

## EMILY

By Sally Wild

### Chapter 1

Emily burst into bitter tears as she sobbed her story to her brother Paul.

“That swine has used us both! He said he loved me and now I know that he only took an interest in me to get at your research. I should have realized that a rich, successful businessman only takes an interest in his secretary for all the *wrong* reasons!”

“Okay, Emily, slow down and tell me what has upset you so much,” Paul coaxed softly as he rubbed his distraught sister’s shoulders. “You can’t just rush in here and start ranting and raving about David without filling me in on the whole situation. Now what’s got you so upset?”

“Well, you know how David has been courting me the last few months and all the interest he has shown in your research on the development of androids?”

“Yes, and how he’s going to help me finance the next few critical steps in what I predict will be a major breakthrough for the development of a true android...what about it?”

“It’s all been a con, that’s what... a trick to get control of your research so that he can claim it as his own. He has been using me to get to you. He doesn’t give a damn about you *or* me and he’s been misleading us both to make himself an even bigger fortune,” wailed Emily.

“I don’t believe it! How can you be so sure, Sis? I mean these are pretty serious allegations you are making here. But if they are true, David is going to be one sorry puppy for trying to screw us around! Now, tell me what you found out.”

Looking at her brother's hard, unyielding eyes, Emily slowly regained control of her raging emotions and choked out how she had inadvertently discovered David's plans when he had rushed out of his office in response to an unexpected crisis at home.

As he ran by her desk just outside his door, he had called out that he would be back in an hour at the most and to "hold the fort" until he returned.

Emily was David's only employee so she took a moment to check if there was anything in his office that he had forgotten to tell her to do before his flustered departure. There was nothing in the out basket but his computer was not only on but running one of his programs. This was unusual as he was usually very security conscious and never left the office with the computer on.

Overcome with curiosity, Emily walked over to the computer and glanced at the screen. *Interesting, it looked like an electronic version of a diary or a planner of some kind.* Feeling a small twinge of guilt, she took a closer look to see what David had been writing about.

As the words came into focus, she felt a cold shudder run down her spine as she read a chilling account of how David's plans to seduce her and to acquire her brother's research results were progressing well and should soon be over. Her heart felt as if it would break as she saw the final, uncompleted entry which described her as a dumb blonde who was so stupid that she actually thought he was in love with her.

She continued to stare motionless at the monitor until the screen saver program suddenly eradicated the hateful words. Moaning softly to herself, she rushed back to the outer office and the safe haven of her own desk. As she collapsed in her chair, she burst into tears, rocking slowly back and forth as the pain of the foul words she had just read ran endlessly through her reeling mind.

Only the persistent ringing of the phone brought her out of the almost trance-like sobbing she had descended into. Pulling herself together, she picked up the receiver and

answered in a tight but controlled voice. Luckily it was just a routine query from one of the clients that used David's small import business and Emily was able to rapidly deal with the call.

Almost as soon as she had hung up, the phone rang again. This time it was David. In his usual imperious manner, he brusquely told her that the home crisis was caused by a faulty security alarm and his rushed trip home had been for nothing. Stating he would be back in ten minutes, he hung up before she could say anything, let alone give him a piece of her mind.

Debating how she would confront her boss and erstwhile lover on his return, Emily suddenly realized that she was making a big mistake. There was little doubt that once he realized that she was aware of his duplicity, David would not hesitate to fire her immediately. No, there had to be a better way! Maybe not as *immediately* gratifying as yelling and screaming at the little worm, but *something* that would be much more satisfying and deliciously revengeful in the long term.

Retiring to the small washroom located beside her office, Emily took pains to repair her damaged make-up and readjust her short, tight skirt and satin blouse. Ugh, there were times she wished that David didn't like her to wear clothes and make-up that were on the "sluttish" side. Charming as he could be, there was no doubt he was a sexist of the worst kind once you cut through all his convoluted mind games and almost painfully polite behavior towards her. It was all so obvious now that she knew his true intentions she could hardly believe how blind she had been to his true nature. He was loathsome and ruthless and would need *very* careful handling to avoid any further damage to herself or her family.

Returning to her desk, she pondered how she would hide her emotions from David. There was no doubt in her mind that she must get home as soon as possible. Her brother would be there already and their older sister was usually back before dinner.

Looking at her watch, Emily realized that it was almost four o'clock. Biting her lip, she resolved to retain her composure until five when she could depart at her usual time. Hopefully, David would be keen on making up for lost time and would be preoccupied when she left.

As he rushed by her desk, with only a quick nervous glance towards her, it was obvious he had realized that he had left the computer on. A few minutes after he went in, he stuck his head out of his office door and brusquely asked if she had been in his office since he left. Squeezing her legs nervously together under her desk, Emily looked at him and, as nonchalantly as possible, said no; she asked if she *should* have, affecting a little worried frown on her face.

The quick flash of relief in his eyes was obvious only because she was looking for it but she forced herself to remain calm. He told her in a kinder, softer voice that everything was fine and why didn't she go home a bit early today while he got caught up? He would see her tomorrow and they could talk about going out to a dinner or a show as it would be Friday evening.

Even before she could flash him a smile of thanks, David returned to his office. Emily took advantage of his absence to depart before her composure broke down completely.

"And that's what happened. Thank goodness I got away while I could without letting the cold-hearted swine know that I had seen anything in his office," she finished with flushed face and trembling lips.

"Damn, Sis," replied Paul after listening to her long, emotional outburst, "that's the most despicable thing I've heard in a long time. I'm glad you got back to me without letting the little runt know that you're onto him. Now we have to figure out how we are going to get my research results back without letting him use the information he already has. It shouldn't be all *that* difficult to do."

"Oh Paul, I wish it *was* that easy, but he's rich and ruthless. To make it even worse, he knows about your cross dressing! He referred to you as that 'pathetic, little drag queen' in his journal entry. I don't know how he learned

about you 'cause *I* certainly didn't tell him, but he *has* found out somehow. And he wouldn't hesitate to use it against you! I told you, he is a domineering, sexist pig whose only concern is winning, no matter *what* the cost!"

Obviously shattered by Emily's last comment, Paul sat staring at the polished nails of his hands resting in his skirted lap while she cried quietly on the other end of the couch. And that was how they remained until Terri, their older sister, walked in and found them.

"Gosh, what's *wrong* with you two? It looks as if you just looked into your graves or something," she boomed as she strode into the room.

In spite of the fact that they were siblings there was little resemblance among the three of them. Emily, the youngest, was a beautiful blonde with a well-formed but petite body. In the opinion of her older brother and sister she was short of self-esteem which made her an underachiever. Paul was a brilliant intellectual and had worked as a research scientist at a prestigious firm until he took an indefinite leave of absence so that he could concentrate on his android project. In physique he took after Emily, being blonde, slight of build and only a few inches taller than her five and a half feet. In contrast, Terri was a pretty brunette who stood six feet tall in her stocking feet and had the well-developed but strong body of a woman who exercised regularly. She was a confident, outgoing individual and a very successful plastic surgeon with her own clinic.

They had always been a close knit family and had grown even closer since their parents had died in a tragic vehicle accident several years earlier. Now they shared a spacious four-bedroom penthouse apartment conveniently located near the center of town.

Both Emily and Terri had known of Paul's preference for wearing woman's clothing for many years and he was now very comfortable about doing so in their presence. Indeed, now that he worked out of the apartment, he spent most of his time in female attire and did much of the housework. His sisters considered that an added bonus. However, it was only on very rare occasions that Paul ever ventured outside the

confines of their home dressed as his femme alter ego, “Paula”.

After hearing Emily’s story, Terri immediately took charge, as she was wont to do. “Right. So, as I understand it, this little weasel, David, has got us in a bit of a vice. He has Paula’s initial research, he is seducing Emily and he is ruthless enough to blackmail us into giving him the final results of Paula’s research by threatening to expose his transvestite lifestyle. So what *do* we do about a sexist, domineering macho male who deserves anything he gets? I have an idea but we need to sort out the details. Now, lets get down to some constructive planning! Davey boy won’t know what hit him!”

Unaware of the plans being finalized against him, David completed the final business for the day before closing the office for the night. Turning off the computer, he shook his head at his stupidity in leaving his confidential business journal open while he was out of the office. If that stupid bimbo Emily had the brains to come in and take a look around while he was out on that wild goose chase earlier, his plans for getting his hands on that new android research would be history. As a successful entrepreneur, he just *knew* that who ever controlled that research would stand to make millions, if not *billions!*

Locking the office, he quickly made his way to the underground parking lot and happily jumped into his BMW. One of his favorite pastimes was driving the sleek machine through the city. He might be only five foot seven in height and slight of build, but this car was a real babe magnet. He could do way better than stupid Emily for a girl friend and it would be a real relief to get on with his life once he had the final results of her faggot brother’s research. Hell, she wasn’t bad-looking but she was just so submissive there was no challenge to manipulating her.

Throttling back to turn into the driveway of his expensive two-story home, David chuckled, thinking of the picture the private investigator had managed to get of the three “girls” as they were out for a late evening walk around their apartment a couple of weeks ago. Modern technology was *such a*

wonderful thing when you wanted to get the goods on somebody! Who would have thought that the photograph would have turned out *so well* given the low-light environment it was taken in? Little Emily, fairy “Paula” and that butch sister of theirs, Terri, certainly hadn’t thought so. *Oh, it’s good to be one step ahead of the prey!*

Entering his home and switching off his alarm system, David took a moment to curse the false reading it had sent to his office earlier in the day. However, better safe than sorry. After all, there were things in the house that should remain known only to himself. He even did his own cooking and cleaning so that he would not run the security risk of having a cleaner or housekeeper come in. But not for much longer, though. This latest project was bound to make him rich, so rich that he could forget any of his shady business deals and go strictly “legit”.

Cooking a simple but nourishing meal, he contented himself with a quiet evening at home while contemplating how well his plot was coming together. He retired early, still completely unaware of the late night plans and preparations of his intended victims.

Emily made sure she was in the office early on Friday. Throughout the work day she did not depart from the simpering model of femininity that David seemed to expect. However, underneath her apparently docile facade, she was a seething mass of resentment and anger that was only held in check by the vision of perfect revenge that had been devised the previous evening. *Oh, yes I can afford to wait so that this little piece of scum gets what he really deserves*, she thought as she acted out her role of continued subservience to perfection.

At five o’clock she left for home with a last chaste kiss for David after they had agreed that he would be over to pick her up at seven that evening. Then, after a quick update from Paul, they would go out for a quiet meal at an Italian restaurant a few blocks from the apartment.

David fortified himself with a stiff drink before he left his home for Emily’s. As parking was limited around her

## Chapter 2

apartment he followed his usual procedure of taking a taxi rather than his beloved BMW.

Promising himself that it would all be over soon, he took the elevator to the penthouse and, smiling ingratiatingly, allowed himself to be lead through the foyer to the spacious living room. There, waiting for him, was the customary drink and he listened to Paul's latest review of his progress.

"Here's your drink, old man," drawled Paul, "Emily is still getting ready, so let me take the opportunity to bring you up to speed on my progress."

Grunting his thanks, David resisted the urge to down the drink in one gulp while he listened to Paul drone on about his latest research results. Oh, progress was being made, but there were still some major problems to be overcome and it would be necessary to pony up some hard cash soon if the expected breakthroughs were going to be achieved.

Finishing his drink, David continued to nod and smile at Paul as he blathered on. As far as David could tell it was no different than what he said last week. To David's ear, it didn't really sound as if much progress had been made at all. *Will Emily ever be ready? Stupid bitch should know better than to keep me waiting! I wonder what Paul really looks like in a dress, he didn't look too bad in that photograph. Maybe I can have some fun with the little pervert once I get his research results. It could be interesting, a drag queen and his submissive blonde bimbo sister doing my every bidding so that I don't tell anybody else about his twisted desires.*

Paul started to think that nothing was going to happen, in spite of Terri's assurances that the drugs in David's drink would be effective and quick. He prepared to prattle on about old news when, suddenly, David emitted a low moan, dropped his empty glass and slumped over in his chair.

"Come on out girls, the lamb has been prepared for the slaughter," Paul called with a chortle of relief that the first phase of their plan seemed to be working.

David emitted a low groan of pain as his mind tried to focus on his surroundings. His body felt like it had been beaten with rubber truncheons from the top of his head to the tip of his toes and trying to think coherently was like wading through thick, knee-high mud. Slowly, he pushed his way to full consciousness, struggling up through layers of drug-induced slumber until he tentatively opened his eyes. He quickly shut them in a reflex action, however, to cut out the bright overhead light.

Squinting against the brightness, he forced himself to gradually open his eyes again until he could stop them from closing involuntarily. Blinking rapidly, he looked around and saw that he was lying on his back in a light, airy room filled with a seemingly endless array of equipment arranged on benches around the walls. It appeared to be a small but comprehensive lab of some kind.

Trying to avoid any sudden movements as his head was pounding from a ferocious headache, David slowly moved his eyes around the room until they fixed on the back of a figure hunched over one of the benches and its associated equipment. Judging from the look of the long blonde hair that cascaded down the back of the white lab coat and the shapely, nylon-covered legs that extended past the coat and ending in black high heels, the mysterious figure was definitely female.

Stifling his immediate thought to call out and attract her attention, he instinctively felt the need to try and find out more about his current situation without letting anyone know that he had regained consciousness. Nothing felt right, there was definitely something wrong; it was hard to think coherently.

Although he could not remember anything since sitting down and having a drink with Paul while waiting for Emily, David felt events had spun out of control though he did not know any of the details. Acknowledging his sense of impending danger had served him well more than once in the past, so he wisely heeded it once again.

Peering surreptitiously around the room a second time added very little to his understanding of his present situation. The room was obviously a lab by the looks of its rather strange mixture, to his untrained eye, of electrical and biochemical apparatus. There seemed to be no reason, though, why *he* should be lying amongst it. *Maybe I need to examine matters close to hand*, he thought as he switched his attention to himself.

Concentrating on his sense of feel first, he realized he could feel the sweaty pressure of the padded table against his back. The room's cool air caused goose bumps as it caressed his skin. That could only mean that he was completely naked. As his still-fuzzy mind attempted to grapple with this fact, he slowly tried to move his hands and was shocked to find that he was unable to do so; there were restraints holding them firmly to the sides of the bed-like table. Pushing down a sudden feeling of panic, he cautiously attempted to move his spread-eagled legs, only to find that they, also, were securely held in place.

Realizing that his limbs were completely immobile, David gradually raised his head so that he could at least look along the length of his prone body. As he did, he gasped in shocked amazement. He found himself staring at a pair of large breasts. Breasts on his now hairless chest! Breasts that stood out proudly from his body, tipped with large nipples surrounded by wide, brown aureoles.

Completely stunned by this revelation, he continued to raise his head so that he could peer over the twin mounds, only to be met by an even *more* shocking sight. His long legs were now completely hairless, but it was the area of his groin that drew his mesmerized stare. He saw a trim waist, flat stomach, and a small patch of pubic hair. Beyond those lay a smooth, feminine-looking crotch. There was absolutely no sign of his male genitals. Nothing at all!

David's head dropped onto the table with an audible thump as he fell back into the welcome oblivion of unconsciousness with a bleak cry of despair.

However, his respite was short lived as he was quickly pulled back into consciousness by an agonizing pain in his

new breasts and groin area. Although he wished to wallow in the murky depths of blessed forgetfulness, he found the unremitting pain too much to bear.

With a heartfelt bleat of pain, he allowed his eyes to snap open to find himself staring directly into the blue eyes of the mysterious blonde he had observed earlier. Smiling enigmatically, she pocketed a small, black plastic remote control as the awful pain rapidly subsided.

Bending over him, she gently patted his cheek, her crimson-painted lips parting in a wide smile as he struggled in a futile attempt to escape from his bonds.

His struggles intensified and her smile widened as he slowly realized that it was Paul standing before him. Only he was dressed as Paula! He, or should that be she, didn't make a bad-looking woman, not *great*, but not bad. But, what *was* bad was the hard look in his eyes as his wide smile didn't extend up to them at all. David knew with a sinking feeling in his stomach that there was no mercy to be found there at all.

"Welcome to the world of-- how did you so elegantly phrase it?-- a 'pathetic little drag queen'. "Diane" will be your name from now on. There is *so* much to tell you but I think it's best we wait for Emily and Terri to arrive as they will enjoy watching you squirm even more than *I* will as you realize what has happened the last few weeks. They should be here in a few hours, so just lie there quietly like a good little girl."

"What do you mean?...wait...the last few weeks... Diane? You can't *do* this to me," squealed David in a strange, high-pitched voice that he didn't recognize.

"Let me go this instant! Do you *hear* me?" he cried feebly as he struggled uselessly to free his limbs from their restraints.

Paul watched him thrash around on the table for several moments before pulling the small controller out of his lab coat pocket and quickly thumbed one of its buttons. Instantly, a surge of pain flashed through David's breasts and groin once again.

“Shut up, you stupid little bimbo! Not only *can* we do it, we *have* done it and you will have to live with the consequences as the wanton bitch you are destined to become. You *really* shouldn’t have tried to fool around with us, you pathetic creature! Now lie quietly or I’ll hit this button one more time... and for your information, the control is on its lowest setting right now. If you give me any more trouble I’ll give you a demonstration of how your pain increases as the volume is turned up. Do you understand?”

Shaking violently as the pain subsided, David sniveled, “Yes, yes, *anything*. Just don’t do that to me again!”

Glaring down at the shivering form on the table, Paul snarled, “Make that ‘Yes, Mistress’ when you reply to any of us, slave.”

Without a moments hesitation, David replied in a trembling voice, “Y... Yes, Mistress, what ever you say... please... just don’t hurt me with that thing again!”

“That’s better-- *Diane*, now be quiet and let me get back to work. You will learn everything you need to know soon enough. But, be warned, behave yourself or the other mistresses will make what I’ve done to you seem like child’s play.”

As he stated those ominous words, Paul turned lightly on his heels and gracefully swayed away with practiced ease to his workbench. There wasn’t so much as a backward glance at the helpless form still shivering in fear on the table.

David struggled to control his panic and to stop the shaking that racked his body as it remained firmly strapped in place. Slowly, he succeeded as he forced his groggy mind to grapple with the tidbits of information that he had gleaned from his short, painful, conversation with Paul.

First, it was obvious that his body had been altered and that he was going to be treated like a female slave by his captors. Captors who were going to show him no mercy in their dealings with him. God, he had breasts, large ones, and there was no sign of his balls or penis. And his body hair was gone as well. *What had happened to him?* Even his voice had sounded high-pitched and squeaky. It was the voice of

someone he would never have taken seriously in the past unless he was looking for a quick, uncomplicated one-night fling.

Secondly, what had Paul said about how long he had been held in captivity? *Weeks?* If so, how *many?* What had happened to his business and who had been looking after his house and car?

As these thoughts surged inside his shattered, slow-moving mind, David couldn’t help but sink deeper and deeper into despair. Tears of humiliation and self-pity began to trickle down his cheeks.

### Chapter 3

David's troubled sobbing was brought to a sudden end by a commanding voice proclaiming, "Well, well, what do we have here? A silly little girl crying her heart out! What's the problem, you effeminate sissy?"

David looked into the grinning face of Terri as he fought to get his emotions under control. His resolve was not helped by the obvious delight she took in his predicament, nor by the fact that Emily was standing just behind her, smiling maliciously down upon his helpless form.

Just before he burst out in a vicious verbal attack upon his tormentors, David saw that both of them held the dreaded controllers that could trigger so much pain in his violated body. Heaving a great sigh born of restraint, he forced himself to lie quietly. He was rewarded by a look of disappointment in both of their eyes as they realized he was not reacting in a manner that would demand punishment.

Silently congratulating himself on this small victory, he was caught totally unaware as the unexpected current shot through his body once again. Arching his back, he screamed in agony as his breasts and crotch seemed to explode into fiery waves of pain.

Watching him writhe on the table, Emily released the comptroller's button. Waiting until she was sure that David could understand, she stated flatly, "I did that because I *felt* like it, not because you did anything wrong. Do you understand what I'm saying, you useless slut?"

Still trembling from the nerve-burning pain, David lowered his eyes and stuttered, "Y... yes, M... M... Mistress," as his mind howled in anguish at his rapid descent into submissiveness and his inability to think clearly.

"Oh, what a *lovely* sound that is to my ears! Such a bimbo-like voice and already aware of her new status in life. Did Mistress Paula explain anything else to you?"

Before David could reply, Paul joined the group and exclaimed, "Nothing, other than that she should call us all Mistress and that her new name was Diane."

