

So, obviously we did manage to separate them. Didn't take too much. Some red xenonite, has to be red, not the green stuff, trust me; an entire coven of mages; an angel talking to his superiors to make sure the souls took, yes, I do mean a literal fucking angel!; technology from a dozen alien worlds; and some 7th dimensional fuckery to seal the deal. Hardly anything at all. Piece of cake. At least compared to what followed. Oh, not the bureaucracy. When you're people the President has on speed dial, you can get a few strings pulled to get a new identity like Samantha Clarkson made up easily enough, no, that wasn't the problem.

What was was, how do I put this? Sammie was now Kent's sister. Which meant, when he took Lana home to meet his parents as his fiancée, yes, of course he proposed almost the instant he could stand up again. I must admit, her shocked face was pretty decently acted. If I was as gullible as him, I'd certainly have believed it. Anyway, when they went back, Sammie and I had to go with and we were both nervous as Hell. She was meeting her "parents" for the first time, which is pretty nerve-wracking, and I was meeting my prospective in-laws, which was also pretty terror-inducing. Shouldn't have worried. I mean, Kent gets his goodness from these people, so of course they just accepted her as their daughter. And then they accepted me as their future son-in-law. That was probably harder. I mean, Sammie is sweet as sugar, and I'm so not. Of course, I didn't mention any of the triggers I'd implanted. It seemed rude to tell them their new daughter spends a good portion of her time as a literal fucktoy.

But that's got you caught up, so on with the show...

Very nearly now, the church pews are packed, Pranger tries hard not to pull on his collar as the wedding march starts. He turns slightly as the wedding party makes its way up the aisle, Kent looking even more uncomfortable in formal wear standing opposite. The fathers of the brides step back. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today in the sight of God to bless the union of this man and this woman, and this man and this woman." Sammie suppresses a snort of laughter which makes her look so cute.

The sermon goes on, and on until, "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband, to love, honour and obey as long as you both shall live?"

Sammie nods, having insisted on keeping that part of the vows, "I do."

"Then by the grace of God, I pronounce you man and wife, and man and wife. You may kiss the brides."

And so they did.

That night, halfway across the world, in a sumptuous hotel suite, "Well, Mrs Pranger..."

"Well, Dr. Pranger..." she replies, leaning back on the silk sheets, "now that you finally, really have me as yours, what do you intend to do with me?"

"Well, my little Sammie Sextoy..." at which point his phone rings, "shit!" he stumbles around to grab it, only then realising what he's said. He turns slowly back towards the bed, dreading what will be there instead of his wife, only to find her there sticking her tongue out at him.

"Eeeeeew. Nasty. Not doing that, nope, nope, nope..."

"Sorry."

"Be more careful what you say, huh, Master? I'm to be cherished, after all."

The phone reminds him of why he said what he did. He presses the power button until it goes dark.

"Anything important?"

"Not as important as you."

"That is the right answer. Now, do you want to try that again?"

"Of course, my little Sammie Sextoy doll."

Immediately, her skin shifts, gaining a shiny plastic look and feel, her mouth opens into a plastic tunnel, mirrored by her sex as her arms bend into place, her wide blue eyes flattening. "Very kinky, Master."

"Silent."

Her mouth stops moving, opening back into the open 'O'.

He rubs a finger around her lips, knowing they feel as sensitive as any part of her does when human. He toys with her inflation stem before tossing her back onto the bed. He climbs over her unmoving form, driving into her plastic cunt. As a doll she makes no sound, no movement, no life, just a toy for his pleasure.

As he approaches climax, he grunts out "Restore." And Sammie's flesh and blood pussy clenches tight on his cock, her arms flying around him as he climaxes inside her.

"Fuuuuuuuuuck." she moans, "You, oh, boy, you were right, Master. That was...man, I'm still seeing stars."

"Ready for round two?"

"Silly, I'm powered by sunlight and magic, remember? You'll get tuckered out first."

"We'll see about that..."

A very enjoyable time later, Sammie leans back into the incredibly soft pillows, her husband's arm across her chest, his snores in her ear, "Toldja." she smirks before getting comfortable and drifting off.

Days later, a coffee shop not far from the World's headquarters, "He didn't?!"

"I mean, he didn't mean to."

"Still...why would you even have..."

"Don't tell Phillip this, but it's because it lets him pretend to be in control of a woman who can snap him in two with a flick of her fingers."

"That's...a very disturbing..."

"You'd rather I told you I liked him having that kind of control? Don't worry, it's not like it happened. There's safeguards. Safe, insane and consensual, right?"

"I don't think that's quite right."

Sammie smiles, "Close enough for me. So, how was..."

"Not quite as kinky."

"Shame. You'd have thought a boyscout like my 'brother' would be good with knots."

Lana splutters, "Did you get all the deviance from Kent when you got split off?"

"Not guilty. You just haven't found his yet. Mind you, he probably hasn't found his yet, either."

"How are you two the same person?"

"We're not the same person!" she looks down at the shattered cup, fortunately already emptied,

"Sorry. Sore point. We're just...related. Ok, very closely related, like twins, but they're their own people, so are we."

"And you don't want to..." she mimes pulling open a shirt.

"One: No way. Two: That gesture looks very different on a woman. Three: No way I could keep a secret identity going for long. Just look how fucked up it made you and Kent."

"Tell me about it." she mutters, "Paparazzi are circling trying to get a shot of me 'cheating' on my husband with my husband."

"Four: That's Kent's life. I'm not going to shoehorn myself..."

The window explodes inwards in a shower of glass, smoke and noise, bowling them over and the tables over. Half a dozen men in blue and green uniforms scramble through the shattered window, waving guns around menacingly. Sammie clenches her fist.

"Where's Losi? You said she was here."

"She was, you saw her!"

"Yeah, so where?"

"She's hiding. Hey, Losi! Come out now, or we start shooting until you do!"

"Ok, ok." Lana stands up, her jacket cut and singed, hair a tangled mess, dirt smudged over her face, "Think you can keep me this time?"

"Funny lady. The Emperor wants a word." He gestures with his gun towards the hovering craft outside.

"Well, we don't want to keep him waiting, do we?" Surrounded by the Iron Emperor's men she

walks towards the craft, casting a nervous glance back into the shop.

As the craft lifts off out of sight, a very angry Lana Losi brushes herself down and grabs for her phone.

Pranger's residence, where the man himself is busy pacing the floor while the Samaritan floats and Lana holds an ice pack over her face, "So you let my wife..."

"I didn't let her do anything! Have you tried getting her to do something she doesn't want to? You couldn't do that under hypnosis on your wedding night!"

"What are you...?"

"Don't worry about it. Something embarrassing she told me. And you do not get to blame me for her making her choice. I'm mad enough about it as it is."

"You're mad..."

"She was just explaining why she doesn't want to be part of this life. And then, as soon as she had to, she steps in to save me. She put herself at risk for me. So damn right I'm mad. Now if we're done shouting at each other, what are we going to do about it?"

Pranger sighs, "I don't suppose you have a convenient thug to talk to this time?"

The Samaritan shakes his head. "If only..."

The phone rings. Pranger stares at it. It rings again. "Hello?"

"Hi, Master. Could you do me a favour?"

"Sammie? Are you all..."

"I'm fine. But you need to get my big bro and come to..." there's a loud vreem, "scuse me. That was rude. I am on the phone here." a muffled crunch sounds unsettlingly loud, "So, anyway, you need to get Bro and come to, where did you say this place was? Don't make me ask you again. I'm trying to be nice. You do not want to get on my bad side like your friend." she listens to the babbled answer

"Apparently we're under a junkyard near Bleekers on the West Side."

"They used the same base? Really?"

"Is that my brother I hear? Tell him I'm fine. Did Lana get out ok?"

"Mostly ok. She..."

Lana snatches the phone, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. Can you get to bring the memotic device? You know the one. There's a lot of people here who know stuff we really don't want them to. Tell him he needs to hurry if he wants to share in any of the fun."

"Fun?"

"I didn't know violence was this cathartic. No wonder he does it." another vreem, "Oh, you did not just do that. Gotta go."

"Wait..." but the call's ended.

"Well, I'd better..."

"You are not leaving me behind. That's my wife your idiot enemy's kidnapped!"

The Samaritan looks distant, "I'll keep her safe." and speeds off.

"Come back here you..."

Lana grabs his hand, pulling him towards the door, "Don't rant. It doesn't work on him, he just goes into 'save the bystander' mode. Where's your car? I'll drive."

"You'll..."

"You don't think I'm missing this, do you? Keys."

"What?"

"Keys. Come on, he won't take forever getting that thing."

Pranger finally throws the keys in some confusion, stumbling after her. The car roars off before he's managed to fumble his seatbelt on, but fortunately the g-forces keep him firmly in his seat as it screams down the road, rubber seared into the asphalt.

When they arrive on scene, miraculously without a police escort, Pranger manages to release his grip on the dashboard, "Where did you learn to drive?! Fucking NASCAR?!"

Losi doesn't reply, her door slamming, "Oh, grow up. We're here in one piece, aren't we?"

"Now what?"

"What did you do last time?"

"Last time I had an invulnerable bodyguard who bulldozed his way in."

"Yeah, that doesn't work for me." She looks around the locked gate. She reaches into her bag.

"Is that an autopick?"

"You want to climb the fence?" she indicates the rusty chain-link.

"God, no, I'm not trusting my tetanus shot against that thing."

"Then shush and let me work." the lock clicks, "Piece of junk." she eases the gate open and slips silently inside. Pranger follows, doing his best to be quiet as they make their way through the stacks.

She stops, peering around to see a concealed doorway with two Imperial guards outside. "Subtle, guys."

The door hisses open, revealing a corridor lit by red emergency lighting. An imperial soldier in ripped and blood-stained uniform stumbles out. He has time to feebly gasp for help before a mass of black tentacles streams out of the corridor to drag him back, his hands scrabbling along the smooth floor to get a grip. The two guards look at each other, look down the corridor and take off as fast as they can.

Losi and Pranger look at each other. "I guess we're going in."

"They were nice enough to leave the door open." she picks up one of the guards' dropped guns on the way. "You know how to use one of these?"

He shakes his head.

"Then I'm leading."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Get used to saying that. It'll make things easier with Sammie."

"What did she tell you happened?"

"Wouldn't you like to know." and she's off down the corridor, moving slowly and carefully.

"Yes, that's why I fucking asked." he mutters. "I could just let her get killed but, oh, no. Bloody conscience. See what you've done to me, Kent?" and follows her in.

As they approach the operations room, the damage starts to get heavier. Gouges in the floor, screens shattered, cables sparking erratically, holes ripped in the walls, or dust still drifting from holes rent in the ceiling. "What were they doing in here?"

She shrugs. "Whatever it was, it looks like they lost control of it." She holds up her hand as they enter a pool of light spilling from the open doorway.

The control room looks even worse than the corridor, heaps of guards thrown around. As they watch one crashes into the wall with a sickening thud, In the centre of the room stands what looks like a tree made of twisting black vines from the mind of Clive Barker, its "branches" shooting out whenever one of the guards moves. Around it lie scattered rent and torn pieces of dark blue and green metal. One set of twisting tentacles that looks very much like a crude 'hand' presses a thin figure in what was once a regal uniform against the wall, a face like a snarling wolf's, only the size of a car, growls at him from inches away, jaws slavering over its blacked, bloodstained teeth.

"Do you see Sammie?"

She shakes her head, gesturing him to keep quiet, but the thing turns, eyes glowing golden towards them. "Kent, you'd better be on time for once." she mutters as she raises the gun.

"Hi, guys." the wolf-head says cheerfully, "Took you long enough. I was just explaining to the Iron Emperor here why he shouldn't attack sweet innocent people just having their coffee." the hand bounces the Emperor off the wall, "I think he's almost got the message."

"Sammie?!"

She drops the Emperor to the ground, where he lets out a yowl of pain, clutching the bones now peeking through his leg. The black 'tree' dwindles as she rushes over for a hug.

"You did all this?"

Sammie looks round, "I mean, not all of it. Some of them tried to shoot me and missed."

At which point the roof crashes in, as the Samaritan lands amidst the devastation, “What happened here?”

“Apparently they pissed our little Sammie off.”

He looks around, “Sammie did all this?”

Sammie shrugs. “They thought I was Lana and were trying to get me into that suit.” she gestures at the parts scattered around, “I objected. Strongly. Then I phoned you guys. Speaking of, did you bring it?”

He holds up the strange device. “Why did you need it?”

“Because they've all seen me as Lana and we don't want rumours to start. Plus any that are still conscious heard you guys calling me Sammie. We just need to make them forget it. Then, sweetie, can you make them forget this weird obsession they have with turning Lana into a weapon against Kent? It's super-obnoxious. I had to listen to a whole-ass speech about their plans to 'purify the planet of its alien influence'.”

Pranger blinks, as the Samaritan begins bathing their enemies in the harsh light of the device, “I suppose. But how are we going to explain this? There's too much damage to be from the Samaritan stopping them.”

“What do you mean?”

“He doesn't usually leave his enemies looking like they've gone five rounds with a rabid buffalo.”

“How does he do that, anyway?! I was pulling my punches the whole time, because Bro would be mad if I killed any of them, and they still broke! You humans are so fragile!”

“We tell people the truth.”

“You are kidding.”

“Well, a version of the truth. They tried to take control of an alien creature and couldn't control it.”

“I'm not sure I like being called a creature.”

“Fortunately,” Lana presses on, “Samaritan was able to rescue the creature and it's now living its life quietly on the planet it was born on.”

“I suppose that's true. In a way. Although still not crazy about being an 'it'.”

“It's better than trying to explain the whole truth.”

“I guess.”

“Unless you want to give me a real exclusive and announce yourself as the city's newest superhero?”

“Oh, no, no, no, no.”

“Definitely not.”

And, the occasional world-conquering threat, alien invasion, reset of the universe or any of the other improbable dangers that crop up in the life of a superhero aside, they all lived happily ever after.