Rescued

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I had never met Samantha Copeland until the day of our confrontation. Thinking back, you have to wonder why. We had lived next door to one another for about five years.

I had met her husband Keith Copeland the week they moved in. I suppose I thought she had taken his name – Copeland. it was not until afterwards that I learned he had taken hers. I found that a hard notion to grasp, at the time.

We invited them around, but they never visited or returned our invitation. We just stopped asking. I saw her driving home late from work sometimes, just as she entered their hedged driveway. Some weekends in the early days I saw him around the HomeStore or the supermarket, but they kept to themselves. Our house did not have a view of theirs. It was very private.

I may have remarked to my wife upon how obscure they were, but it was not important to either of us. We were having our own problems, even then.

A year or so later my wife ran off with the tennis coach. It was no real surprise. I remember thinking that at last I would have some peace around the house. She was a harpy, that woman. But with peace came the need to clean the house and cook, and I was never strong on that.

I missed the sex too, but maybe not as much as I should have. I was busy at work. And almost immediately that extra work added revenue to my business. It seemed I had another reason to rejoice in my now ex-wife’s absence.

But with hard work and more money comes some disregard for your own health. I know that now. It was not a serious “event” but it was enough of a scare for me to take an enforced break from work, to relax at home for at least a week, preferably two.

I had promised that I would not refer to work, and I am a man of my word. But for somebody who is used to being mentally active, just sitting is not an option. Exercise yes, but no over-exertion. Reading, TV, puzzles, TV, clear out the garage, TV.

The mind needs some exercise and I started to wonder what went on in the Copeland House. I watched and it occurred to me Keith Copeland never left the house. Samantha Copeland went to work every day, and also seemed to be out for extended period in the weekend. It seemed that she played golf. I don’t and I could never understand the attraction of the game.

I got an idea in my head that he could be dead. The phonebook kept him listed: Samantha and Keith Copeland. But if he lived there, where was he?

I decided that I would investigate. I suppose I was just bored and it was something I could do. I waited until Samantha was well gone, and I went up the driveway to the house.

The first thing I noticed was that the garden and the outside of the house was in bad order. I did not know much about Keith, but I knew that he looked after the house and garden, and by my guessing there was more than a year of neglect visible. If he was dead, he was long dead.

I went up to the house. There were ornate grilles on all the windows. It was something more appropriate for a rougher part of town rather than our nice suburb, but some people are security conscious. It would be hard for anyone to break in, I thought. The doors looked solid, but there was one thing very odd about the back door. Like a garden shed it was secured with a hasp and staple with a padlock. Why would a back door be locked from the outside?

I recognized the padlock immediately. It was a cheap one, similar to one I had on my garage locker. In fact I had the key with all my others, in my pocket. I knew that by wiggling the key in another padlock of the same make, it might open. And it did.

I thought for a moment that it is one thing to unlock a door, but it is a very different thing to open it and step inside. But I figured that I was already trespassing. I assumed that the house was empty, and that maybe I was looking for a clue as to the fate of Keith Copeland.

I went inside. The house looked very clean and tidy and smelled of roses. The kitchen was immaculate. It made my own home look like a total slum. I had let things for years. It made me wonder how it might smell to a visitor, but I did not receive such visits. The living area was neat – possibly best described as pretty, with bright paintings and ornaments, sofas with patterned cushions, but curiously the many vases were empty. Perhaps this reflected the poor state of the garden.

On the far side was an archway through to the sleeping area. There was the master bedroom which I looked in to first. It was spacious and neat, but undecorated. There was a big shared bathroom which had a large vanity with the many requirements for feminine beautification neatly arranged and stored. The smells reminded me of my ex-wife, but not in a bad way.

Then there was what was clearly a second bedroom. Of course, I needed to look inside.

There was what appeared to be a woman lying on the bed on her back, asleep. The sound coming from her was a purr rather than a snore. I was about to retreat out the door, as quietly as I could, until I realized what I was looking at, and that froze me.

It was a small double bed, much smaller than the bed in the master bedroom, with a steel frame. On the head of that frame there were handcuffs attached on each side, but this person was not restrained. Still as if by habit one arm lay close to the dangling cuff, pale and smooth from the shaved armpit to the soft hand, cupped so as to reveal trimmed, shaped nails painted pink.

The face was painted too, the lipstick a matching shade of pink. The hair was longish, curled at the ends, covering the pillow. She wore a small, skimpy undergarment – a slip I guess. It was thin and revealed round but young breasts, although this person was clearly not young. The toenails were painted pink like the lips and fingernails. The polished legs were long going all the way up.

But what had caught my eye was something so incongruous on a woman of this obvious beauty, that it startled me, even shocked me. It was a penis. Not large. Flaccid between her legs below a small trimmed tuft of hair. Ugly, on such as she.

It suddenly occurred to me that this might be Keith Copeland. I could not retreat. I needed to draw closer. Could it be? I needed to look directly into her face.

I moved quietly, but perhaps being closer cast a shadow or something. Her painted eyes opened, and she saw me. With a look of horror, she used the bed head to pull herself back and up.

“What are you doing here?” she said. The look of terror in her eyes seemed to make her even more feminine. More attractive. I have to admit that it excited me. It that a perversion? She excited me. That must be perverted. Even the voice stimulated something – high pitched, breathless, fearful. Or was it just sexual frustration on my part.

“Are you a prisoner here?” It was a simple question, but it seemed to confuse her.

She became suddenly away that her crotch was visible to me, and her hand lashed south to preserve her modesty, or conceal her embarrassment, or both.

She bit her bottom lip thoughtfully, before answering uncertainly: “Yes”. And then with a little more understanding: “Yes, I am.”

“I had a feeling that something was amiss,” I lied. In truth it was just bored curiosity that had brought me here, but now I had the opportunity to do good.

“You had a feeling?” she asked. It was as if I just told her we were related. Her belief in those words was to become very important.

“I should get you out of this place,” I said. “Have you got anything to wear.”

She sat up on the bed. She pointed to garments on the floor on the other side of the bed, and there was a pair of high heeled shoes now below her feet.

I picked up what she was pointing at. I am not into anything kinky but I knew what I was looking at. There was a black corseted bustier and a dark blue short dress with white lace. It was a maid’s outfit. Something you might see in a smutty magazine.

“Are you sure you are a prisoner?” This seemed evidence of something else.

But she was already gasping to button up the bustier. It seemed that it might not have been necessary, as the dress should be enough, but clearly she was determined to dress in the complete outfit. And for good reason. The resulting figure was superbly shape, and the dress over it very attractive, especially when the heels were on.

“We had better go,” I said. There was probably no real urgency, and it seemed that she knew it. With some skill she was looking in the mirror and arranging her hair with nothing more than a small comb and a handful of pins. I am not sure that I ever saw my wife use just pins that way.

“You live next door, don’t you?” she asked my reflection.

“We have met before, I think,” I said. “When you first moved in. But you looked different back then.”

“I’ll just get something from the bathroom,” she said. “And then you can take me away from this place.”

She seemed blinded when she stepped outside, in that outfit, and clutching the bag. It was not dark inside, but it seemed clear that she had not been outside in sometime. She stopped for a minute to smell the air and enjoy the warm of the sunlight as she became accustomed to it.

Her heels clicked on the concrete of the driveway. She walked in those heels with confidence. As I watched her from behind it seemed clear to me that the transformation was complete. This was a woman, not a man dressed as one.

But yet it seemed equally clear that this had been forced. As she walked into my house, and glanced around at the mess, I walked towards the phone.

“We need to call the police,” I said.

Her manicured hand grabbed my arm. Her touch was light, and somehow electric.

“Please don’t,” she said. “I don’t want any trouble. I don’t wat anyone to know. I don’t want to cause any trouble for Samantha. I still care about her, even after everything she has done to me. Please don’t call the police.”

“If not the police, you need to get her help,” I suggested. “What she did to you is not normal behavior. It seems psychotic to me, not that I know what that is. She needs help. Maybe you even need some too?”

“I’ll tell you who needs help,” she said. She was looking around and holding a finger under her nose. “As it happens, I am dressed for the job.” She walked straight to the kitchen and started looking in the cupboards.

“You don’t have to do anything,” I said.

She stopped and stood looking at me, her hands on her hips, and her small, round, ripe breasts in clear view in what was a very sexy outfit. The look was a little scolding. She said: “You have rescued me. But it seems that I can repay the favor. You just sit down and let me show what I can do. What is clear to me is that you cannot keep a house in order.”

I sat in the other armchair – the one with a view of the kitchen – so I could watch her work. She found a pair of rubber gloves that I did not even know I had, and cleaning equipment that had not seen the light of day in years. She started to hum a tune. She seemed happy, despite the challenge my home presented.

I had seen this person lying scantily on a bed less than an hour before, and I had seen what she was, but somehow I felt the desires rising in me again as I watched her in my kitchen. The same feelings as when she has first looked at me and spoken to me. A fascination made all the more stimulating in knowing what an exotic creature she was. It is called perving. I suppose that assumes that it is a perversion. It certainly felt as if it was.

She glanced over at me and smiled. I could feel my pants tent. She might have even seen it. I was reclining back in my armchair. That smile seemed to brighten even more.

But what was her story? It was clear that her wife had imprisoned her in her own home, and forced her to dress and behave this way, but why? When had this started? They seemed like a normal couple when they moved in, then, by my guess more than a year before, this change had been forced on her. My estimate was not just based on the garden, where it seemed Keith had worked, but in the length of her hair, which was clearly her own. And those breasts – I know nothing of what female hormones can do, but they did not seem like implants and they were so delightfully jiggly.

I kicked off my shoes so I could admire her better, in the midst of her chores.

She saw it. She came over and placed my shoes side by side. With a look of playful disapproval, she flicked my hair. As she walked back to the kitchen still in the heels that she insisted on wearing around the house, I almost came in my pants. It has been too long’, I thought.

“I will get you a drink and then I will make you lunch,” she said, after the kitchen was finally in order. And she did. She made me two small sandwiches and one for herself. I even liked watching her eat. The pretty lips as she munched, the food going down the smooth throat, her tongue licking a little mayonnaise that had run down her hand.

“Now would you like to show me your bedroom?” she said.

“It’s a mess,” I said. But the words she had uttered were clearly sexual, not a search for more places to clean. At least, I hoped they were. There was no searching for reasons why not. Not anymore. I was aching for something – anything.

When I opened to door, she again looked at me disapprovingly. She slid past me and I could smell her. There was scent there, any the slight whiff of bleach, but something else. Something animal. Despite all that I knew, she seemed to be a woman in heat.

“Very untidy,” she admonished me. “But let’s fix everything after we have finished.”

“Finished?” I said it, but I am not that stupid. I just wanted to make sure. But she did not answer. She didn’t need to. Her dress had already fallen to the floor and her heels had been kicked off and placed neatly at the foot of the bed.

“Do you want my bustier on our off?” she asked. Honestly, those were the sexiest words I have ever heard. Frankly, I did not give a damn. My cock was up and out.

She pulled some pins out of her hair and it fell about her shoulders. Hairpins. In a lightning flash she was no longer the prim maid or housewife – she was ready to be bedded.

“I hope you don’t mind my peepee,” she said. “But my pussy is almost ready.”

She lay back on the bed and thrust a pillow under her butt, and from somewhere she produced a small plastic bottle of lubrication. It was clear that she had done this before. I never had. Anal I mean, let alone with that peepee she was talking about. But somehow it seemed invisible, or it became so when I was inside her and looking at her pretty smiling face and her hair surrounding it like a halo of gold.

She gasped and moaned, just like the girl she was.

When I exploded, she opened her eyes and let out a squeal that drew the last drop of semen from me.

I collapsed beside her. It was as if I had not orgasmed for years, although in truth I pleasured myself regularly.

“That have only ever had Samantha’s strap on inside me before today,” she said. “That was fantastic. My first time with real meat.”

“Mine too,” I said. It would not be the last.

The End

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