

Double Blind

An adult female domination tale

by

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Synopsis:

The day that Arnold decided that he was sure that his wife was having an affair was the day that he was doomed. There was so much more to it than that. After all, when the PI he hired showed him his wife dressed in latex a month later, he still had no inkling that soon his privileged life would end and all would be turned on its head. The truth was, he did not even know who he was!

A wicked and malignant plot was about to overtake his life, betrayal about to turn his world upside-down.

A story of horror and solitude, claustrophobia and terror.

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Second Edition

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Double Bind

The Suit

All was dark. The cellar had no windows, the hood had no eye openings and no lights were on. There was just a small movement of air from the grill high on the wall, but the tight suit did not allow its occupant to feel it.

All was quiet. The man in the suit could not even hear his own breathing, his own heartbeat. The cellar was buried deep under the subsoil and none of the sounds of the street above percolated to his ears clasped by their padding. Inside, the black figure strung up in the black of the cellar only his thoughts moved and they shed neither light nor made a sound. It was as though external time had stopped even though internal time ticked at the speed of his thoughts.

What did he think about? He thought about himself. He repeated his name, though it seemed to have no meaning because now there were only two people in his constrained world. Himself and the woman who used him. He was Arnold Van Sittert, of that he was certain. She was Francine Van Sittert, that was also a fact, but the identity of the others that came with her... well, that was a mystery.

He occasionally cast his mind back to the past, the time before everything was so simple and emotions passed through his mind that he could not separate from each other. The world had become one dimensional, a single inflexible line with no branches. He had regrets, certainly, but it was tinged with the feeling that he had been right, had been justified, and that brought a counterbalancing feeling of faith that Arnold Van Sittert's tale was not yet at an end. The last emotion left to him was the one that Pandora trapped in her box: False Hope!

How could it be? How could he even have hope? Then there was a feeling of fear that overlaid every thought, but it was inextricably entwined with an emotion like joy, because every time that she attended to him it brought contact with the outside world that was a proof that the outside world of the sun still turned, and the people that he had known still existed out there in that place where the grass was green and the roses were all the colours of the rainbow.

He still sensed himself. He could feel his breathing; he could feel when the sobs caused slick tears to drip inside the mask. He felt himself empty his bladder and bowels and the way that the machine that tended him sucked him dry when he did so. He could pull at the chains that held him tight and feel their constrictions and pull, these were the things that he sensed.

The limits of his world. Occasionally his thought wandered to the events that had led to this terrifying punishment and he replayed the mistakes over again to determine his errors and miscalculations. It was if he was practising them over and over to find the flaws and be sure that he never repeated them. It was as if there actually was

hope that one day he would be able to escape and repeat history to avoid the fate that he had been offered up to.

He struggled to recall faces that he had not seen in such a long time, situations that played like screenplays in his head but had no real meaning. Situations that no longer seemed at all authentic and tried to throw himself back into the emotions that he was sure that he had had.

The Betrayal

Arnold Van Sittert was sitting and waiting in a small café just off the Kurfurstendamm, not a place that he ever frequented, but the place that he had arranged to meet the man whom he was paying to spy on his wife, Francine.

That was how it had started, the sequence of events that had ended in utter darkness. So how was it that he suspected his wife of cheating on him?

Well, it began with those small signs that a partner of several years notices. For instance the odd charge for a restaurant on a credit card. A telephone number on a card in her dress as it was taken to the cleaners. The BMW being valeted after she had been out for a few hours even though it was perfectly tidy when she had left for her appointment. A dropping off of sexual interest over a couple of months and all those intangibles like strange looks and odd questions.

These were all things that had barely registered until the night that he received a telephone call where the caller just said 'Francine?' and then hung up when Arnold had answered. That pulled all those other small circumstantial facts together and triggered the alarm bells in his head.

Arnold considered asking Francine, coming right out with it and clearing the air, but in his position it was really not at all advisable. So instead he went to his lawyer, Hermann Horst to discuss the arrangements of his prenuptial agreement.

Hermann was a man whose weakness was eating. A gourmand of the first water. Twenty stone of intelligence in a fitted suit who knew all the answers. 'The problem is, Arnold,' he said. 'You need proof, evidence of misconduct. It's no good going to a divorce lawyer like myself with just circumstantial evidence. You need times, dates and photos. Hard evidence that Francine has been a naughty girl. I could suggest someone, but coming from me it might not be strictly a good idea, because as her cousin I am loath to become involved in the matter.'

'Should I even have told you of my suspicions?' asked Arnold.

'Dear chap, client privilege! Of course nothing goes out of this office, but still, I cannot be personally involved in something like this and that goes for any divorce.'

'Well, I have no idea how to find a private investigator,' said Arnold.

'Just look on the Internet or the yellow pages, Arnold!'

'But, how can I know if they are effective?'

'OK, OK, I'll give you a name and number, but this is really the last that I want to hear of it. You will have to find another lawyer, let him read the prenup to decide what to do if, and I say *if*, Francine is really having an affair.'

Hermann opened his drawer and passed Arnold a card. 'This man is perfect, pay him and he can find what someone had for breakfast and in which cupboard their skeletons are hidden in.'

'Thanks, all I need now is to find another lawyer.' As I said, check the Internet and the yellow pages. I shall send you a copy of the prenuptial agreement and you can pass it to him when you have some evidence in your hands. Wait until then.'

So that was how Arnold found his private investigator. At a thousand Euros a day, he was not cheap, but what was the money for Arnold? A man with millions in the bank and properties all over Berlin that he had inherited from his parents. So he hired him and gave him all the information that he required.

Arnold exited his office with the distinct feeling that the man that he had just hired to follow his wife was shifty and devious, but after all, was that not just a sign of how well he could do his job? Deception was of course bread and butter to a private investigator.

A week passed before the private investigator called Arnold with his preliminary results. Yes, he thought that Francine was having an affair, yes, she visited dubious night clubs and seemed to know the red-light district all too well, but it would take a few more weeks to get all the evidence.

The Double

A week passed while Arnold watched Francine and she watched him. He noted her arrivals and departures, searched her handbag and checked her phone. He made love to her most unsatisfactorily because she scratched his back to ribbons and hissed like a cat when he tried to please her. All the while he felt that there was something that he was missing. Something that the private investigator had overseen, so he decided to do his own investigation in parallel and follow her when she went out at night to visit her friends.

It was exactly what the private investigator had warned against. 'Just behave as you always do and do not interfere,' he had said at that first meeting.

But, Arnold just could not help himself. He tried to be subtle and hired a car and parked it around the corner. He bought himself a camera and lenses and waited for the right moment. Sure enough, she waved goodbye and drove off to 'visit her friends for a night out'. Arnold followed.

For half an hour she took an aimless route before she parked the car in the Alexanderplatz and headed into the streets beyond. Arnold followed on foot, camera in hand. She walked to the entrance of a night club, a deviant's disco called the Whiplash Klub and stood talking to a man outside for ten minutes before disappearing inside with him.

Arnold took photos, but in the darkness the pictures were not clear on the tiny screen of the camera. Then he moved closer to the club door and watched the steady movement of people around it. All were dressed in fetish gear. Women in tight rubber and leather skirts with crops in their hands. Men dressed as women and with tight leather suits that were festooned with buckles and thongs. Finally, after two hours, Arnold realised that she was there for the duration and, since he dared not enter, he went home.

It had been a strange night, but now at least he understood what problems his private investigator had getting the photos that he needed!

It was the next day, while Francine was out shopping that Arnold inspected the photos on his computer. He heightened the contrast and stared at the man who was chatting with his wife with an open mouth. The man was the double of Arnold. A perfect copy, but dressed in tight leather pants and a silk shirt that was open to the waist. A collar on his neck and bangles on his wrist completed the strange look.

Arnold stared at the picture and did not grasp the meaning of it, he failed to make that vital connection, the bridge that was necessary to save him.

Double

And he waited... While the private investigator searched for evidence at a cost of a million Euros every three years, Arnold waited in an impatient agony of indecision.

Should he be on the attack, should he be defensive? Should he wait or should he move now and let the uncovering of proof struggle against Francine trying to cover it all up? Arnold was not a man who was used to having to make decisions under pressure, he was, after all, the man who did not live on the proceeds of his own effort or innovation! He was a man to whom the offices of trust fund administrators and accountants were his only contact with the money that he had, except of course when he spent it.

So he did what he always did, he prevaricated, delayed and hoped that tomorrow would bring something from the man that he was paying to eavesdrop on Francine. Finally came that day, when the investigator called him and told him that he had positive evidence and could they meet in that small café on the Kurfurstendamm.

At the east end of that thoroughfare is all the shopping that makes it justly famous. The west end of the Kurfurstendamm is almost residential and unremarkable except for the lime trees that grow in profusion, more in fact than on Unter Den Linden in the eastern part of Berlin.

It was early evening, a normal Saturday afternoon. Francine was away, who knew where, and shoppers were starting to stream down the roads to get home after a busy day shopping. Arnold sat on the street and watched the movement with a jaundiced eye. He was not interested in social life, he was not interested in charities, his family was small and by no means tight knit and his main passion was collecting erotic prints that he then just filed in shallow drawers where they lay in the darkness, exciting no one.

His private investigator arrived and sat by him. 'You may wonder why we have chosen this café,' he said.

'Actually, I just thought that we wanted to be somewhere private,' replied Arnold.

'Not at all. We are here to observe and take notes.' He turned to face a building that faced one of the small side streets and said, 'Just watch that window.'

'Which one?'

'After the first doorway, the second on the right three stories up.'

'You mean the one with the balcony?'

'Yes.'

They watched and Arnold started to feel just a little silly. How could the private investigator know what was going to happen? 'There,' said the private investigator. 'Watch...'. Arnold turned his gaze upwards and saw the door to the balcony open. For a moment no one appeared and then a woman walked onto the balcony and stood looking over the street.

No doubt, but that it was Francine! Her dress was bizarre for a Saturday afternoon in a publically visible place. Smooth latex, like a poured-on coating of shiny rubber, even to the tips of her fingers. Boots that ran up to just under the knee, in red patent leather, the heels lifted her and shaped her calves and defined her thighs. Finally, Francine had pulled her long black hair into a tight bun that was a twirl of plait from which hung long ribbons.

Francine leaned on the balcony and Arnold felt himself shrink in fear. Who was this Francine, almost not the woman that he knew. She moved like Francine, looked like Francine, he would know those broad hips and breasts anywhere. He also suddenly worried that this rubber goddess would spot him in the street and he moved to present just a half profile. 'That is your wife?' asked the PI.

'That is my wife!'

Francine stood at the railing, ignoring prurient glances at her and then a man joined her. He was dressed in a suit, a huge man with a moustache and beard that went to his gross belly. He looked shabby and sweaty and seemed reluctant to come onto the balcony, but Francine pulled him to her and then twined around him and kissed him slowly in a kiss that was pure lascivious passion and ardour.

For several minutes they kissed. Until at last they turned away and retreated into the room. 'Who is that man?' asked Arnold.

'One of her clients!'

'You mean?'

'She is Madame Schmerz, a professional sadist.'

'You mean dominatrix?'

'No, I mean sadist! The difference is immense, she treats her clients to true sadistic sex sessions where there is no 'safe word', no direction from the male client and no limits placed on the events of a session except a time limit. A dominatrix rarely has actual sex and intercourse, never, often a professional dominatrix does not even bare her breasts or allow skin to skin contact.'

'Francine?'

The private investigator nodded. 'I am afraid that she is a committed sexual sadist. The problem now is to infiltrate a session in some way and film the proceedings...' he said. 'Not something that I would relish or you have to pay for!'

Arnold looked at him and said, 'I have seen enough. Get me the film, find some masochist who likes to fuck her and pay him to do the business. Whatever it takes, whatever the price, get that film. I do not want to see it; I just want the evidence to divorce my wife without a cent of cash. I want to fuck her like she fucks her clients. I want her to live from her disgusting fetish and see her become the prostitute that she is already!' said Arnold passionately.

'I may need as much as twenty thousand Euros...'

'*Whatever* it takes, I said,' said Arnold. 'A million will be cheaper than the divorce and the prenuptial agreement. Just do it, contact me tomorrow for the money you need and double your daily expenses for the next three weeks.'

'I'll call.'

'I'll pay!'

Stranger Wife

So we come to the afternoon where Arnold lost everything. The day that he lost his part to play in the world of men, the day that he found that all was not as it seemed. The day that he found that betrayal ran deeper than mere blood.

The day started, as most do, with a slow breakfast and a quiet read of the papers. It then included Francine going shopping and slamming the door behind her. In Arnold's head ran the chilling thought that Francine was a mistress of a thousand men. She was a sadist and they surrendered to her. He was both cuckolded and humiliated, a man who did not know his wife at all...

He could not imagine what she might do with her victims, but a whip and handcuffs figured in Arnold's imagination. The doorbell rang and Arnold glanced at his watch. It was quarter past ten in the morning and the maid was not in yet, so Arnold had to answer the door himself.

He opened the door and was taken aback. There stood Francine in all her splendour. Dressed exactly as she had been on the balcony with the exception that she now wore a mini skirt in latex that rustled to a point *just* below the place where her legs opened for her customers.

'Francine?' was the most that he could say.

'Madame Schmerz, actually,' she said as she stepped into the house.

Suddenly a blindfold was lifted from Arnold's eyes. This was *not* Francine, though she could have been a double. No, perhaps an identical twin sister, but Arnold knew his wife and this was not his wife.

'Who are you?' he asked. 'Because you are not Francine!'

'I already introduced myself,' said Madame Schmerz with a small private smile that was gone almost as soon as it had formed. Now she was in the house, a presence that made him doubt his sanity.

'Madame Schmerz?' he asked. He was about to ask her to leave or perhaps push her out of the house. She was taller than him in her heels, but he was not a small man himself, broad and powerful and Madame Schmerz was no match for him physically.

It was at that moment that a man entered the house and stood behind Madame Schmerz. It was the man that Arnold had seen in the lens of his camera, the man who looked like him. The differences were there, but slight and mostly mannerisms that did not quite mimic those of Arnold. Behind them, standing on the driveway could be seen Hermann Horst, Francine's cousin and Arnold's lawyer.

In the hand of the man who looked like him was a small pistol. It might have looked dangerous in the hands of any other man, but this man eclipsed the gun. There was something in his manner that suggested street violence, thuggery and the welcome chance to maim.

Arnold started to glimpse what was materialising in front of his eyes. 'You are almost doubles of Francine and I!'

'Hands behind your back,' said the new Arnold as he lifted the gun. 'I am going to cuff you and then Madame Schmerz will explain...'

The threat was too real and Arnold was cuffed. 'Is this a kidnap?' he asked.

'Only in a very tenuous definition of the word,' laughed Madame Schmerz as she pulled a cutthroat razor from her belt. 'I suppose that you could say that we are ransoming ourselves or some such!' From her lips issued a laugh like glass breaking on concrete.

Arnold flinched as the razor flicked open. Was she really going to cut his throat now? A strange thought passed through his mind that gave him hope. She would not want to make a mess of the house; the body would have to be clean when it was carried out.

Madame Schmerz used the razor to strip all his clothes from his body. He could not help but get an erection, but it passed as she ignored it and concentrated on taking her time shredding all his clothes into a small heap of tattered cloth at his feet. Finally she strolled around him with the open razor in her hand as if contemplating using it to flay his skin from his body before neatly clicking it closed and tucking it away.

'Take him to the cellar, Klaus,' she said. Arnold was led down to the cellar by the man with the gun and the last sight of the sunlit side of the world was Hermann Horst walking into the house. He was his usual sweaty self, slightly dishevelled and grossly fat. He was about to start the search for documents and photos, anything that could help an outsider show the difference between Arnold and Francine and Hermann Horst and Madame Schmerz.

He would wipe every fingerprint, vacuum every trace of skin cells, and find every picture for the last three years and ensure that it was either passable as his confederates or he would destroy it.

Chained to the toilet in the cellar, Arnold looked up at the woman who seemed ever more unlike Francine every minute. Her face, her body, her small mannerisms were so right, but something was different, the words from her mouth.

'For the moment, Arnold, Klaus and I need you and Francine so that we slide into your privileged life with ease. When your usefulness is over I shall consider my options and it will be harsh for you.'

'The money,' said Arnold. 'What are you paying Hermann for this betrayal?'

'He needs me, he needs the pain and the submission. It seems that it is enough! In fact it is Hermann that we have to thank that the idea came to fruition. Soon Francine will come home from her small affair of the heart and then she will be captured in the web that I have just started to spin.'

'Do you really think that you can get away with this?'

'Well now, you thought that I was Francine when you saw me on the balcony. You thought that I was Francine when we made love two weeks ago and you thought I was Francine when I came to the door here. So, yes, I do think that it will succeed. Let's start at the beginning. I need your PIN numbers, your banking codes and a few other details, so please be a good little hubby and give them to me.'

'No.'

'Bad start,' she said as she walked a step closer to the naked and vulnerable Arnold. 'I'll ask again, but then my patience is exhausted.'

Her boot lifted slightly and Arnold hesitated. By her own admission, when she needed him no more, he would be disposed of, so what was the point in surrendering anything? 'Still no!' The kick at his balls was sudden and excruciating. A rush of pain filled his belly as the toe of her boot bruised him. Tears came to his eyes as she raised the boot again.

For a moment he clenched his teeth in defiance of the agony that bloomed in his torso and then his lips moved involuntarily, 'Three, four, six, eight, five.'

'There you see. That wasn't so difficult was it now? Soon Hermann will be here to ask some questions and get a couple of signatures as we move your bank accounts to a new bank. It will be so much easier to start afresh as Francine and Arnold without having to risk the bank noticing that the signatures have changed a little.'

She turned and walked to the stairs. As she climbed them she turned and said, 'I love inflicting pain and I have no limits. I could brand you, burn you, whip you to shreds, cut and maim you and I would get the utmost pleasure from the game. Do not tempt me to indulge myself, Arnold!'

The light went out and Arnold wept.

Familiar Wife

She came down the stairs. Naked as the day that she was born, more so since every hair was shaved from her body. Less so because a steel collar circled her neck. At first, Arnold thought that it was Mistress Schmerz, but at the first word he knew that it was Francine. Her hands were bound high by cuffs that went to the back of the collar and her thighs and breasts showed the welts of a severe beating. Straight blue lines that criss crossed her tender skin in a hatch-work of bruises.

Francine stood before Arnold and looked down at him. 'I'm so sorry, Arnold, but she is just too much for me,' said Francine as tears rolled down her face. 'She has allowed me to stay here to serve her rather than joining you in the cellar. I am here to tell you that Klaus and Mistress Schmerz have decided that they do not need you anymore.'

'Why are you helping them?' asked Arnold.

'I have to, I can see now that they are the real Arnold and Francine. It is we that are the imposters. If I can believe that, then I will last longer. I have to...' The door at the top of the stairs and Klaus-Arnold came down slowly. He smiled at the small scene before him and then strolled over to Francine.

'It will be so nice to have Francine here to serve my cock, a nice set of holes to explore for my pleasure,' he said as he slowly undid his trousers and allowed his vast cock to spring from the cloth like a cannon aimed at Francine.

'Drink, bitch and make me come!' he ordered. Francine carefully got to her knees and slipped her lips over that pulsating cock as Klaus-Arnold gasped and then laughed in triumph. 'That's good! All the way, slut. Show me what you can do for me...'

Arnold watched as his defeated wife sucked greedily at the cock and then slid her face up to his belly, swallowing him whole and swelling her throat. Klaus' hands went to her head and pulled her off him and forced her under his thighs to lick and massage his ass with her tongue. 'Francine is such a good little girl, or at least she will be when *Mistress* Francine has trained her properly,' he gasped as he started to masturbate.

His hand flew over his cock as Francine licked him. A red blush covered his skin as he approached his climax. All the while Klaus enjoyed the sight of Arnold stricken with shock as finally he felt the boiling point approach. He stepped back and spurted his thick come onto Francine's face. She lapped at it and thanked Klaus politely while he gently used his fingers to guide most of the come into her open mouth.

'I love the taste of your creamy come, master,' she said, and Klaus patted her head and smiled in triumph. Suddenly it was all brought home to Arnold when his wife

said, 'Mistress Francine said that Arnold can fuck me whenever he wishes to, he knows how to make me come like you never did!'

Now it seemed, Francine had accepted even the loss of her name to the imposter. Mistress Schmerz had become Mistress Francine and Klaus had become Arnold. He looked at the smile on Klaus's face and realised that the pretender relished making a cuckold of him; *that* was the wicked thrill. Not the money, not the lifestyle, it was the power of sheer domination that turned him on.

Klaus made a small motion with his hand and Francine bent over to present herself for use. Arnold could see that her pussy was drenched. It oozed with her need and so needed to be fucked by the man who controlled her. Her face laid pressed on the floor facing her husband, her arms fettered to her collar behind her back, her ass high because of her kneeling position as she opened her thighs a little with a quiver.

'We need a new name for this little fuck-doll,' said Klaus as his hand massaged his cock in preparation for the next use of Arnold's wife. 'She cannot have the same name as her mistress. Your wife has such a tight little pussy, but the ass is ready, I think.'

Slowly his cock regained its full length as he stood over the waiting Francine, looking down at her and her husband. 'Would you like to be fucked in the ass?' he asked. 'Would you like me to show you what you have been missing?'

'Please, Arnold, just fuck me how you want,' croaked Francine. 'I am just here for you to use...'

'You see, your wife is just aching for a *real* man,' said Klaus as he stooped to place the tip of his rigid cock against the delicate bud of Francine's ass. 'So charming! and obedient'

He rocked his hips and pressed slowly into Francine. A tip, a length and then out again. Once again he pressed home, this time a little further. He repeated the stroke again and again, each time pushing a little further into Francine who moaned and begged for more. Performing for Arnold's benefit seemed to make Klaus even harder as he broke down Arnold's wife's defences.

'Please, Arnold, fuck me, fuck me!' Finally Klaus was as deep as he could push and he began the slow shafting of Francine's asshole before the wide-eyed Arnold. Each time he rammed home, Francine begged for more until at last he started to blush with pleasure as he held the eye of Arnold chained and forced to watch.

'I think that it's time to show hubby what a good girl you are,' he said as he came. 'Obedient and docile.' Klaus shuddered, he thrust and then he withdrew slowly as a trickle of come ran from the ass hole of Francine. He looked down at Arnold's face and sneered as he noted the tears that ran from the chained man's eyes to splash on the cellar floor.

'Clean me,' he said and Francine struggled to her knees. Her mouth opened and her eyes closed as the half erect cock slipped between her lips and gave up the last of its come into her mouth with a small spray. Just the sound of Klaus' panting and the slurping of Francine disturbed the silence.

The door to the cellar opened and Mistress Francine stepped into the room. She watched from the top of the stairs with an approving look and smiled at the sight of her victim-double sucking the cock of her co-conspirator. 'I have good news,' she said to Klaus. 'All of the financial matters are sorted out. We can do what we want with Arnold now! We have no need for the little shit who thinks that he is you!'

Arnold looked up at her and knew that she anticipated that he would beg her for mercy. She wanted to watch him cry, to watch him beg for compassion from her. He might be weak, but he would not give her the pleasure, so he stayed silent and regarded her with a steady gaze. Mistress Francine lifted her hand and showed Arnold what she held. It looked like a thick bag made of rubber until her hands slid inside it and showed him the shape that would soon encase his head. A blank mask, no eye holes and just brass rimmed openings over the nostrils and mouth.

'Arnold is going into the dark now,' she said with a small laugh. 'Alone and sightless, he is going to a place that I have longed to send a man, now I can use him for a little special research. Better have a good look around and say your last goodbyes to the lit world, because when you are locked into this mask you will become nothing more than a unique experiment in my total control.' Every experiment needs a control!'

She slowly descended the steps with a click of metal heels and patted Francine on her bald head. Mistress Francine opened the mask with her hands, extended it to allow Arnold to see the nightfall that awaited him. Laces dangled, steel cords that ran like skeins through the latex skin of the mask showing slight ridges where they ran like a lattice.

'This is for you, I had it especially made just a month ago and I've been longing to try it out properly. I put it on Klaus a week ago and he got so terrified that I wouldn't take it off again, that he was begging after just ten minutes in the darkness, so it'll be interesting to see how you feel after a few months of total night and abuse.'

Arnold made a small sound of panic in his throat. His wife, with Klaus's cock in her mouth, watched fascinated as Mistress Francine opened the hood and showed her husband the highlights of the devilish mask.

'These slim little plugs go in your ears and block all sound, these little screw fittings will allow me to fit the tubes to control your breathing and liquid intake and these,' she held up the steel cords, 'make sure that it will grip you like an iron mask while you revel in the velvety texture of the smooth and sexy latex. The collar here will be fitted to the suit that is still being made by the same artisan. It is a considerable work of art, you become the exhibition.'

Arnold's last view was the smiling face of his wife transplanted onto the woman who was enjoying every moment of his unspoken terror. The woman who was so alike physically, but so repulsive in her desires. Mistress Francine slapped Arnold's face at his refusal to speak and then opened the hood to slide it over his face. He felt the darkness descend, the silence imposed as the cords were drawn to tighten his new smooth features into position. A face with no eyes, no ears and a mouth open in perpetual shock with lips that were a grooved brass ring that pushed into his mouth far enough to be a ring gag.

Arnold gurgled as the tubular screw ring tightened over his mouth as it forced itself into his open mouth. Two similar metal tubes intruded into his nostrils and the earplugs intruded into the canals of his ears softly, closing them, sealing the world of human voice from his awareness. He felt the cords being pulled from behind with strong hands as the mask was tightened to grip his face with a flexible net of steel cords until at last the ends of those cords were joined to each other in criss-cross fashion with thin tubes that were clamped closed with pliers. The final and ultimate and irrevocable closure was the brass band that clamped around his neck to seal him with a click of the one-time sealing of the hood.

Suddenly the world outside was now just the whistle of panicked breath through the openings for nose and mouth, the air as it coursed over his tongue and the hands that moved over the thick latex to ensure that the prison was as tight as it could be.

He could feel them probe and settle the mask into its exact position. Arnold was so alone in his new world. A world where the senses were reduced by two, sight and hearing. He made a noise in his throat and could only hear a slight whimper in his ears. The intense all-over pressure of the latex felt like hands tightly gripping his face and the collar on the hood gripped his throat and made every swallow a small discomfort.

He could still see that last smile from the woman that mirrored the face of his wife as she enjoyed the terror that was captured on his disappearing features. It was burned into his mind; that amusement at his fear, the experiment in sadism and absolute control had begun. The hood was just the start.

A single finger pushed into Arnold's mouth and explored. It was like an affirmation of his helplessness at the hands of Mistress Francine. Something touched his cock. Hands caressed him and massaged his balls and explored every detail before slapping him sharply and making him cry out in shock.

He thought that he could hear female laughter, but the sound was muffled and Arnold could not be sure. Then something cold touched him down there and he knew that one of them was fitting him with some sort of enclosure in cold metal. It crushed him and he squirmed and moaned to avoid the fitting, but the hands were relentless and cooped his cock in a tight tube with a tight metal ring around his balls that nipped as it closed and was clipped shut.

The touches on his prick caused him to swell until a terrible pain penetrated his consciousness. Spikes and studs in the metal tube pressed into his swelling flesh to deny him any relief.

There was a pause of perhaps a minute and Arnold heard muted footsteps on the hard floor and then once again his cock was held in firm hands. A strange smarting started that pushed inside as Mistress Francine fitted Arnold with a catheter that pressed slowly into him.

Deep inside, it at last entered his bladder and Arnold finally realised that Mistress Francine, the Klaus that was becoming Arnold and perhaps also his enslaved wife, the woman with no name, could do with him as they wished. They could experiment with him, play with him, use him for their own deviant amusements and make him suffer for their own cruel and sadistic enjoyment.

He thought he heard footsteps, perhaps they were all in his head. He might have just heard the sharp click of the light switch, but that too might have been another phantom sound.

He was more alone than he had ever been.

A Collection Of One Butterfly

All was dark. The cellar had no windows, the hood had no eye openings and no lights were on. There was just a small movement of air from the grill high on the wall, but the tight suit did not allow its occupant to feel it. All was quiet. Arnold, in the suit could not even hear his own breathing, his own heartbeat. The cellar was buried deep under the subsoil and none of the sounds of the street above percolated to his ears clasped by their padding.

He had spent days in his own cellar, abused and punished for not following orders that he could not hear, for failing to obey when there was not even a hint of how he could satisfy the man who had become him and the woman who had become more than just a replacement for his wife, she had become the demon that he feared.

Finally they moved him to another place. Cool and hard, a place that he supposed was another room in the complex of cellars under his own house. A place where he was suited and fastened to the wall with such hard ferocity that he was immobile and utterly pinned out for display.

A single item in a collection that started and finished with him. A butterfly nailed to a board, a single object as a reminder of a crime that was akin to murder. A murder of the mind, a murder of autonomy, a murder that took everything but the breath from the corpse.

He was in a house that now belonged to that other Arnold Van Sittert, the man who walked under the sun and played a role as a man whose identity he had stolen. His life belonged to a man who had not earned it; his life belonged to a man that had stolen it to leave nothing but a helpless husk in the hands of his co-conspirator.

They chained and fettered an Arnold, the Arnold in the dark, the real Arnold who suffered. He noted that the facsimile of Arnold never visited him. He knew the touch of the woman who had stolen the life of his wife all too well, she was the only one who ever tormented him. She fed him with tubes in his wide open mouth; she drained him with plumbing that emptied bladder and colon.

She played with his withered cock and shrunken balls and occasionally allowed herself the luxury of tormenting him with erections that failed when they pushed against immovable steel. Mistress Francine, that simulacrum of his wife, branded his body and enjoyed watching him writhe and tremor in hopeless isolation. She occasionally massaged him to make a trickle of thin come trickle and drip from his cock in ruined climaxes that ran for hours at a time and then she would leave him to the ministrations of the machine that tended him for days, weeks perhaps even months as he rotted in his close fitting suit.

His hair grew, his nails sprouted, his pallid skin renewed inside the suit as his muscles shrank and his strength became just a fraction of what it had been before. His mind slid often into places that were hidden from normal thought. Dark cul-de-sacs which beckoned his meditations and did not release them easily. He slid into a madness that was focussed on those last moments of his vision in the sunlit world.

The ever playing film in his head of Francine sucking the cock that had penetrated her ass, the come that glistened on her cheeks, the half-smile as she realised that she could offer her submission as the price to escape her husband's fate. The breasts that hung splattered with the slimy ejaculations of the man who used her as a whore, who had made a whore of her. The sound of Mistress Francine's voice as she detailed the terrible fate that the hood would bring. The voice so like the 'real' Francine, but with an imperious edge that told the listener who was the mistress and who the slave.

Then the line that closed over his vision and the muffling that became a silence more profound than deafness, because another had taken that from him. He felt the machine attend to his needs in its crude way. It denied him even the opportunity to end his misery, his slide into madness with a mechanical efficiency that was beyond cruel.

It was uncaring! First it always drained his bladder. A small pulling feeling that always ended in discomfort as the machine ensured that no drop was left. Second, a strange feeling that was almost pleasant. A gurgling warm fluid that was injected into his rear. It swilled him and filled him as it waited for an hour. The machine seemed to sense when he was at the end of his tether with the cramps and pain of being so filled by the enema and always waited until well after that point as if to emphasise the helplessness of its patient.

Then it drained him in just a few seconds making the man who had been Arnold suffer as his cramps were relieved in a sudden rush. After being emptied, the machine then fed and watered him. A pipe that had been fed into his stomach filled his belly with nutrition. It bypassed his taste, it bypassed his smell, it bypassed all control and ensured that there was no way that the man that had been Arnold could end his torment by choking or learning to breathe this liquid food.

Finally, satisfied that it had fed him and drained him, the machine rested and waited until the next opportunity to minister to its patient. One day the man that had been Arnold would expire and the machine would be uncoupled. The experiment would then be over, the research to satisfy the idle curiosity of a sadist who simply had wondered how long a man could endure in conditions that she had determined at random.

There was no measure of quantities, no interest in sanity, no control of conditions, when the butterfly's wings finally stilled, the experiment would be over and the curiosity of the cruel and inhuman pseudoscientist satisfied.

Francine & Francine

The experiment ran for eight years, three months and thirteen days before it came to an end. Francine Van Sittert was satisfied and made a small note, a cross in her daily appointment journal that signified the end of the man who had lived in her cellar. She passed her leather bound aide-de-memoire to her maid who carefully placed it in a wooden box and then waited for more orders.

Life is so sweet, she thought to herself as she slid down through the silk of the sheets to spoon into the curled up warm and soft body of her lover. Her twin, the other Francine, the Francine that opened her thighs in her sleep, the Francine that she adored and petted, the Francine that murmured in her sleep and turned a little to allow hands to stroke over her breasts while her delicate lips became an 'O' of slumbering indulgence.

One Francine and the other lay in each other's arms and even the maid who had lived in the house for well over eight years could no longer tell them apart. Not only physically, naked and bared to the maid's gaze there was no difference, for the surgeon's knife had smoothed the tell-tales years ago. Every mole, every wrinkle on their nipples, the smooth curve of their hungry pussies, the arc of their necks and the puckers of their lips. All had been brought to a median that was now just 'Francine'.

The maid stood as she had been taught, as she had to, because the chain that allowed her movement was but two metres long. She stood and knew that something would now change, now that the original Arnold was gone, the second one might well be considered in a new light and she was that second Arnold. The man who had been so joyous in his power had long since fallen to the twin Francine's that enjoyed his servile service.

A disturbing thought entered the maid's thoughts. A thought that frightened and filled the maid's mind with terror.

The two Francines had become so much alike, twins in their fate and needs, utter lovers who indulged their passion for agony and horror, sexual torment and anguish. Perhaps one of them would spring the idea that it might be interesting to see if the two Arnold's could have their fates conjoined?

Arnold & Arnold

All was dark. The cellar had no windows, the hood had no eye openings and no lights were on. There was just a small movement of air from the grill high on the wall, but the tight suit did not allow its occupant to feel it.

All was quiet. The man in the suit could not even hear his own breathing, his own heartbeat. The cellar was buried deep under the subsoil and none of the sounds of the street above percolated to his ears clasped by their padding.

Inside the black figure strung up in the black of the cellar moved only his thoughts and they shed neither light nor made a sound. It was as though external time had stopped even though internal time ticked at the speed of his thoughts.

What did he think about? He thought about himself. He repeated his name, though it seemed to have no meaning because now there were only two people in his constrained world. Himself and the woman who used him. *He* was Klaus, or was it *Arnold*? He no longer even knew. He could not be certain, the tale of his own life was all so confused in his head. Perhaps he really was the maid who served the two Francines.

Perhaps he was *really* that good little girl?

If that was the case, why had they placed him in this cell, pinned to the wall, fed and watered, drained and emptied by a machine that now cared for its second patient?

What he *could* be certain of was that the twins were *both* Francine Van Sittert. He was sure of that, very sure. That a small note would be made in their *joint* journal when he finally faded from this dark realm.

The End