

## Athena Corp Chronicles

### Chapter 3 – Downsizing

#### SIX WEEKS AFTER THE FALL

“I don't like it” Ian muttered before taking a sip of his jet black coffee.

“Don't like what?” Marco asked in between bites of his reheated chicken parmesan.

The two sat in one of Athena Corp's many cafeterias. They were chatting over lunch, as they did most days. The talk of fellow co-workers buzzed around them. It was a cacophony of commiseration over the many drastic changes to the corporate hierarchy in recent weeks.

“What do you think I'm talking about?!? The shakeup! The layoffs. All of it.”

Deep frustration was etched across his face. The middle aged financial analyst with short blonde hair was vexed. Ian was 5'10 with a medium build he kept trim with a careful diet and regular exercise. His well manicured beard and mustache showed only the first lines of white invading the otherwise golden mane decorating his square jaw. The man looked like he belonged on a viking long boat, but found himself in the boardrooms of corporate America, complete with suit and tie.

“It's standard restructuring. You had to know something like this was going to happen when Ms. Sins took over.”

Marco, by contrast, was thin and wiry. He was 5'8 with short red hair, the curls of which persisted no matter which hairstyle he tried. Even now, with his auburn locks neatly combed into a handsome wave, the ends of many hairs coiled in protest. The marketing manager almost always bore a smile, even when he was having lunch with his dour friend.

Ian sighed. “Have you been paying attention to the announcements? Seen all the offices cleared out? So many gone with no good reason why. Almost all of them men. And it seems like they're all being replaced by women.”

Marco smirked. “Yeah, but we've had way more male employees until now. So isn't that to be expected?”

Ian frowned at his coworker. To him, Marco had always seemed naive and overly friendly, but he was obviously good at his job or he wouldn't be there.

“Mr. Telos had a guiding philosophy for how this company should operate. He ran a tight ship. The people he hired were go-getters and visionaries. He didn't fire people, especially in management, unless they failed to perform. Everything we see now is in violation of those principles.”

“That's one perspective” Marco replied. He took a sip of his bottled water before continuing. “But don't you think Ms. Sins has her own guiding philosophy? Her methods may prove to be just as effective. Besides, if you ask me, diversifying management was long overdue. Monoculture often leads to stagnation.”

“Has the Athena corporation been **stagnating** in recent years?” Ian asked with raised eyebrows, daring him to answer in the affirmative.

“I didn't say that. I'm only suggesting we could be doing even better. The shakeup might be a positive thing in the long run. I know I'll be happy to have more women around and less cocky guys who would slit my throat for a promotion.”

Ian scowled behind his mug. He drank deeply of the caffeinated brew before setting the cup down gently. He was disappointed in his long-time lunch companion, but not surprised. Marco's girlfriend had him whipped. Was it she that turned him into a feminist? A domineering mother? Or the silly liberal arts college he'd gone to?

Marco was almost ten years his junior. Ian hoped to provide guidance to the young man since befriending him, but the plucky redhead had proven remarkably rooted. Whatever his flaws, Marco was his own man, at least in the workplace. Ian had serious doubts that quality extended to his home life.

“I am not prejudging Ms. Sins. I know nothing of her philosophy because I know almost nothing of her **at all**. That's the point. I'm merely skeptical of this sudden volatility and radical change.”

Marco put on his biggest grin, an expression he liked to wear when he was about to announce checkmate. He finished the last of his meat and pasta before letting the cutlery rattle into the microwave-safe dish.

“You respect Mr. Telos, yes? Doesn't that mean you should have some measure of confidence in his decision? He had to pick Ms. Sins for a reason. Unless you believe the rumor that he handed over his empire to nothing but a pretty face? But that would contradict everything you believe about him, would it not?”

Ian sighed again. This time he looked down and tried his best to summon a reasoned reply. He hated when the young man had a point.

“Even strong men falter, but I'm not going to assume that's what happened. What you say has **some** merit. In any case, I'll have a better idea what's going on after my interview. It seems I'm next on the chopping block. I meet with HR in one hour.”

“No kidding? Good luck, man.”

“Thanks” he said before draining what was his left of his coffee. His nose wrinkled as he looked at the empty dish in front of Marco. “I have to admit, that smelled pretty good.”

“You want to try it? We could have you over for dinner.”

“Sure. Why not? I can finally meet the woman of your dreams and sample her cooking.”

“Actually, I’m the one who made the chicken parm” Marco responded. He folded his arms over his chest while his lips curled into a defiant smile. “I whipped it up for Gina and I a few nights ago. She loved it.”

Ian chuckled and shook his head. He should've known. “I bet she did.”

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“Good job, ladies. I’ll take it from here.”

“Bye, Madam Snow!”

“Have fun, Headmistress!”

The two women who'd just spent the last six hours instructing Jake Telos smiled and waved before exiting. The front door of the condo clicked shut and the owner and proprietress of *Madam's Snow's Ivory Manor* turned and examined herself in the hallway mirror.

She'd **really** dressed the part today. Madam Snow wore a shiny, black PVC bodysuit that stretched all around her body from her shoulders to her boots. Veronica had developed a mild rubber allergy over the years, so she always went with PVC over latex. It cost more, but looked just as wonderful and required considerably less upkeep than traditional rubber fetish gear.

A black corset was cinched around her waist, its succulent leather matching the color of her high heeled boots. Three thick, red leather belts were buckled around both of her calves. In addition to giving her an especially severe look, they helped keep her boots nice and snug. With the help of an excellent personal trainer, she'd lost weight in recent years and some of her favorite boots were starting to feel loose on her.

On a necklace hanging just above her bust was a gleaming snowflake pendant. The frame of the expensive piece was silvery white metal with a brilliant sapphire at its center. The short snowflake petals rounding the interior each bore a sparkling diamond, while the end of each longer crystalline arm bore another small sapphire.

It amused her that *snowflake* had become a politically charged pejorative in recent years. Veronica had been wearing the pendant long before that. It had become her emblem ever since she'd earned the title '*Madam Snow*.' As she'd entered middle age and adopted the trademark platinum blonde that fit so well with her name, her legend had continued to grow. It was the perfect symbol for a woman of her traits and style of domination. Beautiful, elegant, cold, calm and perfectly capable of burying you.

Veronica examined her makeup in the mirror and struck a few dominant poses with her hands on her hips. She still looked damn good, in open defiance of her age. She was dressed in one of her favorite scandalous outfits because this was a day she'd been waiting for.

She was about to see an old friend for the first time in many years. Well, perhaps friend wasn't the right word. A dead and buried dalliance. A bygone companion. Perhaps, one might even say, an old flame. *The one who got away*. Not that Jake Telos was any great prize, especially in his current form, but

maybe he'd have turned out better if Veronica had managed things differently.

No, it was foolish to ponder what might have been. To live in the past and second guess herself. It was simultaneously selfish and unfair to herself. It was better this way. Jake had become the ghoul he was meant to be. The titan of industry that only men with his morbid sociopathy and total emptiness could rise to be in the current world. If Veronica had dealt with him properly and kept him under heel, the door to greater things would not be open. Wisdom held that sometimes, the best thing that can happen to a person is to **not** get what they want.

Madam Snow grinned, her white teeth flashing in the reflection. She turned, seized her crop from the counter, hoisted her bags and headed down the corridor. She passed a bedroom and an empty playroom before stopping at the next converted play space in which her target was located.

There he was. Formerly the most rich and powerful man in the world, spread out on a bondage table with a pair of soiled panties stuffed in his mouth and a fat dildo protruding from his stretched pucker. He was naked, aside from the cock cage wrapped around his shriveled manhood. His arms and legs were bound firmly to the corners of the table.

Madam Snow strode in, her heels striking the floor as she made her way to the sprawled out submissive. Jake looked up and his eyes went wide when he saw who approached.

“Hello Jacob” she said casually before setting her things down. She leaned over the table, her sleek curves hovering over him and shining in the overhead light as she studied him up close. “So, you finally decided to stop pretending. To no longer hide the real you behind acquisitiveness and meaningless accolades. To once again embrace your true nature. That's good! I'm just glad I was ready when the time came.”

She grabbed the purple panties sprouting between his teeth and pulled them out with a long slurp. He coughed and took a deep breath through his freed mouth. Jake's eyes were locked on hers.

“Veronica...”

**\*SMACK\***

Her gloved hand shot out and slapped his face sideways. The stern Domina left scorching red finger marks across his left cheek.

“You know better than that.”

Jake drank in the delicious ache from the woman he'd once called Mistress. He righted his vision, studying her lovely face and the glittering necklace dangling from her cat-suited form. She'd grown older and her curves were less plump than he remembered, but she was no less strong or beautiful. The Headmistress had aged well.

“Madam Snow” he corrected himself.

She'd just started using the title when they parted ways, but he remembered it well. How could he not, after hiring her service while looking for his new Goddess? He knew it was a risk, mixing business with pleasure; especially with someone he had a history with. Regardless, something deep down had

told him to do it. He didn't regret his decision.

Veronica rose back to her full height. She took up her crop from the table and flexed it in her hands. "You may speak freely for the next few minutes. If you have anything you wish to say to me, anything you want to get off your chest, I suggest you do it now. Who knows when you'll get another chance?"

"It's good to see you" he said flatly.

There was no emotion in his voice. No longing in his eyes for anything but the visceral sensations he suspected she would soon inflict. Even now, in total surrender, his motives were purely selfish. Jake was an open book to Madam Snow.

"It's good to **be seen** by you. I knew this was a possibility, but never dared to hope it might actually happen. Now we're both going to get what we want."

"And what is it you want, Madam Snow?"

"A better world for all women. A world where they can embrace their proper role and men can embrace theirs."

Jacob smirked and nodded in amusement. Some things **hadn't** changed. "Did you train Anastasia just to bait me? If so, bravo. You outdid yourself."

Veronica rolled her eyes before setting her gaze back on him coldly. "Don't be so dramatic. It was a lucky coincidence that Ana came along when she did. Maybe **fate** if you believe in that sort of thing. She was born to put you in your place. Other than a few words of advice, I treated her no differently from my other girls."

"And now that she's taken everything, am I being given back to you? I do hope I get to see the woman I sacrificed everything for, at least once in a while."

"Oh, fret not. You will. You're still Anastasia's. I've simply been put in charge of your schedule. It will be my decision which of our many Dommies you'll serve from day to day. Anastasia is a busy woman, now more than ever, and I have so many eager women in my house who can't wait to get their hands on you. Veterans, new-comers, intermediate. You're going to be a very busy slave."

Jacob grunted as his penis hardened against the steel coils of his cock cage. Veronica looked down with smug satisfaction, watching his bulging flesh press painfully against its confines.

"Fair enough" he said through gritted teeth. "Can't say I didn't ask for it."

Veronica chuckled and crossed her arms below her breasts. She enjoyed the view as Jacob squirmed on the table and mumbled in pain.

"Your time to speak freely is over. You will address me properly and speak only when spoken to. The same goes for every other Mistress of the Ivory Manor you submit to. You may call me Madam Snow, Mistress Snow or Goddess. Do mix it up a little. You know I hate slaves who bore me."

"Yes, Mistress Snow."

Veronica reached down and pulled one her her bags up onto the table. She opened it and searched around a bit before extracting a metal contraption. It was another chastity device; a cock cage and ball spreader that was at least a size or two smaller than the one Jake was currently wearing.

She held it up for him to see. “First thing on the agenda today: downsizing! A fun coincidence since there's lots of **downsizing** going on at Athena right now. What do you think of that, slave?”

“I will gladly wear your cage, Madam Snow.”

“And what about the changes at Athena? How does that make you feel?”

“It's no longer my concern. The company is Anastasia's now. Whatever she does with it, I hope it makes her happy.”

Snow's eyes narrowed as she scanned his forlorn expression. “You're really smitten with her, aren't you? At least, as much as someone like you can be.”

“She's an angel of pain” Jake responded. “A divine being of—”

**\*WHAP\***

Veronica's crop lashed into Jacob's midsection, punishing him for failing to use her title. The business end of her wand bit into the sensitive flesh of his torso. He tugged at his bonds and grunted, reeling from the unexpected sting.

“Sorry, Mistress Snow!”

Their exchange was interrupted by noises in the background. Voices echoed in the distance. Both of them suddenly realized there were others in the condo with them.

“Ah, your next two trainers have arrived” Veronica said with a grin. “**WE'RE IN HERE, LADIES!**” she shouted over her shoulder.

As Madam Snow waited for them to find their way to the room, she looked down at Jacob haughtily. “Over the next six months, I suspect you'll get to know **all** the women of the Ivory Manor. **Intimately**. With the rate Athena is paying us, I doubt any of my girls will tire of dealing with you.”

The women rounded the corner and Jake beheld two more curvy figures in tight fetish clothing. One was a black woman with long, dark hair. She was decked out in red latex from her neck to her matching thigh high boots. The other was a white woman with startling shoulder-length dyed orange hair that faded into a lighter shade the further it proceeded. She was wearing a metal studded black corset and black leather pants. Her black knee-high boots bore stiletto heels.

While scanning their costumes and tantalizing curves, he noticed that the woman in red was sporting a sizable bulge in the front of her shiny bodysuit. After a second look at the other woman, he saw that she, likewise, had a growing pipe-like protrusion pressing through the tight leather of her pants.

Jake's eyes opened wide as anxiety coursed through his body. His heartbeat spiked as they grew closer,

the rubber and leather of their costumes squeaking as they closed in. He'd been with many dominant women over the years, but none like them. It seemed Madam Snow was eager to expand his horizons.

“Say hello to Mistress Justine and Madam Aurora” Veronica spoke up enthusiastically.

“Greetings Mistress Justine, Madam Aurora” Jacob said with a respectful nod, trying desperately not to sound fearful. He lifted one shackled wrist the mere inch he could and offered them a little wave.

“Hey baby!” the buxom woman in red greeted him.

“Hi bitch” the woman in black said curtly.

Madam Snow turned to them with smiles of admiration. “These fine ladies are two of our most sought after tops at the Ivory Manor! You should consider yourself **very** fortunate to enjoy their company at the same time. They're going to be looking after you today and the rest of the night after I leave. You **will** follow their orders and obey their every whim until they're relieved tomorrow. Is that understood, slave?”

Jacob gazed into her inviting portals of dark brown. Her eyelids were half lowered and her grin was sinister as she awaited his acquiescence. He could no more deny her than he could forsake his glorious Goddess of anguish. His life was now forfeit to Veronica's desires as much as Anastasia's, and he knew an endless procession of Femdom furies would follow.

“As you wish, Madam Snow.”

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Ian sat with his arms folded. He was the only man in the packed waiting room not staring at his phone. He gazed at the big screen across the way in between looks at the doomed men around him. A round table of talking heads was discussing the news of the day on TV, but it was impossible to focus on that. Not when his career hung in the balance.

“Ian Graves!” the receptionist called out.

The stoic blonde stood and marched to the front desk. The woman behind it nodded and smiled.

“Hi there! Ian Graves?”

“That's me.”

“You're meeting with Ms. Hastings. Just go through that door, down the hallway and it's the last room on the right. You can't miss it.”

“Alright, thanks” Ian said with a nod and a strained smile. He inhaled a deep breath and released it through his nostrils before opening the door and marching to the gallows.

He walked to the end of the hallway and turned into the final room on the right. Ian knocked on the

door as he entered and the woman behind the desk looked up. She was a slender, pretty brunette with long hair and high cheekbones. The young woman was decked out in casual business attire; a fuchsia ruffle neck portofino shirt and high-waist heather gray pants that stretched around her slim curves. Ian was almost positive he'd seen her before, but he couldn't immediately recall where.

"Ian Graves? I'm Jacqueline Hastings" the woman greeted, extending her hand as she stood.

"A pleasure" he responded, shaking her hand gently.

"Please sit" she added, gesturing to the chairs in front of the desk. "I'll need just a minute to finish with this form. We're processing a lot of employees today."

"So I've heard" Ian responded as he sat down. "It seems Athena is making big changes with all possible speed."

"Indeed we are. I don't understand the full scope of it yet, but Ms. Sins has already made some smart moves in my view."

Ian's eyes narrowed. He studied the young woman as she stared at her laptop and typed away. Suddenly, it hit him. He knew where he'd seen her before. The top floor of the building, years ago, when he'd taken the grand tour.

"Pardon me if I've mistaken you for someone else, but did you used to be Mr. Telos' assistant?"

"Mmmhmm" Jacqueline confirmed. She looked up with a thin smile. "I was promoted recently. Now I'm a Human Resources Manager."

"Quite a jump up" Ian noted.

"I suppose so, but I've been applying for this and other positions for years. I only got the chance when Ms. Powell was elevated." A few clicks of the mouse indicated that her digital paperwork was complete. "But we're not here to talk about my promotion. We're here to discuss your future with the company."

"Of course" Ian acknowledged, his fingers lifting from the armrests in supplication.

"I'll cut to the chase. The good news is, you're not being laid off."

A wave of ease washed over him. Ian's face and limbs, tense until now, visibly relaxed. So it wasn't what he'd been dreading. Still, the use of the term *good news* usually implied there was bad news just behind it. His relief was short lived.

"However, your department is being completely overhauled and it looks like your services in risk assessment will no longer be needed."

"I see. Am I being offered another position, then?"

"Yes, although I'm sorry to say the position is not well defined yet. I can only say it will involve a new line of products that Athena will be introducing in the next couple years and that HR thinks your skills



as an analyst may come in handy.”

“Surely, the position must have **some** title?”

“Officially, you'll be an assistant to one of the directors of this new project.”

“An assistant...”

Being offered an assistant's position by someone who just a month ago was still an assistant. Ian could feel his blood pressure rising. It took every scrap of his will not to stand up, walk out and slam the door behind him.

“I know this is a bit unusual, but before you make a decision, let me spell out the rest of the arrangement. If you accept this new position, you will receive an immediate 5% increase in base pay. The raise goes to 10% if you stay another year and 20% if you stay two years. You will retain the full benefits package of your previous position and your stock options will grow more generous with your pay. This is to acknowledge your service to the company and show our good faith, since we're asking you to deviate somewhat from your chosen career path.”

Ian's eyes widened in bewilderment. This was beyond bizarre. He'd never heard of anything like it. Not in the many casualty reports of mergers, acquisitions and other chicanery in the ever more cutthroat corporate world.

Unfortunately, they had him between a rock and a hard place. If he was ten years younger, he could leave and start over with another company. If he was ten years older, early retirement might be possible. At his current age, he could accept their deal or he could take a giant risk with the rest of his life. Who knew if there was anything even close to this generous and secure waiting for him out there? It seemed unlikely in the shark tank that was the modern economy.

“And if I decide I'd rather leave? What can I expect?”

“Very little” she said flatly. “Two weeks severance. You will receive no recommendation from the company and you will be monitored to ensure you're not violating the competition clauses in your contract.”

“What? Two weeks?!?” Ian had grown more annoyed the longer she spoke. It was difficult to keep his voice at a respectful volume at this point, but he managed it, barely. “One of my colleagues who was just laid off said he was getting three months!”

“That's right. If they were laid off, they get more severance.”

“And no recommendation? After you just said the company acknowledged the value of my service! That's ridiculous.”

“That's **at-will employment**, Mr. Graves. Welcome to capitalism.”

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Brandon sipped his wine and tried his best not to sweat. Nothing in his long, varied and difficult training had quite prepared him for this. There was intense physical training, there was survival training, there was interrogation training and then there was dinner with Anastasia Dominique Sins. Sitting across from the most rich and powerful woman in the world was a new a kind of stress.

Then there was her beauty. The blonde Goddess glowed in the candlelight of the table's flickering centerpiece. Dark flourishes of liner, mascara and shadow turned her eyes into smokey portals of glistening gray and blue. Her silky, royal blue evening dress cut across her bust, leaving her shoulders and everything above mid bicep exposed. It flowed down her body, clinging to her hourglass figure until it split in the front at its thigh-high slit.

She was a gorgeous woman in her prime and she knew it. The setting of *Belle Vie* was equal to her elegance. Live piano playing mixed with the light chatter in the background as some of the biggest names in the city talked business or pleasure.

Two tall, determined women stood guard in the background, trying their best to blend in even though they stuck out like sore thumbs. They were never far from Anastasia when she was out in public. Their eyes were hidden behind shades and both were well armed. How skilled they were in hand-to-hand or shooting was hard to say without testing them. Brandon hoped he never had to, though he was confident he could take them if need be.

But that wasn't the kind of combat he was there to engage in. For now, his battles would be mental and social. He was there to ingratiate himself and learn what he could about the mysterious new CEO and the circumstances that led her there. Now, with their orders placed, it was the perfect time to begin.

“So, how are you enjoying it so far? Running the world, that is.”

“The world?” she asked with a laugh. “You know very well I don't run the world. I suspect the people you work for are much closer to fitting that description.”

“You'd be surprised. Everyone thinks the government is in control, but it's the corporations who call the shots, by and large. And now that you're sitting at the head of the biggest one, you're gonna have a lot of influence.”

“I admit, there's a lot about Athena I'm still getting acquainted with. It's been an eye-opening experience in many ways. In time, I'll have a full grasp on all the pies we have our fingers in.”

Brandon sat back in his chair and tugged at the lapel of his jacket, straightening his suit. He chuckled and nodded at her understatement. “Well, I'm glad the company is in the hands of someone who understands the enormity of the task. I can report that much to my superiors happily. I'm also glad to see you've got full time security.”

Anastasia took a sip from her glass before responding. “Yes, I wasn't keen on it at first, but the women on my leadership staff insisted. I think they would've physically barred me from leaving the room until I agreed to a detail.”

“The women, huh? Are there no men in senior management anymore? Or were they just unconcerned with your safety?”

“They have all been dismissed” Anastasia said matter-of-factly. “There will likely never be a man in the highest levels of Athena leadership again. Not while I'm in charge. Maybe an advisor or two, if the right man impresses me” she said with a wink.

Brandon grinned. “Is that a challenge?”

“It is. Do you think you're up to it?”

“I certainly hope so.”

The tension grew, but it was the good kind. Brandon knew very well she wasn't just talking about work. Anastasia stared at him dreamily as she took a long drink of her *Sina Qua Non*.

“I can't imagine the board of directors is too thrilled with all the sudden changes you've been making and the drop in the stock price. How are you handling that side of things?”

“Oh, that's not going to be a problem. Mr. Telos had access to certain *compromising* information about most of our board members. Any who create trouble will be forced out in the coming weeks and months. I suspect most will go along with the program. All they care about is money and there's still plenty of that flowing in. Once they understand my vision for the company, they'll realize there's even more to be made.”

Brandon shifted in his chair slightly, signaling his deep interest. “I'd love to hear more about that vision, but since you brought him up, I feel obligated to ask about Mr. Telos. Do you know where he is right now?”

Anastasia looked flabbergasted. “You mean, you don't? I thought it was your job to know that kind of thing.”

“Like I said, I think you give us too much credit. It's like the guy disappeared off the face of the Earth not long after he signed things over to you.”

Ana downed what was left of her glass and put on a mischievous grin. “Sure. I know where he is. In fact, you might even get to see him tonight. If you want to come take the tour of my new digs after dinner.”

Brandon's eyebrows raised, his astonishment growing. “You're saying I'll get to meet Mr. Telos in person?”

Anastasia looked up and to the side. “Mmmm, not exactly.” Her gaze returned to the handsome young agent. “But I promise you'll be in close proximity.”

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The door to the bedroom flew open and the duo slipped into the large, darkened chamber. In between relentless kissing and groping, Ana hit the light switch. She continued to press Brandon deeper into her

lair as they slowly made their way to the bed. Brandon got only brief glances at her opulent living quarters in between aggressive kisses and deep tongue probing from the amorous Anastasia.

As they approached the edge of the nine by nine foot Alaskan King bed, Ana stopped him in his tracks. She broke off the heated kiss and gave his ass a hungry squeeze as she gazed into his eyes. Her look was as stern as her hands were needy.

“I'm going to tie you down and give you the most amazing night of your life. Do you consent?”

“Oh... I-” Brandon hesitated briefly. He'd been enjoying her aggression until the moment bondage was mentioned. His training experiences still sent a shiver down his spine at the thought of ever being tied up again. Still, he knew this was no assassin or agent of a foreign state he was dealing with. This wasn't spy versus spy. Anastasia was **his** target and his mission required that he play along. Besides, he wasn't about to run away from a little kink. It might even be fun. “Yes, absolutely.”

“Good boy.”

She shoved him in the chest and Brandon fell back on the bed. His body sank into the absurdly soft bedding. He'd never felt anything like it. Not even in the finest hotels he'd stayed in. So, this was how the super wealthy lived.

“I'll be back shortly” she said, raising her left hand and pointing at him. “Get out of those clothes.”

Anastasia stalked to her private bathroom, her evening dress swishing as she sauntered off. Brandon watched her ample ass flex in the silky blue fabric until the door closed behind her. He stood back up, a feat which required a surprising amount of effort. It wasn't easy to dislodge himself from the large indentation he'd made in the luscious, satin duvet and super soft mattress. The lingering effects of the wine weren't helping either.

He stripped out of his suit jacket and tossed it on one of Ana's many furnishings. His shoes, dress pants and shirt soon followed. He took a look around the room, getting a good appraisal for the first time. All the furniture was new. There was a huge entertainment center viewable from the bed. The room itself was only half decorated at best. Not surprising, given how busy she'd been since taking over Athena.

Minutes passed as Brandon studied his surroundings. He could hear Ana finishing up in the bathroom, so he hurriedly hopped back on the bed. Brandon stretched himself out and propped his head up on one hand.

Anastasia strode back into the room garbed in some of the most stunning black lace lingerie he'd ever seen. It was intricately detailed with see-through webbing that left little to the imagination. Thin black straps wrapped around her sizable breasts and curved over her shoulders for support. Garter belts flowed down her legs, highlighting strong, succulent thighs.

“Good God... You look amazing.”

Anastasia smiled, initially taking well to his compliment, but then her brow furrowed and her face fell into a scowl. “I thought I told you to undress.”

Brandon quickly realized his error and pointed to his silky, black boxers. “Oh, you mean... I wasn't sure

if you meant that too!”

“If you plan to stick around, for any length of time, you'll need to follow instructions better than that.”

He immediately shimmied out of his most luxurious pair of underwear. Brandon pulled them down and tossed them aside without another thought. His flaccid cock and smooth, shaved balls fell out. He presented himself to Anastasia with all confidence. “Yes Ma'am.”

“Better” she responded with a thin smile and a nod. “Now, for some entertainment.”

She crossed to the custom shelf that housed the massive widescreen TV and picked up its remote. She turned the monitor on and began navigating through a series of menus the likes of which Brandon had never seen. At least not on a conventional television.

Soon they were looking at what seemed to be security cam footage from a condo, not unlike the one they were in. Ana flipped through a long series of angles from different cameras until she found the one she wanted.

“Ah, here we are. Perfect timing! Let me just zoom in...”

To Brandon's shock, there was a man clad in a glossy black gimp suit bent over a padded spanking bench. His arms were bound behind him and his legs were strapped to the back of the cruel device. A woman in red rubber with a humongous bust and an equally large cock was cramming her thick python into the man's stretched-wide lips. At the same time, a woman in black leather was slashing at his exposed ass with a mean looking whip. Each skillful strike with her weapon caused him to mutter in pain around the thrusting appendage that speared his face.

Brandon sat up on the bed, his eyes as wide as they'd ever been. He refused to believe it at first, but as the camera panned in and he got a better view of the man. The shape of his body and his eyes all but confirmed it.

“That... That's Mr. Telos?!?”

Ana turned to him with a devilish grin. “In the flesh. I'd make a phone call and have him say hello, but his mouth seems full right now.”

“And this is **live**?!”

“Yup. Closed circuit cameras. I told you he wouldn't be far away.” Ana turned back to the screen and watched the live-action Femdom pornography casually. “I'm just glad we tuned in during the good part! Otherwise I would've had to pull up a recording.”

The moans, grunts and laughs poured from the speakers as the women whipped and face-fucked the immobilized man. Brandon continued to stare in disbelief. Anastasia set the remote down and made her way back to the bed.

“Stretch out. Arms to the top, legs to the corners.”

Ana gathered up her toys and started securing Brandon's limbs to the bed's sturdy frame. As she did, a

horrible thought took root in his mind. Was she going to call in a team of well-endowed Domes to beat his balls and fuck his holes the minute he was strapped down? Not likely, but she sure seemed to enjoy putting that fear in him.

He continued to watch the Femdom fuck-fest as Anastasia handcuffed his wrists behind the steel headboard. The woman at Mr. Telos' front screamed in climax. Her rubberized curves shivered as she thrust deep in his mouth and nudded down his throat. Trickle of cum ran from the gimp's nose and escaped the corners of his mouth in wet, sloppy gags as the dark scrotum below his chin bulged and twitched.

Brandon felt leather straps being wrapped tightly around his ankles. Soon Anastasia was pulling his feet toward the corners of the bed and tightening the slack so he couldn't budge an inch. His fight or flight instinct kicked in and he had to breathe deeply to avoid fresh panic.

As she finished her preparations, Brandon watched the women on screen trade places. The rubber Domme pulled out of Jake's mouth with a wet slurp and moved to his ass. The leather clad white woman stroked her own length of fat fuck-meat vigorously as she approached his front. She gave his face a few smacks with her growing shaft. The orange haired Domina made him suck the tip as she fisted herself to full erection and prepared to shove her length into the gimp's waiting, cum-drenched cavern.

The bed shifted again and Anastasia was on top of him. Her curvy form lowered onto his torso and he got a spectacular view of her beautiful body woven in lace. Just when he thought they were about to resume kissing, she lifted a red rubber ball gag into his field of vision and spoke.

“Your safeword is *bitch boy*. Now we put this on.”

“Wait!” he stammered. “How do I say the safeword if I'm wearing that?!?”

Ana's eyes gleamed with lust. “Just yell into the gag, I'll hear you.”

Brandon's eyes, by contrast, betrayed incredible anxiety. “Yes, Ma'am” he agreed reluctantly.

“**Yes, Mistress**” she corrected him.

With that, she pulled the leather harness of the toy wide and brought the shiny red ball to his lips. Anastasia pressed it forward firmly and Brandon yielded to her, opening his lips just wide enough for her to shove the toy in.

“Unless you're using the safeword, I don't want to hear anything but moans from those slutty lips.”

She buckled the head harness behind him and ran her hands through his thick black hair. The buxom Domina let out a few giddy laughs as she played with her new toy. When she was done petting him, Ana shimmied down his body and began to focus on his chest. She grabbed a handful of his chest hair in a tight grip as she brought her mouth to his right nipple and began to lick and teeth on it.

Her lower body slid back and forth, her hips grinding against him. Her silky panties coasted up and down his exposed cock. As she began to explore and tempt his body, he couldn't help but look over at the TV. Mr. Telos was enduring a second round of throat fucking and another ass beating with a giant

leather paddle. After a while, the Domina in red lost interest in wetting his bottom further and brought her cock to bear yet again. She shoved it in Jacob's defenseless pucker and took hold of his hips as they began to rail him at both ends.

“**HEY!**”

**\*SMACK\***

Anastasia swatted Brandon in the face, sending his vision whirling from the direction of the television back to her. She grabbed his chin and demanded his attention.

“You want to watch my **filthy pet** get spit-roasted? Or you going to focus on your **Goddess?**”

“**MMMPPHHLLMMM!**” he nodded in agreement.

She returned to licking, sucking and teething at his nipple. He could feel the warmth and moisture of her pussy as she slid her silk covered muff over his cock without end. His unit rose to stiff attention in record time. Soon it was sticking up between her heavenly cheeks. Ana glided her ass up and down his rock-hard penis, massaging it with her lovely mounds of flesh. The sounds of loud, open-hand spanking and sloppy fucking flowed from the bright screen in the background.

Just as Brandon felt the first tingles of an orgasm building, Anastasia bit deeply into his nipple and raked her fingernails down his chest and side. He groaned into the increasingly sloppy gag and pulled on his bonds as pre-cum sprouted from his tip.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And that's why we asked you here today, Dr. Hoffman.”

The short, thin young woman with the decidedly *punk rock* look stared back at Amanda and Anastasia. Her mouth hung open as she tried to absorb all she'd just been told. The new CEO of Athena Corp and her chief of staff had laid out their startling vision for their company and the future. Or at least, as much of it as they were prepared to share with a stranger. They wanted her to work on a top secret project in service of their grand goal.

Ida felt completely out of place at the fancy restaurant filled with rich snobs and high power professionals. Her short, neon blue hair, nose ring, studded choker and black leather jacket marked her as a fish out of water. Yet the women from Athena didn't seem phased by her style at all. On the contrary, they'd showed her nothing but courtesy.

“We need someone with your credentials **and** who shares our *ideological underpinnings*. That's why I had Amanda seek you out through IGM” Anastasia added. “So, what do you think?”

“I think what you're describing sounds borderline insane.”

Amanda frowned. “Does that mean you're not interested?”

“Oh, no. I'm absolutely open to it. I was just being honest. This drug you want to develop-”

“Supplement!” Amanda corrected her.

“It won't matter what it's classified as” Anastasia interjected. “If we can get away with calling it a supplement, great. If not, we'll pull strings in the FDA to get it approved.”

“Right...” Ida continued. “This **substance** you want to develop, I don't even know where to begin. I mean, I have ideas, but my biochem and microbiology is only going to get us so far. If you want to do this, I'm going to need a world class team of scientists. If you want to do it quickly, well, there are technologies and techniques we might harness, but they're not, strictly speaking, **legal**.”

“Don't worry about the legality” Anastasia assured her. “You will have that team and they'll be sourced the same way you were. You'll have the finest laboratories you can possibly imagine. This project will carry the highest security and be granted every resource it needs to succeed. I know it's a lot to ask, for you to step away from your current position and join us in this battle. And like all battles, there will be risk involved, but I promise you, this is the opportunity of a lifetime. **Please**, say yes.”

Ida could see the desire burning in her eyes. Hear the clear conviction in Anastasia's voice. This was a woman who wanted to change the world. A woman after her own heart.

“And as far as your compensation goes” Amanda spoke up. “We're prepared to offer you a very generous-”

“I don't care about the money” Ida cut her off. She turned her gaze back to Ana, a smile spreading across her face. “I'm in.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“No, Director Woods, I'm not joking” Brandon spoke into his phone. He stood on the balcony of the fourteenth floor hotel room, looking over the city at dusk. “Telos is involved with some crazy underground S&M kink ring. I saw it myself.”

“And he was participating willingly? You think they have dirt on him? Maybe they're blackmailing him or something worse?”

“I don't know. He didn't **look** like he was having a bad time. Quite the opposite. And why keep up the act if they already have him by the balls? You only need one revealing video to blackmail someone. No, I get the impression this is voluntary.”

“That's fuckin great...” the Director griped. “The biggest, richest asshole on the planet decides to fuck off and play sex games for eternity and now the whole fuckin world's going sideways. That's the human condition right there!”

“Yes, sir. It's still possible there's more to it. I'll know more the longer I investigate.”

Director Woods snickered. “Hah! Yeah, I bet you can't wait to *investigate* more! Especially after your



first evening with Ms. Sins. How did that go? I'm sure it was **terrible**.”

“It's not all peaches and cream, sir. She can be pretty rough.”

“Aw! Did she give your bottom a spanking?”

“Not yet, but I'm sure that's coming.”

“If I was twenty years younger, I'd gladly take your place. Let you sit in the office all day listening to agents complain about having to fuck beautiful women. Who cares if she's rough!”

“It's not her roughness that scares me. She's smart. She knows I'm not just a watchdog.”

“Not being a total fuckin idiot isn't the same thing as being **smart**, Sparks.”

“I'm just saying, she knows I'm reporting all this. She's not going to reveal anything she doesn't want us to know.”

“Not until you lay on the charm! And in the meantime, you keep your eyes and ears peeled in case she slips up. Listen, I don't care what you have to do. Play her kinky games. Gain her trust. Be her little puppy dog if you have to! Make her fall in love with you.”

“Pretty sure she's trying to do that to me.”

“Good thing you're trained not to fall for it! Call me back when you learn something useful. And not until! I got enough fuckin fires to put out with this Athena shit.”

“Yes, sir. I'll be in touch.”

Brandon ended the call and lowered himself into one of the deck chairs. He listened to the sounds of the city below as a bright red sun dipped below the horizon. The young agent crossed his arms and wondered if the vast resources at their disposal were any match for a single devious woman.