

"Read *Shattered* if you've a lion's heart. Live it if you dare."

Michelle Robbins, author of *In Training*

# SHATTERED

Just where do you cross the point of no return?



Korin I. Dushayl

Author of *Broken* and *Playing With Dolls*



# Shattered

**Just where does one cross the point of no return?**

When a sweet, intelligent twenty-five year old with undiagnosed Asperger and PTSD seeks help from a ruthless, unscrupulous, sadistic therapist, she shatters his psyche and throws him into a suicidal depression. Her crude attempt to pick up the pieces -- enslaving him and subjecting him to unethical, unsanctioned, experiments -- ignores the lines of consent and the responsibilities of a Dominant. -- Inspired by a true story.

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Larry Brooks, USA Today bestselling author of  
*Darkness Bound* and *Bait and Switch*

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# Chapter One

**Z**achary Smith lined all the brochure holders up with each other on the counter next to the window that protected the receptionist from the patients. Then, he straightened each stack of brochures in each holder. He rearranged the magazines on the oak coffee table, putting them in date order and set them on top of each the other so just the title of the magazine appeared beneath the magazine on top of it. He lined up the oak arm chairs so they each stood one inch away from the wall. As he reached out to straighten the metal-framed print of a still life with fruit and flowers that hung over the chairs, the receptionist's window slid open. "Mr. Smith, could you please sit down. Dr. Richards will be with you shortly, but you did arrive almost a half hour before your appointment." The frumpy woman wearing a dress covered in tiny white daisies stared at Zachary until he sat down. As soon as she closed the window again, he rose to his feet and fixed the picture. He stared at the clock over the window and watched the black second hand tick its way around the white face inside the white plastic frame.

The door next to the window opened and a beautiful woman, almost as tall as he, stepped out with a clipboard in her elegantly manicured hands. Slender, he guessed she couldn't weigh more than a hundred and twenty-five pounds, she had hair blacker than night that hung down and brushed her shoulders. She wore a tailored blue suit with a white blouse.

"Mr. Smith?"

Zachary looked up into her piercing green eyes and nodded.

"I'm Dr. Jessica Richards." She extended a hand and Zachary just stared at it, unwilling to sully such beauty, even if she permitted it. Eventually she withdrew it. "Why don't you come into my office, Mr. Smith."

Zachary followed the woman down a hallway of closed doors. She walked into one near the end and pointed to two upholstered armchairs under the window. Between them, a small metal table held a box of tissues, a water pitcher, and two glasses upside down on a tray. To get to a chair, he had to pass an oak desk which had a laptop computer, a pile of file folders, and a chrome lamp on it. Another chair, this one with wheels and levers to adjust the back and seat, sat in front of the desk.

Sitting in an armchair, Zachary put his hands in his lap. Then he put them next to his thighs. Then he sat on them.

"Let me just confirm some basic information, if I can." Dr. Richards held the top sheet off the clipboard and read from the page underneath. "You're twenty-five years old, you dropped out of the university in the middle of last term, and you live in Humboldt Park."

Zachary nodded.

"And why are you here at the clinic?" Zachary moved his hands between his thighs. "Zachary, or do you prefer Zach?" "Zachary," he whispered. "Ummm, could I see someone else?" How could he explain what he needed to this beautiful woman? He had never had a female therapist before, never mind one so stunning.

"Perhaps, you could give me a chance first?" Dr. Richards turned over one of the glasses and filled it half full of water from the pitcher. "We've only just met."

She pushed the glass toward Zachary; he took it and emptied it in one swallow.

"According to the forms you filled out, you have problems with anxiety and depression, you don't do well in social situations, and all this has resulted in your dropping out of college

where you majored in philosophy for the past three years. Is that correct?"

Zachary nodded. He wanted nothing more than to escape the confines of her office. He felt as if the room had gotten smaller since he sat down.

"Also, according to this, you've never held a job for longer than six weeks."

Zachary lowered his eyes and moved his hands back to his lap, clutching them together.

"Zachary, would you be more comfortable if I stood behind you while we talked?"

Zachary nodded his head. Maybe if he didn't have to look at her, he could explain his problems.

## Z

When he left the clinic, Zachary tried to decide where to go. Already late for work, he didn't know if he should rush to get to the grocery store or just give it up and go home. If Ramona had the shift, she would just let him stay late to make up for the time. As long as he got all the shelves stocked and the expired dairy products out of the coolers, she didn't care too much about when he showed up. But Stella had already given him two warnings and had told him one more late arrival and she would ask Mr. Larson to fire him.

The bus pulling up to the stop in front of campus as Zachary approached would take him to the Treasure Island. He decided to go to work and hope for the best.

"Zachary," Ramona called when he pushed open the swinging door to the back room. "Don't punch in." She grabbed his arm and pulled him behind a stack of empty milk crates. "Stella's complained to Mr. Larson and you're on report. I'll fill out your timecard when you're done with your shift and you can tell him you forgot to punch in. Go ahead and take care of the dairy case. The pallets can wait until the store clears out a little, after the evening rush."

Zachary put on his apron, tied it around his waist, and grabbed one of the empty milk crates. He spent an hour pulling products that had passed their sell-by dates, replacing them with fresher items, and straightening the rows of milk cartons, cottage cheese containers, and butter boxes. He probably should call the clinic and tell them he wouldn't return for the appointment the frumpy receptionist had scheduled for him on Thursday. Dr. Richards seemed nice enough, but she asked so many questions he didn't know how to answer.

## Z

Jessica ushered Zachary into her office for the third time. This one puzzled her. Usually she could diagnose a patient's primary and secondary issues by the end of the first visit. Although she thought she had determined Zachary's primary diagnosis, something beyond that had impacted his mental health but she could not determine what. She wondered if she might use him to test the intriguing research trickling out of Siberia.

"I have some information for you today that might prove useful." Jessica crossed her legs and folded her hands together. She still couldn't get Zachary to look at her. "Have you ever heard of Asperger's Syndrome?"

He shook his head.

"It's a very mild form of autism, and I believe that's why you have difficulty succeeding in social environments." Jessica hadn't known that much about it herself until she started comparing the behaviors commonly found among patients with Zachary's symptoms. Jessica handed him a brochure and read the paragraph she had circled in her copy. "Typically those who suffer from Asperger's are deficient in social skills, have difficulty with transitions or changes, develop obsessive routines, are preoccupied with particular subjects of interest, cannot read nonverbal cues such as facial expressions, tone of voice, and body language, and are overly sensitive to sounds, tastes, smells, and sights. Often, like yourself, they are extremely intel-

ligent, but they don't always find productive ways to demonstrate that intelligence."

Zachary clutched his copy of the brochure, nodding at each point Jessica brought up. "Can I get a prescription then?"

"I'm afraid it's not that simple. No drug therapy is available for AS itself, although we can try medication to help with your depression and anxiety problems."

He frowned and crumpled the brochure in his hands. "Doesn't help anything to put a name on it, then?"

"I disagree. If we work together we can help you develop the social skills you need to function in most environments. I think you can even reach a point where you could have some semblance of a normal life. However, most patients with Asperger's don't experience your level of social dysfunction. I believe very strongly that something else is causing your depression and anxiety and until we know what that is, I can't really design an effective treatment program."

Zachary scowled. In the three hours she had spent with him, he had hadn't smiled once. His expressions ranged from inscrutable to downright angry.

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## About the Author

As a FemDom, I.G. Frederick knows first hand the beauty of symbiotic D/s relationships filled with love. As an observer she sees the many ways BDSM turns ugly. She writes about abusive and tragic interactions as Korin I. Dushayl.

I.G. Frederick trades words for cash, specializing in erotic and transgressive fiction and poetry since 2001. Her erotic short stories appeared in *Hustler Fantasies*, *Forum*, *Foreplay*, and *Desire Presents*, as well as electronic, audio, and print anthologies. Her novels receive high praise from readers, critics, and other authors.



Ms. Frederick, owns the man she adores who although dominant in the rest of his life, demonstrates his love by serving as her submissive.

<http://transgressivewriter.com>

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**Other novels by Korin I. Dushayl include:**

# **Broken**

*some things can never be fixed*

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