

**WRITER**



**STELLA SATIN**

Writer by Stella Satin



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For information address  
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# Writer

By Stella Satin

If I was deeply impressed by the reception desk and the cool woman who directed me to the Readers Section on the fifth floor I was doubly impressed by that section when I got there. I was intimidated by the cool blonde who awaited for me at the elevator doors and offered to show me to Miss Stewart's office. Awed out of my mind, I followed her to a corner office with a fantastic view. Coolly, she opened the door and ushered me in to the luxurious interior where a cool young lady with sleek dark hair and designer glasses looked up from where she sat at the long modern desk. She did not get up, nor did she smile at me.

“Good afternoon Mr. Crawford. You consider yourself a writer?” She was coolness personified as she spoke right to the point without the slightest preamble. Pointed to a chair on the other side of her desk. “You may sit there.”

I gulped audibly as I sat gratefully, intimidated immediately. Answered her in a voice that just trembled a little. “Yes. I hope so?”

She looked at some papers on his desk, some of which I thought resembled my manuscript and a thin sheet of paper that I thought might be the unusual form they had sent me. Then she gave me a cool, distant smile. “You’re not a very good writer, are you?”

She said it with such confidence that I felt my soul wither but managed to keep some vestiges of pride about me when I answered. “I thought you liked me enough when you sent me that form?”

She smiled icily again. “Please don’t misunderstand me. Your manuscript showed indications that interested us. . .”

“Was that why you sent me that weird form?”

“Weird?” She looked at me from eyes, magnified by the glasses. “I don’t like being interrupted, but explain why you use the term 'weird'? I don’t understand.”

I was almost stammering now. “Well? I never heard of anything like that form before. Almost psychological....”

She held up an imperious hand. “You’re an expert on publishing Mr. Crawford?” She made no attempts to hide her sarcasm.

“Well, no, but . . .”

“Then I’d suggest that you don’t waste my time by dithering about. Is that clear?”

I surrendered. “Yes ma’am.”

“Much better! Now do you wish to natter on about things you know nothing about, or do you wish to listen to me?”

I surrendered again, abjectly. “I’m very sorry if I spoke out of line Miss Stewart.”

She noted my apology with a regal smile. “There! Now we have established a proper hierarchy. You are NOT a good writer, but your manuscript shows signs . . .”

“May I ask what signs Miss Stewart?”

She bristled. “No, you may NOT! And please don’t interrupt me again! Is that clear?”

I nodded, completely subjugated.

“As I was saying?” She started again. “Your writing shows signs that interest us. Yes, you are a male in a writing area dominated by women, but there are some signs – not many – that indicate that with certain polishing you could be successful in one particular niche. We sent you that form. It’s specially designed to ferret out some of your psychological traits.” She picked out my form and examined it. “Yes. You scored very high on your potential for us.” She stared at me again. “But that’s only potential Mr. Crawford – not ability. Even with spell check your spelling is atrocious and your grammar is not far behind. You need to spend quite some time in learning the mechanics of your craft but these you could learn by yourself at home. In plot presentation however you must have to learn control and timing, amongst some very other important aspects. Do you understand? You may speak now.”

“I’m sorry about my inadequacies.” I admitted but shrugging my shoulders. “But I don’t know of any school where I can learn what you wish – especially when I don’t really know what you want?”

She unbent a little. “That’s fair enough, so I have a suggestion that might interest you. I employ a lady, Agatha, who came into quite a lot of money and quit the publishing business some time ago but keeps her hand in by training people who show promise in your particular niche . . .” She paused as I raised my hand meekly, like a meek little schoolboy. “Yes?” She asked with some asperity.

"I don't mean to interrupt you miss. But I have very little money and can't afford . . ."

It was her turn to interrupt. "It would be at least a full two months – depending on Agatha's original evaluation - and it wouldn't cost you a cent as long as you stayed the course and didn't quit. The only way you could get charged is if you leave before Agatha's estimated time is up."

"Oh wow!" I said excitedly.

"It's only fair to warn you." She continued icily at my interruption, "That Agatha is a very firm teacher and that you may not like her methods. You will be given the first night to evaluate her. It isn't a lot of time I agree, but she does teach you in quite luxurious surroundings and if you sign up you agree to pay a very hefty penalty in the form of a daily charge for your food and lodgings if you voluntarily leave her. Do you think you may agree to that?"

I was astounded. "Oh YES! That's wonderful! I don't see any problem."

"I'm not finished yet!" She said, but her tone was decidedly warmer. She even came close to smiling at me and my heart almost skipped a beat. "You ARE writing for women – and in a woman genre – you obviously know this by taking the pseudonym of Elaine Satin?"

I found himself blushing because I sensed that she wanted me to say something, but had no idea of what she wanted. She waited for a second for my response then continued. "There's no need to blush Mr. Crawford. I have no wish to embarrass you." She now smiled openly at me. "You are obviously not effeminate, I just wanted to make absolutely sure that when you write, you are in the 'Elaine' mode? That you don't have a problem with that? By that I mean, you put your feminine side to work?"

"I've never thought about it." I answered, responding to the warmth of her smile – even smiling and more at ease now. "But I guess that it's true."

"So? While you're at the keyboard or typewriter you are partially Elaine?"

"Probably!" I laughed. "Though I've never had any notion of putting on a dress or anything like that!"

"Of course not!" She said shaking her head in an amused fashion. Then she added

"There's another point I'm afraid we must ask for and, to be quite honest, I disagree with my bosses. However I have to tell you that you will not communicate with anyone on the outside while you are with Agatha. She is a hard taskmaster and insists that you are not disturbed in any way."

"Mmm." I said thoughtfully. "I can't foresee anything bad happening. But what if there's a family or personal problem that I must be told of?"

She bristled a little. "We're not altogether monsters Mr. Crawford. You'll be supplied with an e-mail address or phone number to give to your friends or relatives. Neither will go directly to you of course, but directly to Agatha. If she feels that you should be told, you'll be informed immediately."

"Oh." I said, feeling chastised. "I'm sorry if I gave the wrong impression. But everything looks okay. What do I have to do before I meet with this lady, Agatha?"

She looked at my form again. "Well, you are definitely our first choice for the training but we can't afford to give you too long to make up your mind and make arrangements – would today and tomorrow be sufficient for you to make a final decision?"

"Oh yes. Plenty of time. Actually, it sounds wonderful – but I have a few details to work out. Nothing of major consequence so I suppose I should call you."

"Wonderful. Yes call me at your convenience and I'll give you all the information on how to get to Agatha's and other stuff. But I'll wait for your call Mr. Crawford. Goodbye until then."

Again she didn't get up, but smiled a dismissal at me as I stood. She rang for her secretary and I was shown out with a lot more friendliness than he'd been shown on my way in.

Outside of the building I paused once I was away from the doors. Finally I felt I could breathe. Things had happened inside that were away beyond me. Months before, I had simply written a manuscript as a means of self-defense against Brenda's mother - Doreen - a very rich lady in her own right, who ridiculed my statement that I was a writer and was constantly after Brenda to toss me out of her apartment, where I was allowed to live rent free, calling me a bum. I never, ever, thought I could write. It was simply a pretense to get me out of working – but now this offer? Amazing! It sounded as if I could now crow to my girl – AND her mother – that I DID have talent after all – and that a large publishing house that dealt with Romantic paperbacks was seeing fit to give me FREE training! I was close to being ecstatic!

I also patted himself on the back on another matter. All of my life I had been deadly scared of domineering women. I'd gradually built up a shell of self-defense but knew just how weak it was – and that Miss Stewart? Christ! She'd scared the shit outta me! I was SO pleased that I hadn't broken down in front of her and made a total idiot of myself. With Brenda, I was okay. She was sweet and docile and put up with all of my crap about being a writer. Had some money of her own and could stand up to her mother – who was another Miss Stewart, in the fact that she scared the hell out of me too. I was positive that she knew just how worthless I was, but loved Brenda so much that she'd put up with me rather than risk hurting her daughter's feelings.

Carefully, I laid out my plans for that night. I could NOT believe my luck. Even with Brenda I had started to feel my time was running out. She always denied that she was getting put off with my laziness, but my performance in bed had always been lackadaisical at best and although Doreen's dislike was never stated out loud, I was sure that her constant disapproval of me was starting to have some effect on Brenda. Now? I had two months – maybe three, I wasn't sure – and I was a great believer in that old adage about absence making the heart grow fonder. I started to daydream about the welcome Brenda would give me when I returned – on the brink of being a famous author. But pulled my mind back to reality and made my plans for that night.

\* \* \*

So, with all my preparation I was perfect! Humble at being chosen because of my potential! Making sure to point out how Miss Stewart – pretending that she had fawned all over me - had made sure to point out that though I was one in a thousand (Okay, I exaggerated a little) there was still a chance that I wasn't exactly what they wanted, they would probably find a place for me amongst their stable of REALLY GOOD writers! At the same time, I had to be SO proud – in a quiet, non-conceited way, of course. It was fantastic!

Brenda looked on with adoration shining out of her eyes – and Doreen? She was so mad I expected her to spit nails at any second. What I loved, most of all, was the fact that she could NOT say I was trying to take advantage of her daughter! Far from it! Though poor as the proverbial church mouse I was not hitting them up for one red cent! I did admit that it almost broke my heart when Brenda offered a few hundred dollars for spending money – “Just in case you need it?” and I shook my head gravely and answered that I was to be kept incognito and would probably have no chance to spend it.

This was absolutely true and it may have broken my heart to do this – but the look of RAGE on Doreen's face was worth it – well almost. It thrilled me to realize how dangerously close I was to having her erupt and maybe physically debase me – but I hid this – naturally, although I had a pleasurable erection most of the time when seeing her poorly concealed temper. Found myself fantasizing about her controlling me. Making me admit how much I was attracted to her strong and dominant ways. But I didn't, although I could feel my erection strain against my pants.

That night, Brenda was so impressed by me going out into that big bad wide world on my own that she got all out of character – and mounted me in bed! Totally out of character for her. WOW! Naturally, I couldn't tell her of that.

The following day I called Miss Stewart's office – and it was amazing how efficient they were! Late that afternoon – that very afternoon – a car was ready for me! At the door no less! To tell the truth, I was a little nervous. It

had all happened so quickly. I had a qualm when I considered my blithe acceptance of paying for my coaching if I decided to quit. I had NO money to speak of, not even a checking account. I blushed a little at stealing one check from Brenda's checkbook – but shrugged. I had no intention of using it and if worst came to worst, I could be long gone before they discovered that any check I gave them would be worthless. Anyway? She'd never miss it.

The car was a hired car with a driver who seemed on the surly side so I didn't have much conversation once he'd helped the driver stow my limited luggage into the trunk. I felt the need to talk but was glad of the quiet in a way because I was starting to feel scared. My thoughts kept drifting to the fact that I was almost positive that I'd absolutely no writing talent whatsoever even though a quiet internal voice kept repeating that I MUST have something? Why else would a publishing house show such an interest? But it was a very small, meek, voice and I can't say that I was imbued with any great deal of confidence from it.

It was about an hour's drive and we finally drove into a fairly large estate and up a large, graveled drive, between rows of stately trees and towards a nice home, nestled among small but well-tended gardens. It wasn't too big and I was concerned a little until I saw the rooftops of a much larger building peeking above the treetops in the distance. Knew then that I was on the grounds of a large estate which, though making me a little concerned, bore out Miss Stewart's contention and made me feel better. We drove up to the front door and it opened immediately to reveal one of the prettiest, most gorgeous girls, I had ever seen in my life.

She was obviously a maid – her dark blue uniform, white apron and cap announced that fact immediately. She may have been taller than myself in her heels, but not much I consoled myself, taking in her dark hair and flashing eyes – which had the most beautiful slant! Gorgeous! Absolutely gorgeous – and her flashing smile showing the whitest of perfect teeth in a welcoming smile? I was entranced as she curtsied and welcomed me.

I was going to help the driver, but she raised her eyebrows in such a way that I knew I wasn't supposed to.

“You've been here before I think?” She said seriously to him. “Please take the luggage to the normal guest room. I will take our guest to see Miss Agatha while you do so. You can let yourself out when you leave. Is that all right?”

He nodded his head while she smiled at me. “I hope that your journey was satisfactory?” Started to lead me into the house.

“Oh yes.” I said. “Lovely place you have here.”

“Thank you. Yes it is.” Her cheeks dimpled in pleasure as she spoke. Seconds later, she opened French doors into the sitting room. A tall, well-coiffed, lady stood there in some sort of shimmering evening dress. I



estimated her height to be a good few inches taller than my normal five foot five – further underlined by her heeled shoes, so that she towered over me. I was immediately intimidated. This was further brought home to me when she came toward me.

“Welcome!” She said in a fairly deep voice – then KISSED me!

“Oh my!” She said in an amused tone to me and the maid. “Have I embarrassed you my dear? I just wanted to welcome you.” She then spoke to the maid directly. “Think I embarrassed him Margaret?”

“A little perhaps ma'am?” The maid said, curtsying prettily. “He's probably not used to your informal way of teaching yet?”

“Good point dear!” Agatha said, still in her amused tone. “The luggage stowed away now?”

“Yes, I asked the driver to stow the luggage in the guest room. Though I can't say that I care for that driver very much. Typical macho male.” Margaret said.

“Now, be NICE!” Agatha said, laughing. “Let's get the introductions over, shall we?”

A little while later, she and I sat over a fairly small table in the dining room. We'd had a light meal and some wine. Then, to my surprise, after Margaret had cleared the dishes away, she came and sat at the table with us, smiling encouragingly at me.

“As you can see?” Agatha started. “Your training will be informal to say the least but I must tell you that I am very strict and will expect obedience from you. With your permission? I'd like to run a small test. Would that be all right?”

“Absolutely. Be my guest.” I said grandly.

“Very well!” She smiled. “If you'd just push your chair back from the table? Make some room?”

“Huh? Like this?” I asked, shoving myself and chair back.

“Perfect! Now Margaret, if you will?” As she spoke, Margaret smiled and got up from her chair, came towards me. “Margaret's done this before!” Agatha smiled. “Now, if you don't mind? She'll sit on your lap?”

I was surprised, but didn't know what to say as the delightful, silky, feminine persona smiled gently and softly sat into my lap!

“Cuddle her now!” Agatha smiled and, as I wrapped an arm around Margaret's shoulders she leaned back into me delightfully and looked up at me with trusting eyes.

“Feel all right to you?” Agatha asked.

“Oh yes! She's delightful!” I answered honestly, savoring the soft and sweet smelling woman in my arms.

“Good start. Now if you'll take your place Margaret?” Agatha said, and Margaret got up and left me to sit on her chair. Smoothed out her skirt and smiled gently at me.

“Now? If you'll be so kind as sit on Margaret's lap?” Agatha asked me.

“Huh?” I asked in amazement. But she didn't answer me just gazed sternly at me, few signs of friendliness on her face now.

“You want me to sit on HER lap now?” I asked.

Again she did not answer me, just continued her stony stare.

I gulped, but got up and went to Margaret. I wanted to smile apologetically at her, but she was obviously expecting me. Gingerly, I sat on her lap.

“Not bad!” Agatha said, warming a little. “Not good – but I've seen worse. Now, make yourself comfortable dear,” she said to me.

I wasn't sure what she meant but before I could ask her, a wiry arm was placed around my shoulders and I was pulled into Margaret's embrace. To my consternation, I was now looking up into her face as she gazed down tenderly at me. Then she kissed me!

“Nice soft lips.” She commented as she lifted her head.

Dazedly, I now looked up at Agatha.

“I'm going to ask you some things.” She said. “It really is imperative that you answer them as honestly as you can. Is that all right?”

“Can I get up now?” I asked.

“No dear. Not just yet. In a little while. Do you feel nice and comfy on Margaret's lap? Enjoy being held by her?”

“Well? I DO feel a little strange?” I said weakly.

She had a notebook beside her on the table now. Smiled as she made a notation in it. Then paid attention to me again. “That's a very good answer – with a lot of truth in it. You feel uncomfortable perhaps?”

I nodded. “Yes. I guess that's true.”

“Wonderful! Perfectly natural! Now you obviously see that Margaret is the epitome of a lovely, soft, feminine girl – right?”

I managed a smile. “Oh yes.”

“But yet – she has you in the ultimate feminine position, sitting on HER lap – and kissing and cuddling you. Is that what is making you feel strange?”

Before I could answer, Margaret was kissing me again! Holding me in to her and kissing me firmly – with a hard tip of her tongue forcing its way into my mouth. I tried to resist, but then simply gave in and laid back in her arms, soft and helpless as she kissed me for a long time. When she let me go, Agatha's face was quite close as she inspected me.

“I think you liked that?” She asked, a question in her voice.

Speechless, I nodded.

She straightened up. “You did very well dear. There are still some masculine aspects of your nature that we'll have to work on, but you seem very satisfactory to me. I've checked your work and the mechanics of your writing need work badly – spelling and grammar to begin with. I'm assuming that if we don't run into any unforeseen troubles I estimate ten weeks, give or take a few weeks. Do you have any questions dear?”

Still held firmly in my subservient position I could only look at Agatha. “I'm sorry. I don't quite understand what is going on?”

She leaned over and patted my face lovingly. “You have voluntarily joined in as a writer of feminine novels. Taken on a female identity in the name of Elaine Satin.” She beamed. “A lovely name by the way dear!” Then she continued. “So you're willing to admit that you do have a feminine side. Now, as you must know – most writers of the type of books we like to publish are women. Occasionally, a male comes along and gives us all a different outlook. Believe it or not, this is very desirable. You MAY be one of those – but you need to be trained.”

I blinked. “Spelling and grammar?”

She and Margaret tinkled musical laughter. “Partly my dear. Partly. But you see, your writing only has TOUCHES of your feminine side. That is what Margaret and I see as our principal goal – to bring out and nurture your feminine side. Let it come out! Let you discover the glory in being a woman and then, hopefully, see your writing blossom with both genders fully implanted and given equal authority in your brain!”

“I still don't get it?” I said.

She thought for a second. “Let me try and explain it this way. Margaret and I just put you through a little test, to see how you'd react at being put in a truly feminine position. You were uncomfortable, but realistic. With some of the men we have tested in that manner they became unmanageable. Noisy and rude. Had their masculinity challenged!”

“What happened to them?” I asked.

“Why? We let them go immediately. They could not – WOULD not – accept the fact that they had feminine sides. Got stupidly embarrassed and wanted to leave.”

“They gave up their training?” I asked.

“Yes. Silly things!” She said with feeling.

“It IS rather difficult to accept.” I said meekly, still held firmly in Margaret's arms and feeling softer and weaker by the minute. “Do you think I could get up now Agatha – please?”

“In a moment dear. You see I want you to understand that the training that Margaret and I impose on you will be quite rigorous. I am very strict and demand obedience. Margaret is not quite as strict as I am perhaps, but you will be expected to obey her implicitly as well. Do you think you can do this?”

“I'm not very sure?” I offered. “What is entailed if I refuse?”

“Excellent question!” She beamed. “You'll have to reimburse the publishing house for your travel here and back. Not much, a few hundred dollars. Then for your stay here. Again not much – just your expenses until your check clears. Five hundred will easily cover the whole thing.” She looked at her watch. “That is, of course, assuming that you leave very quickly.”

SHIT! I knew that Brenda would have a lot more than that in her checking account – but my signature wasn't valid! The check wouldn't clear in time! And I certainly didn't have enough. Nevertheless, I managed a smile. “Oh! I wasn't really thinking of refusing. You offer such an opportunity for me! I can see where it might be embarrassing – but your discipline would be for my own good – wouldn't it?”

“Isn't he just the cutest little darling?” Agatha enthused, nodding energetically in agreement.

Once more Margaret took me in her arms and kissed me. This time I didn't struggle, just lay there submissively, even kissing her back as her tongue easily forced its way into my soft and willing mouth.

“Wonderful!” Agatha said. Now Margaret? Why don't you show our new trainee to his bedroom? I'm so sure he'll like it.”

“Wouldn't you like to have him sign the papers first Miss Agatha?” Margaret asked, finally relaxing her grip on me.

“Good idea! I have them right here and there's no time like the present, is there?” Agatha responded. “And seeing that he has agreed, we may as well get the formalities over and done with. That way we can start training tomorrow, once he is fresh and ready.”

Still reeling mentally, I was finally allowed to get up from Margaret's knee. There seemed to be a lot of finely printed legal looking documents on the table for me to sign but I didn't want to read them, just signed. I did pause at one point though.

“Four thousand dollars? What's that?” Even though I'd already signed the page.

“Just a formality demanded by the publishers – but don't worry dear!” Agatha consoled me. “I can tell that you're having second thoughts, but let me assure you that you have the basic requirements easily. Many of the men who sign are MUCH bigger and heavily muscled than you are – and it CAN be so difficult for those poor dears.

“Why should their physical builds play an important part?” I asked. “I thought it was more of a mental exercise we went through?”

“You're absolutely correct dear! But remember how I said a major part of our training here is to re-acquaint you males with your feminine sides?”

“Yes. I remember that.”

“Well then. Doesn't it stand to reason that if you have a big, burly, masculine body it will be that much harder for you to accept your girlish side? That four thousand dollars is a sort of guarantee you make that you will definitely TRY to do as we ask!”

“Oh.”

“Yes. You can see now that you have the decided advantage of being small?” She smiled. “Perhaps even – dare I say it – dainty? Won't have those constant reminders of being a MAN getting in the way!”

Margaret smiled at me but spoke to Agatha. “Yes! And he kisses almost wonderfully already! Not in that bossy, pushy, way that so many men have. Soft and giving like a girl should be!”

“See?” Agatha said. “You won't have any problems fitting in with our program. A little uneasiness at first, but just you wait! A week or two? You and Margaret will be the absolute BEST of friends!” Then she headed for the door. “I sleep up at the main house, so will get on my way. Just don't hesitate to ask any questions of Margaret. Sweet dreams! I'm SO sure that we'll all get on famously. Good night.” And she was gone.

“Yes. Let me show you your room.” Margaret said to me. “Come along now.”