

## The Spark

A chill wind blew across the gas station lot as Jack pulled out his phone, relieved to see he still had a signal. He was deep in the countryside and there were some final phone calls to make before heading into the true no-man's land of the mountains. He pulled up his calling app, switched to his address book and tapped on the entry for his agent.

As he waited for an answer, Jack paced about. He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose before putting his spare hand in his pocket to conserve warmth. The sweater and jacket he was wearing had served him well so far, but he would need to put on a heavier coat before continuing. It would only grow colder as the roads elevated.

His short, dark blonde hair waved in the breeze as his deep blue eyes peered into the distance. The accomplished writer was in his late thirties, yet he didn't have the typical writer's body. He'd managed to stay relatively fit, partnering his long sessions at the keyboard with regular visits to the gym. Jack did mostly cardio and light weights, which kept him trim, healthy and vibrant.

After several rings, a deep, familiar feminine voice spoke into his ear.

“Jack! I wasn't sure I'd hear from you again before your disappearing act. How's my favorite author?”

“Doing fine, Margo. Just thought I'd check in before I get out of cell range.”

“About to head into the mountains?”

“Yep. I just gassed up. Taking off as soon as I make a few calls.”

“Got everything you need?”

“I think so.”

“You know how cold it is up there, right? Did you bring enough warm clothes? Oh, and food! I told you they only serve breakfast, didn't I?”

“What are you, my mother? Yeah, I read the website before booking the trip. I got clothes and enough staples to last me a while.”

“**A while?** What if it's not enough?”

“Then I'll make a trip down to get more food. This gas station has plenty of stuff.”

“Ugh... I can see the headline now. *Famed Author Dies of Food Poisoning!*”

“Oh, stop it. And I'm not **that** famous.”

“You're my biggest client, so please be careful.”

"I will. Look, can you do something for me while I'm gone?"

"What do you need?"

"Give Emily a call now and then. You know how she gets when I'm away."

"Sure. I'll check in on her, but it's you she wants to hear from."

"I'm calling her next. I'll be in touch when I can, but once I get *the spark* back, you might not hear from me for a while. Assuming I get it, that is."

"Of course you will. You always do. I'm sure your mojo is waiting in the mountains."

"Thanks, Margo. For everything. I'll see you next month. Hopefully with a first draft in hand."

"You'd better" she quipped playfully. "You're welcome. Enjoy your getaway, Jack. Call me if you need anything."

"Will do."

He smiled and ended the call. With a quick scroll through his contact list, he found his wife and tapped her name. Jack raised the phone back to his ear and looked to the horizon. He admired the towering mountain peaks in the distance. The phone on the other end rang only twice before being answered.

"**Hello?** Jack?!?"

"Hey beautiful."

"I'm so glad you called! Did you get my text with the weather update? They say it's definitely going to snow in the higher elevations where you're headed. It's making me nervous. Is everything OK?"

"Yes, I got the text. Everything's fine. I'm about to head up. Won't have any service on the mountain. Just the phone at the B&B. How are you this anxious already? I've only been gone a few hours."

"You know how. I worry because I love you. And I'm already missing you..."

"I love you too, honey. I'm sorry I have to do this again, but you know how it is. This is my process. When the juices aren't flowing, I gotta get away for a while."

"I know. I just wish you had picked somewhere less out of the way."

"It looked perfect on the website. Margo talked to the owner before recommending it. Apparently, the lady who runs the place is a big fan. She cleared the calendar just for me."

"**A fan?** Why didn't you mention that before?!?"

"Relax. I'm sure it'll be fine. If I get *Annie Wilkes* vibes, I'll head right back, I promise."

Emily let out an exhausted sigh. “Don't even joke about that! And **be careful** on those roads! Go slow, especially if it's snowing.”

“Of course. This jeep is kitted out for the mountains, so I should be good to go.”

“Call me as soon as you get there.”

“As soon as I'm there and settled in, I will.”

“Okay... I love you!”

“Love you too, babe. These trips always fly by. I'll be back before you know it.”

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A half hour dragged by as Jack drove up cold, gray roads with increasingly worn markings. The yellow and white lines had been painted so long ago, they were barely visible for long stretches. As he headed into the higher elevations, it was easy to see why the road got so little attention. There was no traffic. It seemed almost no one drove into this barren country.

And why would they? There was no ski resort at the end of this long, twisting highway. No grand view or famous hunting ground. Just a cozy bed & breakfast and endless wilderness atop a thoroughly ordinary, yet somewhat precarious mountain range. There was nothing else for dozens of miles if the pictures and maps online were accurate.

The road and the weather grew increasingly treacherous the farther Jack drove. He reduced speed as gusting snow flew at the windshield and the path's sharp turns took more skill to navigate. The radio, his only companion on the drive, grew fuzzy and began to fade in and out between bursts of jarring static. He cursed and killed the broadcast. He was left with nothing but the howling wind, the swish-swish of window wipers and the purring engine of the rented Jeep Grand Cherokee in his ears.

The half hour of driving stretched into an hour and beyond. Jack grew increasingly frustrated as the weather grew even worse. The online map had implied the drive should take only forty minutes. The gas attendant said it might be an hour if the weather was bad. He was well past that now.

Just as he was beginning to entertain the idea of turning around, the snowfall thinned and began to clear up. He emerged at the highest point on the lonesome road, which grew increasingly slender and narrowed into one big lane. The light of day shone through the clouds and illuminated the snow into an almost blinding white.

After several more turns, Jack saw his destination in the distance and breathed a sigh of relief. A thin column of smoke rose from a large chimney into the crisp mountain air. The large, two story building stood out prominently from the half-frozen trees and blankets of fresh white powder. The SUV labored up the cold, muddy trail, completing its long journey and crunching to a stop just before the building's entrance.

A set of stone stairs led up to the establishment's long wrap-around porch. A large sign hung over the

entrance proclaiming the estate's name boldly: '**HECATE HEIGHTS.**' Mounted on the support beams leading up to the sign were two iron-framed, glass enclosed wall sconces that lit up brightly with three bulbs each. Even in the light of day, they shined like bright torches.

*'Finally...'*

Jack killed the engine and stepped out of the vehicle. He shivered instantly, bristling at how much colder it was on the mountain than where he'd been eighty minutes ago. He opened the side door and back hatch, pulling out several pieces of his luggage. Just as he was loading himself up, he heard a door open and the sound of boots clomping across the porch.

He looked up to see a woman in a long, black leather trench coat descending the staircase. Its color was matched by her shoulder-length hair, leather pants and the shiny boots that covered her feet and trailed up her toned calves. Jack's brow lifted and his eyes grew as big as silver dollars as he got his first glance at the owner. The cowgirl hat aside, she looked like she'd just stepped off the set of *The Matrix*.

“Hello!” she said with a wave and a smile. The surprisingly tall woman strode around the vehicle and directly to his side. Even in riding boots with only one inch heels, she almost matched his height. “Mr. Fleming?” she asked, holding out her hand. “It's a real honor.”

He nodded and shook her still-warm glove. The woman's leathery grip closed around his bare palm with impressive strength. It took him by surprise, but he played it cool. “Please, call me Jack. You must be Ms. Doyle?”

“Wendy” she replied with a beaming grin, confirming their mutual discard of formalities. “Can I help carry in your things?”

Jack was about to decline, but stopped before making a fool of himself. Dismissing his hostess, a woman who was accustomed to a much heartier mountain life than he was, would be silly. Nor did he particularly want to make three or four trips back into the cold. Instead, he stood aside and gestured to the remaining boxes and bags.

“By all means. Thank you.”

“My pleasure” she purred. Within seconds Wendy was leaning into the jeep and loading herself up. “After this, you'll need to pull around and park by my vehicle. I'll plug in your block heater.”

“Ah, yes. The rental agent mentioned I might need it. It gets that cold up here?”

“The temperature dips very low at night” she explained. “Without the heater, there's no guarantee your engine would start up again.” Wendy offered him a toothy grin. “Wouldn't want that to happen.”

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The fireplace roared as Jack sat and observed his surroundings. The lobby of the B&B looked much like a hunting lodge. There was lots of wooden furniture, animal furs, a few trophies mounted on the walls and a stonework chess set sitting on a barrel between two empty rocking chairs. The only thing

that looked out of place was Wendy.

Now that she'd taken off her long leather duster and hat, she looked more like some kind of goth fetish model. She sat opposite him, her arms and midriff bare as a shiny halter top rounded out her full leather attire. Jack found it difficult to place her age. She had the bearing and confidence of an older woman, but if she was older than him, she looked amazing for her age.

Buxom curves filled out her gripping leather ensemble. Thick thighs, an hourglass waist and well toned arms spoke to a woman who got plenty of exercise in the thin air of the mountains. Her bright green eyes shimmered in the light of the fire. Jack found himself gawking at her, in spite of himself.

He sipped his coffee before nodding thankfully and setting it down on the table between them. She drank deeply of her own cup and smiled wide, staring back at him.

“I still can't believe you're here. You probably get this a lot, but I'm your biggest fan.”

“Oh- Thank you! That's very kind.”

“I mean it! I love everything about your books, but especially the way you write women.”

Jack chuckled. “Well, that's certainly nice to hear, since I'm often criticized for that very thing.”

Wendy waved her hand dismissively. “To hell with your critics. You write strong, confident women who know what they want and take it. Your novels have been a great inspiration to me.”

Jack couldn't help but blush. “You flatter me.”

Wendy set her cup down before reaching over to a book shelf next to her seat. She pulled a well-read hardback from a row of books and brought it forward. She turned the tome around and handed it to Jack along with a ballpoint pen. It was a copy of one of his earlier works: *'Prison of Silence.'*

“I'd love an autograph. If it's not too much trouble.”

Jack grinned and accepted them gladly. “Of course! I know just how to dedicate it.”

He opened to the title page, clicked the pen and began scribbling away. Within moments it was done and he handed it back to Wendy. She opened the book with wide eyes and read it eagerly.

*'To my biggest fan!*

*Thank you, Wendy, for your wonderful hospitality.*

*Your favorite client,*

*Jack Fleming'*

She closed the cover with a light thud and pressed the hardcover to her bosom. “Thank you **so much!** I

will treasure this for the rest of my life!”

Jacked nodded. “You’re very welcome.”

Wendy set the book aside, lifted her mug and took another sip of the warm brew. “So, you’re here to work on something new, right?”

“That’s the plan. Sometimes, when the words aren’t flowing, I need to find somewhere to recapture the spark. Somewhere with as few distractions as possible. Hecate Heights seemed like a perfect candidate.”

“Oh, this is **definitely** the perfect place. I bought it for the same reason. You can do anything up here with no distractions. You won’t regret choosing it.”

“Interesting name, by the way. Hecate was a Greek Goddess. A Goddess of the underworld, if I remember my mythology correctly?”

“That’s right. She’s another inspiration to me. Most of the people who come here don’t recognize the name, but I’m not surprised you did.”

“If you don’t mind me asking, is this bed and breakfast how you make your living? I can’t imagine three room rentals in a remote location like this is enough to pay all the bills.”

“Oh... No, this is a side hustle. I make most of income through other means. I’m a performer, of sorts.”

“A performer? Up here?!?”

“Yes. A content creator. I make videos in my own little studio.”

“Ohhhhhhhhh-” Jack replied with a nod, leaning back in his chair. “YouTube, Vimeo and the like?”

“Something like that.”

“But how does that work? I was told there’s no internet here.”

“My method is a little old fashion, but it gets the job done. I record and edit my work, then put it on physical storage and send it by post. I have a tech guru who takes care of the rest.”

Jack nodded thoughtfully before taking a gulp of his drink. “Smart.”

“Like you said, no distractions. It allows me to focus on what I love doing. You’ll see for yourself, soon.”

“That’s why I’m here. So, is there anything else I need to know before you show me my room?”

“Yes” she replied. Wendy set her mug down and struck a serious tone. “Breakfast is at *9 AM* sharp. You snooze, you lose. Some nights, if I’m in the mood and have the time, I’ll make dinner as well, but if I’m not in the kitchen at *6 PM*, you’re on your own. You’re welcome to use the kitchen for your own needs as well.”

“No worries, there. I'm no cook. I'd live on Pop Tarts and Chinese takeout if my wife let me. Thankfully, she doesn't.”

Wendy snickered before continuing. “If you need to make a call, you can use the phone in the hallway. Your room has its own half-bath, but no shower. The showers here are communal. Normally, you'd have to schedule a time to use them, but it's just you and me, so that won't be necessary.”

Jack nodded. “Sounds good. Anything else?”

“Just one thing. My studio is in the basement. Like you, I don't like to be disturbed while I'm working, so that's off limits unless it's an emergency.”

“Understood.”

“I may have guests over to help me with my videos from time to time, but it's unlikely you'll cross paths.”

“Oh? Why's that?”

“We usually shoot at night.”

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Jack stared at his laptop screen. His elbows lay on the desk and his hands were folded in contemplation. His word processor was open, ready to receive his stream of consciousness. The empty page and blinking cursor stared back at him, mockingly.

**Nothing.**

There he sat in the simple, comfy guest room. There was a bed, a few furnishings, a nice view of the slowly darkening sunset sky and little else. Wendy had removed the TV from the room before he arrived, as requested. No internet. Nothing to distract him. And yet, the gears refused to turn.

Jack was the author of over a dozen titles, several of which were bestsellers. He was known for his crime thrillers and noir adventures. He'd even dipped his toe in science fiction, with somewhat less success. He'd done this a hundred times. His process was iron clad. After all the preparation and the arduous journey, he'd arrived at the mountain sanctuary that would host his retreat and provide him the seclusion necessary to get back to work.

He reached into the well of his mind and found... bubkis. Zip. Naught but the void.

Jack sighed and leaned back in his chair. He stared at the screen for a few more seconds before reaching out and gently closing the notebook computer. It wasn't happening tonight. Maybe his nerves were still settling after the jarring trip up the mountain. Or perhaps there **was** one distraction rampaging around his mind in the form of a raven-haired beauty. A voluptuous, confident, take-charge femme with a brilliant smile and legs for days.

Wendy was an impressive woman. Reflecting on it now, it wasn't hard to see why she was a fan. The sole proprietress of Hecate Heights could've been a character straight out of Jack's novels. Bold, assertive, a provocative dresser and unafraid to weather hardships on her own. She couldn't have been more different from Jack's wife.

He looked down at his left hand and studied the wedding band snug on his ring finger. His call with Emily had been brief, but warm. She was relieved to know Jack was safely at his destination. He promised to call her every day, but Wendy insisted that wasn't necessary. She understood his need for privacy to find the spark and rekindle the bonfire of dreams. They'd said *'I love you'* several times before hanging up.

No, it wasn't time yet. He needed to rest and clear his mind. The work would begin tomorrow. He'd relax and read tonight, until his body was ready for sleep. Aside from Wendy, his favorite authors would be his only companions in the coming weeks. Sometimes, when the fount of imagination refused to flow, one looked to others for inspiration. If he kept his mind and heart open, Jack was confident the muse would wrap her arms around him soon.

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The night munchies struck around ten o'clock. No surprise, since he hadn't eaten much for dinner. Wendy had offered no evening meal for his first night, so Jack had been left to fend for himself. He set his book on the end table, put his shoes back on and exited his room.

He was on his way to the kitchen via the hallway when violent, yet muffled, sounds stopped him in his tracks.

*\*whhhhppsshhhh\**

*"Arrrgghhhh!"*

*"You little shit!"*

*\*whhhhppsshhhh\**

*"Ahhhhhhh!"*

*"Take it, you worm!"*

Jack could barely make out the words through the basement door. He crept up to the wall and placed his ear to the crack between the door and the frame. The unmistakable sounds of discipline and cries of anguish came through a bit stronger.

*\*whhhhppsshhhh whhhhppsshhhh whhhhppsshhhh\**

*"Arrghhh! ARRGGHH!"*



“Awww, does it hurt? I'm just getting started you filthy bitch!”

At first he thought she might be watching porn at high volume, as unlikely as that seemed, but he soon confirmed it was Wendy's voice. Jack realized with sudden clarity precisely the kind of *content creator* Wendy was. She was making videos alright. Hearing the pained responses of the unidentified man, Jack hoped the *performance* was consensual.

\*smack smack smack\*

“Squirm you piece of shit!”

It almost definitely was consensual. After all, why would someone drive all the way up here unless they wanted that kind of treatment. Still, Jack's curiosity was beyond piqued. He knew he should turn away, collect his snack and go back to his room, but the allure of illicit sex was powerful. If he didn't get a glimpse of what was going on below, he'd kick himself forever. Hell, this could be the bit of *inspiration* that launched him down a new literary path. Perhaps Wendy **would** be one of his characters.

With gentle precision, he turned the knob quietly and silently opened the door. He gazed down into a darkened stairwell with dim lighting glowing from the periphery of the basement. Jack took a deep breath and started a slow, careful walk down the tiered wooden planks.

\*WHHHPPSSHHH WHHHPPSSHHH\*

“AARRHHHHMMMMNNNNNN!!!”

The noises became much louder as he proceeded stealthily downward. The sounds of persistent flogging and the man's cries of torment were accompanied by jingling chains and the sounds of stiletto heels striking the cold basement floor.

“Your ass isn't **NEARLY** red enough for my liking! Or your **balls** for that matter!”

\*WHHHPPSSHHH\*

“MMMPPPPGGGGHHHHMMMMMM!!!”

Jack winced as the latest yelps were accompanied by slobbering coughs and muffled groans. After inching two thirds of the way down the stairs, the sides of the narrow corridor began to open into a view of the vast play space. Wendy had a massive dungeon below the quaint-looking inn and the scope of her operation made Jack's eyes widen to saucers of disbelief.

The smell of leather, rubber and metal were heavy in his nose. The walls were bright, shiny red with a ring of lights that went all the way around the perimeter. The massive chamber was filled with all manner of bondage furniture; most matching the wall's red color or standing out in stark, contrasting black. Clothes racks of leather and rubber outfits lined much of the studio. Other walls were covered in implements of pain, restraining devices and rows of fat rubber strapon dildos.

The heavy smacking sounds and male wailing continued to belt out as Jack tracked them to their source. There was Wendy, clad in nothing but a black latex bra and panties as she laced into her client repeatedly. The poor man was hung in a web of leather and metal, dangling from the ceiling as he was

beaten mercilessly.

Wendy dual wielded a thick paddle and a cat-o-nine-tails flogger. Her athletic body gleamed with a light sheen of sweat despite the cool dungeon air. Her hair flowed like black silk as she flayed her bound target and cackled. She was really going to town on this guy.

**\*crrreeeeaaaakkkk\***

Jack took one more step at an inopportune moment. For an alarming second, Wendy didn't strike and the submissive didn't groan. The only sound was the one he'd foolishly produced underfoot. A bolt of terror shot down Jack's spine as he froze and wondered if he'd just completely fucked himself.

Wendy knew that sound only too well. Her head began to turn, but she paused. She thought about wheeling around fully to confront her uninvited guest, but stopped herself. The impassioned Domina smiled wickedly.

*'Oh! That eager to get started, are we? Fine then. Enjoy the show.'*

She acted as if she'd heard nothing, focusing her attention back on the slave dangling in the leather harness. Wendy raised her flogger and sent its thick leather tassels whipping into the man's limp dick and quivering scrotum. After several loud yelps into his gag, she followed up the brutal assault with another round of punishing slaps into his already reddened ass. She stalked back and forth, pouring on verbal degradation and hocked wads of spit in equal measure to her physical beatings.

Jack peeked around one of the beams lining the stairway, wide-eyed as he watched the scene of debauchery play out. He remained quiet as the grave, beholding the spectacle and trying, in vain, to tear himself away from its perverted thrills. Jack had never before engaged in voyeurism, but found himself enraptured. After a surprisingly lengthy viewing, he turned and tip-toed back up the stairs as silently as he'd entered.

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Jack was typing away furiously when he suddenly noticed the time. The corner of his laptop monitor alarmed him to the fact that it was 2:56 AM. He'd planned to turn in hours ago, but after his exciting infiltration of Wendy's BDSM lair, there was no way he could sleep. On top of that, he finally had some new ideas to play with. As soon as he'd gotten back to his desk, the words began flowing. A trickle at first. Then a stream. He'd cranked out six pages in good time.

*'Yeah! This could be it... The start of something new and exciting!'*

He wanted to continue, but fatigue was setting in. Besides, breakfast was in six hours, and there was no way he was going to miss that after typing with a grumbling stomach all night.

Breakfast with a dominatrix. That would be something! Starting tomorrow, he'd be looking at Wendy in a whole new light.

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Warm water gushed from the large, metallic spout positioned a foot and a half over Jack's head. He lathered himself up as he stood in the fancy glass enclosure. The water ran down into the single drain in the center of the floor.

When Wendy said *communal showers*, truly horrific images had reeled through his mind. A large wooden tub in an oversized outhouse with a single hose dangling above it. A prison bathroom with the most basic plumbing where gang beatings and sexual assault occurred regularly. Thankfully, the inn's bathroom was nothing like that.

The room was fancy enough to pass muster even in an upscale hotel. The white paint, combined with the metal and glass furnishings, gave it an almost opulent character. Two sinks were available, both nicely decorated, with drawers full of complimentary soap, shampoo and other toiletries. Fresh towels bearing the letters 'HH' hung from the towel bars on either side of the large stand-up shower. There were two shower heads available, presumably so a couple could bathe together if they wished.

Jack had just started humming a little ditty when the door behind him opened and he practically jumped out of his skin. He grabbed the support bar just below the shower controls, stopping himself from slipping. The soap dropped and hit the floor with a wet thud as he raced to cover his manhood with his free hand.

“W--Wendy?!?”

“Good morning!” she said casually as she stepped into the warm enclosure. The buxom belle was nude as the day she was born. “You're a shower singer, huh?”

Jack stood in stunned silence, saying nothing for a few moments as Wendy stepped under the second spout and turned the warm water on. In no time at all, her midnight locks were soaked and gleaming in the overhead lights. Jack risked a cautious side-glance as water trickled down her fulsome curves.

“I... Well, I don't really sing” he spoke over the sound of spraying water. “I don't have the voice for it.”

As she turned and began lathering herself, Jack got a full view of her gorgeous assets. Flawless, fair skin, a heavy pair of E-cup breasts and a wonderfully round butt. Her enticing form was painted with two expert ink jobs. Her left ass cheek bore a red heart tattoo with the words 'KISS HERE' above it. Sliding down her right leg was the depiction of a coiled snake, drawn into her flesh with exquisite detail.

“Who cares?” she replied. “It's not like anyone's gonna hear you. Well, not normally, anyway.”

Jack turned away, still cradling his privates as Wendy glided her hands up and down her soapy body.

“Ummm, yeah. I didn't think anyone was going to hear me at all.”

“Relax, Jack. No need to be bashful. We're both adults. I guarantee you've got nothing I haven't seen before.”

After what he'd learned last night, it was hard to imagine that was anything but the gospel truth.

Jack lowered his guard and leaned down to pick up the soap. When he stood back to his full height, he found Wendy's head turned. She was studying him up and down with a cheeky grin. They said nothing for a spell as they both washed. Eventually, she broke the silence.

“You're in good shape. Especially for a man who sits at a computer half the day.”

“Thanks” he responded with a half chuckle. “You're... in great shape too.”

Wendy rolled her eyes. She'd obviously been expecting something more flattering. No surprise, since the men she *entertained* likely lavished her with constant compliments and outright worship.

“What makes you think I don't have a typewriter at home?” he followed up. “Maybe I'm old fashioned.”

“Nah, I don't think so” she replied as the suds slid off her freshly washed form. “You don't give off that vibe.” She reached out and shut off the water before turning to him. “Besides, I've read every interview you've ever given. You never mentioned a typewriter.”

Jack froze in place as her eyes locked on him. For the first time, he wondered if the joke he'd cracked to his wife before leaving the gas station hadn't revealed itself as prophecy.

“Breakfast in twenty minutes” she reminded him before opening the glass door and stepping out. “See ya then.”

“Sounds good!” he called over his shoulder before the door closed behind her.

Jack breathed a sigh of relief. He took his time rinsing his body before killing the hot, soothing jet and shaking himself like a wet dog. He stepped out and dried off with the branded and wonderfully fluffy towels. Moments later, he realized something was wrong.

*'What the fuck? Where are my clothes?!?'*

The pile of clothing he'd left on the linen cabinet by the door was gone. His brow furrowed as he tied the towel around his waist in frustration. He strode to the bathroom door, opened it and stepped into the hallway.

“**Hey!** Wendy!” He looked up and down the corridor. “**WENDY! HELLO?**”

No response. She'd ghosted with his things. Jack sighed, closed the bathroom door and headed back to his room to fetch another outfit.

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“I enjoy a bit of mischief” she admitted while setting a plate of bacon and toast on the table in front of Jack. “You won't hold it against me, will you?”

He watched her like a hawk as the woman in the black apron, latex bra and leather skirt headed back to the stove. Wendy's smile was as provocative as her dress. Her words as impish as her deeds.

"I suppose not, as long as I get my clothes back."

"You'll get them back, eventually" she remarked while tending to the sizzling scrambled eggs.

Jack leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms over a shirt he hadn't planned to wear that day. "I hope so, because I only brought so many outfits for this trip."

"There's nothing to worry about, dear" she said while scooping up the yellow globs of cooked protein onto a second plate. "If you run out of clothes during your stay, I have some you can wear."

"I bet you do" Jack said with a snicker. He traced her movements as she strolled back to the table and set the plate of eggs in front of him.

He couldn't help but admire her devil-may-care attitude and athletic form. She had full, round thighs that bulged through her leathery skirt. Her bare midriff displayed just a hint of abdominal definition. Wendy's full breasts strained in glossy black rubber, her bosom bouncing slightly as she moved. Her arms were well toned from chopping and carrying firewood; not to mention flaying her clients.

"Bon appetit" she purred before sitting adjacent to him and snatching up a piece of toast for herself.

"Thank you" he replied before grabbing some bacon and adding it to his plate. He lifted his fork and dug in. "I'm starving."

"Eat your fill, but I'd recommend skipping lunch. I'm going to cook tonight and you won't want to miss that!" she announced between bites of buttery crust.

"What's on the menu?"

"Parmesan chicken cutlets, fresh tomato salad and garlic mashed potatoes" she answered with lifted eyebrows.

"That sounds amazing!" he admitted before scooping another load of eggs into his mouth.

Wendy smiled. "It's a date, then."

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Jack managed another four pages of prose before his eyelids grew heavy. The effects of a full breakfast and the lack of a full night's sleep began to take their toll. He wasn't used to staying up till the wee hours of the night and getting up with only four to five hours of sleep.

He wanted to continue, but will alone wasn't going to cut it. Besides, he was starting to run low on ideas again. What he'd seen in the last twenty four hours had led to a new character and setting, but

where to go from there?

Reluctantly, he saved his work, closed his laptop and rose from his chair. Jack shuffled to his bed and collapsed, falling quickly into a peaceful slumber.

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Cold. Shivering.

Jack opened his eyes groggily. He was surprised to find himself on top of the covers instead of under them. Even more surprised that he was completely nude. When had he undressed? And why did he feel so heavy? Jack moved to sit up, but found he could barely move. He grunted and strained with effort, but his torso barely lifted before he let his weight collapse back onto the mattress.

His vision was hazy. Nothing made sense.

The door swung open and Wendy stomped into the room. Shiny black latex covered every inch of her skin below the neckline. An officer's cap rested on her head, shining with radiant leather and flashy metal adornments. The fetish bodysuit gleamed and creaked as her boot heels struck the floor. Her fulsome curves flexed as she stalked to the end of the bed and looked down at Jack.

In her right hand was a leather riding crop. She lifted her left hand to display another glossy fetish garment. It was a rubber suit designed for a man and much thicker than the one she was wearing. It was covered in metal buckles, leather straps and other locking devices. Jack was pretty sure he'd heard it referred to as a *gimp suit* before.

She tossed the elaborate fetish attire onto his body. The heavy latex and metal bits slapped his naked form and made him grunt.

"Put it on" she insisted.

"Wha... Why?" he said, blinking in confusion.

Wendy lifted her crop and pointed it at him. "I said, put it on! **Now.**"

"I can't-- I can't move."

**\*THWACK\***

Her crop laced into the footboard of the bed.

"I'm going to hurt you, Jack. How much depends on how quickly you put that suit on. Now **GET. FUCKING. MOVING!**"

**\*SCHNAP\***

Her crop whistled through the air and came scorching down on his crotch. A burst of sheer agony

flooded Jack's nervous system as his vision swam. He cried out, but no words exited his lips. Wendy laughed haughtily as she raised her weapon and prepared for another blow.

**\*SCHNAP\***

Jack bolted upright in bed, yelling incoherently and pushing the covers off him. His sweating form inhaled and exhaled heavily as his chest heaved up and down. He looked from side to side. He was alone in his room. His boxers were still on.

He collapsed back into his sweat-glazed pillow and collected himself. Moments later he rolled over and grabbed his watch from the end table. It was almost time for dinner. Had he really napped for almost four hours?

*'Holy shit...'*

\* \* \* \* \*

The silky black gown Wendy wore that night was the closest thing to regular clothing she'd donned so far. It flowed up and down her curvy form, highlighting her ample assets wonderfully. She'd accessorized with a fashionable headband and fancy diamond earrings. It put Jack at surprising ease, especially after what he'd experienced that morning and afternoon. The meal and conversation that unfolded over the next hour only deepened the effect.

Jack couldn't remember the last time he'd tasted such fine food and drink outside of a five star restaurant. The wine and anecdotes flowed freely as the pair shared stories from their past. Jack grew ever more red-faced as the haughty hostess drowned him in compliments and flattery. With every refill of his glass, Jack fell deeper into his buzz. Eventually it was an outright stupor, his vision swimming as prominently as it had in his unusual dream.

“Jack? Are you still with me?” Wendy asked at one point. She laughed and snapped her fingers in the air. “You look you're ready to pass out.”

“Yeah... just about” he replied, wavering slightly.

Wendy smiled and pulled a small book from below the table. She moved her plate aside, set the tome down and opened to a book-marked page.

Jack set his elbow on the table and rested his head in his hand. He watched her with a stupid grin. “Heh... Waz that?”

The suddenly serious hostess ignored him. She began speaking words that Jack couldn't parse. Arcane phrases in a foreign language that formed into a chant. Wendy raised her arms as her incantation grew in volume and power. Wind whipped angrily against the outside of the inn. The lights dimmed several times as the candles on the table flickered violently.

***“Incertus, pulchra, imperio!”***

Under normal circumstances Jack would've been alarmed, but he felt oddly calm as Wendy stared at the open page and spoke the words. His limbs were drained of all strength and coordination. His eyes grew as heavy as his body. The sensation flooded his frame, merging with the effects of the alcohol. As his eyelids fluttered, the last thing he saw was Wendy looking up, staring at him as she repeated the words.

*'Is that... Latin?'*

Jack slumped forward, his arm sprawling across the table as his face found rest in the soft tablecloth. His sudden lurch knocked over his wineglass, spilling its dark red remnants. His other arm landed on the corner of his cleared plate, sending his silverware flying through the air before landing on the floor with a clatter.

Wendy's chanting slowed and her volume steadily faded. As she lowered her arms, the wind eased and the lights stopped flickering. Soon, silence reigned over the now peaceful dining room. She looked down and closed the small black book sitting before her. When her gaze returned to Jack, she observed his torso rising and falling gently. She heard nothing but the sound of air whistling in and out of the slumbering man's nose.

She drained the last few sips from her glass and a devious smile spread across her crimson lips.

“Good boy.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The powerful stench of ammonia entered Jack's nose and his lungs took a deep, involuntary breath. The smell flooded him and his eyes shot open. He tried to speak, but found his mouth packed with something rigid and wet.

Wendy stepped back, withdrawing the smelling salts from his nostrils. He could barely see her through blurry, tear stained eyes. Nausea and gripping tightness overwhelmed Jack's newly awakened senses. He tried to move and found he couldn't budge an inch.

“Ah, there we are! You were taking too long to wake up, so I hurried things along. It's play time, slave! Let's make your first session one to remember!”

Jack attempted to respond, but only muffled gibberish followed. As his vision slowly cleared, he could see a sizable silicone dong sticking out from his gagged mouth. The other half of the penis gag protruded down the length of his tongue, stuffing his face with five inches of thick, pungent rubber. He coughed and sputtered around the thing, unused to having anything packed in his mouth, let alone a girthy sex toy.

He shook his head, but the disgusting apparatus was strapped around his face tightly. Jack pulled at his limbs, finding that not a single muscle in his body could respond appropriately. He was naked and strapped to a bondage bench. Every segment of his body was laced with rope and strapped down with thick leather cords and straps. No matter how much he squirmed, he couldn't budge an inch, or even jolt the heavy furniture on which he was trapped.



Jack's eyes sought out Wendy and found her not far away, gathering some toys from the many racks and shelves lining her dungeon wall. Astonishingly, she was damn close to naked herself. Aside from a shiny latex bra wrapped around her ample breasts and a pair of heeled black leather boots, she was baring it all. Her tattooed ass hung out, taunting him with its wonderful curvature. The snake gliding up her leg now seemed very fitting, a warning Jack had not heeded. Wendy radiated confidence and oozed dominant sexual energy as she went about her work.

She selected a stern looking crop and the same cat-o-nine-tails flogger Jack had seen her wield the other night. His eyes grew wide as the vixen turned and strode back to his bound form. Her eyes glowed with excitement. Her bare sex glistened with natural lubrication. He'd only gotten a brief glance in the shower, but as she closed in on him, Jack got a much closer view of her neatly shaved quim.

Wendy passed both toys to her left hand before reaching down and grabbing Jack's blonde locks. Her fingers dug into his hair and the straps of the leather harness wrapped around his face. She tugged his head back, pulling his gaze upward to a rapturous view of her fit, curvy body. She smiled lightly, saying nothing at first as she enjoyed the moment. Wendy drank in his terror as the fullness of Jack's subjugation dawned on him.

“I want you to know, this isn't a punishment. You **will** be punished for entering my dungeon without my permission, but the truth is, you were destined to end up here anyway. Our sessions together are not a punishment, Jack. They're a learning experience. Part of the process that's going to produce your greatest work yet. Think of it like method acting, but for a naughty writer who badly needs some guidance...”

“Mmmmpphhhh!”

“No, no. You don't need to thank me. I know how important this is for you. I mean, c'mon Jack. What did you get out of your little peep show last night? Half a dozen pages? That won't do...”

Jack's eyes flew open in astonishment. He stared up at the haughty dominatrix as she flashed him wild eyes and a Cheshire grin.

*'How?!? How the fuck could she know that?!?'*

“You'll be here **forever** at that pace. And as much as I'd like having a permanent pet to keep me company, you have a book to write.”

“**MMMPPPHHLLMMMM!**”

She sighed and released his hair. The crop passed back to her right hand as she stalked around his body and shook her head.

“Oh my! Do you really not know how this works? You will only respond when I command you to. Otherwise, keep your filthy mouth **SHUT!!!**”

**\*WHA-WHAP\***

**\*SHNAP SHNAP\***

Her cat-o-nine-tails scorched across his back, followed by two scathing strikes into his bare ass cheeks with her crop.

**“AHHHHRRRRRRMMMMMMM!!!”**

“Another yell? Not a fast learner, are you?”

**\*WHAP SNAP WHAP SNAP WHAP SNAP WHAP SNAP\***

Jack yelled murmured nothings around the musty cock gag lodged in his mouth. He drooled and slurped on the rubbery thing, his body jolting the mere centimeters his heavy bondage allowed as she laced into him over and over. After several rounds of brutal strikes painted red lines across his back and ass, he felt Wendy's crop tapping below on his exposed scrotum and limp cock.

He shook his head insistently, silently begging her not to proceed. His instinct was to scream, but the humbled writer managed to exert some measure of self control even as his ass ached and his back throbbed. Jack knew if he didn't stop yelling, his balls were next to get battered.

“Mmmmm, there we go. Modest improvement! Though you shouldn't shake your head, either. That's **very** presumptuous. If I wanted a slave's worthless opinion, I'd ask for it.”

Wendy lifted her crop to strike again when a sudden realization stopped her hand. “Actually, that gives me a great idea!”

She tossed her weapons aside and strode back around to Jack's front. Wendy proceeded to the far wall, taking up position by a different rack of toys. This one had a large array of shiny, metal butt plugs lined up in a row. They ranged from beginner sizes on the left to truly massive ones for advanced anal whores on the right.

“You have a lot of anal training ahead, so it's time we get started! I'm going to be generous and allow you to pick which one we use first. Hurry up and choose! If you don't confirm one in the next fifteen seconds, I'll pick for you.”

Alarm spread over Jack's face as he scanned the row of plugs back and forth. Not getting his ass stuffed with a bulbous metal plug was no longer an option, so he resolved to go with the smallest one on the rack. He craned his neck, pointing his head to the left. Jack aimed the dildo protruding from his mouth to the side with the smaller toys.

**“ZAHHH WUHFFF!”**

The direction of his selection was clear, if not the exact specimen, but Wendy ignored his plea. She moved to the right and pointed to the third biggest toy on the rack. “Oh, you want this one?”

Jack grunted and shook his head.

“Got it. This one, then?” She indicated the second largest metal missile.

A look of defeat crept into Jack's eyes. He knew it was pointless, but he pointed the dildo sprouting from his face at the left side of the rack once again.

Wendy snickered before lifting the fattest, meanest looking plug from the rack. “Ah, very good. A wonderful pick, slave! I knew you were a size queen!”

Jack's self control fled as she hefted the fat toy and collected a bottle of anal lube. He yelled and shook his head as she sauntered back behind him, grinning the whole way. Wendy set the items aside, opting to grope his already reddened cheeks and deliver a fresh dose of searing pain before proceeding. Jack groaned around the rubber dick, saliva sliding from his bottom lip as his flesh screamed.

All he had left were half-whimpers as Wendy brought the tube of thick grease to his pucker, inserted the head and squeezed the vile goo into his rectum. His ass flooded with the gross, cold lubricant and Jack began to sweat in his bonds despite the cool dungeon air around him.

For the next fifteen minutes, the giant metal plug thrust into his spongy sphincter; retracting and inserting a little deeper with each thrust. The cruel woman cackled and cooed as she watched his pucker slowly expand and the massive plug disappear ever deeper into his well-lubed anal cavity.

Finally, with a strong push, a painful stretch and a straining, completely red face, Jack felt the weighty end of the toy plunge through his starfish and settle in his ass. His frame dripped with sweat as he groaned heavily around the gag.

Jack's rosebud shriveled around the plug's rod that led to the wide, flat metal base. It pressed against his ass cheeks, causing new flares of pain as it locked in place. The gargantuan toy would be sealed in his savaged bottom until an equally harsh effort was made to extract it from his tortured anatomy. An effort only his captor could provide.

A giddy Wendy dashed around to the front of the bondage bench and grabbed a fistful of Jack's now sweaty hair. She masturbated with her spare hand, her lube drenched fingers sliding up and down her gushing pussy. Her natural lubricant mingled with the anal grease smeared on her fingers as she rubbed herself passionately.

“On the rare occasion you're allowed to speak, you will refer to me as **Mistress Nyx**. Understood, slave?”

Jack mumbled a weak affirmative and nodded his head. The dildo extending from his mouth raised and lowered with his weary neck. It was the one tiny bit of motion his body could still control. That is, until she pulled his head upward, forcing him to hold the obscene toy at an angle she could enjoy.

Wendy moaned as her fingers circled around her vulva and stroked her growing clit. After a long spell of smooth, sultry motions, she abandoned her aggressive slicking and grabbed Jack's head with both hands. Her body stepped in, bringing the tip of the dildo to her waiting sex. She sank onto it gently, her steamy jungle of flesh growing ever closer to Jack as her lips enveloped the latex cock inch by inch.

A guttural groan went up as Wendy slid to the bottom of the toy and her hot curtains were pressed to Jack's gagged face. The smell of her sex was overwhelming; a combination of mild sweetness and powerful musk. Moments later, her flavor intensified as he got his first taste of her juices. They trickled down the dildo and ran all over the gag stuffing his mouth.

The rivulets turned into a stream as Wendy began sliding up and down, extracting the toy from her

pussy and thrusting her hips back onto her human dildo stand. The pace of her fucking steadily increased, becoming more frantic, wet and noisy as she mashed her hungry snatch down on Jack's helpless head. He was bathed in her squirt as Wendy's first climax built like a shuddering volcano.

“Ahhhhhhh!!! YESSS!!! FUCK YES!!!!!!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack's eyes opened. He stared up at the ceiling fan as it turned and circulated air around his guest suite. The room was mostly dark, aside from the desk lamp beside his computer which had been left on. An awful headache buzzed away at his skull. He groaned before sitting up slowly. His body was sluggish and sore. Jack was dressed in the same clothes he'd worn to dinner.

*'Jesus... Was that another dream? I must have gotten obliterated at dinner. I don't even remember coming back to the room... It must have been a dream. But then, why is my ass so sore?'*

He turned and set his feet on the floor, finding his shoes waiting for him right beside the night stand. After putting them back on, he reached over and picked up his watch. It was 1:07 AM.

*'Well, there goes another night. Can't believe I--'*

And then it happened. Despite his fatigue and the persistent ache throbbing through his head, *the spark* glided down from the heavens. Like a miniature comet, it blazed through the cold night air and descended into the pit where a wealth of kindling awaited. With a flash and a roar, flames erupted and the bonfire was lit. The furnace of Jack's mind roared to life. The gateway was open and out poured the soul of his next novel.

Characters! Settings! Dialogue! Plot devices! Motivations! Details big and small. A torrent of harmonious ideas rushed forth. They danced on the edges of his mind, illuminated by the light of the building blaze. Everything shone brightly, highlighted in sudden crystal clarity.

Jack raised from the bed and quickly hurried to the desk chair. He sat down, powered on his laptop and cracked his knuckles anxiously. While the device was booting up, he popped two Tylenol and downed them with the half-empty bottle of water he'd left behind earlier. As soon as the OS was ready, he opened his outline document and began punching the keys in earnest.

There was so much more to add now. Plot threads that previously ended in question marks were ready to be filled in. The next several chapters of his story had been laid out like the yellow brick road to Oz. He typed like a mad man, getting down every important detail before the forms gathered around his bonfire shifted.

After a half hour of restructuring, he was satisfied. He closed the outline, opened his new novel and picked up right where he'd left off. He typed with equal fervor, staring ahead as the minutes and hours slipped away. He left his chair only on occasion to use the bathroom, fetch another beverage or sate his grumbling stomach with a quick snack.

Soon, the sun was rising on the horizon and the room's biggest window offered a brilliant view. It was a

beautiful morning on the mountain, but Jack ignored the slowly shifting rainbow of ever brighter colors in the distance. The sound of key-clicks flowed like a mighty river.

Once the fire was lit, you never left it unattended. You stoked it, studied it and relished in its warmth. Only when it burned out or one's mind and body grew too exhausted to continue, did the keeper of the flame elect to rest. Three more hours passed like sands through the hourglass.

**\*knock knock knock\***

“Mr. Fleming? It's ten after nine! You want breakfast or not?!?” he heard Wendy's voice from the other side of the bedroom door.

**“Ummmm, I'm kind of in the middle of something!”** Jack answered with a raised voice. **“I'll pass today, but thank you!”**

At any other time, he wouldn't have been so rude to not even answer the door. But he could always explain himself later and, as a fan, he was sure Wendy would understand. Jack heard her boot heels knock into the distance as she walked from his door without another word.

Jack continued typing until the morning turned into early afternoon. He knocked out twenty fives pages in record time; nearly twice his usual pace. The flames slowly receded until there was nothing left but smoldering embers. Jack's eyes grew heavy. He looked to the clock in the corner of his monitor. It was *12:48 PM*. He'd been at it for almost twelve hours straight. After a quick save, he closed his notebook and let out a hearty yawn.

His joints creaked as he stood from his chair, audibly complaining about the lack of physical activity. Jack was hungry again, but his body needed rest even more than food. He hadn't gotten proper rest in a while. Day naps and half-sleeps after drinking too much certainly didn't count. He dragged himself back to his bed, collapsed into the covers and quickly faded into blissful sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack's eyes opened groggily, yet again. This time, it was to a much less pleasant sight and sensation. He was back in Wendy's dungeon, laying on his side. Thick leather was wrapped around his head and another fat rubber toy was uncomfortably lodged in his mouth. This time it was a firm, spongy red ball, holding his tongue down and his jaw open wide.

He peered through the eye holes in the tight, black bondage hood, and looked his body up and down. The cold of the basement floor was soaking into him, naked as he was from the neck down. His arms, legs and waist were shackled in a series of metal restraints. His wrist cuffs, ankle cuffs and the leather harness fitted around his body were connected in several places with lengths of strong chain. He couldn't lift his hands or move his feet very far without pulling his other limbs in the same direction.

Most horrifically, his cock and balls were surrounded by their own harness of leather and metal. The odd device was connected to its own chain that led to an enormous weight just beyond him. The thing looked like a cannon ball, wrapped in the same kind of leather straps and metal fixtures as his bound nethers.

“HHHMMMPPHHHHHHHHHHH! HHMMMLLLLLLLLLPPPHHH!!!”

His pleas for attention were quickly noticed. Wendy stepped into frame holding her signature crop. This time she was buck naked from head to toe. Within a split second of drinking in her form, Jack's eyes went wide in fear. Below her buxom breasts and wonderful hourglass curves, something had fundamentally changed. A massive cock and a fat, weighty scrotum hung from Wendy's otherwise feminine frame. Even flaccid, it was an imposing, girthy ten inches of thick meat.

Jack yelled into his gag and yanked on his bindings. The metal fixtures ground against themselves, clinking as he contended with multiple strands of heavy, reinforced chain. He began to shimmy away from Wendy at a snail's pace, the sudden shock causing a primal flight response. As he wiggled away, the chain connected to his locked cock and balls grew taut.

“You've been a bad boy, Jack” she announced, lifting her crop in the air. “Even writers who find their mojo need to take care of themselves. You need **FOOD!**”

**\*THWACK\***

She bent over and laced her riding crop into his struggling thighs.

“**HYDRATION!**”

**\*THWACK\***

Her second blow whipped across his torso with scathing pain.

“And plenty of **REST!**”

**\*WHAP\***

Her third strike whipped into his leather-locked face, causing him to grunt and gag on the sticky rubber ball. He saw stars as his head whipped to the side and phlegm leaked out around the shiny red gag. His cheek burned with blistering pain, despite the head harness absorbing some of the sting.

“**AAAARRRRGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!**”

“That's alright. I'll take care of you, slave. Someone has to, since that **boring-ass** wife of yours sure isn't getting it done.”

Jack's fear gave way to fresh astonishment. *Emily?* She'd come up briefly over dinner one time, but nothing in great detail. At least not that he could remember. Why bring her up now? Then, amongst the clanking of chains and clinking of metal on metal, Jack realized one important piece of metal was missing. He looked to his left hand and found his wedding band gone; torn from the finger on which it had rested for years.

“Don't worry. It's somewhere safe. But as long as you're here, you belong to **ME!** No one else.”

Wendy chuckled as she reached below, took hold of her fat python and began stroking her cock up and

down. With one hand she fisted her fat column of fuck meat. With the other, she groped at her breasts. The villainous vixen moaned as she pleased herself, tweaking her own nipples and kneading her tits as her cock thickened and stiffened in her eager grasp. Her eyes opened and closed dreamily, gazing down at Jack in between blissful strumming of her sinful assets.

“Tell you what, **slave**. If you can make it all the way to the bottom of the stairs, I'll undo your bindings and let you go back to your room without **fucking your ass raw!** How does that sound?”

Jack craned his neck, furiously searching for the stairs. He found them in the distance. They were at least forty feet away. In his current circumstances, it might as well have been a mile. He looked back to Wendy, finding naught but crazed amusement and the delight of a sexual power trip gleaming in her eyes. She jerked her thickening phallus lewdly, her smile wicked as she watched Jack squirm.

He mumbled around the spit-soaked ball and began turning his shackled body in the direction of the stairway. Once he was at the proper angle he resumed his torturously slow motion, worming his way forward by centimeters at a time as he wrestled with the chains locking his wrists, ankles, thighs and forearms to the same iron ring. As he lumbered forth, the chain connected to his balls ran out of slack and the extra weight of the massive stone ball pulled on his scrotum and caged penis.

“AHHHHHHH! RRRRRRGGGHHMMMMMMMM!!!”

Wendy said nothing for a spell as she massaged her weighty breasts. She masturbated her growing shaft to full erection as she enjoyed the spectacle before her. The decadent Domina cackled as she watched his painfully slow progress. The massive iron ball began to drag behind Jack as he pulled it with his most sensitive organs.

“**Hahahahaha!** That's it! **INCH**, inch-worm! Move like the **fucking slug** you are!”

**\*THWACK THWACK THWACK\***

She retrieved her crop and lashed into his twisting, writhing form. Wendy tagged him mercilessly with the business end of her weapon as Jack made brutally slow progress across the unforgiving concrete. For the longest twenty minutes of his life, Jack pushed himself through the painful blows and burgeoning cramps, growing ever closer to the stairs. When he came within a foot of his salvation, Wendy's tone shifted rapidly.

“**You stupid fuck!** You thought I was serious, didn't you?”

She grabbed the iron ring at the center of Jack's web of bondage. With surprising strength, she hefted him in the opposite direction, yanking him across the unforgiving floor. Flesh and metal scraped across the gritty ground as Jack screamed into the sopping ball of thick rubber. The iron weight was pulled even more forcefully behind him, tearing at his scrotum as Jack was dragged to his doom.

“It's time I introduce you to my *Den of Debauchery*” she said while hauling him towards a large, red door. “Only my favorite clients get to play here!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack awakened to sore limbs and sideways vision. His face lay against a flat surface, a puddle of his own drool smeared across his cheek. He groaned with brutal ache and sat up slowly, his body obeying his commands grudgingly. Once he'd righted himself and rubbed the crust from his eyes, he was startled to find himself sitting back at his desk. His computer was on and his word processor was open. The cursor blinked at him tauntingly.

A chill went down his spine as Jack noticed the page and word counts. His eyes grew wider as he seized the mouse and began scrolling upward. He rifled through page after page of text. Twenty more pages had been added to the story. Pages that he had no recollection of writing.

*'What the fuck... **WHAT THE ABSOLUTE FUCK?!?**'*

Jack had seen enough. It was 5 AM and still dark outside, but the sun would be rising soon. He closed his laptop, unplugged it and quickly packed it in his laptop bag. He moved about the room, gathering up his important things. He would only take a couple bags with him. Everything else could stay on this cursed peak.

He put on his heavy jacket, slung his belongings over his shoulder and headed out into the hall. He marched down the connecting hallways until he reached the lobby and the front doors. He wasn't too surprised to find Wendy sitting by the fire, enjoying a drink and lounging in leather finery.

“Where do you think you're going?”

“Anywhere but here.”

“I don't think so.”

“I don't care what you think, lady” he snapped while ripping the front door open.

“Jack, I'm serious. You can't--”

He stepped through the entrance into the bitter cold and let the slamming door cut off her words. Jack hustled down the stairway, turned the corner and walked around to the inn's parking lot. He strode directly to the rented Jeep, unlocked it and set his gear in the passenger side before walking back around and entering the driver's side.

He shivered while placing the key in the ignition and turned it to find... nothing. Not even the usual mechanical retching sound you hear when a vehicle has trouble starting. Literally silence, aside from the gentle clicking sound of turning his key back and forth.

“You've gotta be shitting me...”

He opened the door and stepped out. A quick survey confirmed the vehicle wasn't plugged into the heating unit. Was the battery dead? Were the engine and fluids frozen? Both? Jack was no mechanic and there was no one anywhere near this mountain who would help him. He was fucked either way.

Defeated, he grabbed up his gear, slammed the door and headed back inside. When he re-entered the foyer, Wendy was waiting for him with her arms crossed just below her bust. Her leather pants and



shiny black corset shined in the light of the roaring fire behind her.

“Told you.”

“**Why the fuck is my car unplugged?!?**”

“The heating unit warming your rental failed yesterday.”

“How convenient.”

“I’ll have someone up to fix it, but it might be a while.”

“Fuck that! I’ll make a call and have another vehicle up here by the end of the day. I’m leaving” he spat as he headed back to his room.

“With whose phone? And what about your wedding ring?”

Jack stopped in his tracks and looked down at his left hand. He removed his driving glove and realized that he was, indeed, still missing his marriage keepsake. He turned and glared at the devious woman. “Where is it?”

She unfolded her arms and placed her hands on her leather-wrapped hips. “Jack, we both know if you leave this place, you’ll never finish that story. That’s why you can’t leave until it’s done. You’ve always trusted the process. Why the hesitation now? You’re on the verge of something great! Are you really so afraid to suffer for your art? Just a little bit?”

Jack snickered and shook his head. “You’re psychotic” he replied before turning on his heel. “Completely fucked in the head” he added as he marched down the hallway.

“That’s fine. Let it all out!” she called after him. “**YOU’LL PAY FOR THAT LATER!**”

On the way back to his room, Jack noticed the landline telephone had been unplugged and removed from the hallway. He cursed under his breath as he continued to his room. When he got there, he locked the door before setting his laptop bag on the desk and his other things aside. After a few moments of contemplation, he took the extra measure of pushing the dresser in front of the door.

He clapped his hands together and took off his coat, throwing it on a nearby chair. Jack kicked off his shoes and laid on the bed. He placed his hands behind his head as his mind raced.

*'Fucking great... Now what? What's my play?'*

As he tried to decide on his next course of action, exhaustion seeped into his mind and body. Jack was able to resist it for a while, but eventually the lure of sleep overtook him once again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Waking up to surreal circumstances was becoming commonplace, but this one still took the haunted

writer aback. He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes to be sure he wasn't seeing things. The door was unlocked and the dresser had been moved back to its normal position.

Next, he noticed the cool, tight sensation around his cock and balls. Jack realized, with increasing horror, that he was naked. He flipped the covers off his body to find himself wearing nothing but a shiny, steel cock cage around his twig and berries.

*'Fucking hell...'*

If those had been the only surprises, it would've been disturbing enough, but the fun didn't end there. Jack rose from the bed and quickly realized almost all of his luggage had vanished. He marched, barefoot, to the dresser and opened the drawers one by one. His clothes, supplies, snacks and personal effects were all gone.

Growing more distressed by the second, Jack turned and made a sweeping survey of the room. Wendy hadn't even left his shoes. His laptop remained on the desk, but that was it. Then his eyes found the chair where he'd tossed his jacket earlier. On it lay a full body black latex gimp suit with a few other items perched on its glossy surface.

Jack strolled to the waiting pile of fetishwear for a closer inspection. A matching hood, pairs of wrist and ankle cuffs and a studded leather collar sat atop the sleek male catsuit. Two words lined the collar's exterior: '**BITCH MADE.**' Resting below the accessories was a white note card with just three words written on it: '*PUT THEM ON.*'

Jack grabbed the card and crumpled it in his hand. Resistance was his first instinct and it burned brightly for a few moments, but the feeling didn't last. His fervor to rebel faded the more he considered his pitiful lack of options. He was hungry, isolated and had no way to escape. Not unless he wanted to fight Wendy for her car keys, and Jack wasn't exactly confident he would come out on top. She was no pushover and this was her turf.

Even if he emerged victorious in a trial by combat, leaving now would destroy the process. It would be giving up. Wendy was right about that much. Jack had gone on some crazy adventures to recapture the spark, but this one was the most arduous by far. This time, it was demanding he sacrifice his pride and put his fate in the hands of an utterly sadistic woman. Jack's muse had made her intentions clear. This was the price for his next novel. Would he pay it?

The reluctant writer sighed. The balled up wad of paper dropped from his hand and drifted to the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

The all-consuming rubber of his new second skin stretched and creaked around his trim body as Jack made his way down the hallway. His short, blonde hair, now hidden below the stifling bondage hood, was already growing sweaty against his skin. His entire body was warming up gradually in the tight latex prison. The metal D-rings on his collar and cuffs clinked as he lumbered forward.

He entered the kitchen to find Wendy waiting for him. Her smile grew as Jack ambled forth. He strolled to a stop in front of the counter and placed his arms behind him like a soldier standing at attention.

Wendy was back to wearing a black latex bra and leather pants. Interestingly, she was barefoot.

Her lips were painted the same dark color as her eye shadow and the rest of her glossy black attire. The only new addition to her ensemble was the single key hanging from a chain on her neck. Jack knew, instinctively, it was the key to the cage locked around his cock. Wendy's wicked smile grew as she studied him up and down. The metal studs on Jack's collar gleamed in the light shining through the kitchen windows.

“**Very** good, slave. That's more like it! It's nice to see you understand your role. Though, perhaps not well enough. You're still standing.”

Jack flinched and opened his mouth to retort, but quickly bit his tongue. The silence of the kitchen was pierced by the rumbling of his stomach. It felt like ages since he'd last eaten a full meal.

“Only good dogs get fed!” she exclaimed, lifting a large, plastic dog dish from the counter. “On your hands and knees, pup! I know how famished you are.”

Grudgingly, Jack lowered to his knees and stretched out his arms. He stared at the ground as Wendy strode around the counter. Soon, her leather clad legs and bare feet strolled into view.

“Kiss my feet” she ordered from above.

Jack seethed internally, but he knew there was no point arguing or putting it off. He was starving and the sooner he ate and played Wendy's sick games, the sooner he could get back to writing. The quicker he finished the book, the quicker he'd be out of there. Assuming this psycho bitch wasn't going to kill him and play with his blood.

That last bit seemed unlikely, though. She was a crazy fan, but still a fan. If Jack died, the new novel would never be published. He was confident Wendy didn't want that. So all he had to do was play along for a couple weeks and he'd get his life back. Jack could always file a police report later, for all the good it would do.

He bowed his head down and planted a firm kiss on the top of her right foot, then her left. He kept his lips adhered to her flesh just long enough so that they didn't seem insincere or insulting in their duration. The demonic woman cooed as she felt the warm kisses on her dainty feet.

“Not bad, but I think you can do better” she prodded. Wendy lifted her right leg and presented the bottom of her foot to Jack's face. “**Lick**, doggy!”

Jack stared at her sleek, fleshy sole for a few seconds, holding back a wince. Finally, he willed himself to comply. He leaned forward, extended his tongue and brushed his wet, fleshy appendage up and down the soft bottom of her foot.

“Mmmmm... that feels nice. We'll do more of that later” she announced before pulling her foot away. “Yes, you'll be on hands and knees at all times from now on, slave. Unless I give permission otherwise.”

She leaned down and set the dog dish on the ground in front of Jack. It was filled with dry cereal. It was a far cry from the fresh, home-cooked breakfasts he'd enjoyed until now, but better than nothing.

“Eat” she instructed. “No hands allowed! And don't leave a single scrap in that bowl, or you'll be punished.”

Jack dove his face into the bowl and gobbled at the woefully dry carbohydrates. As he crunched away, Wendy leaned down and clipped the end of a thick leather leash to the D-ring on the front of his collar. She gave the heavy strand a few firm tugs, jerking his neck away from the dish.

Wendy chuckled as she watched him eat ravenously. A few moments later, she lifted her left leg and placed her foot on the back of Jack's head. She pushed his face deeper into the bowl, causing him to grunt and gag as he scarfed away.

“That's it, **slut**. Eat up! We have a busy day ahead.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“**Jack**?!? Oh my god! It's so good to hear from you! I was getting worried!”

“Hey babe. Sorry! I meant to call sooner, but you know how it is. The days fly by once I get going.”

“I know, but please call sooner next time. I tried calling a few times and either it just rang and rang or I wasn't able to get through at all.”

Jack felt Wendy's hand close firmly around his scrotum. If she squeezed any harder, he'd be in serious pain. Her other hand was wrapped around the leash, pulling at his collar sternly as she supervised his telephone time. Her leather and latex clad form pressed on his, the body heat from her flesh as aggressive as her grip.

“Oh! Yeah... The weather plays havoc with the phone lines up here, apparently. Not sure how that works, but I wouldn't bother trying to call. Don't call us, we'll call you!” Jack quipped. He felt Wendy's hand release his aching ballsack and sighed in quiet relief.

“Alright. Just don't make me wait four days again.”

“I'll try not to.”

“So, the book is coming along? The words are flowing?”

“Surprisingly well, yes. I should be done in a few weeks, at this pace.”

“Wow, that's great! And how are you getting along with the owner? It's Wendy, right?”

“Ummm... fine. Yeah. Wendy. She's interesting.”

**\*SMACK\***

Wendy's leather paddle blistered into Jack's ass and his body nearly buckled from the sheer force.

“AARRRGHHH!!!”

“Jack? Jack, what was that?!?”

“Ow! **Hhrrmggh--** Nothing! Just stubbed my fucking toe.”

“Pffft, you big klutz! Be more careful.”

“Yeah, I'll try. You enjoying your break? Without your lovable oaf around?”

“It was nice for the first couple days, but I'm already missing my oaf. I don't want to keep you, though. I'm glad you called, my love.”

“Yeah, I should get back to work. I'll call again as soon as I can. I love you, baby.”

“I love you too, honey boo! Byyyyeeee!”

“Bye.”

Wendy grabbed the receiver from Jack and set it back on the phone's base. “The dutiful wife. How touching. I bet she's never inspired your characters.”

“You're wrong, Mistress Nyx. As a matter of fact, Emily inspired a big one.”

“Which?” Wendy asked with eyebrow raised.

“Sandy, in *Prison of Silence*” Jack answered with a smug grin.

“Hah!” she chirped, reigning in Jack's leash tightly. “I knew there was a reason I hated *that bitch*. Other than her dull, wallflower personality, I mean. Hank was a fool to stay with her. He could've had so much more with Carmen.”

“Maybe, but we don't always get the ending we want.”

Wendy tugged on the leash harshly, pulling his face closer to hers. Jack stared deeply into her dark, gleaming portals, awed by her crazed, dominant energy. Her perfume invaded his nostrils. Their lips were almost close enough to kiss.

“Well said, **slave**. But something tells me that's a lesson you still need to learn.” Wendy grabbed his head and shoved it down. “**Back on your knees where you belong!** Follow me.”

She strutted into the parlor, the stilettos of her boots clacking across the hardwood the entire way. Jack followed behind her at a frenzied pace, shuffling forth on hands and knees as she tugged at his neck. Wendy led him directly to a large leather sofa.

“Stand up and bend over the side. Face down.”

Jack reluctantly did what he was told. His gimp suit squeaked along the surface as his torso slid down

into the leather cushioning. His latex wrapped feet remained planted on the floor with his ass sticking up in the air.

Once he was in position, Wendy brought a snap-hook fastener to bear on his wrist cuffs, binding them together tightly. Moments later, Jack's legs were kicked further apart and he felt a weighty, iron spreader bar being locked to his ankle cuffs. Immobilized at both ends, Jack swallowed and waited to see what act of depravity would be next.

**\*crinkle crinkle\***

**\*SNAP\***

The sound of stretching rubber emanated as Wendy pulled the long, latex arm glove over her right hand and forearm.

**\*zrrrrrrrrrrpppppppp\***

Jack's ass felt cool air for the first time in hours as the back door of his suit was unzipped.

“Have you ever been **fisted**, slave?”

Panic flooded the suddenly anxious writer. “N-No, Mistress.”

Wendy lifted the bottle of anal lube and squeezed, sputtering the thick gel all over her latex palm and fingers. “First time for everything.”

She thrust two wet, slimy digits into his pucker with no warning, immediately working them into a steady finger fucking rhythm. Her left hand found the leash and wound it around her wrist until she was pulling on his collar tightly. The leather tightened around his throat, making it harder to breathe as she steadily pumped her rubberized pointer and middle finger in and out of his supple starfish.

**“EERRRGGGGHHMMM!!!”**

She added a third finger and gradually increased her pace. The thwacking sounds of lubed up latex diving into helpless man cunt picked up steadily. Wendy alternated between tightening her grip to cut off his air supply and relaxing it to let Jack breathe freely as she pistoned her hand ever deeper into his ass.

Then, her pinky slipped in with the others.

**“AAHHHHHHH!!! FUCK!!!”**

“You'll be moaning like a slut, soon. I promise, slave. And if you make me into a liar, I'll gag your slut mouth and paddle your balls until you cry.”

**\* \* \* \* \***

Time lost all meaning in the twilight zone of Hecate Heights. Life on the mountain entered a continuous cycle of writing and ever kinkier BDSM. The days blended together and Jack no longer had any idea what time of day he would be awake, let alone when he would be writing and when he would be sequestered in the dungeon.

Wendy's fetish clothing, or lack thereof, shifted often, while Jack's singular gimp suit and bondage accessories were a permanent fixture of his stay. His only visits to the communal shower were when Mistress Nyx wished to bend him over and fuck him like a prison bitch. As he endured her continual oral and anal assaults, Jack was certain he would never feel clean again.

There was no logic in this place and somehow that freed Jack to summon *the spark* more frequently and powerfully than he ever had. Mistress Nyx had become his muse, as loathe as he was to admit it. Wendy lorded it over him; chiding, teasing, degrading and humiliating him at every turn. Although Jack didn't enjoy it in the way an authentic submissive might, submit he did.

The story revealed itself like a path of flames to the underworld; exploding into being twenty to thirty pages at a time. Each time the well ran dry, Jack woke up back in Wendy's clutches, a fresh hell of pain and bondage awaiting him. They formed a hedonistic symbiosis with her delighting in Jack's torment and he bathing in the glow of creativity radiating from the wounds she inflicted on his body.

As the novel progressed, their play sessions grew longer and more severe. Jack never knew whether she would be wearing a strapon or wielding a cock that would make a porn star blush. Between ever tighter stress positions and frequent floggings, she filled his holes with ferocious frequency. Rubber and cock became the constant companions of Jack's stretched-wide mouth and blown-out bottom.

For three weeks that felt like years, Jack plodded through the miasma of Wendy's sadism. In that time, he was fucked, fisted, throttled and smothered more often than even the most indulgent masochist could hope for. Trapped between the keyboard and the dungeon, Jack felt like it would never end. Yet the word count didn't lie. Soon, his magnum opus clocked in at three hundred and fifty finished pages.

The climax was in sight. Something big was on the horizon.

\* \* \* \* \*

“MMMMM! YESSSS!!! FUCK YES! TAKE IT!!!”

Wendy's frenzied cries filled the basement as Jack's bound body rocked back and forth. Her thick, rigid erection was deep in his fleshy tunnel, pumping in and out of the crack in his gimp suit as she filled his ass with hard, pounding thrusts.

Jack's glossy black attire was outlined in thick ropes of white. The stronger, more substantial ones were the fibrous lengths winding around his arms, legs and chest. They connected up to a single iron ring in the ceiling from which his body hung. The other ropes were long strands of gluey ejaculate, splattered all over his strung-up body.

His arms were bound tightly behind his back as Jack dangled in mid air. He could scarcely feel them anymore; or his brutally strained thighs and calves which were held apart by their own harsh restraints.

Two and a half weeks of sweat and grime filled Jack's rubbery prison, along with whatever semen had seeped from the end of Wendy's cum-pipe past the seal of latex and flesh.

Jack's caged dicklet hung below, flopping back and forth painfully as Wendy railed his ass. Having been denied release for three weeks, his penis bulged against the tiny steel bars, radiating with hot agony. Her massive scrotum swung below, bludgeoning his smaller sack with each powerful fuck.

His mouth was stuffed with red rubber and several ounces of Mistress Nyx's nougat filth. Jack had lost track of how many times Wendy nutted in his holes during this session. Every time she exploded deep in his throat or bowels, she plugged the hole with stifling rubber and alternated positions. Occasionally she would pause to scathe his dangling body with her flogger or smack his helpless genitals with her crop, but she always resumed fucking his cum-clogged portals before long.

Wendy threw her head back, bathing in the exquisite pleasure of fucking a bound and helpless slave. Her thick thighs and powerful hips flexed as she groaned with animal lust. Her rutting was feral, her lust growing more concentrated with every sticky load she fired into the dangling gimp cum-dump.

Sperm leaked from Jack's brutalized sphincter as Wendy held his hips in a death grip and drilled him like an oil derrick. Her pelvis slapped into his bruised ass as her naked body glistened with sweat. Her breasts heaved as Mistress Nyx moaned and grunted, driving towards her next powerful orgasm. Of all the slutty souls she'd snared in her Femdom web, she'd never wanted so badly to drown one in her seed.

**“AHHHHHHH!!! HERE IT COMES YOU SLUT!!! RIGHT IN YOUR FUCKING GUTS!!!”**

Wendy buried herself to the hilt and screamed in bliss. Her fucking came to an abrupt stop as blast after ropey blast of warm sludge ejected into Jack's packed bottom. She reached out and grabbed the back of his hood, pulling Jack's head back as her cock exploded in his stretched bowels. Each fleshy hiccup and jet of hot spunk filled his insides like a balloon. Jack's eyes rolled upward as he hung in the trap of rope and rubber, accepting another liquid bounty.

When the last spurt of clingy custard spat into his body, Wendy pulled back. Her train of bulging cock exited Jack's body with a wet slurp and an audible pop. Before more than a few globs of her glorious gift could escape, Mistress Nyx shoved the biggest rubber plug she owned deep in his desecrated cavern. The enormously fat, black latex cone plunged in, sealing his ass while stretching it even wider and more painfully than she had with her cock.

Jack flailed in his bondage, pulling helplessly on the ropes as he sweltered in cum and rubber. Wendy walked around him slowly, admiring her work. She stroked her massive member; a raging erection that never seemed satisfied no matter how many times it discharged in Jack's gunked-up holes. Intermittently, her hand drifted down and massaged her colossal sack; twin fleshy cantaloupes that never ran dry of goeey nectar.

When she reached the front of her all time favorite slave, Mistress Nyx grabbed his head and lifted Jack's gaze to meet hers. She looked upon him wistfully, drinking in every emotion and sensation in the hopes it would remain embedded in her mind forever.

“We're almost finished, my pet. You're so close. I think you need just one more dose of... inspiration.”

She unbuckled the ball gag from his face, pulled it from his lips and tossed the sloppy toy aside. A



dollop of phlegm and cum slid from Jack's lips as he coughed twice. He opened his mouth to speak, but found no chance to utter even a single word. Wendy brought her hot, sticky glans to his lips and shoved her cock through his drooling lips.

Wrapping her hands around his throat, she slid balls deep into his warm, tight canal. Her fat schwanz slid across his supple tongue and lodged in his velvety throat. Moist clogging and sputtering noises grew in frequency as she began aggressively fucking his face. Mistress Nyx let out fresh moans as she went ass to mouth and gave Jack the most thorough taste yet of her pungent penis.

Wendy gazed down at her collared slave with an almost loving gaze. She savored the long, final rut as her balls smacked his chin and slowly refilled with the man slut's final meal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack Fleming sat in his darkened room, the glow of the laptop monitor the only thing illuminating his filthy gimp form. He muttered around the ball gag, the filthy rubber sphere still lodged in his mouth and locked into his face. His ass squirmed on the massive plug, still buried in his rectum and sealed below his locked ass flap.

He was as saturated in Wendy's cum as a living human being could possibly be. He felt it gumming up his insides and sliding around his packed mouth, perpetually fouling his taste buds. Jack had never imagined that he could be so dehumanized and debased. He was a human condom sitting at a keyboard.

And yet, his fingers had never moved so fast in his life. His latex digits glided like a skilled musician across the world's most grand piano. The pages filled with elegant dialogue, incisive description and the finest turns of phrase. A pristine paradigm descended into Jack's prodigious prose. An all new universe was unveiled in which he could explore and grow. This was merely the first volume in what might be a glorious new series.

The sun set. The sun rose again. The words poured from Jack's mind with the force of a supernova. The paragraphs filled the page with increasing speed, like a race car losing control. The sheer mental energy being channeled threatened to overwhelm Jack. His input grew so frenzied that he could no longer read the words as fast as he was typing them.

Jack held onto the unfolding miracle with a tenuous grip, bending in the gale of brilliance. He screamed into the ball gag, his brain on the brink of cracking into pure madness. His body tensed in the skin-tight prison of rubber, sweat and semen. The world around him turned fuzzy and granular as the light from the monitor grew to a blinding brightness.

The words **'THE END'** flashed through his mind with violent, jarring effect, burning his synapses out as his consciousness crashed to a screeching halt of blackness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack's eyes opened after what felt like the longest and most peaceful sleep of his life. Birds tweeted at

each other, flitting about just outside the window. It was another beautiful morning on the mountain.

He pulled the covers back and found himself wearing a pair of his usual boxers. Jack looked around the room and found everything back in its place; all his clothes, belongings and luggage. The flummoxed writer stood and moved to the desk where a letter and his wedding ring lay beside his closed laptop. He took the ring and fixed it back on his left hand before taking up the note.

*'Dear Jack,*

*I'm sorry I couldn't see you off today, but there's somewhere else I need to be.*

*I know it's been quite the strange trip for you, but I think the results will speak for themselves. It was my pleasure to provide the proper environment so you could write your next bestseller. I can't wait to read it.*

*Your vehicle has been attended to. Feel free to shower and eat before you leave.*

*It was an honor, Mr. Fleming. Take care of yourself.*

*Your Biggest Fan,*

*Wendy Doyle*

*P.S. When you're ready to write part two, I'll be here.'*

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack leaned back in his chair and observed the ritzy restaurant as he waited for Margo to finish explaining her order to the waiter. The middle aged brunette always took forever to make up her mind. Once she did, there'd be a dozen stipulations about how the meal should be prepared. Jack knew her habits well since this was an old ritual; a custom they'd formed over the course of fifteen years. Every time he finished a book, Jack met his agent for lunch and drinks once she'd had the chance to read it.

After relaying the order there was no way in hell the kitchen would get right, Margo smiled and handed her menu off. The waiter took his leave and the woman in the blue business blazer turned back to her most prominent client.

“Well, you must've had **some weekend** at that B&B.” She produced the printed preview of the book and held it up. “This was... something else.”

“A little different from my previous work, I know.”

“To say the least” Margo replied. She lifted her wine glass and took a long sip.

“Is that going to cause a problem?” Jack asked, shifting in his chair.

“Not necessarily” she replied, flipping through the pages. “But it's probably going to need some editing.”

“No edits” he cut her off with the wave of his hand. “I want it published **as is**.”

Margo cocked her head and lifted an eyebrow. Her expression clearly read: *'Are you fucking serious?'*

“Ok, as few edits as possible then.”

“If you don't mind me asking, why the sudden turn?”

“Is it really so sudden? There's always been an element of titillation to my work.”

“Jack, this goes beyond *titillation*. This is, to be frank, **shockingly sexual** and much more graphic than anything you've written in the past.”

“It is what it is. The muse whispers. I merely write. If she decides it's time for a change, then it's time for a change.”

“Not to mention the length! This thing is practically a phone book!” She dropped the slab of pages on the table. It hit the cloth-draped surface with a thud, rattling the silverware.

“Then my readers will get a bargain.”

“Yeah, once we figure out **who** those readers are! Because it sure as hell isn't bored housewives.”

“I have every confidence in you” Jack said with a snarky smile.

Margo sighed. She took up her glass and drained it before pointing at Jack inquisitively. “Seriously, what the hell happened up there? Did you do Ayahuasca? Have some kind of mid-life crisis? Did Pandora's box open?”

Jack chuckled and shrugged his shoulders. “What can I say? I was inspired.”