanished in its entirety.

"You know you're not…"

He saw her foot come at him and his head was rocked to the side once again as she used it to punctuate her rebuke.

Slap!

"…to speak…"

Slap!

"…when you're wearing your collar."

Head clearing, he realised she had lulled him deliberately with the full intention of taking him down into a fresh hell.

A hell in which she was punishing him with her feet!

And what was this *"collar"* she was speaking about?

As if to answer him, she reached forward and snatched at a thick steel chain encircling his neck.

"You've proved you're nothing more than a disobedient dog and that's how you're going to be treated."

He shook his head from side-to-side as if trying to clear this nightmare from his mind and succeeded only in making himself seem even more cur-like.

An image that was improved upon when he watched her take up a length of chain at her side and clip it to his collar.

A lead!

She leaned back on the sofa, breasts and powerful but shapely legs with their light tan mocking him, and regarded him with all the insolence of power he knew she was addicted to wielding over him; his *"lead"* held proudly in her hand.

"When…"

The sole of her bare foot made contact with his cheek.

"…I tell you…"

Then the other.

"…not to speak…"

Slap!

"…when you're being…"

Slap!

"…my doggy…"

Slap!

"…I expect…"

Slap!

"…to be…"

Slap!

"…obeyed!"

Her feet were not going lightly in their reminders and Shaun could feel his face swelling and reddening under their attentions – even if he found himself unable to move himself away from the punishment they were inflicting upon him.

Suddenly, she drew the length of chain sufficing as his lead to her and went nose-to-nose with him:

"When you're being my little doggy," she told him face a mixture of sadistic excitement and evil intent, "you respond to questions and commands with a simple *'Woof!'* for yes and a *'Woof-Woof!"* for no."

As he gazed into her fanatical eyes, Shaun felt finally as if he truly were losing his mind. Up until now, he had taken a logical approach to his switches between what he described as *"alternative dimension"* in the hope it would keep him grounded until the situation stabilized. That approach was no longer working.

The returns to his *loving* wife seemed nowhere near as frequent as they had been and he was being forced to endure even more of her doppelgangers attentions – even if there was a growingly large interval between her more despicable and emasculating treatment of him and that of a more normal kind.

Not a minute ago, it seemed, he had found himself on that same sofa with her, cuddling as they watched a television show together; she encouraging him to drop off as his eyes grew heavier.

Now, he was on all-fours at her feet being treated as if he truly were some kind of domestic pet.

Having just been informed he was only allowed an approximation of canine barking, rather than the use of normal speech.

More evidence he knew, of just how much more marked the insanity based upon her sexual perversion was becoming.

Worse, he could virtually feel his own mind cracking under the strain of his dual status.

"Are you going to be a good doggy?" she asked, still holding his benumbed eyes with a determined fanaticism he knew he could neither reason with or – given the hypnotic conditioning he now knew he laboured under – fight.

Taking his numbness as disobedience, she grabbed his lead at the collar and used the slack to slash at his bare back, making him scream with agony as the chain re-opened wounds that had barely healed.

A handful of his hair was taken and his head was wrenched back to meet her unforgiving and completely un-empathetic eyes once again; her voice as terrifying to him as anything he could have managed from a Spanish Inquisitor in the deepest of Iberian torture-chambers:

“I’ll ask you again,” she began, voice no less chilling for being soft and even. “Are you going to be a good doggy?”

Shaun Yeats could feel his grasp of reality – such as it was – beginning to fail him as he heard the *“Woof”* leave his lips. The longer he spent in this reality and away from the woman he loved and who loved him in return, the less that other reality gave him something to grasp onto. Much more of it, he knew, and he would soon be little more than an obedient automaton with no possibility of ever exercising a will of his own again.

“There,” came her voice into his benumbed and tortured thoughts. “That wasn’t so hard for my doggy now, was it?”

He actually whimpered.

“Was it?” she asked again, injecting a little edge into her voice.

Enough, anyway.

“Woof!” he heard the debasing rejoinder leave his mouth, almost as if it had come from the lips of another.

“That’s my good boy!” she thrilled, as enthusiastic as if he really were a canine and she had taught him a new trick; taking up his lead and rising from the sofa to move behind him to reveal the fire that roared in the fireplace and the rug before it upon which she loved to make him kneel as she rode the cock of his one-time friend while insisting her husband’s eyes *never* leave hers as another man was given those joys that should have been his.

Breath caught in his throat as a hand encircled his scrotum and gently, almost playfully, began to squeeze.

“Good doggies get a reward,” he heard from behind him. “And I know how much my own little pet loves to have his balls stroked – even if he isn’t allowed an erection until his owner says so.”

Despite the mind that was cracking under the constant and increasing dosages of humiliation and uncertainty, a groan left Shaun’s lips as the cock attached to his balls once again proved itself oblivious to the sufferings of the man who owned it. Groan turning to pained gasp as, once again, the chain and padlock joining scrotum to penis prevented any true extension.

“Not a full reward, of course,” her mocking tones informed him, laughter bubbling beneath the surface as she gloried in the control she exercised over him. “Doggy’s mummy will only let him hump her leg and spurt all his doggy cream if he can show her he’s truly serious about being the bestest and most obedient little doggy he can be for her.”

Tears streamed down his face as he battled the conflicting torments of an unholy and thwarted desire and the memory of the loving wife back in his first and growingly distant alternative reality who loved nothing more than to satisfy his desires. Memories of him taking her in the missionary position they had once preferred until recently – and upon that same rug her doppelganger now utilised to make his pain more acute – played out across his vision and he asked himself again if that life he had loved so much would ever be returned to him.

He could feel his cock struggling valiantly to reach full erection, almost as if it were working independently of its owner and again allowed himself a groan of pain and discomfort.

“Now, now,” came her voice from behind him as she continued to apply feather-light caresses to his ultra-sensitized ball-sac. “Stop all that bad-boy groaning. You know mummy only rewards her doggy when he’s been the best behaved little doggy he can be for her.”

Shaun raised his eyes from rug to fire, to the fireplace itself and focused on anything that would lessen the attempts of his cock to reach erection – only for his eyes to alight upon the framed picture atop the mantel.

His eyes crinkled with puzzlement.

Then realisation.

Then pure, heart-stopping, shock.

In *this* photo, he was *not* seated on the floor at his wife’s feet as she resided, queen-like and in control on the sofa above.

As the image of him with his beloved wife posed against the backdrop of the Atlantic and what that meant became plainer to his besieged mind, his scream was the last thing he heard.

Until…

EPILOGUE

“Do you think I’ll ever be able to speak with him or hold him again?” the distraught wife asked the doctor as they watched her husband via the CCT connection in his plush office at the Mental Wellbeing Institute.

The doctor, who seemed to be in his mid-thirties and a little young to be overseeing such a facility, stared at the image of her husband as he stared from his barred and secure window out onto the hospital’s neatly manicured grounds and the sea in the distance before allowing himself what seemed to the wife a most *non*-medical shrug.

“I would like to be more encouraging, Mrs Yeats,” he said with regret, swiveling around to face the woman who appeared as sincere as she was attractive and trying not to ogle the shapely and powerful pantyhose clad legs she had crossed one over the other. “Your husband responds only to the most basic imperatives. Eating, drinking, defecation, etc. But as far as conversation – even of the most simple and fundamental kind – there is no inclination to participate or even a sign he has heard.”

“But surely, these days… I mean, there must be drugs that can help… hypnosis, perhaps, that would…?”

He was already shaking his head before she was finished.

“Neither drugs or hypnosis are wise forms of treatment for those suffering from hallucinations and deep psychosis such as your husband,” he told her, winning a thoughtful look he was unable to fathom. “They truly can make a bad situation infinitely worse.”

Again her eyes went to the motionless man on the screen as he sat upon the end of his bed and stared out of the window, thoughts - were he having any - totally beyond the realm of science or wifely love to divine. His heart, professional as he was, going out to the woman. Even if it did not prevent him sneaking an appreciative look at her legs, sleek and hosed, while her attention was elsewhere.

“It…” she began, “It’s just so hard to… to see him like this.”

The young doctor squirmed in his seat uncomfortably, good on the mental ailments of his patients but not nearly so useful when it came to the emotions of those who were neither mental nor patients.

Though, no doubt encouraged to greater efforts by the legs he had wrenched his eyes from with such difficulty, he took a stab at empathy and reassurance; such as it was.

“You have to remember, Mrs Yeats,” he began, fighting back the urge to ask what were her plans for dinner that evening, “that your husband has only been with us for three months and, though that may seem an eternity to you, for us it’s no time at all. Believe me, what’s tormenting your husband and lies at the root of his problems can vanish just as swiftly as it came into existence.”

He shrugged again, professional diligence requiring he balance his words of encouragement with others equally as valid but less uplifting.

“Or it could be that…”

“…that he never finds his way through and that the husband I love is gone forever,” the wife finished for him, eyes again flashing to the forlorn figure on the screen and making the young doctor feel guilty for his inability to stop drinking in her incredibly sexy limbs whenever she gave him the opportunity to do so without being caught.

“Sadly, yes,” he agreed, realising he was fully erect beneath his glass-topped desk and berating himself for such an unprofessional response.

“You will keep me informed?” she asked unnecessarily as she rose to her feet and he rose with her.

“You can rest assured,” he told her as they headed for the door and he stepped around her to open it. “The slightest change in his condition and you will be the first to know.”

“Thank you, doctor,” she said, holding out her hand for him and seeming to be unaware when he took it and applied a familiar pressure that lingered for just a second or two more than was professional. “I’ll see you again next month.”

“Goodbye, Mrs Yeats, and take care on the drive home. They’re predicting a gale-force blow coming in off the Atlantic.”

She gave him a small smile. “Don’t worry, Doctor, I’m not driving and I’m in safe-hands. The friend who drove me here is an advanced driver and knows the area well.”

“Then good day to you, Mrs Yeats and I hope to have more encouraging news for you next month.”

He watched as she made off down the long corridor towards the lifts and reception, the sound of her heels pecking against the sterile linoleum flooring capturing his attention and ensuring he remained in the doorway as her magnificent legs took her further from him; the good doctor oblivious to the curious and then knowing male nurse who caught the object of his scrutiny and allowed himself a smile of recognition.

Having seen those legs coming from the opposite direction, he was in a position to confirm the doctor’s interest was wholly human.

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“Any improvement?” he asked, holding the back door of his 2015 Jeep Cherokee without having to be told.

“What the fuck’s it to you? Piece of shit! Just get in the car and drive. There’s a blow coming in off the ocean and I don’t want to be caught in it.”

“Well, fucking excuse me,” said Dennis Green. “Case you forgot, Shaun was my friend long before he met you.”

“Doesn’t stop you letting his wife ride your cock whenever she’s in the mood though, does it?”

He slid up into the driver’s seat and slammed the door angrily before keying the engine, in a rage and feeling guilty simultaneously.

Though his rage was all the greater for being impotent in the presence of a woman he had wanted in the worst way for years and who, suddenly, had undergone a complete character change and, in the process, enslaved him.

“Any time you want to stop, just let me know,” she told the back of a reddened neck, his anger of no concern to her. Quite the opposite, in fact. The knowledge he was infatuated with her and that she controlled him almost as completely as she had begun to control Shaun up until his breakdown was going a long way to easing her sense of loss – even if she knew, and had told him, that he would *never* occupy a place in her life and her heart that came anywhere close to the feelings she still had for her mentally ailing husband.

Not for the first time, she felt the pain of guilt for her part in what had happened to her husband. Of course, she had started out with complete empathy as well as sympathy and wanted only to help the man she loved through his, admittedly inexplicable, pain. Empathy and sympathy that had morphed into a response of quite a different kind as she realised the kind of life he was living with her doppelganger in this, so-called, alternative world he insisted he was being forced to endure, and at times he couldn’t predict.

After he had told her of the control her lookalike exercised over him in this *Other Life”*, she had found herself frigging herself at the possibilities and even suggesting the possibility she take the dominant role in their marriage. Both in and out of bed. But it hadn’t been – and to this day she could not say what prompted her to do it – until she began using direct orders with him, and, incredibly, had them obeyed, that she realised the life they had together that had satisfied her so fully until then could be replaced with a relationship in which *she* controlled everything and where she felt more alive and sexually satisfied than she would ever have believed possible.

Which, not yet having gone entirely to the dark-side, did not banish the pain her guilt fetched her whenever she thought of how she had contributed to her loving husband’s condition.

Though it was not enough to prevent her exercising a similar and growing control over his best-friend who she soon discovered had a latent desire to be dominated behind his manly cop exterior and the massive tool in his underpants.

It was the next best thing to controlling the man she actually loved and she was determined to milk it for all it was worth in case Shaun did not recover.

“In fact,” she told her increasingly neutered and tamed cop as he expertly maneuvered the coastal highway leading to the home she once shared with Shaun, “when we get back I want to see a commitment from you to me.”

The eyes that caught hers in his rear-mirror were puzzled.

“I want you to show me that you accept me as your boss in all things,” she went on.

His eyes in the mirror said:

"Don't I fucking do that already?"

"When we get back I'm going to mark you as mine."

Cop eyes were still puzzled, but now, inspired by the latent masochism she had fed and nurtured, there was something else in them also.

Sexual excitement.

"That's right you giftless, irredeemable, pervert. I'm going to put my mark of ownership on you forever. Just like the pussy-whipped wimp we both know you to be. And, if you don't accept my right to do it, I'll just have to find myself another whipping boy until Shaun comes to his senses."

She watched him swallow back a mixture of fear and desire.

"And just so you know," she went on. "I'll even tell you how I intend to mark you."

His face in the mirror became the same colour as the slate grey sea the wind was whipping to ever greater frenzies as he hurried them to their destination.

"Don't worry, pussy-boy," she laughed. "It won't be a mark anyone will see. You'll have to do a lot of begging and abject ass-licking before I grant you that honour. But it will mark you just the same; mentally if not physically."

"Sandy, I…"

"Shut your stupid fucking mouth until you have my permission to speak, you piece of sewage!" she barked as if she were a drill sergeant abusing a nerdy recruit.

With a look of wonder that seemed to be asking how he could accept such treatment, Dennis Green did exactly as she had ordered him.

"Just for that," she said with a look of the purest evil, a part of her still amazed she could behave in such a way and be turned on so much in the so doing, "you're going to strip down when you get me home and stand with your legs apart for me to kick those big balls of yours of which you're so proud."

His eyes flickered from hers and she knew he could not meet her gaze from guilt.

Guilt at what she knew would be a monstrous erection at the prospect of her treating him in such a way.

She added:

"And for as many times as I think your disrespect of me warrants."

A few hundred yards passed in silence, then:

"Now, where was I when you pissed me off?... Oh, yes. Of course. I was about to explain just how I intended to mark you as my slave and pussy-boy."

She watched his face redden in the mirror.

“As you know, I’ve always enjoyed my history. Other civilizations. Cultures. And I truly believe we ignore the old ways at our peril. Progress is all very well, but it doesn’t have to be at the expense of *all* the old ways.”

His shoulders had tensed and she could tell he was hanging on her words; knowing as they both did that he was so addicted to her now there was virtually *nothing* she could suggest that he would not do in order for her to continue satisfying the base masochism she herself had been instrumental in bringing to the fore.

“That’s why I’ve decided to mark you as my property in the ancient Japanese way as practiced by the Shoguns over their chattels.”

She stared at the wind whipped ocean for a few seconds, savouring what she was about to say and later do.

Then:

“When we reach my home - and AFTER my pretty little feet have taken your disrespect out on your balls as you stand before me naked,” she reminded him. “You’re going to go into the bathroom and lay on your back with your mouth open until I’m ready for you.”

He flinched and she saw it, his eyes fixed upon hers in the rear-mirror.

“Concentrate on the road, you imbecile!” she snarled at him.

Another few hundred yards passed and she could hear his breathing in the front seat that was a mixture of anticipation and sheer dread.

“Then,” she went on, “when I am ready, I’m going to crouch over your worthless and pathetic body and anoint you as mine.”

Unable to help himself his eyes again flashed to hers as she finished:

“With my piss!”

THE END