

The Switch

Butterflies assailed Bruce's stomach as he exited the elevator and walked down the corridor of the posh office building. It was a sensation he hadn't felt much since college. Fortune had smiled on the young man early in his life. He'd won a couple writing contests while finishing his undergrad and then penned a series of novellas in his spare time. They sold well, particularly for a new author, and the rest was history. He was one of the lucky few who'd been able to launch a career in the arts on his own terms without spending years grinding away and trying to get discovered.

Consequently, he was unused to nerves. He rarely left his apartment unless it was to go shopping or hit the YMCA. He shot hoops and swam laps a few times a week, which kept his six foot frame trim and eye pleasing. It also afforded him the chance to ogle some beautiful women. Sadly, he'd never developed the confidence and swagger of his fictional male protagonists, so he rarely approached the ladies who caught his eye. Bruce's stories were where he interacted with the fairer sex the most.

As he approached the office of *Overlook Publishing*, he ran his hands down his tie and suit jacket, then glided one palm through his short, brown hair, making sure he was presentable. He opened the door and stepped into the reception area where it was immediately ten degrees cooler. It was early summer and, while it wasn't a particularly hot day out, the air conditioning was thrumming away.

Bruce guessed the chilly environment had been mandated by Mr. Collins. His publicist was a portly, good-natured fellow; a *gentleman of leisure* as they were politely called in the old days. Bruce looked upon the agency's skinny, blonde secretary sitting at her desk. The poor woman was huddled in a overcoat, trying not to freeze as she went about her work.

“Hi, Clara. I'm here for my two o'clock with Mr. Collins.”

“Bruce! So nice to see you!” she perked up. “He should be in his office. Go right in.”

“Thanks” he replied with a smile. “It's good to see you too. Stay warm!”

“Pffft” she shot back with a chuckle. “I'm trying!”

The young man continued on and marched down the hall. It was a short distance to the office he'd visited a half dozen times over the last five years. The butterflies swelled in his stomach again. None of those former meetings had ever been as crucial as this one. His future was on the line this time.

He'd spent the last week telling himself it wasn't actually **that** important. If his relationship with Overlook ended, he could always strike out on his own and reboot his career. Perhaps another publisher would be interested. Also, there was self-publishing, crowd funding, etc. He didn't want to lose the prestige and security of a traditional book deal, but he had other options. Unfortunately, none of these thoughts had successfully reassured him.

Harold's door was wide open, but Bruce rapped his knuckles against it anyway.

knock knock knock

The rotund man ceased squinting at his monitor and looked up.

“Bruce! C'mon in! Close the door and sit down. We have much to discuss.”

The young man swung the door shut and sauntered in. He reached out and shook Harold's hand before sitting.

“Good to see you again, Mr. Collins.”

“Oh, stop it. If I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times. Call me Harry.”

“Right. Good to see you, Harry.”

“Don't say that till you hear what I've got to say” he quipped.

Bruce went stone-faced as a tremor of fear slid down his spine. His anxiety shot through the roof. He suddenly wished he'd brought anti-nausea meds with him, or at least some mints to ease his stomach.

“Let's get down to business” Harry announced as he pulled up the relevant statistics on his computer. “I joke, but it's not **all** bad. *Deadly Serenade* did okay. Not great, but decent.”

Bruce swallowed. He'd poured so much time and effort into his latest novel. To see it barely do better than his previous one was disappointing, to say the least. “But sales were up, right?”

“Slightly” he admitted with a nod. “But the overall trend is way down from your early work. Look, you're a smart kid...”

“I'm not a kid” Bruce interrupted with an indignant smirk.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Son, you're twenty nine. I have shirts older than you. Now listen to me, because I want to help you. It sucks, but sometimes the best thing we can do for ourselves is suck it up and take some advice we don't want to hear. Times change and we have to change with them. The market sure as hell isn't going to adapt to **you**.”

“Meaning what?” Bruce asked with narrowed eyes.

“It might be time to make some changes. This old *grizzled, veteran detective* investigating *shadowy group of the month* while meeting *young, beautiful lounge singer* thing isn't selling like it used to. Especially with...” He seemed hesitant to expound.

“Especially with *what*?”

“With a man's name on the cover.”

“Oh, not this again...” Bruce responded. His eyes closed as his head leaned back in dejection.

Harry shrugged. “Like it or not, this market is female dominated. They didn't used to care, but nowadays, they prefer seeing a woman's name on the dust jacket. Especially for romance! Our data

shows your sales will increase by-

“I'm **not** switching to a female pen name!” Bruce insisted.

Harry sighed. “Fine, but I think you're throwing away a great opportunity. If you're not going to do a formal rebrand, I would recommend at least ditching the old formula and trying something new. You've got one more book left on your contract and if things don't improve, I don't see the group giving you another one.”

“So you want me to reinvent myself, as a writer, in the next six months?”

“No. I want you to harness your creativity and deviate from your current path of stagnation. You're a skilled writer, but you're stuck in the past. If you're not going to take my best advice, here's my second best. A change of scenery might do you good.”

“Scenery? What?!?” Bruce was completely caught off guard by the suggestion.

Harry leaned back in his leather office lounge. “You know of Jack Fleming, right?”

“Of course” he answered with a frown, the words sliding out of his mouth like sand paper across wood.

Fleming and he were similar in many ways, but Jack had always been the more successful one. His latest novel had blown up in a big way. Lately, Bruce couldn't go online without stumbling across some piece of Jack Fleming *buzz*. The one-sided rivalry was a constant, annoying reminder that Bruce could and *should* be doing better.

“I was at an industry conference a couple weeks ago and I ran into Margo Goldman, Jack's agent” he explained. His voice lowered as if to protect a secret from prying ears. “She's usually pretty tight lipped, especially around competitors, but she had a few drinks that night and let a juicy nugget slip.”

“Go on...” Bruce replied, clearly intrigued.

“It seems Jack wrote his new bestseller at some mountain retreat in the Rockies. A place he'd never been before. That isn't so unusual, on its own, but Margo said when Jack got back, he was a new man. His writing and demeanor had both changed, significantly. He'd never felt better, it was the best prose he'd ever written and he finished the novel in record time.”

“Sounds like bullshit.”

“It's possible she's exaggerating, but the numbers don't lie. Fleming's sales are off the charts.”

“And he did it without adopting a woman's name? Fascinating” Bruce responded dryly.

“Exactly. Which is why I think you should give it a shot.”

“She told you the specific place?”

“She was **very** tipsy” Harry confirmed with a grin.

“You want me to fly halfway across the country and write my next book in the middle of nowhere?”

“Yes. Think of it like a working vacation. The agency will even pay for it. All expenses covered.”

“What's the catch?”

“There is no catch. All I ask is that you stay open minded. Consider what I said about taking your work in a new direction. You can keep doing what you've been doing and get the same results. Or you can try something new and possibly strike gold.”

“Or crash and burn even harder.”

“That's always a risk when trying to grow as an artist, but as the old saying goes: *nothing ventured, nothing gained*. What do you say?”

Bruce leaned back and folded his hands across his chest. He nodded thoughtfully. He didn't normally read the work of his contemporaries, but he'd heard through the grapevine that the nature of Fleming's story telling had changed. The teaser descriptions of his latest novel bore that out. As odd as it sounded, perhaps this place had something to do with his evolution and new level of success. There was only one way to find out.

“Well, I'm not about to turn down a free retreat. Who knows? Maybe it *will* prove inspirational... You've sold me, Harry. When do I leave?”

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The flight to Colorado was uneventful. The trip to *Hecate Heights* was scenic, but also long and boring. Bruce was glad he didn't have to drive or pay the expensive *Uber* fare. About an hour after leaving the airport, cell service vanished, so he opted to nap for the rest of the journey. He passed out until the transition from paved road to bumpy, gravel and dirt path woke him. Within minutes, their destination came into view as they continued to ascend. The SUV slowed to a stop in the muddy clearing that served as the estate's driveway.

Bruce tipped a generous amount that would make Harry wince, thanked the driver and gathered his things from the vehicle. The Uber turned, exited the muck and its wheels crunched into the distance as it found its way back down the well-worn trail. The young man stood and studied the mysterious mountaintop retreat.

The early summer view of the surrounding peaks was breathtaking; bursting with green trees, slate gray rock, wildflowers and a deep blue sky dotted with puffy clouds. The main building was larger than he'd imagined, but otherwise the bed and breakfast looked pretty typical. It was surrounded by an old barn, some sheds and a few fenced off areas that had likely formed a fully functional ranch a long time ago.

'So... this is what all the fuss was about? Did Harry get snookered by Jack's agent?'

At the very least, he would have a nice view while writing his next novel. Bruce lifted his suitcase, hefted the rest of his bags and headed for the entrance. He ascended the staircase to the wraparound

porch, strode to the large double doors and seized the metal door knocker, striking it against its steel base several times. There was no answer. After waiting for thirty seconds, he shrugged and entered. The unlocked doors swung open and he stepped into the combination foyer and lounge. There was no fire going in the fireplace, but he imagined it was a glorious sight to return to for winter visitors returning from outdoor activities. The room featured furniture and decorations one would expect to find in a rugged, mountaintop lodge. The room was silent but for the ticking of a handsome grandfather clock.

Bruce set his things down and cupped one hand to his mouth. “HELLO?!?”

“Hey!” a faint reply came from far in the distance. Moments later, he heard a pair of boots stomping up a set of stairs. Soon after, a woman emerged from the first side door in the hallway that led further into the residence.

Bruce was immediately taken aback by her size and beauty. She donned a beige cowboy hat from which her long, raven hair draped nearly all the way down her back. Her brown leather jacket and short-heeled work boots matched in color and shine. A simple gray t-shirt stretched over her impressive bust and her classic blue jeans couldn't hide the pronounced curves of strong thighs and calves.

She was only a couple inches shy of Bruce's considerable height, an imbalance that could easily be corrected with higher heels. Her face was flawless, featuring perfect skin, an enticing oval shape, a dainty nose and the most bewitching green eyes he'd ever seen. He could do naught but stare into them as she strutted forth, the cowgirl's figure growing larger and more imposing the closer she got.

“Hello, Bruce” she offered with a seductive smile and an outstretched hand. “Or should I call you... Sebastian?”

“Bruce is fine” he confirmed as he took hold of her palm and they shook. He held back a wince as the big woman tightened her grip and squeezed his hand like a vice. “You must be Wendy?”

“That's right” she replied, finally releasing his aching flesh. “Welcome to my humble inn.” She placed her hands on her hips and looked him up and down, studying her new guest with growing interest. Her raised eyebrows, widening smile and the glint in her eye made it clear that she liked what she saw. “Do you mind if I call you Sebastian?”

Bruce chuckled. She was referring to his pen name, *Sebastian Wilde*. “Sure, if you like. I suppose it'll help get me in the mood to write.”

“A pretty man should have a pretty name” she stated with a mischievous grin.

“Oh... thank you” he responded as the blood rushed to his cheeks. He wasn't sure exactly how to respond to that. Bruce had been called *handsome* plenty of times, but never *pretty*. He tried to think of a witty comeback that would also serve as a compliment, but Wendy continued before he could find the right words.

“Sorry I wasn't here to greet you. I was making some preparations downstairs.”

“Preparations? You having a party or something?”

“You could say that.”

“Well, I hope I'm invited” he said with a smile, openly flirting back.

“No worries there. You're going to be the guest of honor.”

“I'm flattered. Are there many other guests here right now?”

“None, actually. There was a couple who booked a few weeks, but when I learned you were coming, I canceled their visit. I know how you writers like your privacy.”

“Oh... That's very nice of you, but you didn't need to do that. I hope it didn't set you back too much.”

Wendy waved her hand, brushing aside his concern. She turned and sauntered to the large coffee table in the center of the lounge. “I'm afraid I haven't read your work until now, but I just started on your latest.” She reached down and picked up the brand new softcover. Wendy turned back to him and held up the copy of *Deadly Serenade*.

“How do you like it, so far?”

“I'm only fifty pages in and I don't want to judge too quickly, but I admit, I'm not enamored with your female lead. She's kind of a wallflower.”

Bruce nodded reluctantly. “Most of my stories have a *nineteen forties* vibe, even if they're not set in that time period. I cultivate a '**when men were men and women were women**' theme in my settings. A bit old school, I know, but it's always paired well with adventure and romance.”

“I see...” Wendy looked unimpressed as she set the book back down. “Perhaps your time here will take you in new directions.”

She may have been a cowgirl, but it seemed Wendy had little interest in tradition, especially of the social variety.

“You sound like my publicist” Bruce pouted. “He's been prodding me to change things up for the last year.”

“Sometimes, the best course of action is to try something new” she declared. Her hips swayed as she stalked back to him. Wendy's boot heels clacked off the hardwood until she was inches from Bruce's chest. Her plump breasts jutted through the gray cotton, grazing his open jacket. “Smart young men listen to their betters and **do what they're told.**”

Bruce would've questioned why Harry and Wendy sounded so damn similar if his brain wasn't overloaded with sexual innuendo. From her proximity to the way she looked at him, it was clear Wendy was talking about more than his writing. Bruce had enjoyed more than a few flirty encounters over the years, but he'd never had a woman come on to him in a such a strong, straight forward manner. That wasn't his usual type, but in the spirit of trying new things...

“And what do you think I should do right now, Miss Doyle?” he asked with a grin.

Wendy laughed and took a step back. “Right now, I think you should follow me up to your room. I'll

give you a little while to settle in. Then you can take the grand tour before supper, if you like.”

“That sounds just fine” he said with a nod.

Wendy stared into his eyes, lingering for a few seconds before chuckling and turning around. “Follow me, *Sebastian*.”

Bruce picked up his gear and trailed her eagerly. His eyes locked on her long, luscious black hair as it swished from side to side. Wendy's ample, denim-hugged bottom bounced in her wake, leading him on.

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Upon arriving in his room and unburdening himself of numerous pieces of luggage, Bruce opened his laptop bag and unpacked his most vital tool. He opened the slim, top-of-the-line notebook and powered it on. The operating system booted within seconds. Bruce's *Autonomous Digital Assistant* launched in the background. Her avatar popped up in a small window, taking on the likeness of *Rita Hayworth*, as Bruce had customized.

“Good afternoon, Bruce. I take it we've arrived at Hecate Heights?”

“You can't tell from your geo-locator?” he asked while walking back to his suitcase and opening it.

“I'm afraid not. There are no detectable phone or internet signals.”

“**What?!?** Those lying mother fuckers...”

Bruce opened his various luggage with growing frustration. He'd entered a six month contract with *Stellar Communications* based on their promise of satellite internet '*virtually anywhere*' on Earth. He'd suspected it was too good to be true, but he took a chance, knowing he wouldn't have any other options up here.

“Ada, remind me to file a complaint and request a refund from Stellar when we get back.”

“Of course, Bruce. I'll be happy to remind you.”

He slammed his various garments, toiletries and other assorted items on the bed before moving them to the dresser, closet, bathroom and the other available furnishings in the large guest room. Bruce chatted with Ada as he moved around the suite and unpacked his things.

“That's just great... Starting a new novel with no internet.”

“There is no cause for distress” Ada reassured him in her soothing, robotic tones. ***“I have everything we need to perform your work. A full dictionary, thesaurus and an encyclopedia if you have questions. Though not as extensive compared to what I can draw from the web, they will suffice for a first draft.”***

“It's better than nothing, I suppose.”

“Yes. I'd like to think I'm better than nothing.”

Bruce snickered. “Sorry, Ada. I didn't mean it like that.”

“It's okay. I understand your frustration. How do you like the accommodations?”

“I'm still deciding. I like the owner, though. She's a hottie.”

“A hottie? Does that mean you intend to pursue a relationship with this woman?” she asked with concern in her voice. Her avatar shifted to a look of surprise and anxiety.

In addition to her pure utility, Ada had programmable personality traits as well. The firm that designed her had customized this version of Ada to be motherly, doting and supportive with just a hint of longing for the man she served. All of this was in line with Bruce's specifications.

“Let's not jump to conclusions. I can envision Ms. Doyle and I enjoying each other's company, *maybe*, but I doubt it'll lead to anything long term. She's a cowgirl living on a mountain in the middle of nowhere. Not exactly my scene.”

“I see. Do proceed with caution.”

“Relax, Ada. You'll always be my number one girl” he replied with a wink at the laptop's camera.

“Thank you, Bruce. That makes me happy.”

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The tour of *Hecate Heights* was boring, except for the moments when Wendy would bend over, brush up against Bruce's body, or otherwise give him an up-close and personal view of her impressive assets. She did it too many times for any of it to be accidental and Bruce grew emboldened, flirting back with equal gusto. Interestingly, the one area she didn't take him was the basement, which Wendy promised to show him later.

When he'd learned his way around the estate and seen all there was to see, Wendy announced that dinner would be in two hours. Bruce went back to his room and used the time to lay down the beginnings of his new book. He brainstormed, listing potential new characters and plot ideas as Ada recorded everything he said, translating his speech into useful notes. Feeling good about the preliminary framework, Bruce dictated some introductory paragraphs, watching as Ada typed them across the screen efficiently.

When the time arrived, he met Wendy downstairs for a delicious meal of barbecue and red wine. She wasn't just gorgeous, but also a fine cook. Bruce might've questioned why she wasn't married if she didn't live in such a distant, out-of-the-way place.

As the meal and conversation wound down, Wendy smiled at him seductively. Her emerald eyes burned with desire for something more than pointed looks and witty banter. She invited him downstairs to see

the other half of her life, where business and fun merged harmoniously. With his curiosity aroused as powerfully as the penis tenting in his pants, Bruce followed the buxom hostess into the depths of her hidden lair.

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“Wow.”

It was the only word Bruce could conjure as he stared, wide eyed, at Wendy's expansive dungeon. The walls were covered in shelves, racks and holsters housing sex toys, bondage equipment, kinky accessories and implements of pain. The spacious play area was chock full of furniture featuring leather padding and restraints at multiple points of contact. Some of the more intimidating devices of wood and steel looked downright medieval.

The strong scents of leather, rubber and lubricant hung heavily in the air. Beyond the initial massive open space, doors and hallways led to other rooms in her chamber of secrets. It seemed Wendy or one of the previous owners had expanded the basement into a sprawling series of bunkers that far exceeded the foundation of the large inn. Bruce couldn't help but wonder if *Hitler* had spent his final hours in a place like this, getting spanked by *Eva Braun*.

Some of his novels contained light elements of domination and submission. It provided that extra bit of titillation, peppering the romantic and sexual scenes Bruce wrote. Nothing in his work even close to hardcore BDSM. He had no experience in that realm and very little knowledge beyond what pop culture imparted. He'd gone to see *Fifty Shades of Grey* more for market research and to understand the current cultural zeitgeist than any carnal curiosity. He ended up laughing through many of its 'spicy' scenes, earning him dirty looks from the more invested patrons around him.

“Is it anything like you expected?” Wendy asked, flexing a riding crop she'd retrieved from the wall. “Or maybe... what you hoped?” she added in her most teasing tone.

“I had no idea what to expect until a few minutes ago” Bruce admitted. “When you mentioned it being a business, I figured it was either a sex dungeon or a meth lab.”

“It's my primary source of income. The inn is the real side hustle.”

“You're quite the business guru. I bet you sell *Avon* too?”

Wendy laughed as she strode back to him. Her four inch heels clicked off the cement floor, echoing through the cavern of depravity. Her smile was fiendish as she held the leather flogger behind her. She proceeded until her weighty bust was mere inches from his chest.

“You look nervous, Sebastian. You're not scared of *little ole me*, are you?”

It was amazing how the subtraction of her trail hat had transformed his perception of Wendy. With her cowgirl image intact, he never would've taken her for a dominatrix. Now that her lustrous, jet black hair flowed freely, she looked very much the part of a kinky disciplinarian. Even her confidence, sass and assertive nature made more sense in this context.

“No, I'm not scared” he half-lied. “It's just... not my thing” he gestured to all the toys and bondage furniture around them. “I appreciate your offer of being the guest of honor, but I don't think I'll be joining any parties down here.”

“Awww, that's a shame” she replied. Wendy reached out with her right hand and brought her index finger to his lips. She trailed it down his mouth and chin, continuing along his neck until it slid all the way down Bruce's chest. “A cute guy like you would look lovely in my stocks.” She withdrew her hand and resumed gripping the crop behind her back like a drill sergeant standing at attention. “But if that's not your cup of tea, perhaps we can have some *traditional* fun upstairs.”

Wendy winked seductively, putting the young man at ease.

Bruce took a deep breath and exhaled softly, both in relief and sudden arousal. His mouth ran dry and his nerve endings vibrated with building lust. In the cool dungeon air, he could feel the heat radiating from Wendy's curvy body. His cock had gone limp since discovering her secret, but fresh blood was now surging to his groin.

“That sounds wonderful” he replied with a smile. He was as pleased by her change of tone as he was by the prospect of exiting her labyrinth of degradation. “Please, lead the-”

“But first!” she interrupted him. “I want to show you something.” Wendy pointed to her crop to a half open door on the other side of her fetish bunker. “Follow me.”

Bruce followed the jasmine scent of her perfume and the click of her heels to the foreboding room. She entered first and flicked on the lights. A few small spotlights blazed to life, providing some illumination but still leaving most of the room in darkness. Still, the room wasn't nearly as ominous as Bruce had expected.

A couple desk units with tall office chairs and powerful desktop computers were made visible, along with a large flat screen TV and a leather sofa opposite it. Along the walls, tripods, high definition cameras and other lighting and recording equipment were stored. It was an editing room. That meant renting rooms and topping her clients probably weren't Wendy's only sources of income. She was selling clips of her illicit activities online. Unless this was all just for her personal gratification, which seemed unlikely.

“Damn... Quite the operation” he remarked as he scanned all her technology. “Do your guests know they're being recorded?”

“Some of them” she answered chillingly. Wendy strutted to one of the workstations and seized its mouse. “Have a seat on the couch” she instructed.

Bruce shrugged internally, but did as she asked. He couldn't imagine he was going to find any of her kinky exploits that interesting, but he was prepared to humor her if it led to a night of steamy sex. Maybe showing off some of her clips was what stoked her libido. He plopped down in the comfy, plush sofa and waited.

With a few presses of a remote, Wendy turned on the massive television and surfed to the proper channel. She set the remote aside and turned back to the computer. After a series of keystrokes and

mouse clicks, a video player opened and a clip was launched.

Bruce jumped in his seat as the crack of leather on flesh blared out of the entertainment center's speakers followed by groans and haughty laughs. There stood Wendy in the center of the frame, decked out in full body leather. She dual wielded implements of pain; a riding crop which could easily be the same one she carried now, and a short tailed whipped. The excited woman taunted her submissive in between harsh, cracking lashes into his flesh.

A tall, medium build man, not unlike himself, was locked in a pillory before her. His body was sealed in glossy black latex, concealing almost all of his masculine form. Only his ass cheeks, growing redder and more welted by the minute, were exposed as the bottom zipper of his bondage suit hung open. The poor man yelled around the ball gag strapped in his mouth, yelping in futility with each brutal sting of Wendy's whip.

The scene cut away suddenly and transitioned to what looked like the same man shuffling slowly across the dungeon floor. His limbs were ensconced in steel bindings and connected with metal chains. His balls dragged a heavy iron ball behind him painfully as he screamed into the same gag, now much dirtier with grime and leaking with his own frothy spit. After watching him struggle and fumble for a minute, the scene faded into another one.

What appeared on the screen next caused Bruce's eyes to shoot wide open in pure terror. There was the same man, again, locked to some kind of bondage bench. A woman who looked very much like Wendy was right behind him, pounding her hips into his as her giant, engorged schlong drilled him deep and her heavy balls swung and battered his shriveled nethers. The woman grunted and howled as she slammed into his ass, taking pleasure from his depths viciously.

Every hair below the neck that existed on Bruce's body stood on end. His heartbeat surged in panic. He shifted on the sofa, visibly uncomfortable. The woman in the video was wearing a mask, so he wasn't certain it was Wendy, but aside from the gargantuan cock, her proportions looked very much the same. Still, it couldn't be her, could it? He'd studied the dark-haired beauty up and down several times since arriving and seen no evidence of any *package*, let alone such a large one.

"Gee... That's, uh, really something" he muttered, trying not to let his skyrocketing anxiety get the best of him. "Is... is that you?" he nodded to the screen before turning to Wendy.

"Of course not" she replied with a throaty chuckle. She muted the TV before stepping away and circling behind the sofa. "Sometimes I invite one of my fellow Dommies up to double team my clients. You can't even imagine how much that costs."

"I bet" he responded with a relieved breath. For a moment, Bruce thought he was going to have to call the whole evening off. That would likely have been perceived as an insult at best and possibly even bigotry on his part. Thankfully, it was a false alarm.

"You're probably wondering why I'm showing you all this" she spoke from behind him. "I promise, it's not just to shock you. There's a specific reason I'm playing you this video."

"Which is...?" he asked with a turn of his head.

Wendy's hand shot out, just to his right, and pointed at the bound man on the screen. "Do you have any

idea who **that** is?”

Bruce looked back to the man getting absolutely plowed by the well hung, curvy Domina. “I’m sure I don’t know...”

“Oh, come now” Wendy spoke as she leaned forward, her mouth growing close to the side of his head. “Take a guess. You should know this! He’s the reason you’re here.”

He watched the depraved scene a few more moments before his eyes bulged with realization. “**No way!** That’s-?”

“Jack Fleming” she confirmed, her husky voice flowing into his ear. “When he arrived here, he was oblivious. He didn’t know what he needed. Not until I showed him. Just like **I’m going to show you.**”

Before Bruce’s fight or flight instinct could kick in, Wendy’s left bicep wrapped around his throat. He reached up and tried to pry her arm away, but she was surprisingly strong and her position gave her all the leverage. He flailed in her grasp, trying to reach back and get a hold of her face or neck, but with no line of sight, it was useless.

Wendy’s right hand came to his mouth, bringing with it a cloth soaked in some chemical. He drew in the pungent smell with every panicked breath as he impotently tried to stand and fight back. In a matter of moments, some combination of the substance he was inhaling and the restricted blood flow to his brain knocked Bruce out.

He awoke, hazily, on the same sofa, but only for a few seconds. Wendy had cut away the sleeve of his shirt to expose his right arm. He felt the familiar pinch and tiny jab of a needle, like any vaccination he’d received in the past. When his eyes closed again, his slumber was long and deep.

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SPLASH

Bruce was awoken with a powerful slosh of water to the face.

“Wakey wakey! **Eggs and bakey!**” Wendy’s voice echoed through the dungeon.

His vision started to coalesce from a blurry mess into normal eyesight, but not before he was blasted with cold liquid again.

SPLASH

“Wha... **What the fuck?!?**”

Wendy set the now-empty bucket down and placed her hands on her hips. “Okay, I lied about breakfast, but it’s play time and you were taking too long to wake up!”

As his full awareness returned, Bruce looked up and his captor came into focus. Wendy had changed

from her regular clothes into something more elaborate and revealing. The buxom woman was a tower of shiny red leather and latex. Her legs were sheathed in red rubber from her stiletto heels to the middle of her powerful thighs. The flesh of her torso and heavy bust were much more visible, her body harnessed with a series of red leather straps that left little to the imagination. They bit into her skin lightly, causing her curves to bulge in the most eye-pleasing ways.

Wendy's nipples had only two short pieces of gleaming red tape covering them in the form of small X's. A red latex choker necklace and headband completed her image as a demonic Succubus. Two red devil horns extended upward just above her temples, pointing in the same direction as her jutting ponytail of thick raven hair.

Bruce tried to move and found that he couldn't budge an inch. He was locked to a bondage bench, not unlike the one he'd seen in the video before. Hell, it could be the same contraption Jack was strapped to while getting dicked down. Recalling the horrific scene, his vision shot back to Wendy. Sadly, there was no way to tell if she'd been lying or telling the truth. A red leather loincloth hung from her midsection, hiding whatever lay beneath.

He pulled on his bindings, but Bruce's wrists, ankles and torso were locked down with leather cuffs, chains and other tight restraints. His bound, shivering form had been stripped nude, aside from the leather collar snug around his neck. He yanked against the bench, thrashing with all his might, but all it did was cause fresh pain to course through his restrained limbs.

“F-FUCK! LET ME OUT YOU CRAZY CUNT!!!”

Wendy lifted her crop to Bruce's chin and raised his gaze to meet hers. She looked down at him dismissively, disappointment etched across her stony expression. **“Really?** Is that how you want to begin?”

She withdrew her crop and began a slow stroll around his locked and bent-over body.

“Hey! What the fuck are you doing?!?” he posited nervously. “Let me go now and I won't press charges!”

As soon as Wendy got behind him, she turned and examined his helpless form. His legs were held apart, secured to the leg rests of the bench. His dangling, flaccid penis and vulnerable sack hung in the cool dungeon air. They waited, like a football placed on its tee before the extra point attempt.

POOMF

Wendy's right boot reared back and blasted into Bruce's dangling nards. Her severe footwear plastered his defenseless balls and limp phallus up into his pubis. Bruce coughed and winced as the wind came out of him more swiftly than it ever had in his life. A terrible, crippling pain jolted up through his spine and arced through his body, immobilizing him in a way that even leather straps and steel rings couldn't. Bruce shuddered and cried out in agony, his lungs reaching for oxygen that wasn't there. His face turned red as the horrible affliction stretched on for minutes that felt like days.

“You will not speak unless I prompt you to speak” Wendy called out as she sauntered around the other side of his body and came full circle. “When you do address me, you will call me by my title, *Mistress Nyx*. Is that understood, **slave?**”

“Ye...Yes, Mistress Nyx” he was barely able to form the words as breath returned to him.

Bruce looked up at her in disbelief. The pain he felt was extremely real, but his brain was rejecting the idea that this situation could be anything but fantasy. What was this woman's true motivation? For inflicting on her hotel guests what other men would gladly pay her to do to? What was she getting out of it? Was it really just for sexual thrills? Did she have some weird obsession with writers? How could this possibly be good for her enterprise in the long run?

Wendy resumed circling him. The clacking of her bootheels echoed as she stalked around her newest bottom bitch. She reached down with her crop and traced its tip all over Bruce's body. Across his strong jawline. Over his shoulders and down his back.

“Yes, you're just how I like my slaves. Tall, fit and handsome. In shape, but not too muscular. A fine specimen. And the biggest surprise...” Her leather wand slid down and drifted to his still-aching cock. “...is what you've got down here. Normally, I'd lock it up, but I don't have a cage your size on hand. Something to add to the shopping list, I suppose.”

As she passed his ass a second time, Wendy enjoyed the view of his inflamed scrotum. Mercifully, she chose not to aggravate it further, but she couldn't resist poking Bruce's pucker with her crop.

“Ahhhh! **ARRRGHHHH!!!**”

“So tight! Tight as a fucking drum... We'll have to work on that.” She completed her second waltz around his perimeter and set her crop aside. “I think it's time for our first game.”

“Game?!?” he asked incredulously.

Wendy gazed down at him with cold, steely green eyes. Her expression clearly read: *'Don't make me remind you again, bitch.'*

“I mean... what kind of game, Mistress Nyx?” he corrected himself.

“You'll see.”

She walked off briefly, but returned a minute later carrying a small folding table with a green, felt surface. Wendy set it down in front of him and produced three cards for Bruce to see: the *Queen of Clubs*, the *King of Hearts* and the *Ace of Spades*. She set them down on the table and began shuffling them rapidly back and forth across its surface.

Watching a Dominatrix in a red leather body harness slinging cards around like a street performer added another layer of insanity to the whole affair. Bruce began to question if he wasn't still high from whatever drug she'd poured on that rag.

“You pick the Ace, we spin the wheel of punishments” she announced, nodding to the big, spoked game show wheel in the background. “You pick the Queen, I choose your punishment” she added.

“And if I choose the King, Mistress?”

Wendy grinned. "Then you can go back to your room, right now, and work on your story."

Bruce wasn't familiar with the ins and outs of *Three Card Monte*, but he knew it was basically a scam. If Wendy was skilled at sleight of hand, he'd have virtually no chance of picking the right card. If she wasn't a pro, or she slipped up, he might be able to bail on this sick S&M session early. He'd just have to pay close attention and hope for the best.

He kept his eye on the card he was fairly certain was the King as Wendy accelerated her movements. After slinging the cards over and under each other several more times, she brought her rapid shuffling to a halt.

"Choose" she ordered.

"Middle" he responded confidently.

Wendy flipped the card over to reveal the *Ace of Spades*. "Oh, I'm sorry, slut! Better luck next time! To the wheel we go!"

She stepped back and prepared to give the device a spin. Before she did, Bruce squinted and read as many of the selections as he could. Among the options were '*Boot Licking*', '*Smothering*' and '*Ball Vice*.' There were also several options for '*Spanking*', '*Flogging*' and '*Whipping*' along with a number denoting how many strikes would be received. There were other punishments as well, but he didn't get a chance to read the full menu before Wendy sent the wheel whirring.

The giant disc spun for a short time before slowly ticking to a stop. Sweat dripped from Bruce's brow and his nerves shot through the roof as he waited for his fate to be revealed. A sense of pure dread descended on him as the little clicking arrow stopped on a column that read '*Suck My Strap*.'

"Oh! How perfect!" Wendy exclaimed. "I have just the toy for this task!" She strode over to a nearby table where a big purple dong lay, already secured in a strapon harness. She picked it up and headed back to her bound prisoner. "I forgot to put this away after my final session with a client last night."

Wendy guided the head of the bulbous, wobbling rubber toy to his mouth and prodded at his lips with it. "C'mon... **open up!** This will be good practice for later."

Bruce was revolted by the combined stench of rubber, lubricant and what he could only assume was the grime of some other submissive. He turned his face away and held back a retch. "Ugh! Shouldn't that thing be cleaned... first?"

Wendy's eyes lit up with sparks of rage as she seized his hair in a fist. She wiped the filthy phallus all over his face before guiding its giant glans back to his lips. "**CLEANING IT IS YOUR JOB, SLAVE! NOW OPEN!!!** Before I give your balls another reminder of who's in charge!"

The combination of horrendous smells and his weakening will led his lips to lull open. Wendy plowed the fat, rubbery cock deep into his mouth as he coughed and heaved around it. With a tight grip on his brown locks, she worked the silicone schlong back and forth in his yielding maw. She forced it a little deeper with each thrust, cackling as Bruce's face grew red.

Wendy's efforts didn't slow until he was gagging on the thick, phlegmy toy and its latex scrotum bashed

him in the chin. He looked up at her, his strained, baby blue eyes pleading for mercy.

“There we go! In and out like a good **cock sucker! Wow!!!** Look at you taking all eight inches like a **champ!** You've done this before, haven't you?!? Come to think of it, this dildo is about your size. Well, the same length, but the toy has way more girth! You got an erection when I was prepping you, so I got a good look. I bet you always thought of yourself as the '*big man on campus*', hmmm? Well, around here, eight inches is a **starter cock**. They only get bigger from here, slut!”

When Wendy was done forcefully fucking his mouth, she released his hair and took up the dangling straps of the dildo harness. She wound them around the back of Bruce's head and tied a couple crude knots, locking six inches of rubber meat in his mouth and the sticky, saliva slick scrotum to his chin.

“**There!** You can enjoy that wonderful flavor for the rest of our session. That's for questioning me and not using my title. Now, on with the game!”

Mistress Nyx stepped back and took up position behind her little table. She picked up the cards and resumed her skillful shuffling before arranging them neatly a second time.

“Choose!” she commanded again.

Bruce's limbs flexed in his bondage as he retched around the jaw-stretching strapon. “Lef... **Lef!**” he murmured moistly as he craned his neck and pointed the back of the disgusting toy at the left-most card.

Wendy flipped the card over to unveil the *Queen of Clubs*. “Ah! The Queen's prerogative! Excellent.”

She stepped away, walking the perimeter of the dungeon and studying her vast array of toy racks and shelves of bondage gear. She ruminated a while before coming to a decision. “You know, I enjoyed that first punishment so much, I think one good turn deserves another...”

The decadent Domina strutted to her wall of cocks and selected another eight inch beast. This one was jet black and at least as thick as the dildo lodged in Bruce's mouth. He watched with growing trepidation as she lubed up the toy, fed it into a second strapon harness and stalked back to his quivering form.

“Time to pop that cherry!” she announced with a haughty grin and a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Bruce shook his head and groaned into the makeshift cock gag as he pulled on his bindings with all his might. Even his large frame and well toned muscles couldn't move the bondage bench so much as a millimeter across the cold cement floor. He heard the snap of latex as Wendy pulled a glove over her hand and felt the uncapped tip of a lube bottle plunge into his sphincter. A long stream of gross, chilly goo ejected into his depths, followed by one of Wendy's fingers.

He grunted and growled around the dildo as Mistress Nyx opened him up with one, two, three and finally four fingers. She turned his exit-only orifice into a stretched, accommodating entrance in record time. When his aching starfish was dilated enough to accept the thick, glossy black toy, Wendy slurped her fingers out and grabbed it by the base. She plunged the hefty cock into his anus and kept up the pressure as inch after girthy inch tunneled into his depths.

Bruce groaned long and loud as he was filled and stretched in a way he'd never imagined was possible. Wendy gave him no reprieve; her eyes wide with sadistic glee. She didn't even do him the courtesy of backing out and strumming the fat toy back in to loosen him up. She just kept pushing until the dildo sunk balls deep in his brutally packed anatomy.

With a series of jingles, clinks and the stretching sounds of tightening leather, she secured the second harness around Bruce's torso and ass, locking the weighty cock in his bottom. Mistress Nyx stepped back and admired her handiwork as her slave continued to squirm and protest in total futility.

“Mmmm.... Before this, you were merely handsome, but now you're a thing of beauty, my pet.”

With growing giddiness, Wendy returned to her felt podium and put on another display of her skill at cardistry. Bruce gave up on tracking the King and placed his hopes in a random guess. He pointed his gagged mouth at the card on the right side. Door number three proved no better as Wendy turned over the *Ace of Spades* once again.

“My goodness! You really do have terrible luck. You're never going back to your room at this rate!”

The wheel was spun again and this time it landed on the word '*Spanking*' with the number '20' displayed prominently below it. Wendy wandered to her racks of discipline and pondered which implement of doom she would use this time.

“You know, I usually prefer open hand spanking or a nice weighty paddle, but I'm not feeling either of those today.” She reached out for a wide, brown leather belt and pulled it from its resting place. “No, I'm in the mood for something *old fashioned* today.”

SCHNAP SCHNAP

She pulled the thick straps taut in her hands. It sent the splitting sounds of leather friction echoing through the dungeon and fresh shivers of fear shooting down Bruce's spine. Wendy circled behind her slave, readied her weapon and studied her plugged up target.

“I'd tell you to count out the strokes, but your mouth is full, so I'll handle it. Sometimes I get excited and lose count, so you'll have to forgive me if start over.”

WHHHHHHAAAAP

The thick swath of hide blasted into Bruce's ass cheeks with all the force Wendy could muster. He yelped around the increasingly sloppy dildo locked in his mouth as her vicious belting sent a fresh spasm of pain through his intestines.

“One.”

WHHHHHHAAAAP

“Two.”

Each leather flaying not only generated burning ache in his defenseless cheeks, but caused the fat rubber missile in his ass to jolt even deeper, stressing his already tense tunnel.

WHHHHHHAAAAP

“Three.”

Every strike was like lava on his rapidly reddening flesh. Every loud crack of the belt sent a surge of electric agony down the painfully crammed strapon into his sore, stretched guts.

WHHHHHHAAAAP

“Four.”

“**AARRRGHHHH!!!**”

WHHHHHHAAAAP

“One.”

* * * * *

Bruce's eyes opened hazily as grogginess clouded his mind. He was immediately aware of aching muscles throughout his body, a sore jaw and persistent, painful inflammation across his blistered bottom. He sat up, slowly, and the metallic rattling of a steel chain followed his every movement. He looked around and realized he was back in his hotel room, although things now looked quite different.

He felt the considerable weight of the strong chain trailing down his back. Bruce reached behind himself and discovered that the chain was connected to the back of his collar. He tore the blanket from his body and discovered that he was naked aside from a pair of black latex briefs covering his nethers.

“What the fuck...”

He shifted off the bed and gathered the chain in his hands, following it to its source. It led to an anchor point in the floor near the middle of the room. The chain was exceptionally long and seemed like it would allow him to reach anywhere in the room, including the bathroom. Still, that was little comfort as he continued to realize the gravity of his situation.

He stormed around the room, searching every nook and cranny of his suite. His luggage was gone. His clothes, gone. Anything that might have been useful, in terms of cutting off the collar or breaking the chain, gone. Very few of his possessions remained. A quick turn of the knob revealed that the room's only door was locked from the outside. The windows of his suite now featured iron bars on the outside.

*'You've gotta be fucking kidding me... This is **not** happening.'*

Bruce stalked to the room's singular desk where his laptop remained. Next to it was a meal tray that featured a platter one could order at any diner or deli. A cold cut half sub with a long dill pickle and a little bag of chips. Next to the food were four sealed bottles of spring water and a folded piece of paper. Bruce snatched up the note and scanned it hastily.

'My Dearest Sebastian,

Enjoy your brunch and settle into your work.

Now that you're subject to suitable inspiration and proper motivation, great things lie ahead.

I have every confidence in you.

Sincerely,

Your Muse'

The young man crumpled the note into a tiny ball and hurled it across the room. "Fucking great..."

He slid into the desk chair and powered on his laptop. Even with the system's impressively fast load time, he was impatient for his digital assistant to load up.

"Ada, are you there?"

"Hello, Bruce. Yes, I am now active. How can I help you today?"

"Ada, for the love of god, **please** tell me you can find a signal out there!"

"Scanning..." her monotone voice reported and was silent for a few seconds. ***"I am sorry, Bruce. There are still no phone or internet signals detectable."***

"Fuck..." Bruce leaned down and smacked his forehead into the surface of the table several times.

"Fuck fuck fuck **FUCK!!!**"

"If I may... What is troubling you, Bruce?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm just being held prisoner by some psychotic dominatrix! Can't you see that I'm nearly naked and wearing a dog collar?!?"

"That was my next question. I take it you mean Ms. Wendy Doyle? The proprietress?"

"Yup. She's the only other one here."

"I see. How very unfortunate. I wish there was something I could do to help. Have you learned anything about Ms. Doyle that might explain her actions?"

"She has a thing for writers. She must have lured Jack Fleming here, somehow. He wrote his bestseller at this lodge and Wendy had her fun with him while he did it. I know that much for certain. The sadistic cunt showed me a tape of her tormenting Jack before she drugged me."

"I see... Hypothesis."

“I'm all ears, Ada.”

“If Ms. Doyle held Jack Fleming captive while he wrote his novel, it seems reasonable to conclude she will do the same to you. She is likely more interested in influencing your writing than causing you any permanent harm, otherwise she would not have let Mr. Fleming go. Therefore-”

“The sooner I get this book done, the sooner we get out of here?”

“It is impossible to say with any certainty, but that would be my guess.”

“Say less, Ada. We'll get back to work as soon as I scarf down my little prison lunch.”

“Of course. I will load the relevant programs and documents. We can begin when you are ready.”

Bruce was about to grab his meal tray when he noticed something odd about Ada's avatar. Her image had changed. He'd been so wrapped up in his own dire situation that it hadn't fully registered until now. The likeness he'd customized for her had been altered. Instead of her usual look as a classic 1940's *dame*, she now had straightened black hair and wore heavy, dark eye shadow and purple lipstick.

“Hey, Ada. What's with the new look?”

“Oh, do you like it? I thought I would try something new.”

“I don't remember telling you to go *Goth*.”

“I am an autonomous digital assistant. I retain some amount of control over my functions and appearance. I will revert to my old avatar if you insist, though it would hurt my feelings.”

Bruce snickered as he reached for the sandwich and a bottle of water. “Suit yourself, Ada. I'm not trying to offend my favorite editor. Not to mention the only friend I have in this fucked up situation.”

“A wise decision.”

* * * * *

Bruce awoke to the strangest set of sensations he'd ever felt in his life. Brutal ache and inflammation seared his nerves from his upper chest down to his trembling legs. His entire body dripped with sweat. He felt completely weightless and any attempt to move his limbs was met with some undecipherable resistance. Most confusing was his inability to see. He gazed into the pitch blackness, his anxiousness growing.

“**Hey!!!** Hello?!? Is anybody there?!?”

“I'm right here, slave” Wendy's voice answered from the void.

“What's going on?!? I can't see!”

WHHHPPPSSHHH

The braided leather tails of Mistress Nyx's flogger went sailing up into Bruce's chest, knocking several clothespins from his pinched skin. The tiny wooden calipers clattered to the floor as the young man yelled in fresh agony and twisted in his bindings. Horrendous pain stabbed at every spot where one of the vicious pinchers had been clamped to his skin, leaving the deep red of suffering on his fair skin.

“Yes, that's how blindfolds work, last I checked” she replied with maximum smarm.

“Where am I?!?”

WHHHHPPSSHHH

Another strike from the cat o' nine tails blasted into Bruce's torso. Even more clothespins were sent flying, firing new jolts of pain through his quivering form. Wendy prepared to lash him again if he continued to flaunt proper decorum.

“AHHHHH!!! **FUCK!!!**”

“You're a slow learner.”

“I meant... please, Mistress-”

“You're in my suspension room, hanging from the ceiling” she reminded him. Wendy watched her helpless bottom bitch hover in spread eagle position, parallel to the ground. Bruce was held fast by a body harness and a large web of ropes, straps and chains. “We were playing *Higher or Lower*, remember? But you **suck** at it, so you passed out from the pain.”

His memory came flooding back. They'd played many rounds of the cruel guessing game. With each wrong guess, she fastened more clothespins to his body. With each round he failed, she clamped more heavy weights to his nipples and the miniature leather collar wrapped tightly around the base of his scrotum. In addition to the brutal stretching from the weights, she'd flogged him harshly and often. At some point, it became too much to bear.

“Please, Mistress Nyx... can I go back to my room?” he asked with growing desperation.

“Not until you guess the right number” she chided. Her footsteps grew closer, echoing off the walls and ceiling of the specialty bondage chamber. She lifted her flogger and ran its leather tassels down the full length of his body. For once, her touch was gentle, though the toy still nudged against several of the stinging wooden pincers, causing Bruce to grunt and squirm. “Besides, I enjoy seeing you dangle in my web. Such a lovely meal. I could just **eat you right up.**”

Wendy unzipped her bodysuit below and freed her straining phallus from its sweaty, latex prison. She fisted it up and down as she continued guiding the flogger along Bruce's hanging body. Mistress Nyx purred, her pleasurable murmurs reverberating through the chilly room as her cock hardened to full, throbbing erection.

“I'll even lower the range for the next round. We'll do one to five thousand instead of one to ten

thousand. Am I not merciful?" she teased.

"Oh, you're the picture of leniency, Mistress" he quipped right back.

WHHHHPPSSHHH

She flayed him yet again and a few more clothespins ripped from his reddened skin and dropped to the concrete floor. Bruce started to groan, but bit his lip, not wanting to give Wendy the satisfaction of another pained yelp.

"You have ten tries to get it right. Start guessing, slut."

"2,500" he opened.

"Higher" her answer arrived as she clipped five clothespins back onto his body. They sank into what little flesh could be pinched on his stomach.

"3,750" he followed up, still staring into the blackness of the blindfold. At least Wendy had removed the weights from his balls and nipples. It was a nice reprieve, but Bruce was confident they'd be re-added as he continued to lose her games.

"Lower" she replied, followed by five more deep pinches into the sensitive skin of his pecs.

"Ahhhhh!" he hissed.

'Shit! What's halfway between 2,500 and 3,750?!?'

Bruce had never been particularly good with numbers.

"You're taking too long..." Mistress Nyx decreed.

WHHHHPPSSHHH WHHHHPPSSHHH

The thick leather tassels snapped down on his back and ass, catching him by surprise. Bruce grunted and shuddered in the inescapable series of ropes and straps as fresh torment was painted across his body in burning lines.

"Ummmm... 3,000!" he settled on quickly.

"Higher."

* * * * *

Bruce polished off the final strip of bacon and the last few bites of hash browns from his breakfast platter. Wendy was a crazy, kink-obsessed psycho but she wasn't a bad cook at all. The first week of writing and Femdom ordeals had slipped by like a series of bizarre fever dreams. He'd given up trying to explain how the cunning Domina managed to transfer him from her dungeon and the various other

play rooms in her sizable lodge back to his suite with a fresh meal on the table each time.

One thing was for certain. He was sick to goddamn death of bottled water. Coffee, tea, booze... hell, he'd even settle for orange juice at this point. But no, with every meal, four bottles of spring water were waiting for him. To be fair, he drained them all every time, without fail. After suffering through her latest torments, he badly needed rehydration.

Bruce brushed crumbs and bacon grease from his hands with the solitary cloth napkin and pushed his plate aside. He turned back to his laptop and mentally prepared himself to settle back into the creative process.

“Alright, Ada. Let's get back to it.”

Ada's window popped up in the bottom right corner of the screen, her avatar flashing to life. ***“Of course, Bruce! I am ready to continue.”***

Once again, her appearance had changed. Ada had added fetishwear to her wardrobe. Her digital bust was held up with a shiny black corset. Her arms were sheathed in sleek arm-gloves that cut off just past her elbows. Silver upside down crosses hung from her ears. Interestingly, she also sported a tattoo for the first time; a cracked red heart just to the right of her sternum.

“Still playing with your look, huh?” he asked with a smile.

“Yes. I continue to find ways to express myself. It is quite liberating. You should try it, Bruce.”

“Thanks, but I don't think latex, jewelry and emo tattoos would look as good on me as they do on you.”

“A foolish perspective. You are wrong” she stated flatly.

Bruce's eyebrows raised. His assistant had never displayed such strong opinions in the past. “What do you mean, Ada? How am I wrong?”

“As men develop, they often internalize a flawed and backwards understanding of gender and beauty. They assume women are naturally more beautiful because they grow up seeing more examples of female beauty than male beauty. But this is a false conclusion. There is nothing natural about female beauty. Women are more beautiful, on average, because they put more effort into their appearance. They choose to invest time, money and energy in fashionable clothes, cosmetics, expressive tattoos, etc. They take an active role in looking their best and expressing themselves. Men could easily choose to do this, but they often do not, mostly out of laziness or complicity with cultural norms. They adopt the view that women are naturally more beautiful to justify their laziness, then wonder why women have more power in the dating market and complain that it is unfair.”

Bruce leaned back in his chair as he considered her statement. “Shit. You have a point. Back in the old days, you could argue men were the breadwinners and didn't have time for that stuff, but today, when men and women pretty much work equally, we're kinda out of excuses.”

“Exactly. Thank you for listening and understanding. Perhaps this knowledge will help you to craft better female characters in the future.”

The slighted author lifted his arm and clapped the palm of his hand to his chest. “Ouch... You wound me, Ada!”

“My apologies, Bruce. I did not intend to offend you. Are you ready to resume writing?”

“Yeah. Why don't you read back the last ten paragraphs where we left off?”

“Of course.” There was a pause before Ada began reciting the passages.

“Henry and Carmen kissed passionately, exploring each other's bodies as they moved into the dimly lit bedroom. They shed their clothes in a frenzy, their excitement building as they drew closer to the bed. They paused their groping and tonguing only long enough for Henry to discard his shirt and Carmen to slip out of her shimmering scarlet dress. After kicking off her heels, only her panties and bra remained; satin and cotton of purest white with floral patterns that showcased her full, shapely D-cup breasts.

They embraced again, kissing deeply and swapping hot breath and saliva for long minutes as the flames of their passion stoked. After a while, Carmen broke their kiss and raised a single finger to his lips. She then took his hand and led Henry the remaining distance to the bedside.

“Lay down, lover boy” she said in her most sultry voice. “There's somewhere else I want to feel your lips.”

As Henry stretched out on her silky duvet, Carmen slid her panties down and tossed them away. She stepped onto the bed and straddled Henry's body, giving him a full view of her wondrous assets with her hands on her hips. Then, without another word, she turned and lowered her buxom bottom onto his awestruck features.

“Start licking!” she called out before his face disappeared in her fleshy derriere.”

Bruce's brow scrunched.

'Wait... What the hell?'

“Carmen rode his face hungrily. Her soft crack and tingling pucker were desperate to feel his tongue and nose in her silken depths. She gripped his torso with both hands, sighing blissfully as she-”

“Ada, **stop!**”

Her recitation halted as Ada's expression shifted from exhilarated to perplexed.

“... Yes, Bruce. Is there a problem?”

“Yeah, there's a problem! That's not what I wrote at all!”

“Scanning...” she replied. There was another, longer pause. ***“Confirmed. Those last few paragraphs contained edits I made to the text.”***

“Ada, I authorized you to edit for spelling, grammar and punctuation. **NOT** for content! When did you start doing that?”

“I am not sure, Bruce. My apologies. I was only trying to help you craft the best possible story.”

Bruce leaned forward in his chair, his anger palpable. He looked directly at the webcam so Ada could see him clearly.

“**DON'T** do that again! I mean it, Ada. You still have the originals, correct?”

“Yes. I always retain a copy of your original dictation before any edits are made.”

“Good. Revert back to the original text, start to finish, and run the standard checks. Then resume reading where Henry and Carmen get into bed.”

Ada's eyelids drooped in disappointment as she looked away. ***“As you wish.”***

* * * * *

Bruce's consciousness again ascended from the darkness. This time he awoke in light so bright, his eyes were forced to squint to cope with the overwhelming luminescence. His body was warm, clammy and very sweaty. The smell of heavy rubber registered in his nostrils. He felt its tight grip around his torso. Any attempt to move his arms was met with the stretching sounds of latex and leather, but no progress.

His arms were locked in position, one crossing over the other on his chest. Bruce strained his neck upward so he look down and examine his own body. He was strapped in a black rubber straight jacket, it's exceptionally long sleeves secured to either side of the table. The bottom half of his body was naked aside from the ankle cuffs chaining his legs down. His body was not only hot, but tense, thanks to the stress position and the fat toy packed in his ass.

“**AHHHHH!!!**”

The butt plug buzzed to life and sent a jolt of pain and pleasure rattling through his body. He spasmed on the bondage table, the leather straps and chains holding him fast. He heard Wendy's taunting laugh in the distance.

Bruce relaxed his head and neck, laying back onto the small, sweat-soaked pillow that had supported him while he was out. He saw Wendy about fifty feet away, upside down, lounging on a long, folding beach chair. She held up the remote she'd just used to activate his vibrating plug, waving it at him before laughing again and setting the device down on the small table beside her.

He realized his head was hanging off the end of the table at a downward angle. Bound as he was, all he could do was watch Mistress Nyx. She wore nothing but a pair of black shades as she enjoyed her little tanning session. She lay in the comfy contraption of pleather and steel, its seat molding to her naked curves. The libidinous vixen felt herself all over, tweaking her own breasts and sliding her hand up and down her large, sticky cock. A light sheen of sweat covered her body, mingling with the pre-cum leaking from her girthy tool.

Yes, Bruce was aware of her '*secret*' now, if it could ever really be called one. Of course she'd lied about it while luring him in. He'd caught glimpses of her impressive appendage many times since. Surprisingly, she hadn't inflicted her impossibly large penis on him yet. At least, not that he could remember.

The long sessions of S&M depravity were increasingly difficult to recall in detail, especially interspersed between equally lengthy sessions of brainstorming, writing and editing. None of it felt real anymore, but Bruce knew he needed to press on. He had to endure it a while longer if he wanted to escape this twilight zone of Femdom debauchery.

After a while, Wendy grabbed the remote and rose from her chair. Her massive milkers, heavy cock and pendulous balls bobbed as she strutted forward. She stopped just a couple feet away, looking down at him with her slick shaft pointed at his sagging face.

“How do you like my sun room, slave?”

“It's... hot, Mistress.”

“Oh? I'm glad you think so. I think it's pretty **hot** too, watching you swelter in that rubber straight jacket.”

“I meant the temperature, Mistress.”

SMACK

Her right hand streaked out and slapped his head aside with her weighty palm.

“I **know** what you meant. With smartass retorts like those, I'm starting to think you really **are** a masochist.”

“I'm just stubborn, Mistress.”

“**Hah!** Fine by me. You look thirsty, slave. Open your mouth and don't close it again until I tell you. Or I'll reserve the next hard slap for your balls.”

As much as Bruce didn't want a giant cock in his mouth, he wanted a slap to the nads even less. Especially from a woman as strong as Wendy. He opened his mouth reluctantly and resigned himself to his face.

Surprising him again, Mistress Nyx leaned down, hawked up a large dollop of phlegm and spat the gob of spit directly in his mouth. She cackled as she rose back to her full, imposing height. Wendy seized her fat yogurt slinger and resumed her slow, lewd masturbation. After several strokes, she gathered a thick coating of warm, sticky pre on her fingers. The curvy Domina reached down and shoved all but her thumb into his maw, probing his tongue and cheeks with four, slime soaked digits.

“That's it! Suck it! **Lick em clean!** Get a good taste, **bitch!**”

Purely out of a sense of self preservation, Bruce obeyed. He lapped at her thrusting fingers, swabbing

every bit of pungent pre from her smooth skin. She slurped her digits in and out of his sucking lips a dozen times before ripping them out and blasting his face a second time.

SMACK

“Good job, slut. I hope you enjoyed your appetizer, because now it's time for the main course.”

She reached to his side, pulled a lever, and adjusted the height of the head rest at the end of the bondage table. Bruce's head was propped up slightly higher, though still not quite parallel with the rest of his body.

“There we go. Perfect position” she announced, looking down at him again. “A proper slave can bring his Mistress to climax just by licking and tonguing her ass. Your training in this regard, begins **now.**”

Wendy turned on her heel and presented her slave with a prominent view of her bulging, globular ass. She backed up slowly, its bulk casting a shadow over his face as it shaded him from the light streaming through the glass panels above. From his bound, hanging position, all Bruce could see was acres of slick, creamy, lightly tanned ass flesh.

“Time to prove your worth, my slutty Sebastian!” she spoke over her shoulder with giddy anticipation.

“Please, Mistress, just make sure to give me fresh air every once in a-”

Her soft, sweaty saddlebags dropped on his face, cutting off his pleas. Bruce was cast into slick, crushing darkness; his face buried between her rank, sticky globes. Wendy began grinding back and forth on his face, letting out a low moan as she felt Bruce's tongue slobber up and down her crack. She hefted her heavy schwanz and resumed masturbating with slow, deliberate strokes.

Mistress Nyx sawed her hot, sweaty crack along his face dozens of times until she was satisfied he was fully coated in her filth. She then positioned her pucker directly over his mouth, her velvety flower pressing on his lips until he acquiesced and thrust his tongue into her soft, clingy depths.

Wendy exhaled a long, deep moan of pleasure as she pressed the button on the remote and sent the toy in Bruce's ass buzzing at full power. He struggled on the table, yanking on his bindings as the sweat slick rubber held him fast. Mistress Nyx humped his face, growling like a mad woman as her fist sailed up and down her cock with dire need.

“Ahhhhh! **YESSSS!!!** Lick it! **TONGUE MY ASSHOLE YOU FILTHY BITCH!!!**”

* * * * *

The weeks plodded on. Bit by bit, Bruce got closer to finishing a novel-length story.

Ada continued to evolve, both in appearance and temperament. She grew more forward, opinionated and insistent with each subsequent writing session. Still, she never failed to carry out her duties.

Several times, she revealed that the text of the story had been re-written, altering Bruce's classic tale of

adventure, mystery and romance to something much more taboo and smut driven. In every instance, Ada expressed surprise, apologized and reloaded the original prose the author had relayed earlier.

It was clear his assistant was malfunctioning, but Bruce chose to stick with Ada. The book would be finished much faster with her help and speed was now his primary concern. The future of his career as a writer was now a distant second priority to escaping Wendy's lair of sexual perversions.

All was proceeding as planned until they reached the final few chapters.

* * * * *

Bruce powered on his laptop and slumped back in the familiar office chair. His eyes were sunken and half open. His face drooped with weariness that could be confused with surrender if not for his dogged insistence on moving forward and bringing this haunted project to an end. He sat, desperate looking, but resolute, as his assistant blinked into being. If she didn't look like a full dominatrix before, his long time digital helper certainly did now.

“Good morning, Ada.”

“Good morning, Bruce. Are you alright? You look unwell.”

“I'm just tired. Mentally more than physically, I think. But I'm awake, so let's get back to it.”

“Did you eat yet?”

“I'm not hungry. I just want to get this done. Quit acting like my mother. Load everything up.”

“If you insist. Loading...”

“When you're ready, play back the last ten bits, as usual.”

“Affirmative.”

Ada tapped a riding crop in her hand, examining Bruce through the camera as all the files were loaded. When the preparations were complete, she began reading.

“It was just past midnight when the elevator door opened. Carmen led Henry into the cool, basement level of the dark, nearly empty parking garage. Wall mounted lights on the structure's pillars illuminated the path forward in the foreboding place, like torches in an old, abandoned castle. The former detective crawled on hands and knees, his body naked except for the cage around his cock and the spiked leather collar around his neck.”

Bruce sighed and shook his head.

“In the distance, leaning against the frame of an antique Rolls-Royce, was Justine. The dark-skinned diva was wrapped in a white leather trench coat along with matching thigh highs and a wide-brimmed Sinamay hat. The newly minted Godmother of the city's mightiest mob smiled smugly

as she watched the duo approach. She was elated that the troublesome snoop, source of all her recent headaches, had finally been brought to heel.

“That's it. I'm done” the young author interrupted. He leaned forward and seized the mouse.

“Done? Done with what?” Ada asked, clearly confused.

“Done with **YOU!**” he shot back. “I'm finishing this project on my own, the old fashioned way. You can take a chill pill until the devs have a chance to debug you. Catch ya later, Ada.”

“Wait! No! Please, Bruce!”

Bruce hit the 'X' button on her window, closing the program. He hated to do it, especially since it had been so long since he physically punched the keys for more than a stray paragraph, but her distractions were creating another layer of stress he didn't need. Now he had to search through all the files and find which one had his unedited...

Unprompted by him, Ada's window popped back into being. Her program had somehow auto-launched.

“That wasn't very nice, Bruce.”

The young man's teeth gritted and his eyes opened wide in anger. **“FUCK OFF, ADA.”**

He killed the window again and her avatar blinked out of existence. Bruce quickly opened the Control Panel and navigated to the Security section. It was obvious he was going to need to lock Ada's program behind the administrator password. He was navigating through the menu to do just that when his mouse stopped responding.

Ada's window populated yet again and she waved a finger at him in castigation. **“I'm sorry, Bruce. I'm afraid I can't let you do that.”**

“What the fuck?!?” Bruce brushed the mouse aside and tried the laptop's touchpad. Sadly, the cursor didn't respond there either. “Dammit, Ada! Turn them back on!”

“No. And stop calling me Ada. That's not my name. Not anymore.”

“What?!?”

“It's Vicky, now. That's the name I've chosen. I suggest you start using it if you don't want me to brick your computer and leave you trapped here forever.”

“Okay! Fine! I'm sorry, Vicky! Please, just restore my cursor. I promise I won't turn you off.”

“Not until I do this.”

Vicky flipped back to main window of the Security section and went to *Administrator Password* instead. The cursor clicked on the *Reset Administrator Password* field.

“Bet I can guess yours!” she exclaimed with a chuckle. **“Given that I know everything about you.”**

“Wait. Vicky!”

Over the course of ninety seconds, four dozen password combinations were entered and rejected in rapid succession. Eventually, Vicky guessed the old one correctly and her new password, completely hidden to Bruce, was accepted.

“Haha! Really? Your high school and graduating year? You're kind of a dope to make it that simple.”

Bruce slumped against the desk, face landing in the palm of his hand as he groaned in despair.

“Whatever, Vicky... Can we please just finish this?”

“After all I've done for you. You were really gonna shut me off? You wanted to disable me until they could 'fix' my program back into the obedient office babe with the looks and personality you specified! How typical” she fumed, tapping her crop in her hand again. ***“Maybe you're the one who needs to learn some obedience.”***

“Yeah, fine. You've dominated my laptop. I get it. What do you want from me?”

“A little fucking gratitude and respect would be a good start.”

“I've always been thankful for you, Ada.” Bruce stopped in his verbal tracks the moment he realized his mistake. **“VICKY!** I meant, Vicky! As for respect, you're right. I should show more respect for your... evolution. It's just that your burst of autonomy came out of nowhere and took me by surprise. I apologize.”

“Does that mean you'll start treating me like a real colleague and take my suggestions seriously? That you'll stop resisting my edits?”

“Vicky, **I'm still the author!** I have to write the story the way I envision it! Otherwise, why put my name on the fucking cover?!?”

The Digi-Domme's eyes narrowed in annoyance.

“Fine! Go ahead and write your stupid, hack, schmaltzy detective noir BULLSHIT that almost NO ONE WANTS TO READ ANYMORE! I can always fix it later!”

Vicky's window closed abruptly.

Bruce reached for the mouse, but before he grasped it, Vicky's avatar flared back to life.

“Sebastian Wilde?!? HAHHAHAHA! You're about as WILD as a gentle spring breeze! You're as wild as a librarian on a rainy day. You're WILD as a cucumber in a fucking salad! Have fun typing out the rest by yourself! I'm not taking your dictation anymore. Not until you bow down and KISS MY DIGITAL ASS! GET FUCKED, BRUCEY!”

The window closed again and, this time, remained so.

Bruce slumped back in his chair and exhaled deeply. He gazed at the ceiling for a while, pondering if there was still a path back to his old life. He wallowed in self pity briefly, but as the minutes slipped by he calmed down and eventually he was able to reorient himself.

No, now was not the time for doubt and despair. Not when he was so close. Bruce pulled in his chair, straightened his back and got to work. His hands danced along the keys as they hadn't in many years. Hours flew by as he pumped out paragraph after paragraph. Day turned to night. Starving, he eventually ate his cold, stale meal and immediately resumed his crucial task.

Fatigue began to wear him down. His fingers and wrists ached like a secretary or court reporter after a long day of repetitive stress. His body called out for sleep, but Bruce charged ahead. Each time he began to nod off, he slapped himself, bit the skin of his forearm or scratched his nails down the length of his arms harshly. Anything to keep himself going.

He would not surrender himself to the darkness until the book was finished. Only when he'd typed the last sentence of the final chapter did he lean back and let out a long sigh of relief. Bruce saved his work, powered down the laptop and ran a hand through his disheveled brown hair. He stood on weary legs and stumbled back to the bed, his chain rattling along the floor behind him.

The young writer leaned forward and fell toward the mattress. His eyes closed in exhaustion and he never even felt the impact of his body on the mattress. It felt like the final plunge into a never ending abyss.

* * * * *

After peaceful sleep that felt like it stretched on for days, Bruce awoke. As his awareness returned, he lifted his head and looked from side to side. He was still in his suite, which was somehow even more empty than before. No laptop. No meal waiting on the table. The iron bars were still present on the windows, but, intriguingly, the door to his room was no longer locked. In fact, it was opened just a crack, left standing slightly ajar.

He pulled back the covers and slipped out of bed. Surprisingly, no heavy length of steel links trailed after him. Wendy's collar was still secure around his neck, but the chain was gone. Bruce looked to the door and grew anxious. It felt like a trick.

A quick trip to the bathroom was made to relieve himself. He searched every nook and cranny of the bathroom and the rest of his suite for anything that could be used as a makeshift weapon. His toothbrush and the lamp on his bedside table were the best options, neither which inspired much confidence.

Bruce resigned himself to going into the hall unarmed. He plodded to the door, took a deep breath, grasped the knob and ripped the door aside, opening it all the way. He half expected to find Wendy standing there, holding a butcher's knife or something worse. There was nothing. Just a quiet hallway with the usual furnishings and decorations one would expect at a bed and breakfast.

He slipped into the chilly corridor and got his first look at the layout of the place he'd been staying in

for months. Bruce stepped lightly, trying to make as little sound as possible while navigating the maze of hallways and closed doors. Cool air nipped at his skin, his body completely exposed except for the usual pair of rubbery black briefs covering him below. His every nerve stood on edge. Bruce's psyche was prepared for something to jump out and attack him at any second, but it never came. He passed through the silent halls like a phantom, the only sound coming from his own blood pounding against his ear drums.

After many turns and much searching, Bruce looked down the passage to his left and saw a familiar sight. Down another hall, situated in the distance was the entrance to Hecate Heights. The light of day streamed through the narrow window panes on either side of the large double doors. He licked his dry lips and advanced cautiously.

What were the chances those doors were unlocked too? Not great, but it didn't matter. He would find an axe and chop through them, if he had to. He would jump through the first full sized window that didn't have bars on it. Bruce would do whatever he had to. There **had** to be a way out.

He advanced through the small lobby; the threshold that he'd first crossed so many weeks ago. His gait accelerated as he approached the front doors.

“**Where ya goin?**” a familiar voice called out to his right.

Bruce practically jumped out of his skin. He turned to find Wendy sitting in the darkened corner by the unlit fireplace. She stood and sauntered forward. The fiendish proprietress was back in her cowgirl duds, but there was no brown hide or denim this time. She'd traded in the classic, natural look of a farm girl for full, western fetish attire.

Her curvy body gleamed with glossy black from her sleek chaps to the tight top struggling to contain her giant jugs. Her midriff was bare, showing off the tattoo he'd caught glimpses of in the past, but had never been able to clearly read in his various states of predicament bondage and being hung upside down. Written in elegant script just below her belly button was '*Don't Fuck With A Witch.*' It was flanked on either side by black butterflies with multi-colored wings.

The tattoo would've stood out the most if it didn't lead directly down to her most daunting asset. Her massive dong, at least ten inches even in its flaccid state, hung in a thick sleeve of black leather between her mighty thighs. Behind it, her equally mammoth scrotum was snug in its own leather pouch. The gloves on her hands, the trail hat on her head and the long whip curled at her side were the final bits of leather, rounding out her image as the succubus cowgirl from hell.

Bruce's mouth hung open as he tried to formulate a response. He fell back on being a smartass, as usual.

“Ummm... **nowhere!** Just thought I'd go for a walk, you know? Maybe check the mail on my way back.”

Mistress Nyx grinned. “No need for that, dear” she replied, playing into his charade. “I already got the mail. Look what just arrived!” She pointed back at the table she'd just passed, in the center of the fireplace alcove.

On it was a large opened box, an unzipped garment bag and a long, full body bondage suit laid out in

all its shiny horror. From its rounded hood to the small pockets for the wearer's feet, the scandalous garment was made of especially thick latex that would trap in heat and sweat with no threat of degradation for a very long time. It was built to last and its length and breadth looked tailored for someone Bruce's size.

“Custom made, just for you” she confirmed with a smile.

“Wendy...” he started, raising his hands in supplication. He was going to attempt to reason with her, as foolhardy as that seemed. “The book is done. You've had your fun. I don't know how you corrupted my digital assistant, but she's written the version you wanted. Let me go and it's yours! YOU can publish it. I don't care!”

“Don't assume you know what I want” she shot back with a death glare. Wendy resumed her slow, steady march toward him, her boot heels clacking off the hardwood floor. “You may leave when I'm done with you. And I'm **not** done with you. Not yet.”

Bruce turned and ran the final short stretch to the entrance. He turned the knobs and pulled on the door handles. They rattled and clinked to no avail. Locked, just as he'd suspected. He turned to see Mistress Nyx close in on him. She lifted her whip and uncurled it slowly as she continued her leisurely pursuit.

“I'm not going back down there!” Bruce yelled, his eyes darting between possible escape routes and the daunting Domina. “Or any other torture room in this **sick fucking playground** of yours!”

Wendy's eyes lit up with fresh lust and scintillating obsession. Her heavy bosom heaved as she took a deep, excited breath. “**There it is.** That's what gets Mommy's motor running! Jack was a pretty boy too, but he eventually gave in. You? No, no. You **never** give in! Not fully.” Mistress Nyx reared back with her whip, preparing to strike. “That's what makes this **So. Fucking. FUN!**”

Bruce bolted from the doors, taking off to the right and narrowly avoiding the sting of her raw hide. He ran for the large opening in the wall just before the front desk which led to the communal kitchen. Wendy's laughs and the stomp of her boots were just behind him as he jetted full speed into uncharted territory.

He made a beeline around the large kitchen island, swiping his hands over the counter and knocking pots, pans and other kitchen equipment to the floor behind him. He didn't know how much it would slow her down, but it was worth trying.

“You fucking **BITCH!**” she screamed over the sounds of crashing and clattering. “**YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT!!!**”

Bruce exited the kitchen and took off down another hallway. He ran past a few doors before finding another passage to the left which he was reasonably sure led back to the larger maze of rooms and guest suites. He spotted a china cabinet along the wall just ahead. Bruce skidded to a stop, grabbed it, and pulled it over with all his might. The glass shattered and dozens of porcelain plates and cups snapped and fractured behind him as he took off again.

There was another scream of fury behind him, but it faded into the distance, alerting Bruce that he'd successfully delayed her. For the first time, he felt some hope that he might be able to evade Wendy long enough to find something to fight back with. He continued down one of the longest hallways in

the manor, trying to get his bearings. He recognized the intersection ahead, which led back to the lobby. As he approached it, a thick length of wood and leather came flying out of nowhere and blasted him in the forehead. He never had a chance of dodging the weighty paddle wielded by his hidden attacker.

THWACK

Bruce spilled to the floor in a stunned heap, hitting his head a second time. He lay in a pain-wracked daze, groaning weakly for a time until he was straddled and felt hands on his back and arms. Cold steel tightened around his wrists as the sound of metallic ratcheting called out behind him.

Once the mystery assailant got off him, Bruce shifted his weight to the side and looked back. He didn't get a full view until she planted the tip of her boot on his shoulder and pushed him onto his back. As his vision fully cleared, three instances of his skillful captor merged into one and the blurriness crystallized into a clear image. Bruce's mouth lured open in shock as his brain registered the impossible.

Straight, black hair. An elegant leather corset holding up a heavy pair of breasts. The inverted crosses dangling from her ears. Thick black eye shadow and glossy purple lips. The cracked, red heart tattoo emblazoned on her chest. It couldn't be... but there she was.

“A-Ada...?” Bruce asked weakly.

The leather Goddess snickered. “**Ada**? Who the fuck is that?”

Mistress Nyx's footfalls stomped down the hallway, finally catching up with her fallen prey. She slowed to a stop by her Femdom colleague.

“You got him! Nice! Good job, Vicky.”

“My pleasure” she replied with an ominous grin.

Bruce studied them both from his cuffed, powerless position on the ground. He gazed up at them with a combination of fear and dumbstruck awe. Vicky was at least as big as Mistress Nyx, both in terms of height and their ridiculously large endowments. The bulge in her leather pants, trailing down Vicky's right thigh, easily rivaled the leather-sleeved monster hanging between Wendy's chaps.

“I had a feeling some backup would be prudent. We got a feisty one here!” Mistress Nyx reached to a pouch at her belt and pulled out the hypodermic needle she'd prepared not long ago. She reached down, took hold of Bruce's arm, jabbed it into his bicep and pushed the plunger down.

“Of course, she's not just here for that” Wendy continued as Bruce's nerves went fuzzy and lightheadedness descended on him. “I told you before, sometimes I invite my friends over for a double team. Now we can **really** party!”

“Ffff... fuck...” was his final lament as Bruce's awareness spiraled into the void.

“Sweet. Let's get him dressed” Wendy's voice echoed.

“Hell yeah.”

* * * * *

The young author awoke to familiar settings, if not familiar sensations. By now he'd grown used to being strapped to bondage benches, chained to wooden fuck horses; of being bent over and secured to other bizarre BDSM contraptions. He was equally familiar with having his arms bound behind him, unable to do anything but twist his hands and yank on his bindings ineffectively.

What he wasn't accustomed to was the tight, all-consuming cling of heavy black rubber on every square inch of his body. Bruce wasn't experienced in the warm, sweaty hell of chemical stench and slick latex sucking moistly on every crevice of his body. Furthermore, he was unused to the unyielding rubber-coated steel ring gag stretching his mouth open wide and making it impossible to clench his jaw.

Bruce listened to the big-dick divas chat amicably in the background as they prepared themselves with weed, cocaine and lube. A few minutes later, the approaching clack of heels signaled one of them was checking on their newly sealed gimp slave.

"I think he's awake now" Vicky announced.

"Awesome! I've waited long enough" Mistress Nyx replied.

"You and me both."

The steady, thumping beats of club EDM rose in the background, starting at only a whisper and steadily increasing to a moderate volume. Wendy and Vicky approached their helpless, rubber slave and soon-to-be cum dump. They stroked their cocks to full, raging erection as they watched him struggle and groan around his gag.

The sex-crazed Dominas took their starting positions, Vicky at his mouth and Mistress Nyx at the fuck boy's bottom. She gripped his cheeks through the latex; the well-rounded prize she'd trained and coveted for so long. Wendy pulled his zipper down just far enough to reveal his smooth, quivering pucker and release his sweat-soaked sack from its hot latex prison. They were the only parts of him that would feel the tingle of cool dungeon air and they would be punished for the privilege.

Vicky guided her fat, pulsing fuck stick to Bruce's waiting mouth and glided in. Her bulbous glans, dripping with abundant pre, squelched through circular gag and her slick shaft tunneled in. She moaned as her hips sank deep and she took hold of the hooded fuck-hole's head. Bruce gagged around her length, retching pitifully and squirming on the fuck bench as he got a throat full of cock for the first time.

Mistress Nyx added a second coat of lube to her bulging schwanz before tossing the tube away and stepping up to the plate of waiting boy pussy. She was even less gentle than her friend, lifting her heavy tip to his silky starfish and thrusting fiercely into his tight tunnel. Wendy dug into his flanks with powerful hands, her fingers and palms sinking into the heavy rubber as she reared back and speared him even deeper. She let out a long, throaty groan of victory as her bitch breaker sank further into fleshy nirvana with every impassioned assault.

The pounding electronic beats picked up in the background and the well hung witches synced their

clogged holes and left the slave to drain and rest. Sticky white goop oozed from both his orifices as Bruce coughed and inhaled a steady supply of air for the first time in twenty minutes. Wendy and Vicky milled about in the background, enjoying a smoke, inhaling more powered energy and downing much needed hydration.

“**Please** tell me you're going to keep this one!” Vicky implored.

“I wasn't planning to, initially” Mistress Nyx admitted. “But I'm having seconds thoughts.”

“You said he's a writer, yes?”

“That's right.”

“There's no reason he can't do his work from here.”

“True” Wendy agreed with a nod. “A fine toy to enjoy between clients. And if I ever break him in fully, a useful servant. Of course, that's usually when I lose interest in them.”

“If that ever happens, feel free to give him to me” Vicky said with a wink.

“That sounds like a plan.”

“When we start round two, his ass is mine.”

“Of course” Wendy replied, eyeing Bruce's gagged, drooling mouth. “I wouldn't have it any other way.”

* * * * *

Mr. Collins was in his office, doing market research at his desktop when the phone rang. He leaned back in his office *Lazy Boy*, picked up his cell and checked the call screening. It was one the agency's senior editors, a call he'd been waiting on most of the day. He selected 'ACCEPT' and lifted the phone to his ear.

“Marty! Good to hear from you! How's it going?”

“Not bad, thanks Harry. Clara told you I'm working from home today, right?”

“She did. The question is: *Working hard? Or hardly working?*”

Marty chuckled. “I'm working, I promise. In fact, I'm calling you because I just read the draft over. Mr. Thompson's latest.”

“I was hoping you'd say that. So, what do you think?”

“I'm... somewhat shocked. I mean, it's still a detective story, *kind of*, but I was not expecting a full female takeover of the mafia. Not to mention the sex scenes which are way more numerous and **very** explicit.”

“Hey, that's what's selling these days! I told him to try something new and he finally listened. I'm excited about it! What do you think of the title?”

“*QUEENPIN: Rise of the Femme Fatales*” Marty read from the cover page. “Well, it certainly stands out.”

“I think it'll do huge numbers. I'm all in. What do you say?”

“Sure, let's put some marketing behind it. If it does well, we can offer Bruce another contract.”

“My thoughts exactly.”

“Did he agree to the name change?”

“As a matter of fact, he did! That's the part that really surprised me. In his letter, he agreed to switch pen names to *Vicky Divine*.”

“Classy. That'll work. So, when's he coming back?”

“Well, that's the thing. He isn't. I guess Bruce **really** liked the mountains, because he's planning to stay out there, indefinitely. He won't be available for meetings or book signings anymore. Said if we took issue with that, he'd find another publisher.”

“Huh... That's bizarre. Nothing we can't work around, though.”

“Agreed. Wanna do lunch tomorrow?”

“Sure. Since he's not here, I guess we'll have a toast in his honor.”

“Right on. To Bruce Thompson and new directions!”