

## Athena Corp Chronicles

### Chapter 2 – Black Swan

#### SIX MONTHS BEFORE THE FALL

Madam Snow opened the mini fridge in her office and extracted a bottle of liquor. She smiled, observing the familiar crystal clear bottle with its thick orange lettering near the top spelling out the brand name. It featured thin, black, cursive script down the center describing its delicious contents. It was Absolut Mandarin, 80 proof; her favorite variant of the popular vodka. She only ever opened a bottle on special occasions like this.

“This vodka is flavored. Mandarin Orange. I hope you don't mind, my dear.”

“As long as it's on the rocks, I don't care” Anastasia answered dryly.

Madam Snow snickered. “Of course, love. What are we? Savages?”

Ice cubes rattled into two glasses. As the middle-aged matron prepared their drinks, Anastasia scanned the immaculately clean and well organized study. Everything was in its place, neatly arranged. There were large shelves on either side of the office filled to bursting with every kind of book imaginable. The furniture was all authentic hardwood. Fancy upholstery, detailed carvings and ornate metal decorated each piece. Ana was reasonably sure it all came from Europe. Her and Madam Snow couldn't be more different when it came to decorating.

The walls were covered in memorabilia of her exploits. Diplomas for all the Femdom arts in which she'd achieved excellence and was now certified to teach other women. Vintage S&M gear, nicely arranged in proud display. Framed photos of the women's liberation protests and marches she'd participated in during her youth. Pictures and posters of the many munches, play parties and other BDSM events she'd attended and managed. Her experience, more than the decor, told the tale of the Madam Snow she'd come to know and respect.

Ana had been working under the Headmistress for a year and she'd only been inside this office a few times. Before today, each visit had been brief. This time it seemed the *Iron Maiden* wanted to chat. Brandi had clued her in to the nickname not long after Anastasia joined the group. It was an affectionate, yet fittingly stern moniker for the experienced Pro Domme given to her by her own pupils. The name was never used in her presence, however. Neither was her first name, Veronica.

Footfalls on the office's lush carpeting announced Madam Snow's return. The elegant matriarch set one liquor-filled glass down on a coaster in front of Ana before walking around the length of the impressive desk. She pivoted and lowered herself into the towering office chair gracefully. It was weird to see the proud Dominatrix in normal clothes. Under most circumstances, they'd be garbed in some kind of fetish attire when they were together.

Snow was, true to her name, a platinum blonde. Her thick, short locks tumbled around her head in graceful waves. Her oval face was the picture of poise. Thin, stark eyebrows matched the slender, peach toned lips below them. Her dark brown eyes were surprisingly warm for a woman with her title, but Ana knew how fast that could change.

A white suit-jacket with black accents covered most of her matching white blouse. Both garments flowed down to loose, silky black pants. A pair of small, golden hoop earrings dangled from her earlobes gracefully. Looking at her, one couldn't help but be reminded of Meryl Streep.

For her part, Ana wore a simple gray short-top, black jeans and a burgundy leather jacket. Most of her hair was tied back in a ponytail and the rest fell around her face in a chaotic mess. Normally she'd be wearing her silver aviators, but they were secure in her jacket pocket. She dared not don shades in the lair of the Headmistress.

Madam Snow raised her glass and Ana followed suit, picking up her drink and holding it in salute. Daylight flooded in from the two windows behind the head Domina, causing their glasses to sparkle.

“To women's liberation and female rule” the Headmistress toasted.

“To Femdom” Anastasia acknowledged with a nod.

They both took a swig of their drinks. Ana leaned back in the cushy visitor's chair and ran a hand through her hair. She sighed.

“Everything ok?” Veronica asked.

“Yeah, it's just I was up late last night. Wasn't expecting to come in this early.”

“Sorry for the short notice, but this should help wake you up” she replied. Her eyebrows raised as she held up her drink and gave it a gentle shake.

“I suppose it can't hurt” Ana pouted. They both took another long sip.

“This is about the audition next week, right?” the blonde asked as she leaned forward and set her glass on the desk.

“Correct” Snow answered, lowering her drink as well. “I wanted to see you before you meet him. Not only to give you some advice, but to tell you how proud I am of how well you've done here.”

“Your words won't make me blush, but this orange shit will if we drink enough of it.”

Veronica smirked. She'd grown used to Anastasia's abrasive manner over time, but it hadn't been easy at first. “You and I have come a long way since I almost threw you out the first week you were here. Don't you think?”

The blonde nodded. “We have. Thanks for putting up with me.”

Madam Snow's lips extended into an amused smile. “It was my pleasure, dear. The truth is, you remind me a lot of myself, some twenty years ago. Now that there's a unique opportunity sitting before you, it

gives me hope to see how ready you are.”

“Thanks... Though when you put it that way, I'm starting to feel the pressure.”

“A little pressure is good. Just don't let it overwhelm you. Honestly, I don't think you have any competition. I suspect he's either going to pick you or he'll go with another agency.”

Ana's brow furrowed. “What makes you think that?”

“I've crossed paths with Mr. Telos before. We've had dealings. I understand him, to some extent. Would you like a little guidance?”

“By all means.”

Veronica leaned back, her chair creaking as she crossed her legs. “This is going to sound somewhat pedestrian, but I promise, it will serve you well. When you meet Jacob, be your authentic self. Do **not** pull punches and, I stress this, do **not** tell him what you think he wants to hear. He's a reprehensible pile of contradictions, but he's rather bright. He will decipher, with ease, any attempts to ingratiate yourself or to pander to his sensibilities and you'll be out the door.”

“I see. So, just be myself?”

“Be yourself and hold nothing back. Follow your instincts. Let him meet the real you and he won't be able to resist. Telos is a thin veneer of confidence papering over a pit of guilt and the most desperate need for self-destruction I've ever seen in a man. He craves to be owned and dominated on a level most men would never take it to. A level he likely believes is impossible or the realm of pure fantasy. Until the right woman comes along and convinces him otherwise, that is.”

“And I'm that woman?”

“Oh, I think you might be. And if you are, I don't need to tell you the doors this could open for you, and by extension, all women.”

“All women? That's giving me a lot of credit, isn't it? What makes you think I won't just fuck off with my new riches and live a life of luxury?”

“You're not the only one who's good at reading people.”

Anastasia chuckled and her gaze shifted downward. Her eyes traced her leather boots up and down before looking back and meeting Veronica's cheshire grin with a smile of her own. “You got me. I have... certain ambitions.”

“The same kind of ambitions I've harbored for many years, I suspect, but I was unable to fulfill them. Sadly, I came before my time. Jake wasn't a titan yet and I wasn't fully committed. I'd go before him myself if I thought he'd fall for my charms a second time. Not likely. But you? The world may be your oyster, very soon, if you're prepared to seize it.”

Ana reached for her glass and raised it one more time. “Sounds like fun. What shall we toast to this time? The future?”

Madam Snow raised her drink emphatically. “To a brighter future.”

They simultaneously downed what was left of the tangy vodka in one gulp. Anastasia coughed and recoiled, unused to hard drinking this early in the day.

Veronica laughed, then eyed her mini-bar. “Ready for another?”

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## ONE MONTH AFTER THE FALL

Brandon unbuttoned his suit and took a seat in the small, private lobby. He'd dressed to impress this morning, wearing a dark gray jacket, white button-down shirt, a black tie with thin, white diagonal lines flowing down its length and light gray dress pants. A lean, black leather belt and shiny, black dress shoes completed his professional look. His dark hair was slicked back in a stylish wave and his face bore a thin beard, neatly trimmed down to a few days worth of stubble.

He considered pulling out his phone to check his messages and newsfeed, but the flat screen TV in the corner piqued his interest first. It was tuned in to one of the popular financial news networks and as it just so happened, the story unfolding was relevant to his upcoming meeting.

**HOST:** “Welcome back to *Investor Class*! I'm Catherine Flores and it's time to introduce our panel. Joining us to discuss the topics of the day are Jason Sherman of Pine Field Management and Mark Lamont of the Gold City Group. Welcome to the show, gentlemen.”

**GUEST #1:** “Thanks Catherine, it's nice to be with you.”

**GUEST #2:** “Good to be here.”

**HOST:** “OK, let's get right into it! Our first big story of the day: The Athena shakeup! Jacob Telos shocked the world three weeks ago when he announced he was stepping down as CEO of Athena and handing the reigns over to a woman who, until now, hasn't even been part of the company. Little is known about Anastasia Dominique Sins or her relationship with Mr. Telos. To say this has thrown the markets into turmoil would be an understatement. Jason, what's your read on this so far?”

**GUEST #1:** “Well, you saw the fallout like everyone else. Athena is down twenty five percent in two weeks and who knows if or when that ship is going to right itself! I don't think many people appreciate just how unprecedented this is. For the largest corporation in the world to trade hands so quickly and to someone we know so little about. It's very concerning! I'm not even sure how Jake pulled it off. Sure, he controls a large share of the company, but he must have really twisted some arms to make this happen! I can't imagine their board of directors and shareholders are very happy right now.”

**HOST:** “You're no doubt correct. I know I'd be concerned if I was an Athena investor. Mark, what's your take on all this?”

**GUEST #2:** “The nice thing about being the richest man in the world is you don't have to care what other people think. By and large you can do what you want and Jake Telos has chosen to exercise his executive prerogative. Why he's handing his empire over to a woman young enough to be his daughter, I have no idea and I suspect we won't know for a while. I mean, we're talking about someone who's not even old enough to run for president and she's now in charge of the largest engine of commerce on Earth. It's definitely a shock, but I have to think Jake has his reasons.”

**GUEST #1:** “Oh, there's definitely a reason. I can think of one or two. Have you seen Ms. Sins?”

**HOST:** “I think we have a picture of her we can put up...”

An image of Anastasia appears on the screen. She's striking a model pose in a leather jacket, tight leather pants and heeled leather boots. Her blonde hair is tied back in an elegant bun. She looks down at the camera haughtily with hands on hips.

**GUEST #1:** “Woooooo! There's your reason, right there, Mark!”

**GUEST #2:** “Oh, c'mon! Do you really think Jake Telos is just falling for a pretty face? Nonsense! A man like Mr. Telos can fly anywhere in the world and have a taste of forbidden fruit whenever he likes. The idea that this is about sex appeal is silly and insulting. There's definitely something more going on here.”

**GUEST #1:** “You say that, but I don't see many women like her in Barbados or Thailand! Besides, didn't you read *The Iliad* in high school? Mightier men than Mr. Telos have done stupider things for a beautiful woman!”

**HOST:** “Boys, boys! There's a little too much testosterone in this discussion. Let's focus on the facts. Mark, what do we know about Ms. Sins?”

**GUEST #2:** “Sadly little. We know she got her undergrad at Whitman and her listed addresses over the years suggest she's been living in the American northwest most of her life. What she's been doing since college is anyone's guess. Her employment records are nonexistent since her early twenties. This implies that, whatever she's been doing, she files as an independent contractor.”

**GUEST #1:** “I think I have a pretty good idea what she's been up to, but I'll spare Catherine the details of my imagination.”

**HOST:** \*smirks and shakes her head\*

**GUEST #2:** \*laughs\*

**GUEST #1:** “I'll tell you what the problem is. We have no way of looking at her tax records because she's not under indictment. That is to say, we can't get them from the federal government. However, if she's ever used H&R Block, Turbo Tax, or one of the other mainstream tax filing services, those companies **CAN** share that information if they choose, and since there are many people who suddenly want to know who this woman is, I suspect we'll learn more about her in time.”

**HOST:** “Good to know. What about the wider implications of someone so young and from outside the corporate hierarchy suddenly...”

Brandon heard footsteps in the distance and turned to see the receptionist approaching him.

“Mr. Sparks? Ms. Sins will see you now.”

He stood, re-buttoned his jacket and nodded to the young man. “Very good, thank you.”

“Right this way.”

Brandon followed the fresh-faced young man past the front desk and down a long hallway. He studied the new hire up and down, curiously. The last time he'd been there, Mr. Telos had a female assistant. This was most likely Anastasia's doing, which begged the question: What other changes had the new head of Athena made before Brandon could even make her acquaintance?

The question was answered, at least in part, as quickly as it was posed. As they walked down the corridor, Brandon noticed how much the setting had changed. This was the top floor of the Athena building. Until now, it had served as the personal lair of the richest man in the world. Virtually all the old decorations and furnishings that lined the executive floor were gone, replaced by little or nothing. It seemed Anastasia was just getting started with the re-decorating.

Was Telos still the richest man in the world? It was difficult to say. Maybe on paper, but his fortune and what he did with it had always been a web of obfuscations. It was difficult even for the nation's intelligence apparatus to keep a comprehensive beat on what was being done with all that wealth. And now, out of nowhere, Telos had bestowed full, durable, unrestrained power of attorney to the woman he was about to meet. Brandon was there to make sense of the whole mess, if such a thing was even possible.

As they reached the end of the hallway, the young man opened the wide door to the main office and motioned him in. Brandon entered the massive chamber and the door shut behind him. Just like the hallway, most of the old decor was gone. The large, main desk and the chairs surrounding it were among the few pieces of furniture that remained. Sitting behind it was Anastasia, her nose buried in a book. Brandon strode into the giant room, his footfalls echoing off the marble floor.

Ana looked up as she heard him approach. She folded the corner of the page and set the book aside. The Chairwoman, owner and new President of Athena Corp rose, the leather of her skirt and boots creaking as she did. Her golden hair rolled down the left side of her head in a luscious wave. Her frilly white top, reading glasses and ruby red lips gave her a severe, yet sensual, appeal. Her ample bosom protruded; her breasts restrained in silky alabaster.

Brandon perked up as he got his first in-person look at the gorgeous blonde. Tearing his eyes from her flawless curves was an effort, but he didn't wish to be rude. He couldn't help but associate her with every man's fantasy of the naughty librarian. If that's the look she was going for, she was nailing it.

He slowed to a stop as he reached the desk. Anastasia held out her hand in greeting.

“Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Sparks.”

Brandon shook her hand firmly. “And you, Ms. Sins. May I call you Anastasia?”

“Call me Ana. Saying all five syllables gets tiresome, I assure you.”

He smiled and nodded. Brandon's gaze swept across her desk. She'd been reading Thomas Piketty's *Capital in the Twenty-First Century*. There was a large pile of books on the left side of the desk, likely waiting for new shelves to be delivered. Brandon scanned the titles quickly. He wasn't familiar with *The Shore of Women*, but he recognized *Heretics of Dune*. It seemed the new CEO of Athena enjoyed science fiction.

Those weren't the books that stood out, though. *A People's History of the United States*, *Venus in Furs*, *Das Kapital* and *The SCUM Manifesto* were much more notable. Brandon looked up to find Ana staring back at him with a mischievous grin. The agency had been right to assign him this case. In her new position, this was a dangerous woman.

Ana removed her glasses and set them on the desk gently. “Won't you sit down?”

“Thanks” he replied, before undoing his suit-jacket and taking a seat.

Anastasia lowered herself gracefully into the executive leather office chair. She crossed her legs and leaned back. The curvy Domina studied Brandon like a tigress scanning her prey. Early thirties. Fit. Tall, dark and handsome. Well dressed. No ring on the finger.

*'Have they sent me a honey pot? Don't mind if I have a taste...'*

“I've been catching up on some reading between meetings” she began. “So many books and so little time.”

“Yes, it looks like you've been busy.”

“Are you a reader?”

“I read a fair amount when I was a kid and in my college days. Not so much now. At least not for pleasure.”

“Oh? That's a shame. It's the perfect way to unwind while expanding one's horizons.”

“You're right, of course, but that's now how I unwind. With all the research, paperwork and meetings involved in my job, I usually head to the gym to blow off some steam after work. I find it impossible to relax until I do.”

“Ah, so you find physical outlets for your frustration! A healthy practice. We have that in common. I'm told you're the new federal liaison, but you were only a deputy liaison until now. Is that right?”

“Yes. I think my superiors felt it was best for a fresh face to broker this... new relationship.”

“And what does that relationship entail? Enlighten me, Mr. Sparks.”

“Please, call me Brandon.”

“Ok, Brandon” she replied with a sultry smile.

“Officially, I'm here on behalf of the Department of Commerce.”

“And unofficially?”

“I know you're new to this, but I'm sure you're at least tangentially aware of the many agencies within the federal bureaucracy that have an interest, and many would say an **obligation**, to monitor the activities of companies like Athena. Without getting into specifics I'm not allowed to, you can assume I work for one of them.”

“And you're here to ensure that the old arrangements, currently in place, remain that way.”

*'Not to mention spying on me.'*

“We see it as facilitating a mutually beneficial relationship between the government and the company.”

“And what if, after a review of those arrangements, I decide the supposed benefits aren't worth all the data and access we're giving you?”

Brandon's eyebrows rose and he shifted in his chair. “Well, it would be my duty to strongly advise you against that and lay out the many consequences that may result from such a sudden shift in company policy.”

Ana's eyes narrowed. She rapped her fingers on the desk as she considered the young man and his words. It wouldn't do to just send him away. Making new enemies wasn't advisable at this early stage, let alone powerful ones. He was a tool, currently being used by those with interests entirely different from her own. Was he a useful tool? Perhaps, if he could be guided by the proper hand. Besides, he was easy on the eyes and there was always room in the kennel for another good little doggy.

“You know what? You're right. This is a new relationship and it's important we start it on the right foot. To that end, we should get to know each other better.”

Brandon's eyes lit up, surprised by her sudden shift in tone. “Right. I agree...”

“And since I need to know I can trust you before I give you the same access the former liaison had, it's important we expedite the process.”

“That'd be great. What did you have in mind?”

“Dinner. Just the two of us. As soon my schedule allows.”

The young man's jaw lulled opened. “Uhhhh, sure. I can make myself available for that.”

“You don't mind? I don't mean to rush you out the door, but I have another meeting in ten minutes. As you can imagine, the demands on my time are many now that I find myself at the top of this pyramid.”

“Not at all. I completely understand.”

“Good. I'll have my assistant handle the arrangements. You'll be picked up at your hotel and limo'd to a



restaurant of my choosing. There are so many I want to try now that money isn't an object anymore.”

Brandon stood and nodded. “That sounds wonderful. Thank you, Ms. Sins.”

“Ana” she reminded him.

He offered a sheepish grin. “Right. Ana.”

She stood and reached her hand out once more. They shook again and her stormy gray gaze burrowed into his warm pools of light brown. She was level with his six foot frame thanks to her heeled boots. They were on equal footing, for the moment.

“Until then” she said softly, with the best fake innocence she could muster.

He smiled and nodded again before heading for the door. Anastasia didn't let him get far.

“Oh, and Brandon...”

The young man turned on his heel. The perplexed look on his face indicated he was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

“I'll need you to be available for the whole night. We have much to go over.”

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**\*WHAP\***

“**AHHHHHHHHH!!! TWENTY SIX!**”

“Stop mewling you little baby! **JUST COUNT!**”

**\*WHAP\***

“**ARRRGHHHH!** Sorry Mistress! Twenty seven!”

Jake cried out as Brandi lashed his ass repeatedly. His wrists and ankles were locked to the spanking bench. His cock and scrotum hung below, double wrapped in bondage. A cruel metal cock cage confined his shriveled penis. Several ropes were tied around the base of his groin and looped around his balls, separating and discoloring them.

Dangling from his painfully stretched scrotum and hanging about a foot above the ground was a ten pound weight plate. Jacob couldn't see the damage she was doing to his ass, but he could feel the red lines being flayed into his exposed rear.

“Stop crying or I'll add more weight!”

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

Jake bit his bottom lip harshly, muffling his loud groans as three more powerful lashes ripped into his reddened cheeks. How could such a thin piece of rattan cause so much pain?!?

“Twenty eight! Twenty nine! **Thirty!**”

His face was beet red and his breath labored as he called out the numbers. His almost-naked body shivered and quaked on the immobilizing bench. The only articles he wore in addition to his chastity device were the lacy leggings and silky arm-gloves the dark-skinned Domina had dressed him in. Mistress Brandi had a thing for feminization.

Since moving into the new quarters, Anastasia had demanded he keep his form fully shaved. Full body electrolysis sessions had begun, but it would take many treatments before he no longer needed to shave at all. Anastasia made it clear it was crucial step in his transformation and that he'd thank her for it in the long run. His new wardrobe, an endless assortment of fetish attire and slutty costumes, was better served by bare skin. Regular clothes were a thing of the past for Jake Telos.

“Open up, **slut!**”

Jake did as he was bade as Brandi stalked around to his front. The mocha Goddess was decked out in a luscious red leather corset and matching thigh-high leather boots. She'd traded in her cane for a web of leather and latex; a head harness with a thick leather bit-gag. She pushed the squishy leather tube into his mouth and the bit settled between his teeth. Brandi strapped the harness securely around his head as his ass continued to burn.

“If you're going to complain, you can wear one of these! I rather enjoy your whimpering when one of you **bitch boys** is gagging on leather.”

The well toned Domina gave his face a shove before stalking off and retrieving her wicked wand. Her boot heels clacked on the hardwood floor as she returned to his backside. She raised the cane anew, ready to complete the sentence. Jacob had earned forty lashes for failing to worship her ass sufficiently.

“No worries about counting the rest. You can scream all you want now.”

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

Jacob wailed and grunted into the gag. His limbs rattled against the thick metal restraints and leather padding of the bench as lash after lash whipped into his already welted ass. With every shake of his body, the heavy weight plate tugged at his scrotum, adding an extra jolt of brutal stretching pain. Mistress Brandi struck without mercy, each blow more forceful than the last as she delighted in tormenting Anastasia's new slave.

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

Jake whimpered pitifully as the last blow blistered his searing flesh. He huffed and wheezed through the leather horse bit as delicious agony gave way to a pleasant endorphin rush and the high of sub-space. As his heartbeat slowed and he caught his breath, Brandi tossed her cane aside and began releasing his cuffed wrists and ankles from the bench's restraints.

“Get off the bench. **On your knees**, before me!”

Jake slipped off the now-sweaty leather padding gingerly. The heavy weight pulling on his balls reminded him that each little motion had consequences. Jacob carefully lowered himself down and the weight plate sunk to the wooden floor with a dull thud. He breathed a sigh of relief as he fell to his knees.

The still-gagged slave inched across the floor until he was back at Brandi's feet. She was lounging on a leather sofa and playing with herself. The lustful lady stroked her sex in small circles as she looked down at him disdainfully.

“Did you enjoy that, you little bitch?”

Jake nodded in the affirmative. “Yeff Miffreff Branfi!”

“I know you did. Bet you'd love to lick this pussy too, wouldn't you?”

“Yeff Miffreff.”

“Too bad! **You're not worthy**. Crawl to the kitchen and fetch me a bottle of water from the fridge, **you fucking worm!**”

As Jake turned and began to skitter off on hands and knees, he realized what an awful journey it was going to be. After only two paces forward, the heavy metal plate began scraping against the hard wood. The weight was being dragged by his already aching scrotum. His palms and knees scraped against the unforgiving floor. He wanted to go faster so the task would end sooner, but with every lurch forward his lower anatomy begged him to stop. As he suffered, he could hear Mistress Brandi moan in the background.

How had it come to this? Jacob Telos, a man whose decisions once shaped the world, now reduced to a play-thing and servant for some arrogant, upscale escorts. Women who didn't even offer **sex** in most cases. Just pain, degradation and humiliation. He knew the reasons why, of course, somewhere in the depths of his mind, but his well-beaten ass and brutalized balls were pleading for a reminder.

The answers were many and varied. They were found deep in his past, each time assertive women had made an impression on him in childhood and during puberty. And it was nature as much as nurture, no doubt. The cosmic rolling of the dice that had consigned him to arousal by women who wielded whip and crop with perverse pleasure.

On top of all that was his adult life and the knowledge that he'd taken so much from the world while offering so little in return. What had he done to earn billions of dollars? Almost nothing. He'd had a half-baked notion once, gotten a huge loan from his parents and arrived first to the trough. He'd been in the right place at the right time, a combination of luck and privilege.

Until recently, Jake's life consisted of going to dinner parties and back-slapping corporate meet-and-greets with other rich fucks. All the while, millions of people toiled around the world to fill their undeserving coffers. After a while, the bullshit was all you could smell anymore. You either embrace villainy and call it virtue or you drown in self-hate.

All the quaint little lies he'd told himself to justify his actions no longer held water. All the self-loathing that pooled in his soul, like acid, burned his body and mind until he craved nothing but to be free of it. The freedom that only bondage, pain and the affection of brutal women could unleash. To be awash in suffering and sin was the only way Jake Telos could know peace.

Most of all, the answers lay in Anastasia's eyes. That piercing gaze that made him feel like a rodent paralyzed before a hissing snake. The rabbit fleeing from the salivating fox. The anxious zebra stalked by the lioness. To be the hunted. To be sought after. To be her prey. An object to be used. A vessel to be drained. To give everything away to a Goddess on high. That was why he crawled along the floor, a simpering slave to Mistress Anastasia and all her Dominatrix colleagues.

Jacob finally arrived at the fridge. He opened the door, retrieved a bottled water, closed it and began the painful slog back. He grunted into his gag as he resumed towing the hefty weight clamped to the bottom of his manhood. What a perfect metaphor it was. He wondered if Brandi meant it that way or if she simply enjoyed seeing a man's balls weighed down and in pain.

Would he meet every single Domina in the employ of Madam Snow during his long journey into Femdom servitude? It seemed likely. Anastasia was rotating them in every day while she was off restructuring the Athena empire. Many of those women had begun moving into the condo complex he now lived in. Once, this was one of thousands of properties Jacob owned. Now, it all belonged to Ana.

Would he see Madam Snow again? That would be a reckoning, indeed. Jake knew she was most likely the true architect of his downfall. Would he thank her for it?

As he trudged back to the living room on aching hands and knees, Brandi's moans of bliss snapped him from his thoughts. Her fingers strummed her clit rapidly as she spasmed on the sofa. The leather cushioning stretched and rippled against her supple body as the orgasm overtook her.

She watched him with dreamy eyes as the climax hummed through her nervous system and set every pleasure center alight. Brandi was still rubbing herself below when Jacob arrived at her feet. The weight plate scraped to a stop behind him. He reached up and carefully handed her the bottle of cool water.

His own body was drenched in sweat and his throat was parched with thirst. He could taste nothing but musty leather and smell little but the pungent aroma of the young Domina's dripping sex. It glistened right in front of him, a cruel reminder of what he'd never have again.

Brandi uncapped the bottle and downed half its contents in a matter of seconds. She leaned forward and dumped the other half on the floor beside Jacob.

“Lick it up, slave.”

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“Thomas, send in Ms. Powell at once” Anastasia spoke into the intercom before releasing the button.

“Right away, Ms. Sins.”

It was the last meeting of the day and the one Ana was looking forward to the most. She'd spent much of the last few days reviewing the files of the employees at the top and middle of Athena's hierarchy. It was a tree that needed a great deal of pruning, to say the least.

She trusted almost no one at the moment, but Anastasia was slowly identifying the ones who would serve her well and forming bonds with those she planned to keep around. Of all of them, the next woman seemed the most promising.

The door to her cavernous office opened and in walked a fittingly massive woman. She was a bit taller than Anastasia in her classy black heels. The woman was a dirty blonde, her locks flowing down a little past shoulder length and ending in stylish curls. Her bust and hips were thick and curvy. Her extra weight was in all the right places. Amanda wore a close-fitting black top, the sleeves of which terminated just below her elbows. Her tight skirt was a horizontal zebra pattern of black and white lines extending down to just past her knees.

The woman's thighs and calves weren't just big, they were massively strong. Amanda looked like she could crush a watermelon between her legs with ease. She strode to Ana's desk confidently, her heels clicking off the floor and echoing through the giant, half-empty room. A rose gold wristwatch and diamond bracelet added elements of class to the big woman's ensemble. Anastasia liked her instantly.

Ana reached out and shook hands for the umpteenth time that day. She'd grown tired of all the meet and greets, but watching the glorious Amazon stalk into her office had reinvigorated her. They exchanged smiles and Anastasia knew the reasons for Amanda's, instantly. It wasn't just out of formality or politeness. Amanda was delighted to see a fellow woman sitting behind the big desk.

“Ms. Powell, it's a pleasure to meet you. I've been looking forward to this.”

“Likewise, President Sins. And let me say I absolutely adore your name. *Anastasia Dominique Sins*. When I read the announcement, I was instantly jealous.”

Ana motioned for her to sit and they both took their seats. “You flatter me. Amanda Powell is a strong name. Perfect for a formidable woman. You have no reason to be jealous.”

“Thank you, Madam President. You're too kind.”

“Ana, please.”

“As you wish” the big woman said with a nod.

Anastasia reached across the desk and picked up a manila folder with Amanda's profile. She opened it and gave it a quick scan before resuming their chat. “So, it says here you've been the Human Resources Manager for seven years now.”

“Yes, that's correct.”

“And it looks like you've been stuck at that level for a while, despite exemplary job performance. A shame, don't you think?”

Amanda shifted in her chair. “Well, I certainly feel I'm ready to move up, but I understand lack of promotion isn't always due to lack of qualification or performance. Sometimes there are just no spots open in the chain of command.”

“The polite answer, but we both know it's nonsense.”

The big blonde's eyes opened wide in surprise. Before she could formulate a response, Anastasia continued.

“A company this big can always afford to create new positions and reward good talent and diligent work. It chooses not to only to pinch pennies and to wring its employees dry while paying them as little as possible. It makes the shareholders happy, but it's bad for business in the long term, due to burnout and employee turnover. That ends, starting now.”

Amanda's mouth hung open. This was not how a CEO typically spoke.

“Besides, we both know there are *other reasons* why you haven't been promoted. Old prejudices that have long existed and held back accomplished women like yourself.”

“You're right, of course. It's refreshing to hear someone in leadership acknowledge it.”

“I knew you'd appreciate that since I see you're a member of...” Ana glanced at her file again. “The *National Organization for Women*, the *Feminist Majority Foundation*, the Seattle chapter of the *Women's Liberation Union* **AND**, the ones I found most interesting, the *International Gynocracy Movement* and *Femocracy Global*.”

The longer Ana went on, the more outraged Amanda looked. Her fists balled and her teeth gritted. It was an effort for the big woman not to yell as she reacted to the info dump. “Wha-- How do you know all that?!?”

“I haven't ordered any background checks on you, if that's what you're thinking, but **Athena** clearly has. This was all in your dossier when I got here.” Anastasia turned the folder around and dropped it in front of her. Amanda looked it over in annoyance, shocked by how thoroughly the company had been keeping tabs on her.

“Now you **really** know why you haven't been promoted. And the expression on your face tells me you had no idea the company was doing this.”

Amanda pushed the file across the desk and leaned back in her chair. “This level of employee scrutiny is reserved for Senior level Human Resource officers. It's out of my jurisdiction.”

“Not anymore” Anastasia responded cheerfully. “I'm promoting you to Chief Human Resources Officer, effective immediately.”

Amanda's eyes went wide and her mouth hung open again, but this time in pleasant surprise. She offered another slight bow. “Thank you, Ma'am. I will endeavor to serve you and the company well.”

“I know you will, and if you help me streamline my new program, you won't just be a Senior Officer for long. You'll be **Vice President**, in charge of Human Resources.”

The buxom BBW looked completely overwhelmed.

Anastasia leaned forward and clasped her hands together on the desk. She stared deep into the other woman's dark blue eyes.

“Amanda, I want you to be my field General. I need someone who will whip this army into shape, keep the troops in line and to help me craft a more *woman friendly* environment where our sisters can flourish. Furthermore, I'm sure you know the ranks of management better than anyone on the Senior staff. You know where the weak links are. The dead weight. Those who abuse, or simply don't deserve, their current positions. You'll help me filter them out and find suitable replacements.”

“I... would be **very happy** to do that, Madam President.” She said with a beaming smile. “Ana!” she corrected herself.

“Excellent. I'm sure you know what I mean by dead weight, and we'll be excising plenty, but we don't necessarily need to fire them all. I have some ideas for how they might be put to good use, but we'll get into that later. I think we should setup a lunch meeting to discuss these plans in detail. I've had this room swept for bugs, but I still don't fully trust the place, yet. Best to get into the nitty-gritty somewhere private where no ears might be listening.”

“Very prudent” Amanda nodded in agreement. The grin on her face made it evident this was one of the best days of her life.

\* \* \* \* \*

“**MMMPPPPRRGGGHHHH!!! MMMGGLLLMPPPHMMMMMM!!!!**”

Jacob retched as Brandi maintained an iron grip on his head harness, pulling his mouth all the way to the base of her black strapon. He was forced to inhale musty rubber cock to the balls, his lips stretched wide around its fat girth. His throat convulsed in rejection, but could do nothing to dislodge it. Jake sucked in panicked wisps of air through his nose. It was his only means of grasping at barely adequate oxygen each time she plunged her cock into his throat and held it there.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

His right ass cheek was savaged in quick bursts in between powerful thrusts of Ana's thick, red ten-incher. Even as Brandi face-fucked him powerfully, his owner and Mistress was railing his already whipped ass and impaling his eager asshole with an over-abundance of thrusting cock.

They'd been spit roasting him for almost a half hour. The ordeal began within minutes of Anastasia arriving home and donning her black latex cat suit. She couldn't wait to take out the stress of her day on Jacob's exposed flesh; to channel her frustrations into his still-weighted ball sack and gaping man cunt. She grabbed his hips fiercely, digging her fingers into his flesh as she fucked him mercilessly with her fat rubber python. Her latex curves shook as her breasts bounced and each forceful fuck sent pleasurable vibrations through her dripping sex.

**“YEAH, YOU LIKE THAT?!? Is two cocks enough, you fucking whore? Or do we need to shove in MORE?”**

“Two cocks is plenty” Brandi noted. “But we need to size up. This **fucking slut** sucks ten inches to the balls like it's nothing. He's a pro cock sucker, now!”

The tears leaking from Jacob's eyes begged to differ. He didn't find it easy, but he couldn't deny the rest of her statement. He was, indeed, throating ten inches of latex penis repeatedly and at length.

“How does it taste, **bitch?**” the mocha Domme continued. “You like the taste of your own ass? You **better believe** I haven't cleaned this cock since I fucked your filthy slit. Yeah, that's it! **GAG ON IT!!!**”

Rivulets of thick spittle ran from his lips with each long, rubbery glide into his packed mouth. Snot ran from Jacob's nose like cum as he choked and slobbered on the obscene dong.

**\*GLOORRRMMM GLOOOORPPPP SHHLLLOORRRMMMM SHHRRLLLOPPP\***

Anastasia bucked into his bruised ass with an especially powerfully thrust and then backed out, ripping her fat cock from his sucking pucker with a loud slurp. She walked over to a nearby coffee table where she'd lit a thick, red candle. She picked up the glowing torch and her cat-o-nine-tails. Her strapon dripped with lube and anal filth.

She marched back to Jake's side and gave Brandi a wink. The other Domme smiled knowingly and slid her sloppy length all the way in to the hilt. She locked her hands around Jacob's head, his face fully impaled on her fat length.

A spark of pure maniacal glee entered Anastasia's eyes as she watched him gag on her friend's thick strapon. Her lips curled in cruel longing as she tipped over the candle and started pouring the scalding wax all over Jacob's back. All he could do was choke on ass-reeking rubber and endure the blazing agony as he wriggled like a worm on a hook.

**“WWWHHHGGGGMMMMPPPHHH!!! RRRRRRAAAAALLLLGGMMMMPPPHHH!!!!!!!”**

His limbs tore fiercely at the bondage bench bindings, but it was no use. Even with all his strength, he couldn't get the bench to move a millimeter. His wrists and ankles did nothing but dig painfully into the steel holdings, causing him even more pain as his back was coated in viscous, burning lava.

Ana continued until every drop of hot wax was dumped over his quivering flesh. She then blew out the candle and tossed it aside. With no hesitation, she raised her weapon above her head and brought its leather tassels down on Jacob's sizzling back, full force.

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

She lacerated his already burning flesh, sending flecks of red putty all over the place. The still-cooling candle sludge was turned into a burning slurry as she whipped his back repeatedly. Ana didn't give a single shit about the mess she was making. She was enjoying herself and Jacob could clean it up later.

**“TAKE. IT. YOU. FUCKING. PAIN. WHORE!!!”**



**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

When his back was nothing but leather burns and streaks of solidified red wax, she tossed the toy aside and returned to his ass. She lined the tip of her cock back up with his pucker and thrust it home hard and deep. Ana and Brandi resumed rutting into his bound body at both ends. The thick lengths of rigid rubber cock assaulted him nonstop as both women moaned and clawed at his flesh.

Jacob's limbs went slack against the bench as his throat and ass were used like pocket pussies. He was nothing but a receptacle for giant dicks that never came and never seemed to tire. His eyes rolled back as his overstimulated prostate caused his caged cock to leak sad little trickles of cum from its tip.

Both women continued thrashing his cock-packed holes until the egg vibrators in their strapon harnesses sent them screaming in climax. Brandi came first, her cock slurping back and forth in Jake's mouth-pussy until the decadent diva was done shaking in orgasm. She pulled her phallus free from his sore, sucking lips as Ana wailed in bliss and pumped his ass the hardest she had all night. She pounded his wounded cheeks harshly, slamming every bit of force she could muster into her slave's tortured ass.

Finally, when both women had enjoyed their second orgasm of the evening, Anastasia pulled her cock free and joined Brandi on the leather sofa. She collapsed beside her friend, both women coming down from their domination high. Jacob sucked in fresh air, still bound to the bench. The many wounds on his back and ass no longer registered through the euphoria of natural pain killers floating through his brain. He lay there in a daze, amazed and a little sad that the ordeal was over.

“Goddamn, that was nice...” Brandi said as she unhooked her strapon. The heavy, black dong toppled to the floor with a rubbery thud.

“No kidding” said Anastasia, following her lead. Her sticky, unbuckled cock slipped from the harness and rolled into the crack between leather cushions. “Fuck. How did we get this lucky?”

“You didn't just get lucky” Brandi reminded her. “You got good advice from yours truly.”

Ana leaned against the arm rest and looked back at her friend. They were both a sweaty mess with exuberant smiles; relaxing in the afterglow of intense BDSM. “Yeah. You were right about Madam Snow. Right about everything. If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't be here. And now... anything is possible. I owe you, Brandi.”

“And?” she prompted.

“And... I know where to go when I need good advice.”

“Don't forget it, hun.”

They lay there for a few minutes, recovering from their exertions and chatting amicably. After a while, Brandi stood on shaky legs. She walked around a bit, working the kinks out of her sore frame before turning back to Ana.

“I gotta go. Got plans tonight. You need me to watch him again this week?”

“Nah” she answered. “I got friends of ours lined up for the next four days. More of Snow's girls are moving in tomorrow. I'm sure they'll want a crack at him too. Maybe next week, though?”

“Whenever you like” she responded eagerly. “I have so much time on my hands now that **this slut** is paying for room and board.” She gave Jake's reddened ass an extra swat for good measure.

**\*SMACK\***

Brandi grabbed her bag and started for the door. She stopped and turned back to the resting blonde. “Actually, I shouldn't say that. It's not his money anymore, is it?”

“It never was” Anastasia replied.

Brandi laughed. “I'll see you later, hun. Have fun!”

“You too. Later, B.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Anastasia traced her hands up and down Jacob's naked form. He lay at the edge of the bed, naked aside from his leather collar, cock cage and the shackles on his wrists and ankles. Jake was chained to the headboard and footboard, but his bondage was simple tonight. No gag, no costume, no bodysuit and no sleep-sack. Ana rubbed him gently as her breasts pressed against his bandaged back.

She soothed him with long, generous massage; her hands flowing up and down his fair skin. This was far from her favorite aspect of total power exchange, but it was a necessary component. The responsible thing to do in any Mistress and slave relationship. If she was honest with herself, it was a nice change of pace after the thunderous peak of intense domination. The highs could only as be as powerful as the lows were tranquil. Contrast was everything.

Ana felt no real affection for Jacob, but even monsters deserved aftercare. Especially after they dutifully submitted and resigned themselves to their proper role in the world. Anastasia reached down and cupped his balls gently. She spared no inch of his body while calming his weary flesh. Besides, what good was a toy if you couldn't play with it how you pleased?

Jake moaned lightly as she groped him down below. His cock started to harden, straining against its cage and bringing fresh frustration to the slave in repose. Even a Goddess' gentle, heavenly embrace came with a price, it seemed.

“Is it everything you imagined? Your new life?” she whispered in his ear.

“Yes, Mistress...” he answered without hesitation.

“Good.”

She continued massaging him for a time, her soft hands flowing up and down his bound and naked form. She rolled her palm and fingers around his scrotum at length, coaxing his cock into the hardest

form it could achieve in its steel prison. Jacob hissed and grunted through clenched teeth. It didn't seem she would stop any time soon, so he voiced his own query through the pain.

“And you Mistress? Are you happy?”

She clamped down on his nuts with a stern grip, squeezing them firmly.

“I gave you no permission to speak. But for the record... I've never been happier.”

He sucked in cool breaths between pained groans. Jake bit his tongue as she assaulted him without mercy. “Then my decision was the right one. It was all worth it.”

Anastasia released him abruptly. “Not that your judgment matters, or will matter ever again, but you should withhold it for now. We've only begun, slave.”

She tossed a blanket over his bound form before rolling over and wrapping herself in her own duvet.

“Goodnight, bitch.”

“Goodnight, Mistress.”

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