

## Athena Corp Chronicles

### Chapter 4 – Best Practices

#### THREE MONTHS AFTER THE FALL

Ian's frown grew more pronounced as he waited his turn. He'd been in line at the security checkpoint for fifteen minutes. He always showed up to work at least ten minutes early. Now, thanks to this spectacle, he was five minutes late and counting. They'd warned him there would be more strict security protocols at the newly established *Special Projects Division*, but he didn't think it would take this long. The only thing he hated more than being late was someone else's poor planning making him tardy. Showing up late was a terrible way to start one's first day in a new position.

A trio of women passed to his right. They chatted amicably as they approached the other checkpoint that said '*Badges Only*' above it. The waiting guard took a quick glance at the laminated ID cards clipped to the front of their shirts and waved them through. It seemed some people had been pre-approved for entrance. It didn't surprise Ian that he'd only seen women advance through the fast lane.

After another five minutes of waiting, he reached the front of the line. A stern looking brunette waved him forward. Her dark hair was pulled back in a silky pony tail and her athletic body was covered in the black and dark blue of a security officer's uniform. She was only five and a half feet tall, but the young woman didn't lack for confidence.

“Name?”

“Ian Graves.”

“Let's see some ID, Ian. And empty your pockets before walking through the detector.”

Normally, Ian would have a briefcase with him. It completed his professional image and carried anything that might be relevant to his current work, but there was nothing to bring, today. He had no idea what he'd be working on and they'd specifically told him not to bring anything for the first day in his new role. No office decorations, personal effects or anything else extraneous.

He showed the young woman his driver's license and received a nod. Ian proceeded to set his wallet, keys and phone in the receptacle before walking through the metal detector. There was no alarm and Ian turned and waited for his things to be returned.

The officer removed his phone from the bowl and handed it to another female security guard who was in charge of inventory. Ian watched in astonishment as she put it in a plastic bag and began labeling it with a sticker and sharpie marker.

“Hey! Wait a minute!”

“You can come to the Security office at the end of the day and claim it. Unless you want to take it back to your car. But then you'll have to wait in line again.”

“I can't have my phone in the building?!?”

“There are no unauthorized recording or communication devices allowed in the SPD.”

It was way too late for him to make a trip back out to the parking lot. Ian was already on edge due to how long this was taking. Now he was fuming.

“Would've been nice if someone told me earlier” he muttered as he reached for his wallet and keys.

The officer's demeanor shifted from casual disdain to sudden annoyance and suspicion. Her right eyebrow raised as she studied him up and down.

“Ian, I'm gonna need you to put those back in the bowl and stand aside while I conduct a search of your person.”

“Wha- A search of **my person**? Why??? I already went through the detector!”

“It's just a precaution” she said while pulling on some inspection gloves. “Please grab the hand rail and bend over.”

“Bend over?!?”

“Relax” the young woman said with a smirk. “It's not **that** kind of search. It's just to help *little ole me* do my job.”

Ian looked back nervously. He suddenly realized he was holding up the line even more and making other people late. Begrudgingly, he turned, grabbed the metal railing and bent himself forward in compliance.

The young woman closed in behind him and immediately grabbed Ian's hips. She began patting him down, her hands flowing all over his shirt. The officer traced his torso and limbs as she checked every spot he could be carrying contraband. She reached under his bent over form and took his pecs in a firm grip. Her breasts pressed into his back as she went about her task. Ian bit his tongue as her grabs and squeezes became more insistent.

The thorough woman worked up and down his legs, one after the other. She felt his strong calf muscles and meaty thighs through his dress pants, then slid her hands up to check his crotch. Whether on purpose or not, her *pat* of that area was less than gentle and Ian grunted. She completed her search by grabbing both his ass cheeks and giving them a strong grope, making absolutely certain he had nothing to hide down there.

“Ok, you're clean! You may collect your things. Have a good day, Mr. Graves” she said while turning and heading back to the line.

Ian gathered his wallet and keys. He hurried into the newest division of Athena Corp with a little less pride than he'd had five minutes ago. It wasn't lost on him that the young woman he'd never met before

had used his name in a familiar way and refrained from calling him “sir.”

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**\*clank\***

Ida tossed the circular metal instrument on the desk and it landed with a metallic thud.

“Here's your new badge” she said with a thin smile.

Ian's eyes went wide in disbelief. He couldn't decide what was more ridiculous; that his new boss was a woman with short, blue hair and a nose ring or that she'd just called the odd looking implement a *badge*.

“That's not a badge” he noted curtly. “It looks more like a collar.”

“So what if it is? You're used to wearing collars.”

“I most certainly **am not!**” he replied, his voice raising with his ire.

The woman in the long, white lab coat rose from her executive office chair and circled around the desk. Ian was astonished to see how tall she was when Ida rose to her full height. Moments later, he realized that height was unnatural.

His first glimpse of her lower body revealed shiny leather pants that glided down into equally lustrous footwear. Her tall, calf-high black Demonia goth boots were covered in leather straps and metal buckles all the way down to the sizable platforms under her feet. They added an extra three inches to her height and then some.

Ida strolled up to the sitting Ian, reached down and grabbed his tie. She gave it a yank, tugging at Ian's neck and causing him to grunt. She pulled him a little closer as she bore into him with dazzling light-blue eyes ringed with ashy black liner.

“You're wearing one right now.”

She released him, his tie falling back to his chest as Ida turned and walked back to her chair.

“That's hardly the same thing.”

“Isn't it?” she asked as she retook her seat. “It's an object that goes around your neck. It extends into a length that can be used as a leash. You wear it because you're expected to by your betters.”

“The women I saw enter the facility today... The ones who got waved through. They were wearing normal badges.”

“Mmmhmmm” Ida confirmed.

“Let me guess. It's just the **men** who'll be getting collar badges?”

“Just the assistants” Ida corrected him, holding up her index finger.

“Meaning, there will only be male assistants.”

“I can neither confirm nor deny that. But I will say, you're rather astute. They told me you were sharp! They told me a lot about you. That's why you're here.”

“Is that why you chose me? Because I'm astute?”

Ida scanned him up and down, a mischievous grin growing on her lips. “There may have been other reasons. But I won't confirm or deny those either.”

“All the same, I'm not wearing a collar.”

“Yes, you will. It's either that or call it quits, and I don't think you want to do that.” She pointed to the odd looking metal ring on the table. “It can be worn discretely below the collar of your dress shirt, just like a tie. Only the front will be visible.”

Ian sighed as he reached forward and picked up the damnable device. He traced it with his hands, finding it solid yet somewhat flexible. It looked like steel, but it was something different. There were space age materials in this contraption.

The front of the collar bore a small red panel at the front. It looked like it was designed to be scanned. Perhaps it could send and receive signals? Who knew what technology was in this thing? Ian didn't bother to ask. He knew she wasn't going to tell him. Perhaps he'd smuggle it away for study by an expert if he decided to leave.

Just below the front panel was a sturdy metal ring, just like the leather sex collars it was meant to emulate. It seemed Ida liked the idea of **leashes** as much as anyone who'd ever mandated a tie.

“Is this really the direction Athena is headed in?”

“Yes, get used to it” she answered matter-of-factly. “Your collar will allow you quick access to the building. You'll still be checked for contraband from time to time, but you won't have to wait in line anymore. That's important, since I'm going to be sending you on regular excursions.”

Ian nodded. “Yes, Miss... I'm sorry, how is it I should refer to you?”

“Director Hoffman” she said, pointing to her nameplate. “Or Dr. Hoffman. Either of those will do, for now.”

He felt like an idiot for not noticing the nameplate sooner. Ian wasn't usually so transfixed on someone he'd be working for. Why was that? “Yes, Director Hoffman” he responded, rather flustered.

“Good. Are you ready for your first assignment?”

“Absolutely. What's on the agenda?”

“After you take off your old collar and don your new one, I have some errands for you to run. You're going to pick up my dry cleaning. I have a list of supplies for you to procure. But before those, I think I'll have you get me an iced coffee. I could get one from the cafeteria, but they don't make my favorite. Not like *Luscious Lattes*. I like an iced Ristretto, 10 shot venti with breve, 3 pumps vanilla, 5 pumps caramel, 4 splenda. Poured, not shaken.”

Ian's mouth hung open.

Ida looked at him quizzically. “Can you remember all that? Or do you need something to write with?”

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**\*swish swish swish swish swish\***

Sweat dripped from Jacob's brow as he knelt on the bathroom floor, scrubbing away. He'd spent most of the afternoon cleaning as the frilly maid uniform became ever more glued to his body with warm perspiration and grime. His stocking-clad legs ached. His knees barked at him as they pressed painfully into the cold, unforgiving tiles.

Jake worked the scrub brush around the outside of the toilet, sanitizing the base where white porcelain met smooth granite. He labored feverishly, knowing that Mistress Jezebel would be back any moment to inspect his work and criticize his efforts. She'd already done so several times, interrupting his chores and delivering stern discipline to his blistered bottom. Each time she did, it only made him fall behind even more.

“Time's up!” her commanding voice called from the entrance.

**Oh no.** Had it been ninety minutes already? It didn't seem possible. Jacob stopped scrubbing and pivoted on the floor. He turned to see his latest Domina looking down at him scornfully with hands on hips.

Mistress Jezebel was a fire-kissed beauty that looked to be in her mid thirties. Her long, red, straight hair trailed down her head, the waves of which ended on either side of her rubber hugged bust. Her torso was molded in black latex, but not her arms. She wore a halter top corset that left her strong, tattooed limbs visible. A black latex skirt and leather boots took over from there.

“How many chores have you finished?” she demanded.

“Four...” Jacob looked from side to side at his unfinished work. “...and a half, Mistress.”

“And how many did I assign you?”

“Eight, Mistress Jezebel.”

“You failed spectacularly! Come receive your punishment, slave.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Jacob stood and brushed his silk and satin uniform off as best he could. A quick glance in the mirror revealed he was a total mess and needn't have bothered. Not only was his uniform filthy, his makeup was running. He followed Mistress Jezebel into the hall. The loud footfalls of her heeled boots led him back to the kitchen.

She grabbed a leather belt from the counter and turned to him. The sinister woman held it up on full display. It's thickness and gleaming metal buckle were more than a little intimidating.

“Had you completed your tasks, you would've had the honor of **eating my ass** before you left today. Instead, you get **this-**”

Jezebel took the belt in both hands and snapped it loudly.

**\*KER-KRACK\***

“...followed by a long, hard pounding with my strapon! Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress” Jacob answered, his gaze cast upon the floor.

“Good, now lean up against the counter and assume the position.”

Jake moved forward and followed her orders. He pressed himself on the counter and bent over. His ass protruded back prominently. The smooth silk and lacy petticoats flowed over his out-thrust bottom.

Mistress Jezebel pulled up behind him and seized the frilly garment. She flipped it over his back and pushed it up as far as she could before reaching down and yanking Jacob's panties down his silk-encased legs.

“Reach back and take hold of that dress. I don't want your **slutty** uniform getting in my way while I **beat your ass.**”

Jacob obeyed, his right hand reaching back and taking hold of his soft attire. He bunched it up in his fist so it wouldn't slide down and impede her strikes. It hardly mattered. The dress was already soiled and wrinkled. It would need to be thoroughly cleaned and ironed before he wore it again. Jake knew he could look forward to those chores if the uniform survived this encounter.

“You will receive twenty five strokes. Twenty in the ass and five in the balls. I suggest you brace yourself for every fifth strike.”

He took a firm hold of the counter with his left arm and nodded. “Yes, Mistress Jezebel.”

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

Her strikes lashed into his ass and Jacob bit his tongue. His eyes squinted as the blows became painful immediately. She'd already belted his bottom throughout the day, but with less painful toys and much less force. Jezebel wasn't kidding when she said this was punishment. Mistress paused and Jacob waited fearfully for the fifth blow.

**\*SSS-SNAP\***

**“AAAARRRGGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!!”**

The leather length lacerated his dangling scrotum and sent brutal pain arcing through his entire lower body. It coursed through his spine and took his breath away as his caged dick swung and his body shook in brutalized disbelief.

Mistress launched into the second round with no delay.

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP SSS-SNAP\***

**“AHHHHHHHHH!!! AHHH-HAH-AAHHH!!! MMPPHHHHHHH!!!”**

Jacob's entire bottom quivered in crippling pain. His legs shook in their silky prisons as his balls screamed in agony. The thrill of being disciplined and degraded while dressed as a French maid was wonderful. Against all reason, his cock swelled. It pressed against the metal rings of his chastity device as Jezebel continued to punish him.

“You're a **shitty maid**, Jake, but that's fine! With what Athena's paying me, I can afford a real one.”

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP SSS-SNAP\***

Jacob cried out between pained coughs as his ass and ball sack were savaged again. His eyes went bleary with tears as his arms joined his legs in helpless shaking. It was all he could do just to hang onto the counter as she continued.

“Yeah, I think that's what I'll do. Hire a real maid and the next time you come over, we can focus on discipline. That's what you seem to enjoy most, anyway!”

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHHHAAAPPPP\***

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHHHAAAPPPP\***

Jake sniveled, grunted and cried as the last eight lashes crossed his ass and his balls were battered twice more. By the time she was done, his nuts were red and inflamed. They matched the color of his dicklet, trapped in the web of steel as it pointlessly tried to reach full erection.

“Don't move, **bitch**. I'll be right back.”

He heard the belt clatter to the floor and Mistress Jezebel stalked off. Jake released the dress and reached up to the counter with his other arm, steadying himself. The pain continued to ebb through his body as he waited for the vicious redhead to return.

A few minutes later, the echoes of stiletto heels signaled her arrival. Jacob heard the squirting noises of abundant lubrication and his heart skipped another beat. Mistress flipped his dress up again before inserting two slimy, rubber-clad fingers into his ass. She worked them around his rim and opened him up with all haste. The eager Domme did the bare minimum to ensure his pucker was stretched enough

to take her cock before ripping her digits out with a wet slurp.

Mistress Jezebel brought the tip of her dildo to his ass and Jacob realized, with some panic, just how large a toy she'd strapped on. Her powerful hips pressed forward and Jake yelped as the first few inches of her mega-dong sank into his yielding ass. His breathing grew labored as Jezebel sawed back and forth, pushing ever deeper into his fleshy tunnel. She showed him no gentleness whatsoever.

**\*SMACK\***

Her open palm belted off his already burning ass, sending a loud crack through the luxury apartment. It was an upscale condo paid for by Jake's former empire. In that, it was just like the dozens of other dwellings in this building now occupied by Mistresses of the Ivory Manor. Jake knew he'd be visiting every single one of them, in rotation, to serve as a maid, play thing, slave, and whatever else each Domina desired. The very thought of it made his pecker throb more painfully in its steel bondage.

**“TAKE MY COCK YOU FILTHY WHORE!”**

**“Y-YES MISTRESS!!!”**

She seized his hips with both hands and dug her fingers into his flanks. With half her rubber schlong buried in his ass, Jezebel began to pump his boy-pussy with vigor. She pistoned in and out of his ever-expanding starfish with smooth strokes, her bulbous length thrusting deeper and coating his insides with greasy anal lube.

“Thank me for this **fat dick** you slutty tart!”

**“AHHHHHHH!!!!”**

He gasped as she stretched his asshole to the breaking point, thrusting harder and faster with each passing moment. Jacob gripped the counter fiercely as his vision went hazy. Jezebel cackled in triumph as she went balls deep in his ass. The fat scrotum of her toy bashed his already wounded nethers as she fucked him brutally with a foot of thick rubber penis.

“Th-thank you Mistress! **THANK YOU!!!**”

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**\*knock knock knock\***

“Come in, slut.”

Madam Snow was typing away on her laptop when Jacob walked into her study, right on cue. She looked up from her work to see him stroll in with a limp in his step. He was a sweaty, disheveled mess and his maid attire had been ripped in several places. She sat back in her chair, studying him as he plodded to her desk. His face was a runny disaster of ruined makeup and dried tears.

“Wow. You look like **shit**” she said before lighting a fresh cigarette. She took a long drag before



blowing a cloud of smoke in Jacob's direction.

“Sorry, Mistress Snow.”

“I take it Lady Jezebel was a bit rough? She does have that reputation.”

“Yes, my Goddess.”

“Did you enjoy yourself?”

“Very much, Madam Snow.”

“Good. Your next appointment...”

She looked up at him again. Veronica could see the strain in his eyes and the fatigue in his tense body. He was putting on a bold front, but Jacob was much more worn than he was letting on. Madam Snow knew him too well. He would never complain. Never safeword out. Never ask for reprieve, even if it killed him.

He was the most exhaustive kind of submissive and the most foolish. Some people called themselves 'no limits' slaves, but there was really no such thing. Everyone has limits. It's just a question of if they choose to acknowledge them or not. Some animals, when offered an endless supply of food, will gorge themselves until they die from overfeeding. That was Jacob, now that he existed in a permanent all-you-can-eat Femdom buffet.

Madam Snow would need to be more careful. Jacob needed more than just a Dominatrix. He wasn't merely a client anymore. He was an experiment, immersed in a semi-constant state of subspace. He was a pet who needed at least as much care as any dog or cat.

More than that, Jacob was a test case. He was the future of all men, if the Femdom paradigm took root and Veronica's vision came to full, glorious fruition. It was important that he thrive in his new conditions. That meant protecting him, even from himself.

“No... never mind. You're done for today.”

“Mistress? **Why?** I'm fine!”

“No, you're not. Go back to your quarters and rest. I command it.”

Jake looked apprehensive. He gripped the sides of his uniform nervously. “Just rest, Mistress?”

“Drink lots of water. Eat if you're hungry. Watch some movies or read a book. Don't worry about the dress for now. I'll come check on you in a bit.”

He smiled and nodded, seemingly happy to have clear instructions. “Yes, Madam Snow. Thank you.”

Jake turned and strode out of the office. The remnants of his maid outfit bounced around his limping form. Veronica grinned, admiring how thoroughly Jezebel had ravaged the eager submissive. As she watched the feminized slut exit, a competitive spirit welled up in her. She would need to keep it in

check, at least for today.

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“This is ridiculous” Ian scowled as he fidgeted with the collar around his neck. “Six weeks of *sensitivity training, diversity education, learning new best practices*, and now this!”

The more he played with it, the more it ruffled and creased the top of his dress shirt. He finally let it go and the D-ring at the front of the device clinked to a halt. The frustrated blonde grabbed his protein bar from the table and unwrapped it. He bit into it while scanning the cafeteria to see if there were other men being subjected to the same indignity.

“I don't think it's a big deal” Marco said, lifting one hand and inserting his index finger through the metal ring hanging from his own collar. He pointed at his chin and shook his finger playfully. “In fact, I think it's kinda fun.”

Ian glared at him. “How can you say that?!? And why are you wearing one of those things? You're not working in *Special Projects*.”

“I told you” Marco began as he released his collar and took a bite of his turkey and tomato wrap. “I've been paired up with Ms. Powell. Everyone working for senior staff is subject to the new security measures.”

“Ah, yes. Our new Chief of HR. What's it like working for her?”

“It's been good, so far. She's a bit... demanding. Very forward with her expectations and strict with her oversight. But I won't lie, I kinda like it.”

Ian rolled his eyes. “I'm sure you do. Does she remind you of someone else?”

“She and Gina have a few things in common” the redhead answered with a wide grin. “And what about Ms. Hoffman? I've heard about her, but I haven't had the pleasure yet.”

“Oh, you'd love our new *Director!*” Ian answered snidely before taking a sip of his coffee. “Especially her hair and boots. She looks like she just stepped off the set of *Blade Runner*.”

“Whoa! No kidding? Now I really want to meet her!”

“It doesn't bother you that this company is being turned into some kind of perverse playground?”

Marco sighed. He set down his sandwich and rubbed his hands free of the clingy strings of shredded lettuce. “Ian, if you're so miserable, and by that I mean **more** miserable than usual, why are you still here?”

The bearded veteran eyed him coldly. “You're still fairly young. It wouldn't be so easy for me if I left.”

“Oh, stop it! You're not an *old man* and you have a good resume. It might take a while, but you could

find something else. There has to be another reason you're sticking around.”

Ian leaned back in his chair and grimaced. He took a large swallow of his black brew. “I admit, there's an element of pride guiding my decisions. Leaving now would feel like giving in to Ms. Sins. And now Ms. Hoffman as well.”

“Pride? You're hating every minute of this but you're still here because of **pride**?” Marco's eyes went wide in incredulity.

The former analyst shook his head. “It's not **just** that. I'm genuinely curious where all this nonsense is going! What Ms. Sins is up to. If there's some malfeasance afoot, something nefarious going on, I want to uncover it! Or at least **help** uncover it. If I'm successful, then I'll have options when I leave. I could do the talk show circuit. Maybe write a tell-all book!”

Marco laughed. “You know what's ridiculous? **You**. You're ridiculous. The Athena lawyers would eat you for breakfast.”

“They could try, but I'd be a whistle blower at that point.”

The young man's eyebrows raised. “Have you seen the way this country treats whistle blowers?”

Ian frowned. As usual, Marco had a point. “Even if it costs me personally, I'm going to see this through. Follow wherever the insanity leads.”

Now it was Marco's turn to roll his eyes. “How noble of you. Listen, I know you didn't ask for it, and you're probably the kind of guy who would drive five hundred miles in a circle before stopping to ask for directions, but may I offer you some free advice?”

Ian drained his mug and set it down before crossing his arms over his chest. “You may, but there's no guarantee I'll take it.”

Marco lifted his hands in mild supplication. “Just... lighten up. Go with the flow. Try to enjoy this weird little adventure we're on. I don't know what our new CEO is up to either, but there's something unique happening here and we're a part of it. Hell, we're being paid a salary and benefits most people would kill for just to--”

“Be glorified errand boys” Ian cut him off.

Marco shrugged.

“Collar wearing servants” the gruff blonde added. “And you're fine with this?”

Marco nodded enthusiastically.

Ian looked to the side. “Pffft...”

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Brandon's head buzzed pleasantly with the after effects of several glasses of fine wine. He sat in Anastasia's living room, watching some bizarre *Unsolved Mysteries* knockoff beside the gorgeous blonde. Her feet were in his lap and Brandon stroked her supple flesh gently as they unwound after a busy day.

He gazed at her from time to time, pleased to see her wearing something casual for a change. She was dressed in a tight, striped, zebra pattern shirt and blue jeans. It was a far cry from the elegant dresses, business attire and fetish outfits he'd grown accustomed to seeing her in.

The speakers blared with spooky music as the characters being interviewed engaged in elaborate conspiracy theories. People had gone missing in the forest and the show offered every possible explanation except the more mundane and likely ones. Aliens, time traveling kidnappers, yeti monsters. Nothing was too ridiculous.

“This kind of sucks, doesn't it?” Anastasia asked with a smirk.

“Big time” Brandon concurred.

“At least you're getting better at foot rubs” Ana responded before raising the remote and shutting off the TV. “I'm ready to move to the bedroom anyway. How bout you, lover boy?”

“Always ready” he answered with a grin.

“Good to hear. I was thinking I might try a **box tie** tonight. If you consent, that is.”

“Oh...” Brandon stopped his massage and looked away, suddenly hesitant.

Anastasia pulled her legs off the couch and scooted closer to him. She placed her hand over his and spoke softly.

“Hey... It's alright. I know this isn't easy for you. That's why I've slowed things down lately.”

Brandon's eyebrows raised as he turned back to her. “What do you mean?”

“I've noticed how nervous you get whenever I suggest bondage. It's something from your past, right? If I had to guess, you suffered some kind of trauma. If not in your childhood, then in your training. Probably while earning your wings in whatever alphabet agency you really work for. I bet they put you through hell.”

A long exhale passed through the young man's nose. There was shame in Brandon's eyes as his gaze turned to hers. “I can't hide anything from you.”

She reached out and tapped him on the nose. “Nope. You're in the wrong line of work.”

Brandon chuckled. “What line of work should I be in, exactly?”

Anastasia leaned back in the sofa, scanning him up and down with hungry eyes. “You would've done fine as a model...”

“A model?!? I don't even like taking selfies!”

“Oh c'mon! You change your clothes a few times, pose for the cameras and then head to lunch! Doesn't that sound better than doing the bidding of some stuffy government agency?”

Brandon nodded reluctantly. “I guess. If only things were that simple.”

“Life is as simple or complicated as you choose to make it. So, what do you say? Can I bust out the ropes tonight? Or do we save it for another time?”

Brandon paused before responding. He wanted to make sure he got the words right. The young agent smiled as he recited them. “*I will not fear. Fear is the mind killer. Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear.*”

Ana's eyes lit up and her mouth opened in surprise. “Look at you! Someone's been reading *Dune!*”

“I saw book five on your desk the day we met. I hadn't read *Dune* since I was teenager, so I decided to pick it up. You convinced me to read for pleasure again.”

“Have you read beyond the first book?”

“No, I never read the sequels.”

Anastasia hopped across the couch and rubbed herself against Brandon. She wrapped one hand around his back, over his shoulder and took hold of his chin. The other she placed on his thigh, groping and massaging him in earnest.

“Well, I won't spoil **too** much, but let me paint you a picture. In the later books, the *God Emperor of Dune* bans men from the military and establishes an all-female warrior class to implement his grand vision of galactic order. These women go on to develop powerful sexual techniques to dominate men and keep them subservient.”

“Jesus! Are you serious?”

“As a heart attack.”

“That sounds pretty horny for a science fiction series.”

“It is, and I draw great inspiration from it.”

Anastasia drew his face to hers and met him in a long, warm, deep tongue kiss. Brandon murmured into her mouth pleurably as she pawed him all over. Her hand glided down and strummed over the tent forming in his pants. She did so intermittently, in between squeezes of his thigh and smooth strokes of his chest.

He moved to return her affections, but as usual, Ana pushed his arm down and pressed her breasts against him firmly. Her body language instructed him to yield and accept her advances. Over the course of several dates, this was how their play had begun each time. Brandon had never met a woman who

sought to be so utterly in control; who seemingly had not one submissive bone in her body.

When his cock was hard as steel and his head reeled with desire, the blonde Goddess broke their kiss. She took his hand and rose from the luxurious sofa. Anastasia led him to the bedroom; turning off the lights as they went.

Once inside, they kissed a few more times before hastily disrobing. Anastasia was left in a lacy, purple bra and matching panties. Brandon wore nothing but his light blue boxer briefs.

The lustful Domina produced ample lengths of white bondage rope and went to work. She wound the cords of thick, soft fiber around his arms, shoulders and chest. Ana kneaded his upper back and stroked his pecs and abs in between each tight pull and cinching tie. Brandon took deep breaths and centered himself, focusing on her massage rather than the ever tighter and more restrictive predicament.

“Good boy” she spoke into his ear as she completed her work.

With his upper half immobilized, Ana led him to the bed and helped position him near the headboard. That's when she really got creative. The eager Domina pulled his underwear down, dragging it clear of his legs and casting it aside. She brought two ankle cuffs to bear and quickly strapped them into place just above Brandon's feet.

“You really get off on this, don't you?”

“You have no idea” she responded in a husky tone.

Ana lifted his legs, one by one, and chained his cuffs to the headboard. Brandon's lower body was lifted up, his ass stuck in the air. Between that and his rope-locked arms pressing into the soft bedding below, he was quite helpless.

“I have **some** idea. I can see the wet spot in your panties.”

“They'll be drenched by the time I'm done with you. Maybe I'll shove them in that slutty mouth of yours.”

She slid off the bed and crossed the room to gather a few things. Brandon was left to stare at his own cock and balls, now dangling in front of him. He'd been raging hard at the height of Ana's heavy petting, but his manhood now hung limp.

**\*SSS-SNAP\***

He looked up to see Anastasia walking back, a long latex glove pulled down her right hand. She bore a tube of lubricant in the other and a sinister grin on her on her face.

“Tonight's the night. You're about to have your most powerful climax ever. A full prostate orgasm! I'm not stopping until you do. Unless you safeword out.”

“What's the safeword?”

“**Spy**” she stated flatly.

*'Ooof. Way to pick one I'll never want to use...'*

Ana slid back onto the bed, uncapped the lube and squirted some into her hand. She rubbed it between her latex digits, getting each finger liberally coated. The libidinous blonde reached up and grabbed Brandon's right leg, suspended in the air and chained to her bed's metal housing. She used it for leverage as she brought her right hand to his pucker and slipped in one greased finger with relative ease.

“Ahhhhhhh...” the young man groaned as she slid in deep.

Anastasia offered a throaty chuckle as she pistoned her single digit in and out. She finger fucked him smoothly, increasing her pace slowly as his hot, tight backdoor opened to her. After a few dozen thrusts, she slipped in a second finger, her slimy digits slurping in and out with wet sucking sounds.

“**AHHHHH!** Oh fuck!!!”

Brandon's slack face and sunken eyes betrayed just how overwhelmed he was.

“Tight, isn't it?”

“Mmmmmph... It feels like...”

“... Like you need to run to the bathroom? Don't worry, you're fine. It's going to feel wonderful real soon.”

Ana reached down with her left hand and took hold of his cock. She stroked it back and forth as her finger fucking became more intense. She jammed her third and fourth fingers into his warm, silky hole as far as they would go. Anastasia held them close together as she thrust them into his fleshy walls and slurped them out vigorously.

Brandon had seen men do this to women in various porn videos. He'd never seen the dynamic flipped, let alone experienced it. His face went flush as he looked up at the cunning Domina. He could only lay there, his torso squirming and his arms pulling on the ropes involuntarily as she stroked his cock and railed his boy pussy with her lubed latex fingers.

The sensations she was delivering were amazing and he could do nothing but writhe scant inches on the bed and mutter gibberish. His penis stiffened in her grip. Blood rushed to his member in a torrent of tight, building pleasure. He pleaded to her with helpless eyes, his entire body overwhelmed as Ana took full control.

“That's it. **Struggle** in my ropes! I enjoy it.”

“Y-Yes, Mistress!”

“Very good. I didn't have to remind you to use my title tonight. I think you deserve a reward.”

She slowed her thrusting, only to center her fingers in his hot, tight depths. She found the walnut shaped gland not far from the entrance to his ass. Her fingertips glided around it and began strumming

its curvature in gentle strokes. She released his cock and began massaging his taint with her spare hand.

“Ahhhhhh! **AHHHHHHH!!!!** OH GOD!!!!”

Brandon's squirming and moaning surged as his breathing became more labored. His entire body crackled with bliss as she pushed his pleasure button over and over. His rock hard cock pulsed as it pointed at his own face. Pre-cum leaked from the tip as Ana moved her fingers in slow, smooth motions around the male g-spot.

She kept it up for several minutes as Brandon's back arched and he groaned in unfathomable bliss. He'd never felt so close to climax and yet so far away. Ana increased the pace of her massage and then stopped for a few moments, enjoying the pitiful, pleading looks Brandon shot her with his eyes. She edged him for what felt like eternity as a trail of milky white fluid leaked from his glans all over his well defined chest and torso.

“**OHHH FUCK!!!** Please, Mistress! Don't stop!!!”

“You sound like a woman, Brandon.”

“**PLEASE!!!** I need...”

“Which is fine, since you're my **bitch** now.”

“I need to come!”

“You want to come? If you come, you're going to eat every drop of your filth.”

“Yes, Mistress! Anything! Just-- **AHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

Anastasia took hold of his steely schlong and pumped it back and forth with fast, lewd strokes. Her fingers honed in on his prostate and massaged around its perimeter in smooth circles. Her stroking continued without end, delivering maximum stimulation to his two most sensitive organs simultaneously.

Brandon's eyes crossed and his vision grew hazy. His back arched again and his arms pulled fiercely as the ropes bit into his flesh. His entire body tingled with imminent release in a way it never had in his life. He'd never felt so completely out of control of his own body. So utterly at another person's mercy. He panted, grunted and moaned in between begs for release. His pitiful struggles continued until Anastasia's blissful symphony reached a crescendo.

“**OHHHH!!!! OHHHH FUUUCCCKKKKK!!!!!!**”

His prostate exploded first. The white hot tingling built to a supernova that flowed through his every nerve ending and flooded his brain with a plethora of happy chemicals. His body was already spasming in the longest, most overwhelming orgasm of his life when his penis shot its load.

His balls clenched and his cum pipe pulsed in Ana's hand as spurt after spurt fired out like canon blasts. Anastasia directed the fire, continuing to pump his cock. Brandon's helpless, convulsing body was painted with ropes of stringy nut. She let out a wicked laugh, watching her bound bitch boy get glazed



in his own sticky filth. Ana continued her ministrations until the final web of cock-snot splattered onto Brandon's chest. Only then did she cease stroking his manhood and teasing the over-stimulated gland in his squishy depths.

**\*SLURP\***

Her fingers exited with a wet slurch, his pucker reluctant to let go of its new best friends.

**\*SSS-SNAP\***

The rubber glove was torn off and cast aside.

**\*SMACK SMACK\***

Anastasia delivered a strong, open hand spank to both his exposed ass cheeks, completing her subjugation of his lower body. She stood on the bed and carefully pulled down her soiled panties before stepping out of them. Brandon watched her in a half-conscious daze, his bound body still recovering from the most earth-shattering sexual experience of his life.

She moved to the head of the bed and unhooked the chains from his ankle cuffs.

**\*POOF\***

**\*POOF\***

His legs flopped down, finally at rest in the silky bedding. Brandon breathed a sigh of relief.

Ana reached down with her panties and began mopping up his cum. The already slick, silky garment swept over his chest and torso, sopping up creamy paste wherever it flowed. She crouched down and guided it to his half-hard cock, wiping it all over his pelvis and balls. Finally, she wrapped it around his flagging unit and gave it a few strokes up and down. Brandon bit his lip and murmured as she played with his super sensitive length, still recovering from its discharge.

When she was satisfied, Ana left her undergarment hanging on his cock and rose back to her full height. She turned to face Brandon and placed her hands on her hips.

“You can lick my panties clean later. Right now, I have a better use for that tongue of yours.”

Anastasia took one knee and then the other, lining them up on either side of Brandon's head. She brought her moist slit to the young man's lips in record time and seized his thick, black hair in a balled fist. Her other hand gripped the steel framework of the headboard as she began riding his face like a Yamaha.

Brandon's tongue speared into her hot, wet, pungent flesh as she undulated back and forth. His vision zoomed in and out of her well-trimmed pelvis as his tongue worked deep inside her and Anastasia started to moan. Her breasts shook in their purple, lacy prison and her blonde hair flowed outward as her head dipped back and she lost herself in Brandon's oral servitude.

At some point in the lengthy session of passionate tonguing and slurping, his erection raged back to

life. Ana's cum-drenched panties raised on his fleshy pole like a flag at dawn.

\* \* \* \* \*

The knocking of boot heels on the marble flooring of Ana's office announced an admission and Anastasia looked up from her desk. Even from afar, the white lab coat and long black boots revealed it was Ida. She smiled and signaled for the young woman to take a seat as Ana wrapped up her phone call.

“Excellent. Sounds like things are proceeding nicely. Look, I have to run. Important meeting. We'll talk again soon, OK? Alright, have a good one.”

Ana killed the call and set her smartphone on the desk.

“Sorry about that. The fun never stops around here.”

“No kidding. This place is insane” the blue-haired doctor answered. “And so is that view!” she added, pointing to the massive glass pane behind Ana's desk.

Anastasia turned in her chair and took a quick glance at the skyline of impressive buildings and the bustling city below. “I know, isn't it? Sometimes this really does feel like Mt. Olympus.”

“Fitting, since we're named Athena” the scientist noted.

Ana turned back to her senior staffer. “I think about that a lot, actually. Why Telos chose the name. He could've named this company *Zeus Corp*, but he didn't. In retrospect, I think he was tipping his hand. Hiding his true feelings in plain sight. Naming one's company after a Goddess.”

“It's much more fitting in your hands.”

“Our hands” Ana said with a wink. “Thanks for being on time. I have three more meetings today and I can't afford to fall behind.”

“I'm usually not big on punctuality, but I wasn't going to be late for my first progress report with *President Sins*.”

“Ana, please.”

“As long as you call me Ida.”

“Fair enough” the blonde said with a grin. “So, how is **substance XY** coming along?”

“It goes well. Faster than I expected. You've given me a brilliant team to work with. I think we might have a prototype ready in three or four weeks.”

“Are there any safety concerns?”

“Not really. This is experimental stuff, but all our simulations confirm that it shouldn't have any negative biological effects. The only real question is how well its intended effects will manifest. Brain chemistry and physiological responses are complicated things. Still, I have confidence we'll see good early results.”

“Great. So we can begin human trials as soon as the prototype is ready?”

“Absolutely. We'll begin with the assistants in the *Special Projects* division and those of the senior staff, if you wish.”

“Perfect. Assuming the first round goes well, we'll expand quickly. Pretty soon we'll have plenty of *assistants* in every department, and I see no reason why they should be excluded.”

“I concur” Ida responded with a grin and a nod.

“How about **substance XX**?”

“That will take a little longer. The biochemistry is even more complex. But we're already seeing some breakthroughs. I predict its prototype won't be far behind.”

“**YES!**” Ana shouted, her hand slapping the desk. “The sleeper must awaken!”

“I'm sorry, what?” Ida looked puzzled.

Anastasia smiled and leaned back in her chair. “Without change, something sleeps inside us and seldom awakens. The sleeper must awaken” she recited.

“I'm not following...” Ida replied, her brow furrowed in confusion.

“Not a big sci-fi fan, huh?”

“Oh! Sorry! Did I just lose all my nerdy, science chick cred?”

“Not at all” Ana shook her head and laughed.

“So, what happens to our assistants, should they refuse to sign the waiver and participate in the trial?”

“Fuck em. If they won't follow best practices, give em their walking papers.”

“Understood.”

“They can run if they want, but not forever” Anastasia intoned, her expression growing serious. “We'll get them eventually. We'll get em all.”