

No Other Woman

Denise Yun finished applying her mascara and took a step back, admiring herself in the mirror. Her black hair was carefully combed and straightened, hanging down around her shoulders, matching the highlights on her eyes and her dark lipstick. It contrasted perfectly with her high-collared purple dress, which hugged her slender curves and shaped her modest cleavage. As she gave a little spin, she couldn't help but giggle at the sight. She was dressed to *fuck*, and tonight she was getting exactly that.

The dress had been sent by her current paramour. Sean was a big marketing executive; he was well past forty, but still fit enough to be worth her time, and she liked the salt-and-pepper look. She also liked how *hungry* he was for her, but what she liked most were the very expensive gifts. He'd get bored of her, probably sooner rather than later, but she didn't mind. What Denise liked was taking men. When the adventure became routine, one of them would be on their way, and she didn't much care who broke it off first. She would have plenty of toys to remember him by.

Sean had been busy lately keeping his wife distracted, but he had a 'business trip' this weekend and he'd laid out all the stops. Dinner at an exclusive Michelin-star restaurant. The honeymoon suite at a five-star hotel. Tickets to a Broadway show tomorrow night, and then another night of passion before he returned to his hum-drum life. Two days and three nights of absolute luxury and mind-blowing sex. Sean's wife didn't know what she was missing.

As she stepped out of the bathroom and moved towards the kitchen, Denise walked right past two people in nondescript grey suits standing by the open bedroom window. The nondescript young man on the left looked her up and down, shaking his head. "She's certainly a beauty, Charlie," he said. "Almost a shame to ruin her."

The woman standing next to him smiled, cracking her knuckles. She was more muscular than the man, with black hair and a rugged face. "I don't know, John," she said. "I think this one's going to be fun. Kitchen?"

"Kitchen," John agreed. The two walked behind Denise, who was oblivious to their presence as she picked up her purse. As she passed him, John slid a small wand from inside his jacket, tapping the tip to the back of her neck.

Denise yelped as what felt like a powerful electric shock ran through her, dropping her purse on the ground. Before she could turn around, Charlie had stepped up behind her and grabbed her wrists, forcing her arms behind her back. "Don't bother screaming, sweetie," Charlie said. "It won't go well for you."

“Oww! What - who are you? What do you want?” Denise whimpered as Charlie forced her down to her knees, eyes wide with fright.

“Well, that’s the thing. We’re just a couple of professionals,” John said evenly, stepping up to look down at her. He tapped the wand against Denise’s nose, and she yelped as another shock ran through her body. “Suzanne Declan hired us.”

Denise’s blood ran cold. Suzanne was Sean’s wife. She couldn’t know. “I…”

“Don’t bother. We have footage. We have records of all your little flings.” Charlie whispered the words in Denise’s ear like a lover. “And this isn’t the first time that Mrs. Declan has hired us to deal with a pesky problem.”

“Deal with…” Denise began to breathe more heavily. “Please… please don’t kill me.”

“Relax, we’re not going to kill you.” Charlie laughed, twisting Denise’s arms tighter behind her back. “We’re just going to give you a little reminder of what happens to trashy girls like you. It’s the Declan special. She’s mean that way.”

“You have no reason to believe us,” John said, lowering the wand down to the top of Denise’s dress, “but you’ve been vanished. There’s a little charm on the back of your neck that erased you from existence, so that the only people who can remember you are the ones with protective spells, like us.” As he spoke, the wand touched against Denise’s dress, and her eyes widened as the fibers began to unspool, pieces of the dress falling to the floor like a tree shedding its leaves.

“And like Mrs. Declan,” Charlie added as Denise began to try to pull away from the wand. She twisted her arms more tightly behind her back, and Denise yelped with pain.

“You’re crazy,” Denise sobbed, pressing back from the wand. Her dress was in tatters on the ground around her now; only the purple collar was still present, a thin strip dangling down between her suddenly-bare breasts like a tie. She squirmed in Charlie’s grip, but the woman’s hands were like iron clamps. “This is all crazy!”

“So here’s the thing,” John said, continuing as though Denise wasn’t speaking. The wand drifted down towards her black silk panties, inch by inch. “Suzanne doesn’t mind that her husband sleeps around, because it lets her take a break from him. But she’s still kind of a jealous bitch. So what she does is, she lets him have his affair for a while, and then she hires us to erase the other woman and put herself in her place. As far as Sean’s memories are concerned, all of those fun date nights, all those steamy sex acts? That was him roleplaying with his very devoted wife. All the gifts he gave you? Hers. And she’s on her way to dinner with him, followed by a very lovely weekend.”

He accentuated the statement by tapping the wand against Denise's panties, which immediately flaked away to reveal her pussy. Her bush was trimmed down, and she blushed fiercely as John looked her over slowly. "I can see what he saw in you," he said.

"Fuck you," Denise snapped. "I worked for this." She looked over her shoulder at Charlie, tears welling in her eyes. "Please," she said. "We can work something out. If this is... this is magic, then there must be something I can do, something better than..."

Charlie laughed. "Nah," she said. "You're right, we don't generally take payment in money, but Mrs. Declan is a very generous client, and we do *not* cheat our clients." She looked over to John. "Put the last charm on, I'm getting tired of holding her still."

"On it." John leaned down to look Denise in the eyes. "This might sting a bit," he said, bringing the wand down to her stomach.

Pain exploded through Denise's body as the wand touched home. Everything was burning. Literally, where the wand was brushing against her body, but her mind was on fire, too. All at once, she believed everything the two were saying. It was impossible, but undeniable. She could feel her mascara running as tears streamed down her face. Faintly, she knew that she was thrashing in Charlie's grip, eyes wide and mouth open in a silent scream. John watched her clinically, like a man looking down at a particularly interesting ant.

And then it was done. Denise sagged to the ground, breathing heavily, feeling the brand on her stomach still burning her flesh. She was staring at the floor, arms limp at her side. Charlie stood up, letting go of her. "Nice rune work."

"Thanks. That mean a lot, coming from you." John leaned down to Denise, whispering in her ear. "We've got to get a few things set up for you, but we'll be back."

As he stood up again, he looked over to Charlie. "We should have brought someone for this part."

"Ah, a little heavy lifting is good for you. What do you think she'll do with the house?"

"Sell it. That's what she always does." Denise could hear a grunt of effort as John and Charlie lifted something up and walked towards the front door. "Why, you interested?"

"It's a nice neighborhood."

Their voices faded as they exited the house. Denise laid still on the ground, limbs splayed, breathing heavily through the fading pain. They'd left her alone. This was her chance. All that she had to do was get up, run for the back door. Maybe they were lying, and someone would help her. Maybe they were telling the truth, and no one would see

her. Either way, she was increasingly sure that she didn't want to be here when they got back, not after what had just happened.

She just had to stand up.

Her breasts were pressing into the cool tiles of the floor, the burning sensation over her stomach less overwhelming, but still very present. She could feel the tears welling up again. Why wasn't she standing up? It was like a part of her just... wouldn't. She knew how important it was, knew that her life might depend on it. *Someone save me. Someone help.*

She couldn't even find the motivation to speak the words, and the realization brought fresh tears to her eyes. What was wrong with her? Had she given up so easily?

Diane swallowed heavily. She resolved to stand up. To force herself to her feet, no matter how heavy her limbs felt, no matter how useless the idea seemed. She *had to get up*.

And then Charlie and John were back, and it was too late.

"Look at her," John said, nudging Denise with a dirt-covered boot. "Just lying around all day."

"Yep. Time to take out the trash." Charlie flipped Diane onto her back, leaving her staring up at the ceiling, and pulled out her phone. She snapped a few pictures, leaning in to get one of Diane's face. "Mrs. Declan likes process photos," she explained. "John, you want to do your thing?"

"Sure, if you'll carry her."

Charlie snorted. "Carry. Funny." She reached down, grabbing Diane by the hair, and began to drag her across the floor. A muffled whimper slipped through Diane's lips as fresh tears sprang up. She wanted to reach up and grab Charlie, to scream... but what was the point? It wouldn't help.

As she was hauled across the floor like a sack of flour, John kept pace. "So, our charms are a complicated magic," he explained casually, glancing down at her despairing face. "Lots of moving parts, and the fewer people who care about you, the less power it takes to vanish you. Fewer loose ends to tie off, get it? Some of Suzanne's targets, we can't do much more than swap out the affair itself and leave them with nightmares in place of their memories, but when we can, she has this poetic justice thing she loves. And bad news, you qualify."

As they reached the front door, Charlie lifted Denise's head enough to bring her mostly upright, keeping it from bouncing on the doorframe. It didn't help her ass, which was unceremoniously bounced down the front steps of her home. Denise let out another almost-silent whimper from the impacts.

"The more we take away, the more we can add back," John continued, following her down the stairs. "In your case, we started with the simple stuff. As long as the charm lasts, you won't need to eat, drink, breathe, or even sleep. You might have some weird waking dreams, I wouldn't worry about it."

Charlie was breathing heavily. Denise couldn't see what she was looking at, staring backwards at her house. Or... was it her house? She knew that it was, but she also knew that it belonged to Suzanne Declan. A chill gripped her heart, as she realized that she could remember two sets of pasts - one where she had fucked Sean Declan, and one where she... just wasn't there.

"Now, I'm sure you're thinking that sounds nice, but it doesn't explain why you can't move," John said. "And I can explain that, too."

Charlie turned Denise around, and she stared in shock at the pile stacked up by the curb. Piles of her books, the box of old DVDs she'd carted around for years out of vague sentimentality, unopened cans of food from her pantry, even boxes of clothing sitting on an old desk - none of the good clothes, the ones that she'd gathered from her conquests. Just the old, ratty things she'd been meaning to donate and had never gotten around to. A slapdash cardboard sign leaning against the haphazard collection read "FREE".

"We're cleaning out some of the old junk from your house so that it can be sold," John explained. "All the trash goes on the curb. And that means you."

Charlie hefted Denise one last time, then dumped her in the middle of the detritus of her life. She reached down, spreading Denise's legs so that her pussy was on full display. "How're you feeling, hon?" she teased.

Denise moaned softly. Her bottom ached. Her stomach was on fire. Her head was pounding. She stared at Charlie, a strange thought occurring. *Maybe she'll save me.*

Charlie didn't seem interested. "You're taking forever with this lecture, John."

"It makes the magic stronger," John retorted, with the feeling of an old, easy argument between friends. He pulled out some french fries that had been in the fridge, idly munching on one. "As I was saying. You're trash, now. That rune on your chest has locked you back into the world, but as garbage. Anyone who sees you will know it. You can remember your old life, but in your heart you know that you're garbage, too, and garbage can't save itself. You just have to sit here, and wait."

Charlie draped Denise's arms on her knees, patting her on the cheek. "You could always prove us wrong," she teased. "Take a swing at me."

Denise thought about it. She knew that she wanted to. But John was right. Nothing that garbage did would ever make things *better*. There was no point. As much as she wanted to escape, she couldn't even call for help.

"But," John said, "there's a chance."

Hope blossomed in Denise. She was able to look up, just enough to meet his eyes. *Maybe he'll save me.*

Then John continued, relentless and remorseless. As he did, Charlie opened up Denise's garbage can, rummaging through it. She began to toss pieces of trash around the woman in front of them. "Normally, if you were just trash, this wouldn't last long. The next garbage pickup, you'd be tossed into the back and carted off to the landfill. With the sustenance rune protecting you, you might last a while, but you'd get crushed to death in a few weeks. And Suzanne... she's a little mean."

"She's a lot mean," Charlie agreed. "Figure there's a fifty-fifty chance someone sends us after *her* one day."

"So," John continued, shooting Charlie a look, "there's a second piece to your rune. It doesn't just tell the world that you're trash. It says, *this is trash, but maybe it can be used for something*. That's what you're feeling. That belief that maybe, someone will find you and find a good use for you."

Charlie grinned. She stepped up to Denise, looking down at her. "I figure that use is probably going to be fucking, mostly. It usually is. Until they get tired of fucking trash and throw you back out on the curb. Or someone shoves you into the back of their garage, to swelter in the heat and freeze in the cold, while they try to think of a good use for you. Maybe some frat will find you, make all the new guys take you up the increasingly-abused ass until you're too worn out even for them. Or hey, maybe you'll get lucky. Maybe someone will find a way to turn you into a piece of art, something that really says 'yeah, this is trash, but it's beautiful anyway.' Or maybe no one who cares will even stop by and you're destined to be crushed under piles of smelly garbage, like, right away." She laughed, fishing an old top hat out of the pile of clothes. Denise had worn it for a costume years ago, and never gotten rid of it. Charlie plopped it down on her head, letting more mud fly over her victim.

No. No, someone can find a use for me. Denise didn't want to be used, but she didn't want to be trash even more. She held onto the thought. There was hope. Someone would find a use for her, a way to be appreciated.

“Sucks, doesn’t it? Right now, as we speak, Mrs. Declan is showing up to a Michelin restaurant for a gorgeous meal.” John tossed the rest of his french fries down, and they cascaded over Denise. “You get to sit here in the muck and imagine how much worse your life can get. Tonight, she’ll be fucking her husband’s brains out while he thanks her for all the hot sex *you* gave him, and if you’re lucky you’ll be in the back of some asshole’s pickup truck who doesn’t mind how stained an old pussy is if he can plow it.”

“Pictures for the road,” Charlie said. She pulled out her camera again, taking pictures from various angles. Denise winced from the bright flashes, unable to bring herself even to look away. Once she had an angle she liked, Charlie brought the phone down to Denise’s face. “What do you think, hon? Someone going to take you?”

Denise stared at the picture in horror.



She was a *mess*. Her hair was frazzled from being yanked on, her mascara was running and her lipstick was smudged. She could smell the trash surrounding her, but it was something else to see it draped over her. Old food, cigarette butts, even the condoms she'd kept in her purse for Sean were draped across one arm. She was fully on display, ready to be used, face a mask of despair.

"Anyway," John said, "we'll stop by in a couple of days and see if you're still here. But probably this is the last time that you'll talk to anyone who knows that you exist. Good luck with the rest of your life."

As the two Vanishers walked away, Denise tried to get up, to run after them, to beg them not to do this. She could be of use. She could be valuable. She was trash, but maybe... maybe someone could find a use for her...

She sat there, with the rest of the trash, holding on to that one thought through the depths of despair. Someone would find a use for her. They had to.

She just had to wait.

Art by Pixeljail (<https://bsky.app/profile/pixeljail.com>)