

Writer's Cramp

An ADULT Tale of Female Domination

By
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This book is dedicated to the website: Literotica!

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Prose is architecture, not interior decoration.

– Ernest Hemingway

People do not deserve to have good writing, they are so pleased with bad.

– Ralph Waldo Emerson

Just because it is called 'Erotica' does not mean that the writer has to leave passion to be read between the lines.

- Miss Irene Clearmont

Writer I

He wrote:

Introduction

Greta was the perfect corporate bitch, bossy and hard faced. She was always power-dressed in a tight skirt over her powerful thighs, her firm F-cup breasts swelled in her tight blouse and her heels were the highest that could be bought in the shops. Her long blonde hair was braided into a plait and she walked with the confident stride of a woman who knew that all the men in the office wanted to fuck her but they did not dare even say a word to her. In her office she was like a devil-queen. Her secretaries were all scared of her because they knew that she would punish them if they made any mistakes. She was the boss of all the money that the company made so she could spend what she liked.

One day she found that a secretary had made spelling mistakes in an important business letter and she sacked her without a thought even though she had two kids at home. The real reason that Greta had sacked her was because the secretary found a whip in her drawer and was going to tell Greta's boss, but she sacked the secretary before she could say anything and security led her out of the building.

What the people in the office did not know was that Greta was really a bitch and a sadist and she wanted to find a man as a slave to lick her cunt and high heeled patent leather boots and give her a lot of pleasure while she whipped and chained him. The problem was that kidnapping a man would be difficult. There were the police and the CCTV and someone might miss her new slave so she had to be careful what she did.

The secretary that was the one to replace the sacked one was called Bill and he was a married man with a beautiful wife called Meg who was very shy. He started in the office the next day and Greta was nice to him because she thought that it was a good plan to seem to be friendly, but actually she had other ideas that were not nice for him because she had already decided that he would be a good slave to kiss her boots.

William pressed 'save as', added a password and sighed with contentment and a little relief.

His story was off to a good start and now that the other three secretaries were returning back to their desks after the lunch break, there was always the chance that someone would look over his shoulder. San, Davina and Lizzy were

always laughing at him behind his back and it would be a disaster if they saw the start of his novel.

As he opened the work-letters that he had in first-draft he felt his erection subside and tried to come down from his exalted state. He was sure that this was just the start of a glorious career writing erotica; he so glad that he had actually taken the first step.

"Have you got the loan rejection letter prepared for Advanced Technics, Bill?"

William looked back at his boss and nodded.

"Just the form letter with the points that you noted," he replied. "Here..."

His finger pointed to the open letter on his screen whilst Margarita leaned over his shoulder and scanned the lines.

"Good! Make sure that it goes off in the next hour. After that I have several acceptances for you and a final edit of the report on loan insurances for small business. It has to be ready for my presentation tomorrow with all of the slides I sent and the charts that illustrate the main points..."

"Don't worry, I'll get it done in time," he said. "You'll be able to review it in a couple of hours after the preparation..."

"Thanks..."

William watched her walk back to her glass fronted office and allowed his thoughts to slide back to his fantasy world. Greta and Margarita were the same person! Of course the fictional Greta was a total femdom bitch! She had to be to make the plot-line that he had in his head, work. Greta, a woman who always got what she wanted, whilst the real one was just his boss, the woman that gave assignments and other boring office duties. Still, he thought, he had captured her essential essence! Tall and blonde, large breasted, even if she did not have Greta's enormous tits, and she did dress just a little like his imaginary bitch!

The personal secretary could not help himself admiring Margarita from afar, lusting after her, imagining being with her and adding her to his storyline. Somewhere he had read that most authors used the events and people in their real lives as the basis for their imaginary worlds and now he was no different!

Writer II

He wrote:

Chapter One

It was a Thursday and they were always busy in the office. Bill had been working hard, doing letters and other stuff all morning when he found that he was so busy that he did not notice that the office was empty. Then he noticed that he was alone and he decided to go to his favourite web sites where he always looked at porn and imagined that he was screwing all of those big-titted models that were there. He loved the femdom domes in boots and tight latex and looked at them all the time.

Bill checked out the usual sites and was tempted to have a wank, but he knew that someone could come in suddenly and find him out, so he just stroked his rock-hard cock and looked at the pictures. Then he noticed that Greta was in her office and she was coming out! Just in time he managed to change the screen and hide the porn as she came up to him.

"I see that you are still busy whilst the others are on a break," she said in a perfect sexy voice.

"I like to work hard for you," he said and he laughed.

"That's good, if you work hard you will be rewarded," she said with a sly smile. "I need something urgent to be done and you can do it for me. Come to my office."

Bill went to Greta's office. It was the first time that he had been in it because he had just started the job a week ago. When he followed her he saw the seams in her stockings and that she wore six-inch-high heels that were very sexy and the highest that he had ever seen, even on websites.

"It's just a private letter," she said in her sexy voice and he saw that the top three buttons of her blouse were open so that he could see her perfect F-cup tits and almost see the nipples that were erect.

"I will do it for you," said Bill.

"Good," she said as he sat down. "It is very important and private and must not be seen by anyone because it's personal. Here, I have got a hand written letter for you to type."

Bill looked at the letter and realised that it was a letter to a web site to meet strangers for sex and that it was all kinky. He looked at the letter and then gulped.

"I want it perfect because I am looking for a partner," said Greta. "I have to go to a meeting and when I come back I want it done and finished."

Greta walked out of the office and Bill saw that her skirt was so high that he could see her stocking-tops. It was so sexy that he had a rock-hard cock in his pants and he started to type the letter that she wanted him to.

When Greta went out of the office she smiled because this was the first part of the trap that she had decided to do to get Bill. He was sure to check out her computer and find the sexy BDSM porn that she had put there and then he would get all excited and she would be able to go to the next level. That was her plan, and he did it like she thought he would and so he fell into her devious trap. The trap that would turn Bill into the feminised slut that Greta had always wanted.

"Onions, tomatoes, a cucumber and some mince," called Megan from the kitchen. "Are you getting all of this?"

"One second, I'll grab some paper."

William saved the file on the computer, closed it and muttered an obscenity under his breath. How could he possibly write elegant prose while his wife called out shopping lists?

"Make sure that the cucumber is nice and straight," she called from the kitchen, "it makes better slices. We need yogurt, no strawberry flavour and of course some chops, not too fatty mind..."

He scribbled on the paper and cursed as the pencil broke just as Megan walked into the room with two crumpled carrier bags in her hand. Megan smiled slyly and then put a piece of paper on the desk.

"It should just take five minutes to pop over to the dry-cleaners on the way home from work, so you can pick up my dress as well," she said. "There's a pencil sharpener in the drawer."

William finished his list and tucked it into his pocket.

"Don't worry, I'll get it all," he said.

"I know that you will, darling. You're such a perfect little shopper. Don't forget the party tonight, so hurry home to help me with the food!"

He groaned and tried to recover the thread of his thoughts prior to her interruption.

William sat on the train and watched the dreary brick houses go by to the sounds of the rattle of points and phone chatter of the other travellers. He looked at the list and then tucked it back into his pocket as his thoughts began to wander. Margarita, Megan, the two women that ruled his life with their insistent chores... Ever since Megan had given up her job at the office, she had been so boring! What was more, his own life was so dull!

Occasional Friday-night sex, shopping errands, letters that an idiot could write and the incessant travel back and forth to his new job. Still, now that he had become an author, he could indulge himself, he thought with a grin.

He inspected the other travellers. Opposite a young girl with headphones on, tapping her hands to the music, by the window, a middle-aged man that was reading from his phone. Next to him was a young man in an ill-fitting suit who held a book on his lap.

'All grist for the novelist's mill,' thought William. *'What would they say if they knew that he was an erotic writer?'*

Another thought came to him.

He would have to keep it a secret, so that meant setting up an email address and a way of being paid that no one in his 'real' life would notice. That meant that he would be living a double life... The thought sent a shiver of excitement through him as he realised that his writing would be like having a lover, a mistress who had to be kept concealed.

The final part of the puzzle that needed putting into place was a suitable pen-name. It had to be something that would match his writing, of course. He looked out of the window of the train and tried to concentrate on the idea. Would it be better to be a man or a woman? Of course it would be perfect if he gave himself a woman's name. Miss Domina perhaps? That suggested a dominatrix... Mistress Whiplash? Too obvious... On the other hand, he could pose as a submissive man...

William almost missed his stop, sat too long and struggled through the crowd of commuters that were trying to board the train. The thought of finding a name to use as a pen-name had consumed him, but he still had not found the perfect one.

As he arrived at his office, William had decided that the perfect name would be both male and female. It would suit his story, where a man was turned into a slut by his wicked boss, all that was needed was a little inspiration.

Writer III

He wrote:

The Office Bitch

A Female Domination Story by Kitty Edwards

William looked at the heading and with a satisfied sensation. The title had been his other problem, but as soon as he had written the pen-name that had occurred to him as he started, the title of his novel had sprung into his consciousness. It was perfect... 'The Office Bitch' was now off to a good start. Soon it would be finished and he could find a publisher to be amazed by the eloquence of his prose.

Chapter Two

Bill carefully wrote the letter for his boss, the attractive Greta. As he wrote he got all aroused and he could feel his six-inch prick thrust into his pants.

It said:

I am an attractive rich woman who needs a man to serve me 24-7. He must have a big cock and be good at sex. I am blonde with big F-cup tits and long legs. I like high heels and sexy knickers and I will train the man to be my sissy bitch. He will wear pretty frocks and high heels and be there to serve me all the time in my house. No losers need apply.

When Bill had finished the letter he saved it. He looked around the office and realised that he was all alone and thought that it would be interesting to check out Greta's office while he was all alone. He tested the drawers in her desk and opened them. In the top three drawers in her desk were just office supplies, but when he opened the bottom drawer he found other stuff that showed what a bitch Greta really was. There was a whip, six-foot-long with a special handle shaped like a dildo and a vibrator that was massive. There were also dirty magazines that were full of pictures of big-titted women in latex with six-inch-high heels and they whipped men while they frigged themselves to orgasm.

He pulled out one of the magazines and flicked through it. It was really strong because there was a photo of a woman who had a man in a pink dress and high-heels who was kissing the Mistress on her shoes while she waved a whip in the air. Bill got all aroused and could not help himself feeling his cock, but he did not dare get it out for a wank because Greta might come back so

he took a photograph with his mobile phone and then put the magazine back in the drawer.

Then, Bill saw that Greta did indeed return and she came into her office and smiled at him with a wicked smile.

"Have you finished that letter?" she said with her wicked smile.

"I did it just now," said Bill as he showed her the screen where the letter was open in Microsoft Word that he knew all about.

"I hope that you did not have a look in my desk," said Greta. "There are my private things there and I do not want you to open the drawers. The last secretary that I had looked into my drawers and she got sacked and was taken out of the office by security."

Bill shook his head and lied to his boss, "No I would never do that."

"Good," said Greta in a stern voice. "Now go back to your desk and do your work."

When Bill went back to his desk to do his work she looked at the drawers and laughed. She laughed because she saw that the long blonde hair that she had put on the bottom drawer was moved and that meant that Bill had opened the drawer. Now he would be all excited by her magazine that she had bought for the trap and that would give her the edge when she suggested that they would have a drink after work.

Bill sat at his desk and was glad that she had believed him when he had said that he had not looked in her drawers. She was a bitch and now he had the proof in his photograph of the magazine and so he could blackmail her to sleep with him because she would lose her important job if he showed it to her boss. All he had to do was decide how he would blackmail her and then she would have to fuck him.

That was such a mistake.

As usual, William used the main meal break to get a little more of his opus-magnus completed. Of course, it was a work in progress and just a little rough, but after all, it was just a first draft! He saved the file as usual onto the company cloud account under the name 'Office Notes'.

His accomplishment so far filled him with a feeling of superiority. All the other workers in the office were just drones who slaved for the company and went back to their boring lives, he, on the other hand had become something special. Kitty Edwards, writer of erotic fiction, soon to be self-published on

Amazon before becoming picked up by some publisher who appreciated well-written erotic prose.

"Got a few moments?"

As soon as he heard Margarita's voice, William felt a small thrill run through him. Now that she was in his novel as 'Greta' she was not just his boss, she was his mistress.

"Of course..."

William looked up from his screen and felt a small tug at his consciousness. Margarita's hair had been braided into a long plait that hung down her back and swished almost to her waist.

"Good," she replied. "I have a special assignment for you. It's a bit hush-hush and I need you to keep it under your hat, but I need someone that I can trust to collate some legal documents and prepare a report that brings them together to make sense."

"Interesting," said William. "What sort of documents?"

"You'd better come into my office, William, I don't want anyone to overhear us..."

He followed her into her office and found himself picturing the scene that he had imagined in his writing. Her hair plaited suited her, it was just a shame that she did not quite have the body that he had written about. Too trim and not enough curves to be Greta...

Margarita shut the door behind them and half sat on the edge of her desk, crossing her legs and propping herself up with her hands.

"I'll send you the documents, there is no way that you can allow anyone to see them. When you have finished, you will send me the report that you have written and then delete all of the files."

William felt himself holding his breath. Suddenly, it was as though he was a character in his own novel! Then, he saw that she did not wish him to write personal letter and he exhaled with disappointment.

"You're right," said Madelaine with a smile as she heard his sigh. "This is top secret stuff. The company is moving into the investment-insurance business and we are going to offer the best customer experience on the market... bar none!"

William nodded, "Er, maybe it's better if I don't do this at my desk... someone might read it over my shoulder."

"Good point. Use my desk for an hour or two and I'll use yours!"

Writer IV

He wrote:

Chapter Three

Greta walked into her office after her meeting and found that Bill had already finished the letter that she had asked him to write. He sat, finished and ready and said to her, "Bitch I want to fuck you and you have to say 'yes' because I know things about you."

"You know nothing about me," said Greta. "I am a black belt in Judo and you don't stand a chance!"

William looked at the start of his new chapter and decided that it was along the right lines, but somehow it was not what he wanted. If Greta was a black belt in Judo, then it would make it all too difficult to fit to the plot that he had in mind.

"Darling," called his wife from the living room. "It's a rerun of Morse, do you want to see it?"

William sighed.

It never seemed possible to get a moment's peace to write in. He had heard that writers went to far-away places to work in small huts on the beach, but that was not going to be possible until he was making real money from his writing. Until then, he would just have to put up with it.

"Darling, I have to finish this report up," he called.

He heard her footsteps and hurriedly opened up a document to cover his novel on the computer screen.

"You *always* watch Morse," she said. "It must be really urgent work."

"Oh, you know, that Margarita, she's a slave driver."

"Well tell her from me that I don't like it when you bring your work home with you, dear. You're not even a manager... You're my husband and not her lackey!"

He leaned out of the cubbyhole that was his home-office and watched her go. A little on the short side, a well-padded figure and not anything like as attractive as his boss.

'Still,' he thought as he consoled himself. 'Sex is just a keyboard away. In my novel she can be anything I want!'

As William was left to brood over her words that he was not a manager, a rising tide of irritation filled his mind. For a minute he started to ponder what to do with the character 'Meg' and finally decided that she was going to suffer for interrupting and belittling him. William heard the title music on the TV start off and went back to working on his novel. He erased the last few words and started the chapter again.

He had the perfect role for his wife in the novel...

"This will show the bitch, she's always having a go at me," he muttered under his breath.

He wrote:

Chapter Three

From his desk, Bill watched Greta return to her office. He saw that she checked the drawers in the desk and was glad that he had carefully put the magazine back exactly as he found it before she had read it. Bill noticed her looking over at him and he nodded and she understood that it meant that he agreed to go out for a drink with her.

At five in the afternoon the office emptied as all the staff went home to their wives' and husbands. There were only two people left in the office, Bill and Greta. She came over to his desk from her office and sat on it and crossed her legs sexily.

Bill looked up at her F-cup sized tits and noticed that now Greta had four buttons on her blouse undone. He could see the valley of her tits and the red bra underneath that supported them.

'Good one,' thought William as he used the word 'valley'.

"I like Vodka," said Greta. "Let's go for that drink."

In the lift on the way down to the ground floor, Bill found that they were so close that her tits were in his face, but he managed to control himself and they walked onto the street. She took him to her car in the underground car park and he saw that it was a four-hundred horse-power BMW 550i M Sport. They got into it and Bill could hear all four-hundred horse-power from the V8 engine roar into life.

"Nice touch that, detail brings it to life..." said William aloud as he added the full stop.

William looked at what he had written and decided that somehow he had to get through the plot more quickly. He himself, as a reader, was always impatient for the sex scenes and hurried through all of the boring bits to get there.

In the background he heard Megan potter around in the kitchen making a cup of tea for herself and so he decided to write her in.

Bill went to the pub with Greta, but he did not know that his wife, Meg, was following him in her car. She was worried that Bill was having an affair and so for the last weeks she had been following him to see if he was.

Meg watched Bill and Greta go into the pub and she waited a minute before she followed them. When she got in the pub she saw that they were sitting at a table and had ordered a meal. She stood at the bar and watched them and then she suddenly felt as if she fancied Greta because of her lesbian experience at school when she was eighteen.

Bill and Greta ate their meal and then sat drinking lager and lime.

"You really looked in my desk drawer," said Greta to Bill.

"I did not look in your drawers," answered Bill. "I told you that I would never look in your drawers."

"I checked up on you," said Greta. "You did not realise that there was a hair on the drawer and you moved it, so I know that you are lying."

Bill knew that he had been caught out by his Boss and he said, "OK, you are right, I did look inside, but look what I found!"

He got out his camera and showed Greta the picture of the magazine that had been in her drawers.

"You can't show that picture to anyone else," she said. "I would lose my job."

In her head she realised that she would have to make her plan to capture Bill work tonight because he might blackmail her or make her have to fuck him to stop him showing the picture to other people or her boss.

"OK, I admit it," said Greta. "I like BDSM and Femdom and D's and all of that kinky stuff."

"I thought so," said Bill. "I'll bet that you are into feminisation and sissy slave stuff as well."

"I dabble," she said.

While Bill was not looking she dropped a purple powder in his beer and he turned back to it and drank it all up without noticing the taste of the knock-out drug that she had put in his beer. He went all dizzy and acted like he was drunk, so Greta put her arm around him and walked him to her car where he fell asleep.

Greta did not realise that Meg was following. Meg thought that her husband had too much to drink and she saw Greta help Bill into her car and she thought that he might fuck Greta and so she followed the BMW 550i M Sport.

The closing credit music for Morse wafted to William and he saved and closed his work. At last he felt as if he was getting somewhere with the novel. In a few more days he could start to find out how to get it published. A week of writing already and Bill was already a captive of Greta! Kitty was doing so well.

Then the money would roll in.

"Ready for bed, darling," called Megan to William. "Just give me a few seconds to get on my stockings on..."

William already had the erection, he had half been planning a little porn spree after all the writing, but if Megan was waiting then the research would just have to wait.

A quick shower gave her enough time and then he walked naked into the bedroom to find her sitting on the edge of the bed pulling on her stockings.

"You know that you have to give me time to get these stupid things on," she said. "I really can't understand why you want me to wear them. The shoes are even worse! It's so stupid to buy shoes that I can't even walk in, never mind the fact that they are so bad for the hips!"

William sighed and felt his erection subside.

He had bought the shoes and stockings as a Christmas gift, a little try at encouraging her in bed, but all she ever did was complain. There was one thing though, there was no way that Megan could ever have an affair, she was just too boring, he thought to himself.

"Oh damn," she said as she stuck a thumb through the sheer nylon and tore it off her ankle. "Stupid things, no idea why you bought them for me."

William watched her pull on the shoes without the stockings and then stand up to face him.

"I want you to want me because you think that I'm sexy and not because of those stockings," she said.

"I do," said William in reply. "Don't worry, I'll get some new ones!"

Megan stepped forward and pushed William back onto the bed before climbing on to kneel by his side and lean over him.

"Don't I do what you really want in bed?" she asked. "You know that all you have to do is ask. I'll even kiss you there... if you want me to."

Megan's finger pointed at his thighs. Not his cock, just his thighs.

William sighed. Megan just did not understand.

When he had married her, he had thought that it would be a few months and she would realise that he wanted to be dominated in bed. He wanted her to ride him, sit on his lips and make him serve her. He wanted her to call him names and enjoy playing with him, but it just never happened. She would not even wear stockings to bed and the high heels that she wore for him tonight only had three inch heels, not the six incher's that he had really wanted to get her.

He lay passive on the bed and felt a gloom come over him before he said, "All I wanted was for you to wear the stockings. Not much to ask, but you tore them..."

Megan looked down at him with a scowl on her face.

"All you think about is yourself, what about my needs? When did you ever ask about them?"

"What needs?" asked William in a tired voice.

"What needs? Exactly, you never even realised that I want things in bed that you never do! All you do is tell me to put on this shit," she pointed at the kitten heeled shoes on her feet, "and you never satisfy me the way that I want!"

William looked up at her and wondered what she might possibly want in bed. Never before had she ever given any indication that she wanted foreplay. Now, all of a sudden the dam had broken.

"Aren't you going to ask me then?" she needled.

"Megan, what is it that you want in bed?"

"Can I show you?"

"Of course..."

His words were scarcely out of his mouth than Megan lifted a leg and slipped it over his hips. Now she was kneeling with her husband looking upward and she began to inch forward, up his torso.

At first, William thought that she wanted him to play with her breasts, tease them perhaps, touch the nipples, but she pushed his hands back down when he raised his arms.

"No, don't touch, that's not in the fantasy," she breathed and then looked shocked that she had even spoken during sex.

Her body loomed over his, he could feel the wetness of her on his skin as he rubbed on his skin until at last, she loomed over him and looked down with a smile.

"I just want you to watch," she said as her hands hesitantly moved to part the lips of her pussy. "This is what I do sometimes and I want you to see what I like!"

Fingers dug in a little, they parted the flesh and revealed inner lips and the clitoris that stood like a small cock from the tent of its hiding place. William had never seen her so excited. The flesh seemed to swell and blush, her hand smoothly massaged and the clear oil of her excitement oozed ever more rapidly to drip to his chin. Her face was in rapture, lips open, parted with the tip of her tongue just visible, Megan's back arched and her breasts stood proud with swelling nipples.

She climaxed with a rush that was so unlike the Megan that he knew, that he was almost startled. Her hands frantically clawed at her, her legs vibrated and then twitched, her breath came in gasps of emotion and finally he felt a little urine splash his face as he lost control and closed her thighs around his head like a trap.

At last she relaxed and rolled from her husband with a shudder or two.

William found that he had been entranced, never had he imagined a show like this from his boring wife. Ever since they had met at the office and then married shortly afterwards, it had been so unexciting. Now his cock strained unnoticed as Megan slipped into a gentle slumber without even managing to get under the covers.

His head had always been so full of his own needs to please her, that it seemed that he had missed opportunity after opportunity to serve her as she wanted!

Sex had just never seemed to motivate her. Megan had always been so innocent. Never seeming all that interested in sex, always dressing casually, hanging out with Margarita, her old boss all the time.

Now he knew why.

It was because sex with him was as nothing compared to sex with herself!

Writer V

He wrote:

Chapter Four

When the big white V8 BMW finally stopped in Greta's drive way she got out opened the passenger door. Bill was asleep, the drug had closed all the centres of his brain and he was unconscious. Greta was strong and she managed to get Bill out of the car and in the fresh air he started to awake a bit. Then she walked him to her house and into the hallway after she unlocked the door.

Bill's wife, Meg had followed all the way in her green Ford Fiesta. She knew where Greta lived, but she managed to follow and saw that she was right. Greta had taken her husband back to her lair.

Now she had to rescue him.

Meg tried the door, but it was locked and so she went round the windows and tested them, but they were all locked too. Through a window she could see that Greta was undressing her husband, Bill and there was a pink frock, all frilly and sissy-looking, lying next to him as she stripped him naked.

Meg realised that Bill's boss was going to do something and she just knew that she had to stop it.

William looked at the chapter and decided that, even though it was a bit short, the next move would be chapter number five. As he was getting more experienced he realised that changing from the dramatic kidnap to the thrills of Bill being forced into a dress needed a break that only a chapter heading could do.

The office was busy, Margarita was at her presentation and the four secretaries used the time to gossip and chat a little before she returned. As usual he was left out of the loop, even though he had been working in the office longest.

San, Lizzy and Davina simply considered a man as not belonging to their group. They said little apart from 'hello' and 'goodbye' and made it clear that a man working as a secretary was less than a man and simply not worth talking to. Occasionally they formed a giggling group that he instinctively knew was discussing him.

William read through his chapter again to make sure that there were no mistakes and saved it with a touch of the 'enter' button. Tonight he would write the chapter that was the lynch pin of the plot. The one where a deluge of sexual torment would afflict Bill and make him Greta's sissy bitch.

Under the desk he gave his cock a squeeze. The excitement of writing and the events of last night had all combined to give him another erection that he could not relieve. It was now seven days since he had started to write and he had just never seemed to manage to get the time alone for a little self-indulgence, a little wank the way that he liked it.

Porn and a box of tissues!

At midday Margarita arrived back at the office with a broad smile on her face.

When she saw William she came over to his desk and said, "That was the best presentation that I've ever made! You did a great job compiling it and I reckon that it will be remembered who gave that report when it comes to my bonus time!"

William felt as though he was blushing.

"Oh, well I'm glad that it went well..."

"Better than that, William, far better than that! I think that I'll get more important presentations to do soon and you can help me. Together we are a great team!"

"I suppose so..."

"I'll tell you what," said Margarita. "How about we celebrate a little after work.? A drink or two and maybe a bite to eat? I know a great pub up where I live..."

"Er, well as long as it's doesn't take too long," said William. "Tonight I promised Megan something..."

Margarita winked at William and he felt himself blushing again.

"I'll tell you what, there's something else you could do for me as well. I would be so grateful."

"What's that?"

"Well, it's sort of a bit embarrassing, but I need a little help."

"If I can help..."

William stood and followed his boss while the other three secretaries whispered and giggled as he went. He was not sorry that Megan no longer worked in the office, she would have been so jealous! His eyes followed Margarita's swaying ass and then noticed that she was wearing stockings. The seams were perfectly

straight and seemed to enhance the stilettos and shapely calves. The long plait was tied with a single black bow and the whole effect almost gave him shortness of breath.

The door closed behind him and Margarita pointed to her chair.

"It's like this," she said. "I thought that it would be nice for me to find a partner! So, I did a little research and the newspaper article in The Guardian said that men write much better personal ads than woman for finding another man."

William looked up at her smiling face and swallowed. Suddenly it seemed that Margarita was even more like Greta, the woman that he had based her character on. His eyes caught sight of her décolletage, her breast's seemed bigger and the first three buttons of her blouse were open to show it to full advantage.

"I'm not really sure if that's a good idea," he said. "I mean, it's a bit personal, really."

"Of course it is, William," she said. "That's why they're called 'personal' ads, of course! Anyway, you don't know me all that well, so I wrote a sort of list of the things that I like and another in the qualities that I think will be attractive to men or women!"

"Men or women?"

"Either is good! Now then, here you go. I have only a hundred words, so it has to count."

William looked at the list that she had given him and breathed a sigh of relief. When his boss had hinted that she was a lesbian, he had expected that she would have a shopping list of things that he would find interesting, but instead she listed sailing, reading and romance as her interests.

"OK, I'll do it," said William as he decided that it was all just a coincidence.

After all, he had written a brilliant presentation for Margarita and now she obviously thought that he could write anything! She watched over his shoulder as he played with words, used the thesaurus and rearranged her interests and wants into a catchy personal ad.

She leaned over him as he typed and he caught a slight scent of her perfume. Almost the same as Megan always wore, a delicate fruit that mingled with an underlying musky fragrance.

"Ooh, that's so good," she said as she read the lines that he had written. "You could be a poet or a novelist, William. You have such a way with words!"

William saved the file and looked up at her. The fragrance, the sight of her breasts and the sight of her glossy red lips filled him for a moment, before he managed to shake off the feeling of lust that nearly consumed him.

"I really appreciate it," said Margarita. "I am so useless at things like that."

"Oh, I manage," said William as he thought of his novel.

Editor I

The gastro-pub was full of well-dressed and well-heeled couples who made difficult decisions from the complex menu with ease. William on the other hand, struggled with some of the French and just picked a simple onion soup to be followed by salmon with dill and Hasselback potatoes.

It seemed to William that Margarita was enjoying every moment of the meal. She chattered away about the office, her bonus and the report that William had written. William, listened and bathed in the looks that he got from the men on neighbouring tables. This never happened when he was with Megan, she was nowhere as nearly impressive to watch from afar.

Finally, the meal was over.

William was glad that the Hasselback potatoes had merely been nearly sliced baked potatoes and not some strange mixture with squid or perhaps artichoke that he just could not stand the taste of. He listened to Margarita and fantasised about the next chapter of his novel.

The pub started to empty and William found that he was almost alone with his boss. He looked at his watch and jumped. It was well after nine O'clock and Megan would not be at all pleased to see him arrive so late.

"Listen," he said, braking into her account of the presentation. "I really have to go; Megan will tear a strip off me..."

"Oh, don't worry, dear," said Margarita a little tipsily, "I called her and she says that it's OK for you to stay out 'till late!"

"Oh Jesus," said William. "You don't understand. When she uses the word 'OK' then there's only one thing for sure... it's not OK!"

"Women," said Margarita. "Difficult to please, difficult to understand and difficult to stop when they start. Have another glass of this..."

She poured William a glass of champagne and then waved over a waiter with a flick of the fingers.

"The bill please..."

Margarita creased over with laughter and waved her hands helplessly.

"The bill, the bill, that's you or the check!" she giggled. "I'll have both..."

William had never seen his boss drunk and tried not to stare down her cleavage. Her breasts seemed larger than before, or perhaps he had never had such a good view?"

The waiter arrived and Margarita paid with her card, still giggling at her little joke.

"Come on," said William, "I'd better drive you home, you've had far too much to drink!"

"We can walk," said Margarita. "It's just five minutes as long as you escort me."

"My car's still at the office," said William. "Shit, how the fuck's this going to work?"

"No need to swear, William. Walk me home and I could call you a taxi, of course!"

They left the pub, Margarita leaning on William's arm and with her arm around his waist. The air was cool and fresh, leaves rustled on the trees, but there was no other sound in the village. No cars, no dogs barking. None of the night-time noise that William was used to from the boring estate where he lived. The houses were huge with extensive gardens. Fully grown oaks and beech trees lined the road and shaded the path from the full moon.

There was just the sound of Margarita's heels on the pavement.

Margarita stopped for a moment and William got a sudden fear that she was about to be sick, but all it was, was to settle her shoe on her foot properly. In that stillness, William heard what seemed almost an echo. Another pair of feet, also in heels, that seemed to come from behind them. But, when he looked back there was no movement but the sudden silent run of a cat across the road.

They arrived at her house.

A garden a hundred feet deep, carefully trimmed lawn and a stone house that was vastly too large for a single person.

"This way," said Margarita as she led William by the hand. "We'll use the servant's entrance... much quieter and don't want to disturb."

"Who? I mean, I thought that you don't have a... partner at the moment."

"No partner, just a maid, that's all... We'll be all on our own really, Julie doesn't count really."

Margarita started to giggle and opened the door to lead William into the dark. He followed, but instead of switching on the light, Margarita took his hand and led him down a corridor, around a corner and into a darkened room.

"I'll need the phone," said William. "I have to call a taxi."

At that moment William suddenly felt something brush his ears and hair and then it slipped over his head and tightened around his neck. He heard a grunt behind him and then the noose on his neck tightened and his hands went to try to release it.

There was another sound, almost a laugh, or perhaps a snort and he felt the noose being pulled up, his fingertips scrabbling to get between rope and skin in a desperate frenzy.

William cried out.

A slap on his face, missed most of his cheek and a nail crossed his eyebrow, gashing him as he struggled with the rope. He started to shout, but now the noose was so tight that he was standing on tip toes and he struggled to breathe at all, never mind shout.

Another slap, this time it caught him on the cheek and brought tears to his eyes. The rope stopped tightening and stasis was finally reached. A wheezing William, on his tip-toes, his fingers still trying to work between rope and neck and a rope that seemed to have been pulled just enough to immobilise him without choking the breath from his lungs.

The light came on.

Three women stood laughing. Margarita, William's wife Megan and another middle aged woman dressed in a tight maid's uniform. It was the sturdy maid that held the rope and tied it off on a wall-hook.

William wheezed and looked around.

On the sofa was a neat pile of clothes and a closed laptop. A pink taffeta dress, a pair of stilettos and a small pile of folded knickers and other dessous.

"Welcome to your fantasy, William," said Megan. "You've been writing such naughty things..."

Writer VI

William was sitting in the pink frock with a collar around his neck! Megan and Margarita could be heard laughing and chatting in the kitchen whilst the Margarita's maid, Julie stood over him and watched him write. William's ankles were fettered to the chair and the laptop lay open before him.

"Make sure that you put me in the story," laughed Julie as she watched him log on. "Immortalised in prose... I like the sound of that."

He wrote:

Bill came round from the drug that Greta had given him to find that Greta had stripped him naked and tied him to a chair. By her side was another woman that he did not recognise. She had a full figure and was wearing a maid's uniform that was all lacy and black and she had a smile on her face.

Greta was smiling too and she said, "You are going to become our sissy maid and do all of the housework because no one knows where you are and we are going to keep you to be a slut for us both."

Bill realised that he was in trouble and said, "The police are going to be searching for me and then they'll find me and then you'll go to jail for kidnapping me!"

"No one knows you are here," laughed Greta evilly. "We are going to train you as a maid and you will just be a sissy slut for us."

William stopped typing and wiped the tears from his eyes. He looked up at Julie and saw a frown on her face as she read what he had just written.

"You don't say how attractive I am," said Julie. "What's more, I can be a bit of a sadist and I'd like that in writing too!"

"Please, don't make me do this," said William. "It's just a story, a bit of fiction and not something that I actually wanted to happen..."

"Silly boy," said Julie, "I have read the story so far, don't lie about it all being just a fantasy! All you have to do is write..."

He looked around to see that Megan and Margarita were coming back into the living room and then rested his hands on the table defiantly.

"I can't write, I won't," said William blushing pink. "It's not fair! It's just words. That's all, just words and you can't make me."

"What's this," said Megan. "I thought that my little hubby was starting the next chapter of his book. Let's see..."

"I'll bet that he's got a little hard-on," giggled Margarita.

She lifted the hem of the pink dress and stroked her hand over the lacy knickers that they had forced on him.

"He's hard as wood," she laughed. "I think that he's enjoying this!"

"Of course he is, the pervert! He wears my knickers when I'm not at home, you know. I think that William is going to finish the chapter for us or else Julie here is going to put him over her lap!"

"I never wore them, well not often... That's not fair at all," whined William. "I just wanted to write a novel and now you're spoiling it."

"Darling, just assume that we are the editors. We'll make suggestions and lots of corrections. We make a perfect team. Julie can be in charge of corrections, William is the writer and Marge and I will make plot suggestions."

Megan started to giggle and planted a small kiss on Margarita's lips.

"Now then, write and make it nice and detailed," said Julie.

He wrote:

Outside the house, Meg found a window that was unlocked and she climbed into the dark kitchen. She could hear Greta and Bill and the maid Julie, who was really sadistic and thought that she could rescue her husband if she was clever.

"If you are going to be a sissy maid, then you will have to wear this uniform," said Greta with an evil smile. "It will make you nice and feminised and I like that."

"If you do this I will show the photograph on my phone and then you'll have to explain the blackmail to the police," said Bill.

Greta took Bill's phone and dropped it on the floor. It broke into a thousand pieces and then she crushed the bits with her extreme high heels.

"Now then, put on this dress, I want to see how good you look," said Greta.

From the doorway of the kitchen Meg watched as her husband put on the frilly pink dress that they forced him to. She watched and waited for a time when she could come into the room to rescue

him, but the sadistic Julie had a cane in her hand and Meg was frightened of that cane.

"There, that's better," said Megan. "The plot thickens. Is Meg going to save Bill or will she fall victim too?"

"If she does then that will change things around here," said Margarita with a smile. "Whatever he writes, we have to make come true..."

Megan giggled as William turned to the screen and began to type again.

Suddenly, Meg stepped into the room. In her hand was a big kitchen knife that she had picked up in the kitchen. She threatened Julie who dropped her cane and Greta was scared.

"Tsk, tsk," said Margarita. "That would lose all of the excitement. What's Meg going to do, walk out of the house with her husband and end the story? I don't think so!"

She leaned over and used the mouse to delete the last paragraph before she passed it back to William.

"I have a suggestion, William. Of course you are the author and I am only the editor, but perhaps Meg gets so hot at seeing Bill in a dress that she wants to join in? Maybe, just maybe she decides to make love to Greta? Now that would be better. What do you think, Megan? Could you do that?"

Megan nodded and blew a kiss to William's boss.

"I like that idea, let's see what William can make of it."

He wrote:

Meg looked from the kitchen as Julie and Greta laughed at Bill. She saw them give him a pair of frilly panties that Greta had in her hand and then he put them on. Now, Meg could feel that she was hot between her thighs and her pussy was streaming with fuck-juices because she was so excited.

Because she threatened him with the cane, Bill had to get on his knees and Greta lifted up her dress and showed him her cunt.

"Lick me bitch," she said as she opened her legs.

In the kitchen, Meg was getting more and more excited. She frigged herself with one hand while the other teased her pert nipples on her perfect breasts.

Bill could taste Greta. She tasted sweet and he gently licked her pussy and then found her clit with his tongue. Greta orgasmed immediately with the thrill of having her own personal sissy maid lick out her cunt, but she was insatiable and she wanted more of it.

"Fuck-juices?" asked Megan. "You'll pay for that William!"

William looked up at his wife and shrugged.

"Hush and let him get on with it, Megan. Don't disturb an artist during the act of creation!"

Her new maid was so good at licking out her pussy that Greta came again and she screamed with satisfaction as Bill satisfied her.

"You will make a perfect slut, Bill. I think that you need to be trained to come the way that I like it. Slowly and in my hungry cunt."

William felt a hand on his head. It gripped him and twisted his head to look into Julie's eyes.

"That's not going to happen, William," said Julie. "There's no way that Greta would want Bill's sorry little cock inside her. I think that chastity is the way to go! I think that Bill is never going to use it ever again..."

"But, that won't fit the plot I had all worked out," said William.

"For one, I prefer it that way as well. Chastity is a-la-mode at the moment, in fact chastity is the new promiscuity!" said Megan.

Julie cuffed William over the ear with the flat of her hand.

"Do as your wife says, William!"

He deleted the last paragraph and then he wrote:

"You will make a perfect slut, Bill. But, I think that chastity is the best thing for a pretty little maid. We don't want the pretty little maid thinking that she can have a wank at any time, do we?"

"We will have to get one of those CB6000 chastity cages," said Greta. "Then we can control when he is allowed to come out to play."

"I think that once a week is enough," said Julie.

"I agree," said Greta.

Then Greta heard a small sound in the kitchen and she looked round and saw a movement that was Megan trying to pull back from her sight.

"Come out, because we know you are there," called Greta.

Meg appeared in the doorway. Now that she could see Bill in his dress properly she was shocked, but she was even more shocked by Greta, because of her F-cup breasts and the tight clothes that she had on that showed every curve of her body and made her so sexy.

Bill gasped with shock when he saw Meg and he realised that she had been following him, but now she was smiling and he knew that she thought it was funny that he was in a dress.

Editor II

"Very good," said Margarita. "I think that that's enough to be getting along with for now."

Her hand closed the laptop and she smiled down at William.

"I think that it's a good moment to edit what you have written so far," said Margarita. "That will bring us up to the current writing and then you'll have a much better idea what the end of the story will be!"

"Stand up," ordered Julie. "Hands behind back."

Nearly overbalancing because of the cuffs on his ankles, William stood up and did as he was ordered. He could feel a massive erection in his panties and realised that these three women were actually making some of his wet dreams come true. It was just that the reality so far, was not really matching the fantasy.

Julie cuffed his wrists and then undid the ones on his ankles before standing behind William with a hand closed on the chains between the handcuffs.

"Now then, a few little home truths, William," said Megan.

He looked from his boss to his wife and back.

"You see, it all turns out so well in the end, doesn't it?" she said.

"I don't understand," said William. "What do you mean?"

"You really don't know do you? You really never realised that Margarita and I have been having an affair since almost the day that we got married?"

"An affair, I mean... what affair, with whom?" stuttered William.

"Each other, you stupid man. It's not what you think that matters," said Margarita. "Anyway, when I started to read your 'erotic' writing on the work network, I just had to laugh. I mean, it all just fitted together so well. Me and Megan, Julie and of course all the girls in the office who are so looking forward to next Monday!"

"You showed them?" said William.

"Of course we did. Even though you are useless as a husband, wanking and writing deviant porn, even though you don't help much around the house, even though you are wet behind the ears in the office, you are useful! We are just going to make sure that you are used properly and kept doing all the things that you do so well."

"I can't believe you told them!"

William was so stunned that San, Lizzy and Davina knew all about his novel... so that's why they had spent the last few days giggling at him in the office! "Can I start the editing?" asked Julie.

"Of course," said Megan as she gave permission.

"First of all, I have decided that Greta had planned it all ahead and she already had bought a nice little cock cage," said Julie. "Of course it's not the one in the book, but I think that it will do!"

Her hand lifted into William's sight. Hanging on her extended index finger was a metal contraption that she paraded before William's frightened eyes.

"I picked it specially for you," said Megan. "Of course the piercing that you'll get will fix it on properly, but for now it is secure enough. Julie is going to fit it, so be a good little husband and open your legs nice and wide!"

William spread his legs reluctantly and felt Julie's hands pull his knickers down and heft his balls and cock in her hand. Now that the whole situation was spiralling out of his control, his cock had shrunk with fear.

First he felt her slip his balls through a ring, then she fiddled around and eased him into the narrow tube. Finally, both parts were slipped together and Julie added a small padlock.

"Perfect," said William's wife. "Now we have control of the writer's source of inspiration and in fact all his mental activity! I'll take him to get his fraenum-piercing and then we can add the sounding tube as well. Nice and secure."

"I get to do the next piece of editing," said Margarita. "The chastity tube was close, but there's no way that I want his lips on me. Megan, I think that you'll agree that it would be so inappropriate for your husband to put his lips between my legs?"

"He won't have time for any of that anyway," said Julie with a smirk. "If William is going to be a maid for you, then he needs a full list of duties that will keep him busy all the time that he is not at work."

"He has to have time to write as well, Julie," said Megan.

"Oh, a thousand words a day, perhaps," said Julie as she patted William's dress to feel the hard steel beneath. He can come up with all the ideas and we'll make them true... How about that William?"

"This is all so unfair," said William.

"Don't be silly, dear," answered Megan. "You wrote what you fancied and then you stuck it under Margarita's nose. How could you think that she wouldn't pass it on to me? I mean, you know that we were best buddies after I worked in the office..."

"I put a password on the file..." whined William. "It was secret and private..."

"No you put a password on *editing* the file, dear, not *reading* it!"

Writer VII

He wrote:

Chapter V

Bill's life as a sissy for his wife and boss had started now and there was nothing that he could do about it. Meg took him to a tattooing studio and had his cock pierced. The ring went at the very tip, deep in the fraenum and when it was inside the new metal chastity tube that he wore, there was no way that Bill could get out of it. It was so sore.

Julie was a bitch. She made him do housework and chores all the time and laughed at him when he did not like it at all. Sometimes, she slapped his ass and pinched his ass when he was cleaning and Bill thought that she fancied him.

That was the weekend and then on Monday, Bill had to go to work and that was the worst of it because the other secretaries laughed at him and inspected him and when Greta's boss came in the office, Greta introduced him as Wilma and he blushed. Greta's boss winked at Bill and later that day she laughed and told Bill that her boss was gay and that maybe he fancied Bill.

"If he wants you, then I suppose that he can have you," said Greta. "After all, I have the key to your chastity tube and so Meg has given me full rights to you!"

Bill begged, "Please don't do that, Greta."

"I can do what I want," she said.

William arrived back from his first day at the office as a sissy and was in tears for an hour before Julie could settle him down to his writing assignment. His tears splashed on the keyboard.

"Write down the events of the weekend and the day at work, Wilma, and then I want you to write about what's going to happen tonight."

"What's that?" asked Wilma as she struggled to stop crying.

"Well let's see? It turns out that your wife has decided that it's going to be a very special night for you tonight, Wilma..."

Julie used the name that Margarita had given him at work as she explained to her boss that William had decided to go for sex-reassignment and was now in the phase where he had to live as a woman for a few years before the surgery

could start. Her boss was very understanding and winked at Wilma to show sympathy, but Margarita then pretended that her boss was interested in Wilma!

"Special?"

"Of course. Tonight you are going to lose your virginity!"

"I'm not a virgin," said Wilma.

"Oh yes you are, my dear! You see I'm going to fuck your ass tonight and you are going to write what happens down *now*. I want you to be in love with me, but frightened of the giant dildo at my hips. I want you to write how you suck my rubber cock to make it slide into you and then get on all fours to be forced. I want you to tell how it felt to be raped and then the feeling was so sweet that you begged to be fucked by me again and again."

Wilma felt a heavy hand on her shoulder and then heard Julie's breath in her ear.

"Write it all down, now!"

He wrote:

Bill sat in the backseat of Greta's BMW four-hundred horsepower sports car. Normally he would have enjoyed the ride, but now he was in a pink frilly dress with loads of lace and layers of petticoats. He could feel the tightness of the metal chastity tube on his cock because it was too tight and every time he got stiff the piercing hurt and the tube was too tight and had small spikes that really hurt him until he cried.

When they got back to Greta's house Julie was waiting for him and she chained him tight and told him that she had a big black dildo and she was going to fuck him. No matter how Bill begged Julie not to fuck him, she laughed and said that he deserved it because he was just a sissy faggot-maid and that if he wore a dress he could expect superior women to use him all the time.

"Now it's time," she said. "Kneel on all fours while I chain you with these unbreakable vanadium-steel cuffs."

Each cuff was attached to rods that made an 'H' shape. They held his hands in place and the cuffs just above his knees meant that he had to stay on his hands and knees and he was securely held by the super-strong vanadium-steel.

She held the dildo in her hands and got him to kiss it and tell her how good it was. It was like kissing a real cock and he

choked on the big rubber dildo as it went past his lips. Then she stood and smiled and said, "Now I'm going to fuck you, Bill."

Bill was filled with fear, he could hear Julie pull on her strap-on and then he felt her push the tip of her dildo up his ass. It went in deep and then she pulled out again before plunging deep into him and making him her bitch.

"Do you want more?" she asked.

Because of her skill she pressed against his prostate and he felt himself cumming, but then she pulled back again. Each time she fucked his ass it was deeper until Bill came and his cock-juice dribbled on the floor.

"See how easy it is?" asked Julie. "But, you have missed something out!"

Wilma looked up at Julie and then back at the screen.

"What did you want me to write?"

"Greta and Meg will be here too, dear, and they have invited some special friends of yours to enjoy your virginity being taken."

"San, Lizzy and Davina?"

"Well done! You guessed..."

Editor III

"OK, let's see what he's written," said Megan.

She moved the mouse and reviewed the last chapter and started to giggle.

"This is going to need some editing," she said. "First off, he's missed us all out, the girls need to be enjoying this! In fact, now that I think about it, we all need to be taking turns. The second problem is that we don't have that 'H' frame that he waxed lyrical about."

"I've found one on the Internet and ordered it," said Julie. "And the rest!"

"Yeah, but it'll take weeks to arrive. For now, we'll just have to improvise, I'll have a think about it. We've got loads of rope anyway, so it won't be difficult."

"We could use the table," said Julie as she pointed to a glass topped coffee table. If we take off the glass to just leave the frame..."

"Good idea! Now, how's little Wilma doing?"

"She's up in her room crying her eyes out and wishing that she'd never started her pathetic little novel!"

"We have to get her dressed and ready," said Megan. "Margarita will be here in a half an hour with the others and it all has to be *just* right. I'll sort out my hubby and you can get everything ready down here. We'll have a drink or two to loosen up and then I'll bring him down for his initiation."

Megan headed upstairs.

First, she went into Margarita's familiar bedroom.

Megan wanted to be perfect for Wilma, a dream dominatrix, a woman whose orders could not be refused. Tonight, they would all fuse the fetish fantasies that he had in his head and then the hard reality of being a slut! She reviewed what she knew of his Internet prowling as she stripped. He was addicted to leather and latex, strong, shapely women who ordered their sissies with an iron hand, so that would be her role in the night's games. That was her objective, she was going to be the unreachable porn-goddess who overwhelmed him...

Julie would be the facilitator, Margarita the superior woman who gave all of the orders and she would be the hard bitch who made it all happen. Meanwhile, San, Lizzy and Davina had to be drawn into the game! In the office they would be the giggling bitches who made his new life a misery; tonight

they would be initiated into the real fun of owning a man and find their true dominant side.

Megan showered.

Her skin still glowing from the heat of the water, Megan started her preparations. A razor and a couple of wax strips later she admired herself in the full-length mirror. From eyebrows to toes she was smooth and delicious. Soft skin and totally naked! Margarita would love it! The next task was to choose an outfit. It needed to match Wilma's ideas of a dominant wife, a hot-wife who could demand satisfaction with the flick of a manicured finger.

She inspected her fingernails and admired the sheen of red and black that curved from the tip of each finger. Each nail had a single small jewel embedded in the nail that sparkled as she moved her hands. She smoothed over a slight chip with polish and held her hands up for inspection. Careful not to smudge the still-wet polish on her left hand, she started to search through the drawers and wardrobes for her costume.

She had a fuller figure than Margarita, but the latex would stretch to fit. She picked out three dresses and a skirt and laid them on the bed. Red, matte black, dark purple and green, the next job was to find stockings and accessories to match. Two corsets, several pairs of stockings, two pairs of leggings and six pairs of shoes. Luckily, Margarita had the same shoe size. The boots were not possible, because she needed to easily take off her shoes for the little game that she had in mind. There was no way that she could spend ten minutes unlacing and lacing those boots, it would spoil the continuity.

For a couple of minutes, Megan considered the bras and pants that she found in the top drawer of the chest of drawers before deciding that the bras did not fit and panties would make it all too complicated. She'd just have to rely on the latex to hold her breasts nice and tight!

Megan went over the stockings and decided that the leggings were a better idea, much easier. She rolled on the shiny black leggings and struggled when she came to her thighs. Her legs were shorter and shapelier than Margarita's, but in the end they covered her from ankle to upper thigh and were nice and tight, so that she would not need suspenders. Megan walked around the room and straightened them a little, pulling them at the knees so that there were no folds or ripples in the smooth material.

The next item was the dress. She held up the one's that she had chosen. Green was too strong, the colour would jar with her hair and nails, so she cast it to one side. The same with purple! She held up the skirt. Folded it, had seemed just knee-length, but now that she held it up she realised that it would stretch tight over her belly and drape nearly to her ankles. The zipper made it easy to try on and she was pleasantly pleased that it showed every curve and gave her the

look of a sexy schoolmistress. All she needed was a blouse or top to go with it. Naked above the waist was not a good idea... of course she might need a bra after all! She rooted through all the hanging blouses and found a beautiful white silk blouse that would not reach her waist.

She slipped on the blouse and then unzipped the skirt to go over it, finding that the silk of the blouse was so thin that it scarcely showed a contour through the sheer latex except for the last two buttons with nail clippers. Megan took off the buttons and then buttoned the rest of the blouse to find that her nipples showed through the silk which was pulled fairly tight. The loose sleeves she turned up at the cuffs, shaking the lacy decoration down to hang from her wrists.

All that remained now were the shoes.

Megan was not keen on the platforms and finally picked out a pair of stilettos where the laces criss-crossed over her feet leaving just an inch to the bottom of the leggings.

The mirror showed her every detail. Smooth latex that sculpted her thighs almost right down to a hint of her pussy. Silk that barely hid her breasts and the Ghillie stilettos that focussed attention on the naked skin showing through the laces. She turned and checked the profile before deciding that the 'look' was perfect. Fetish school ma'am, strict and sensual, all that she needed was a cane in her hand and a little severe make-up to seal the deal.

Wilma heard the door open and looked to see which of his tormentors had arrived. What he saw was, as if he had been sucked into one of his dreams of dominant women. Megan looked six feet tall as she towered over him, lace gloves with fingertips open held a wicked bamboo rod, tight latex over her ass and legs were smooth and showed every detail of her shapely body beneath.

"Now then Wilma," said the wicked school ma'am. "We need to get you ready for the party."

"Yes Miss," he said, falling into his fantasy.

How had he missed this side of his wife? When had this all changed? Was it the moment that she read his novel, or had she always been like this and he had never noticed?

"I think that, for this important moment in your life, you need to be in pink! Submissive and girly, my dirty little bitch!"

"Please... don't let Julie fuck me..."

"Darling, Wilma! Julie is going to make it so special for you, just as you wrote in the last chapter. We are going to explore your little peccadillos, find out what turns all of us on and introduce you to a life serving your wife and her lover. Just think, all of those cuckold and female domination dreams are going to come true. Just think how lucky you are, dear."

Wilma turned on the small bed and sat up with her feet on the floor. Her body had been stripped of every hair by Julie, she was so pink and vulnerable. All that was needed was a costume that emphasised femininity, childish vulnerability and a need to be violated.

"Margarita has bought a nice dress for you for tonight," said Wilma's wife. "You will dress and then wait for Julie to come and bring you down to the party that we are holding in your honour. So, let's start to get you ready!"

Megan used the cane in her hand to point to a box that lay half concealed under the bed.

"Pull out the box and lay everything out. Let's see what Marge's gift looks like!"

Wilma slid the box out and opened it to be met with a shapeless mass of lurid pink with white lace like candy stripes amongst the taffeta. She laid the dress on the bed and it took form. Beautifully sweet, with sewn-in petticoats and layers of lace, sparkles of diamante formed hearts and pretty ponies on the outer layer.

Megan cooed at the dress and felt the stiff cloth with her fingers as Wilma laid long pink and white socks out next to the dress.

"It's beautiful, you really must remember to thank your boss for choosing such a pretty dress," she said. "I just love the shoes, they are perfect. Now hurry along and put it all on so that I can do your make-up and hair."

Wilma looked at the pink platform stilettos and the bright pink wig in the box before realising that there were no knickers in the box.

"Stockings first," said Wilma's wife. "Then the dress followed by the shoes. Then you'll need a bit of filling out and I can do the make-up. I've really been looking forward to this!"

The stockings, socks that went to half way up Wilma's thighs were striped vertically white and bright pink. The effect was to lengthen Wilma's legs and show the shape to advantage. The dress too five minutes to get right. Megan had to pull the corset laces at the back tight as Wilma could not reach. The effect was so feminine, decided Megan. Waist pinched in, the skirt flared with all of the layers of lace to hover, leaving an inch of bare skin visible at the tops of the socks. The shoes provided the final touch. Clear plastic platforms, six inch

heels and the darling little padlocks that ensured that only the key-holder could remove them.

Megan added cuffs to wrists and ankles, pink leather studded with faux-gems with tiny pink locks that hung by the rings that would be used to restrain her husband.

"Just a last few touches," said Megan. "Now then, get the crying over with, it will spoil everything if your make-up is smudged!"

A collar that matched the wrist-cuffs was locked into place and then Megan stuffed A few pairs of Margarita's knickers to pad out Wilma's chest.

"Perfect! Sit on the edge of the bed and I'll do the make-up. Watch and learn, because you might have to do this every single day. First goes the face powder. It smooths out that skin and hides everything."

Megan dusted on the powder with a loose brush and smoothed it over until all sign hair showed where he had shaved. She attached long lashes and then started to use blusher to reshape his face. Keeping off the cheeks, she dusted dark pink on eyelids and around his chin and neck before adding bright pink circular blotches to his cheeks.

"Last of all the lipstick..."

Bright pink, a smooth coat of gloss and he was finished.

"See, you look ready for anything," she said in a soft voice. "All you have to do is be a good little girl for us..."

She stood Wilma up and pointed the cane to his toes.

"Touch your toes, darling and let's see what happens!"

Wilma bent to touch her toes. The dress pulled up at the back exposing his rear, white and naked and Megan swished the cane, stopping and then just resting it on the white skin of his ass.

"I'm going to go now," said Megan. "Just remember that any naughtiness will be punished! I won't be humiliated by you having a tantrum, so don't force me to make you cry. Do you understand?"

"Yes Miss."

Editor IV

There were already five other women in Margarita's living room by the time that Megan arrived. Margarita in a severe business suit and heels, Julie dressed in her black maid's uniform with a corset pulled tight over her waist and the three secretaries in short skirts and tight tops that showed their bellies.

As Megan walked into the room, the others all applauded politely at her striking appearance.

"You look perfect darling," said Margarita. "I do believe that your role as Meg suits you..."

"Your clothes," laughed Megan. "They fit far better than I thought that they would."

"It's the cane that finishes it off," said Lizzy. "The perfect accessory."

Margarita opened the laptop on the glass topped table and switched it on.

"I know that you've all read this drivel, there is even no continuity, he's a shit writer," said Margarita, "but I think that we should go through it again with Megan's comments, because it is important that we get it right. Wilma has to slide into her sordid little fantasy tonight. Megan..."

Megan did not sit by her lover, she knew that it would pull the blouse out and spoil the carefully smoothed latex, so she leaned over the laptop and scrolled the novel that her husband had been working on.

"Five years ago, when we married, I already knew that my husband was addicted to kinky porn," she announced. "I have to admit that what he was into was not really all that much my 'scene', but I put up with it because it distracted him from realising that Margarita and I were an item! This was much more her scene and she suggested that we make his dreams come true, just for fun!"

"That's when I decided that we needed William to keep a diary or some such, write down all his pathetic ideas so that we could find out how to get him on the end of a leash!" said Margarita.

"It was Julie that had the idea of telling him that he could write a novel, so both Margarita and I suggested it a few times in jest," continued Megan. "About three or four weeks ago he started to write at work and from then on in, we knew exactly what his real interests were."

"It's so badly written," said San. "I can't believe that he actually thought that it was saleable!"

"It's not!" answered Megan. "But, it showed that his kink was less about dominatrices and hard sessions in a dungeon than being forced to become a little girl. Anyway, as you've seen, William has become Marge and now has to write to tell us how to make his dreams come true. On the way, I get a nice little obedient girl and Margarita can have fun at work."

"So what happens next?" asked Margarita. "We have broken him to the leash, surely we can do what we want now?"

Megan smiled and bent the cane in her hands.

"That's not entirely true, dear. We *can* do what we want, but we have to bend him slowly and not break him. That means that for a while we have to constantly reference his own ideas as we move him to where we want him. That's what this evening is all about!"

"What about at work?" asked Davina. "What happens there?"

"At work, the story is that poor little Wilma is in sexual transition. What happens there, is quite a different matter to what happens here! Margarita has agreed that I'm moving in with her and that Wilma is coming along too. We've spent far too long hiding our love for each other, now is the time to let my husband know that he's being cuckolded every night by the woman who rules his work-life," said Megan. "To start with we're going to change our names! I become 'Meg' and Margarita becomes 'Greta'. William is always to be referred to as 'Wilma', just the same as his fantasy. He's a 'she'!"

"I'm going to have a boob-job, then," laughed Greta. "F-cup indeed!"

Meg started to laugh.

"Why not? Greta has to become real!" she said slyly.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, darling," said Greta looking up at Meg.

"I might, you know I have a thing about your breasts..."

"Well, I'll think about it," said Greta. "If you're a good little girl..."

The girls laughed at the joke and then Meg continued with the plan.

"The next thing is that we have to replay scenes from the novel as he writes it. Julie has been put in charge of that as chief editor," said Meg. "She's going to steer him down a dark path, she's a bit like that! In fact, she's already begun to have him write under her supervision, which leads us to this evening quite nicely."

"So where are we taking Wilma?" asked Greta of Julie.

"Right up the garden path," laughed the maid. "At the moment Wilma doesn't fantasise about being punished at all. That's got to change, I have all sorts of ideas lined up. I want a strict regime for him, chores in the house as a maid, punishments for not performing and loads of other stuff."

"Oh, so that's what you want the cellar for?" said Greta. "Some sort of dungeon?"

"Yep, that's the idea," said the maid. "I haven't worked out the details, but a cage and a barred cot will do for starters!"

"Poor little Wilma," said San. "This is all so cruel, twisting his fantasies to make a servant of a husband!"

"Not a servant," said Meg with a grin. "More a helpless little slave to her own fetishes. A full time bitch to play with when we feel like it and a sex slave to make our lives less about normal everyday life and more about having fun all of the time!"

Meg pointed at the laptop and chuckled.

"Tonight is the real beginning of Wilma's new life. The main thing is all about humiliating her and creating a sort of blackmail that will keep her on the path that Julie chooses. After all, she's the BDSM expert here and knows how to do this. Over to you, Julie!"

"OK, then," said Julie. This is the way that it's going to work. I have found a nice little film on the Internet that more or less shows the scene that we're going to enact tonight. I want us all to watch and see what our parts are. Meg is the dominant bitch, much easier for Wilma to accept. Greta is the power-bitch who is not directly involved, but sanctions the action. San, Lizzy and Davina will be the witnesses that will remind Wilma at the office of what he was forced through and I am the dominant woman who fucks him!"

"Not literally, I hope," said San.

"Absolutely! Now then, let's watch... and learn our parts..."

Scriptwriters

Julie found that a small tug at the leash was needed to get Wilma to enter the room.

"Come along dear and meet the girls," said Julie as she pulled and Wilma stumbled awkwardly into the room. "They are longing to see you!"

Julie gave another little tug at the leash to Wilma's pink collar and led her into the centre of the room, the centre of attention.

"Girls, this is Wilma, Meg's little sissy hubby. Now then, you've all read her writing, now is the time to meet the author in person."

Wilma stood in the centre of the room, hideously aware that the fantasy that he had dreamed of for so long was quite a different matter when it was made reality.

"Now then, Wilma, do you know why you are here?" asked Julie.

"Yes Miss," said the pink frocked sissy.

"Well, don't just stand there, tell us what is going to happen," said San who then burst into a fit of the giggles.

Wilma bowed her head and stared at her wife's feet. The long hair from the pink wig fell over her face and her hands fumbled with each other in the mass of lace that sprang from her waist.

"Don't be shy, Wilma," said Gudrun in a stern voice. "Just say the words and get it out."

"I'm here to lose my virginity," mumbled Wilma.

"Louder, I can't hear you begging..." said Meg.

"Miss, I'm here to be fucked. Please Miss, don't make me do this in front of you all!"

Meg took a step and raised Wilma's face with the tips of her fingers.

"The girls want to see it, Wilma. They asked especially and I don't want to disappoint them, do I?"

"No Miss," said Wilma.

In Wilma's wife's face was no trace of humour, no softness, just a thin lipped irritation at her unwilling husband's face.

"That's good," said Meg in a kind voice. "Now then, while Julie gets you ready for your first fuck, we'll have a nice glass of wine and then watch our new little sissy learning what it is to be a feminised slut. That's what's going to happen, just like you wrote."

"Yes Miss..."

Julie pulled on the leash and led her stumbling victim to the metal frame of the table.

"Kneel here," said Julie. "Knees up against the legs, wrists there and bent over that edge..."

"Wine anyone?" said Meg as she uncorked a bottle and recharged the glasses.

Wilma kneeled and bent over the cube of the metal table-frame. Deep inside she felt ecstatic at being treated like a sissy, but at the same time she blushed with embarrassment as her office colleagues commented and laughed at her humiliation.

"What a pretty sissy," said San. "I'm so glad that you invited us all to this party, it's about time that this *gurl* finds out what it's like to be used."

"I love the dress," added Davina. "Where did you get it?"

"I had it especially made to order," said Greta. "Just right for Wilma, I would say."

Julie bent and pulled Wilma's legs wide to rope her knees to the sides of the table-frame and then attended to the wrists that were at the other end.

"I'm a little disappointed," said Davina. "Here she is, all ready to be fucked for the first time and she doesn't show any enthusiasm at all!"

"Wilma!" said Meg. "Don't disappoint the girls. They've all come specially to enjoy this and you're spoiling it by being so subdued. I want to hear you..."

Wilma's body sagged into the frame, her ass high, as Julie added more rope to fix arms and thighs in position. She looked up at Meg and winked as she pulled the dress up to expose Wilma.

"I'm not going to repeat myself," said Meg as she stroked the naked ass and then swished the cane menacingly. "Don't make me angry with your lack of politeness!"

"Miss, I'll do anything, please don't..." wept Wilma.

"That's not being a good little slut at all, Wilma," said Meg. "Beg to be fucked by Julie. I want to hear how much you need it, how you long to be taken and used..."

She swept the cane down and it smacked against the pale skin of Wilma's ass leaving a red streak across both cheeks.

"If you want a thrashing, then stay silent!" cried Meg in an exasperated tone.

Wilma started to sob but she managed to utter the words that her wife wanted to hear.

"I love you, Miss," sniffled Wilma. "Please tell Julie to be gentle with me, please, I beg you. I need it, I need to be fucked so much. I'm sorry for making you angry with me..."

"That's better," said San. "Ooh look, his little cock is going all stiff!"

San's hand pushed between Wilma's open thighs and slapped his balls lightly before closing around his cock.

"What's this?" she said as her fingertips picked out the ring that dangled from the tip.

"Oh, that's to make sure that when Wilma is in her chastity cage she can't slip out and play with herself," laughed Julie. "I think that it's a bit tender at the moment, but when a few more rings are added Wilma will be under complete control."

San pulled at the ring and was rewarded with a screech from Wilma.

"Quiet," ordered Meg. "She's only having a little look. One more noise and I'll have Julie gag you and how would that look?"

"Can I do it?" asked Davina. "I'd love to put a nice big gag in that little slut's mouth."

"If she makes any more noise," said Julie.

"Let's hope," giggled San.

Wilma clamped her mouth shut and quivered as San played with her cock. It was fully erect now and her hand started slowly moving up and down its length making Wilma moan as she then ran her nails over his hanging balls.

"Be careful," said Greta. "Wilma's not allowed to come yet. She's lucky that her wife didn't leave the cage on, don't tempt fate!"

"I won't, she's just nice to play with... look at the sweet little drop on the ring!"

Julie inspected the ropes carefully and then walked around to face Wilma's face.

"Is this what you are frightened of, dear?" she asked.

Her hands slowly lifted the hem of her dress. The tip of a huge dildo showed, then the dress hem went up all the way and Wilma could see the cock that hung from her thighs. A foot long, pliable and wide it almost touched Wilma's face as Julie inched forward.

"Is this what you want?" asked Julie. "A big black cock..."

Wilma rolled her eyes and looked up, but Julie was so close to her face that she could not see higher than the place where the huge cock pressed into her pussy and a small switch was embedded in the surface of the rubber.

"That's right, darling," said Julie with relish. "You are going to give me as much pleasure as I am going to give you."

Her fingers flipped the switch and the dildo began to vibrate softly. The fingertip touched again and the cock slowly pumped and vibrated with a hum that brought a gasp to its wearer.

"Oh God," gasped Wilma as she realised that the mighty prick was swelling and shrinking as well as vibrating. "Please..."

"Suck!"

Wilma opened her mouth and Julie carefully pushed into the wet hole. The hum and throbbing filled Wilma's head as the cock pulled free, dripping with her saliva, ready to be used.

"I think that your little hubby would be a good cock-sucker," laughed Davina. "You'll have to train her properly!"

"That's something that I'd just love to see," said Lizzy. "I'll bet she'd have my boyfriend jacked off in moments. Of course she'd have to swallow, it's what pathetic weak sissy's do!"

Julie had moved away and Wilma could see a look of expectation of the women's faces. She felt the hand on her cock pull back and then the rustle of Julie's dress as she kneeled.

Something touched the cheek of her ass, Julie's hand as she parted both cheeks and pressed the tip of the vibrating cock to a clenched ass-hole.

"Relax, Wilma, just relax and let it happen..." gasped Julie.

She had not realised how powerful the vibrator was and struggled to stay on course, not just surrender to the pleasure it gave her. She braced her hands on the small of Wilma's back and slowly pressed home.

The pressure on her clitoris was intense and Julie fumbled to turn the vibrator to its lower setting. The hole surrendered, the bulbous head of the cock pushed in and Wilma stifled a squeak, biting her lip as her virginity was taken. As the sissy-hole yielded to the pressure and was stretched to the limit.

"Well done," said Meg, patting Wilma on her head. "I know that it's so difficult, but you are being such a good submissive gurl!"

The rubber prick pushed deep and then Julie risked the switch again and suddenly climaxed as it pulsed into full life. The contact was so intimate that she could not help herself thrusting with her hips and pushing deep into Wilma's hole.

"Fuck!" gasped Julie as she tried to stay in control. "This little bitch is so tight!"

The entire length was in.

The shaft of it curved inside, to fill Wilma. It stuffed her so full and then came into contact with a part of her that responded with a wave of euphoria that was beyond her experience.

Wilma moaned and could feel herself starting to climax. Inside a release, her balls clenched and pulled high as the dildo shafted her and rubbed and throbbed inside.

"Please, fuck me Miss! Oh, God fuck me like the bitch I am," cried Wilma as the humiliation was forgotten and her deepest fantasy became reality. "I need it, I'll do anything for you, anything..."

Meg squatted in front of her moaning husband. The movement stretched the latex skirt tight, rolling the hem up her leggings, exposing her to the euphoric gaze of the sissy-slut who stared, obsessed, by the smooth skin, the delicate wet folds of her wife's cunt as she came.

An ooze of come drizzled from the rigid cock that pressed upwards against Wilma's belly.

"Ooh look," said Lizzy, "the little bitch has come all over the carpet..."

Julie heard the words as if from far away as her second climax took her and she slowly eased the rubber from the sissy's fuck-hole. She watched as his ass

pulled at the rubber, stretched tight and delicate and could not help herself using her nails on the sensitive skin as finally she pulled free.

Wilma was gasping, her eyes fixed on her wife's dripping pussy, her cock still pulsing come, to drip to the floor.

"That was so sweet," said Davina. "I do believe she loved every moment of it..."

"Of course she did, didn't you," asked Meg of Wilma.

"I love you," said Wilma with a shudder of post orgasmic trembling. "I would do anything for you..."

"You will, dear," said Meg as she patted her husband's pink wig. "You will!"

"I got it all on film," said San, showing her phone where the replay already ran, to the other girls.

Julie managed a smile and patted the cheeks of Wilma's ass.

"A perfect little sissy-slut... Now the novel is a film as well!"

Readers

Meg looked down at Wilma and smiled.

The manicure brush was held between her teeth, the small bottle of gold nail-varnish in her hand as she carefully added colour to the toenails of the wife that she adored. Over her head the girls chattered about work and their lives while she contentedly added a second layer.

"With practice you'll be able to manage it with your hands behind your back," said Meg. "Be careful, just the nails and not the cuticles!"

Wilma glowed with pride in the praise.

She could still feel the after-effects of being taken, the wetness on her thighs from her dripping cock and the closeness of her ankles that had been joined by a ring to pull them together.

"Time to cage her up again," said Julie.

Wilma had hoped for a longer break from the painful steel-spiked tube that Julie was about to fit her with, but just concentrated on pleasing her wife. She felt hands unclip her ankles and part her thighs and then grasp her ass to slip the containing ring over her balls.

"I think that Wilma shouldn't be allowed to come too often," said Davina as she watched Julie slide on the tube and lock the embedded piercing in place. "Once a month is probably more than enough!"

"Oh, she should *never* ever come when she's fucked," commented Julie as she adjusted the metal tube. "Tonight was a special occasion. I just want her to know what she's missing when I take her from now on! Wilma gets milked twice a year with a nice little spoiled orgasm with the vibrator. Wilma is for *our* pleasure only, not hers..."

"It's really for the best, dear," said Meg when she saw the disappointed look on her husband's face. "You'll be nice and hot all the time, ready to show Julie that you live for her pleasure. If you're a good gurl, you'll get to watch while Greta and I make love when you're in the cage in the bedroom. The rest of the time you'll be far too busy to bother about squirting your slime on the carpet. There'll be no distractions at all from your duties, Julie will make sure of that!"

"When are we doing this again?" asked Davina, "I haven't had so much fun for ages!"

"I know what you're up to," said San.

"What's that?" asked Davina with a theatrical air of innocence.

"You want to bring your boyfriend next time, that's what!"

"I'm not sure if we want any *real* men here when we have these parties," said Greta. "It's more a girl's night out than an orgy! Wilma might get the wrong idea."

"We'll have to think about it," said Meg. "Maybe, Wilma will write something along those lines, who knows?"

"I'm sure she will," said Julie. "As her editor, I'll demand it!"

"There is plenty for her to write about," laughed Greta. "To start with, all those fumbles and the degrading abuse that happens at the office as well as the nice punishment room that Julie has all planned out. That's plenty for the moment to be getting along with..."

"When we publish his novel, everyone will just think that it's a fantasy," laughed Meg. "Just more illiterate ramblings of a degenerate man who wanks himself to sleep every night."

"The second novel will be a bit different," said Julie. "I was thinking of something a little less consensual, quite a bit stronger..."

"Can't wait," said Davina. "I like a good bedtime read!"

"Especially when it's *not* really fiction!" added Meg.

The End