Strange and stranger

By : Sultry Alice

A young girl has a strange experience.

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I somehow knew I was sleeping. I could feel my body at rest. The pillow was comfortable hugging my face. The softness of the bed folded itself around me. I felt myself drifting toward consciousness. I heard a manâ s voice singing and old show tune that seemed vaguely familiar. I smelled bacon. My dreams were swirling away in a fog in a soft breeze. I felt like I was changing to a new dream and the bacon smell was following me. I heard footsteps and they seemed to be outside my dream. I opened my eye and was wide awake.

â Well, you're awake, how are you feeling?â I heard the man say.

I looked around the room. It was a bedroom I did not recognize. I was in a strange house and I had no recollection of the room or the man. I rubbed my eye firmly and bit gently on the palm of my hand to see if I could feel the hurt. I could and I knew I was awake. The man was about fifty years old with wavy grey hair and blue eyes. He was clean shaven, tall and lanky. He was wearing grey sweat pants and shirt and smiled as he stared at me.

I didnâ t know who I was or where I was.

â Where am I and who are you?â I asked as I pulled the covers back to sit on the edge of the bed. My body was completely naked. I laid back down pulling the warm covers back over me.

â Donâ t you know who you are?â the man asked as he stroked my long blond hair.

â I just woke up and I am here, naked, in this bed. Where am I and who are you?â

â You are my wife. We have been married for two years. I am Tom and you are Jane. Donâ t you remember? You slipped in the bathroom last night and hit your head on the sink. I put you in our bed to rest. You were not bleeding just unconscious.â

â I donâ t know who I am or who you are. I canâ t remember anything.â

â Come and have some breakfast sweetheart, maybe your head will clear. Just put my robe on for now.â Tom said as he handed me a plaid flannel robe.

Tom waited and watched me get out of bed and slip the robe on. He took my hand and said, â Come into the kitchen, the bacon is cooked and I will fry up some eggs and make toast while you drink your coffee.â

I walked past the mirror on the bedroom door and looked at myself. I was much younger than Tom, probably in my mid- twenties I had blond hair and blue eyes. My past was a total blank. Everything before I woke up was a mystery. I sat at the table and Tom poured me a cup of coffee. It tasted terrible. He put toast in the toaster and broke two eggs in the frying pan. I looked around the house; it was a manâ s house. There were no signs of a womanâ s touch at all. I felt out of place, like I did not belong.

â I am sure in time your memory will return.â Tom said as he was cooking.

â A nice breakfast and a roll in hay and I am sure it will all come back to you.â He said as he buttered the toast.

â A roll in the hay? What do you mean by that?â I questioned

â We always liked to climb back in the bed after breakfast and have sex. You tell me it is the best part of every morning. Donâ t you remember?â Tom said, as he put the plate in front of me.

â I canâ t remember anything, this is all so strange.â I confessed while I was eating. The breakfast tasted good and I realized I was very hungry.

â Looks like you were hungry this morning, would you like me to cook you some more eggs darling?â

â No thanks,â I replied sipping some more coffee.

Tom was staring at me and I felt uncomfortable.

â Why are you staring at me?â

â I just want to make sure your all right, I am concerned. Thatâ s all,â Tom reassured me.

I finished my breakfast and Tom touched my hand and held it.

â I will remind you how we like to have sex, since you canâ t remember.â Tom said as he stood up smiling.

I let him lead me back to the bedroom. Tom was taking his clothes off and I looked at myself in the mirror on the door again. Who am I? Why does this feel so strange?

I turned and saw Tom sitting on the bed, his erection proudly displayed and his hand reaching out for me to come to him.

Then I suddenly remembered. I was driving back home from Aunt Beckyâ s house and a truck swerved into my lane forcing my car down a wooded ravine. My name was Alice and I didnâ t belong here with Tom. Tom was still reaching for me, his pecker throbbing â ¦â ¦â ¦.

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