

Dissociative Desire

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As she closed her eyes and began the process of immersion, Samara felt a strange sensation wash over her. It was as if she were being watched, observed by some other presence. At first, she tried to ignore it, but as the feeling persisted, she couldn't help but look around. In front of her, a pair of brilliant blue eyes stared back through the amber tint of the diving medium.

The woman in the window was a vision of pure feminine perfection. The blonde beauty sat before her, long hair pulled into a sporty ponytail that fanned and rippled with dreamy weightlessness. Strangely, she was seated at Samara's eye level, with her legs outstretched towards the window. Nearly every inch of her body was clad in a sleek form-fitting wetsuit, displaying the delicious contours of her well-built figure. Samara's gaze drifted downward, and the woman in the window accommodated her curiosity, spreading her legs and offering herself for Samara's inspection.

Reeling from the lurid intensity, Samara averted her eyes, but not before catching the other woman doing the same. As her head turned away, Samara's own body came into focus. She was sheathed from head to toe in the same skintight wetsuit as the woman in the window, her breasts heaving below with each hurried breath. Strands of that same long blonde hair wafted on the current of the diving medium, drifting in and out of her vision. What was going on?

Her heart raced with the unsettling realization. The vision of desire in the window wasn't another diver; it was simply Samara. Without realizing it, she'd been staring at her own reflection.

Samara steadied her gaze forward once again. Now it was clear. What at first appeared like a window, was a video display embedded into the vault's encircling walls. In its current form, the display acted as a mirror, broadcasting a camera feed, along with other information to the diver. The display was supposed to help reinforce the diver's mental connection with their body. She should know, she was part of the team that designed the vault... wasn't she? As it was, the delay in the video transmission only heightened Samara's dissociative estrangement from reality.

"We... we need to fix this." It was a struggle to simply piece the words together in her mind.

She lifted her right arm and observed her outstretched hand, turning, tilting, and flexing the digits in fascination. The limb was heavy and foreign, like part of a life-sized puppet that begrudgingly obeyed commands but conveyed no feeling. Though she was clearly seeing through the body's eyes, her consciousness felt distant, as though floating several feet away, lost and liquifying into the aerated medium that filled the vault. This body couldn't belong to her.

"Who... is... this???"

She locked eyes again with the woman on the display. They stared at each other for a long moment, unmoving and barely breathing. She might look identical to her, even down to the last detail, but something screamed that it couldn't possibly be her. The woman on the screen was a lecherous bundle of wanton traits so at odds with Samara. She'd never flaunt herself in this fetishistic wetsuit, or spread

herself open with such lurid promiscuity, let alone fondle herself during a dive in some strange autoerotic act, but that was exactly what her double was doing.

The figure on the display slid her hands along the wetsuit, and Samara's heart raced. She wanted to flee, but had no control over her body any longer. Even if she had, she couldn't tear her eyes away from the spectacle unfolding on the display. She watched in awe as the hands roamed the curves of their shared form, fingers slowly tracing along the wetsuit's seams towards her inner thighs. Each touch was a burst of sensation, sending jolts through the emptiness, converging at her aching depths, and drowning Samara in profound pleasure. If only she could forget who she was, and where she was, and simply dissolve into this feeling. Nothing would make her happier.

A crackle, followed by deafening static, burst through her thoughts and halted her descent into pleasure's absolute embrace. A voice exploded in her mind like a message from beyond, "Samara. Are you there?" It was the monitoring team trying to establish contact.

Another voice cut in, "She's drifting. Try adjusting the resonance and hold it at one-point-two." There was a degree of concern in the voice. Were they talking to her? Was she Samara?

In a flash, the pleasure ceased, replaced with stillness, silence, and darkness. Samara opened her eyes and returned to the world. She was back in her body, fully aware, and completely exhausted. Her heart pounded and chest ached as her lungs strained to circulate the syrupy thick diving medium required inside the vault. Her right hand rested along her inner thigh, just a brush from her burning mound, which simply screamed for her touch. The dissociative episode had abated, with its strange lustful yearnings, but the overwhelming horniness remained.

She looked at that hand, so achingly close to her sex, and her thoughts twisted to disgust. "...Inappropriate."

She gave another glance to her reflection in the monitor. Her face was flush with desire, but her expression radiated Samara's typical bland irritation. She could play this off. She repositioned herself in the seat, closed her legs, and laid her forearms firmly against the chair's armrests.

With a deep breath, she gathered her concentration and spoke to the voices in her mind, "I'm here."

"Everything is normal."

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