

## Athena Corp Chronicles

### Chapter 6 – Top Down Communication

#### NINE MONTHS AFTER THE FALL

Marco sucked in labored breaths as he lapped away at the Chief Director's warm, sweaty ass crack. Her well-basted and tingling bottom was the product of his slavish devotions. He'd spent forty five minutes with his face under her ample ass as Ms. Powell conducted her morning meetings via video conference. In the last month, this had become typical of the way his mornings were spent.

It wasn't always Queening. Sometimes the buxom, full-bodied blonde secured him below the desk and demanded lengthy foot worship. On other occasions he would find all four of his limbs bound and his mouth gagged, laying spread out on the floor as Mistress Powell pressed her stocking clad feet all over his body. It was a form of light trampling she could enjoy while sitting down. She hadn't brought her full weight to bear on his body while standing up, and Marco was glad for that. While he loved her fulsome figure and *large and in charge* attitude, he preferred to avoid organ damage.

Amanda was always finding new and creative ways to dominate him as she checked in with her subordinates remotely. Internet meetings in the early morning, in-person meetings just before and after lunch. Femdom fun in between and, increasingly, during the meetings. That had become the pattern that dominated Marco's work life. While it was a drastic change, he had to admit, it beat looking at charts and graphs all day.

**\*tap tap tap\***

Marco felt hurried pats from the tip of Amanda's crop against his leg. That meant she wanted more aggressive tonguing. He'd learned the language of her discipline over the course of many weeks. He murmured and blew hot breath in her fleshy depths, re-doubling his efforts as his tongue swabbed up and down her immaculate cheeks. Mistress Powell rarely rose from the Queening chair unless Marco shook his shackled hands and feet. The jingling of his restraints was his own signal that fresh air was needed. He used it as little as possible, knowing that pleased the haughty Chief of HR.

Who would have imagined a Queening throne in the office of a high ranking corporate official? Especially within the hierarchy of a respected, worldwide entity like Athena Corp? Not Marco, until recently, but it was becoming increasingly clear that the company's new CEO and the women she placed in key positions put kinky Femdom fun a close second in priority to business endeavors. This new culture was spreading by the day, sinking its tendrils deep into the company as the use of Dr. Hoffman's supplements became more widespread.

Preparation for such activities was the first order of business each day. When Marco reported to Mistress Powell's office, he was immediately collared. Not the thin, metal high-tech collar that he was already wearing. He needed that just to get into the building. No, this was a classic black leather collar that a Dominatrix placed on her submissive. Amanda had dozens of them and she chose which one she

fancied day by day. Marco was required to wear it whenever they were in the office together. He suspected, before long, he and the other male *assistants* would be wearing them openly as the women in charge led them around on leashes. They hadn't advanced to that stage yet, but he awaited it eagerly.

After fixing him with the collar, Mistress Powell fed him his daily supplement. She would bring the orange pill to his mouth and feed it to him directly. Sometimes, after watching him swallow it down, she would stick her thumb or several fingers in his mouth, ordering him to suck and savor her taste. After a few minutes of lording her superior size over him and dominating his mouth, she sent him to the equipment room.

In addition to a private kitchen and full bathroom, Amanda's executive suite had its own large conference room. It had been converted into a play room and was now littered with sex toys, fetish clothing and bondage furniture. More arrived by mail every day and Marco's job, when he wasn't busy pleasing her, was unpacking the new goods and setting up her dungeon. It was an ongoing process that would take weeks or months. Perhaps it would never end. He only got an hour to work on it here and there in between servicing the Director's frequent demands.

The plus-sized Goddess shifted her weight on the throne of metal and leather. Marco could hear her moan above, which meant she'd muted herself on the call. When someone else was speaking at length, she often disabled her camera so she could enjoy his oral attentions more thoroughly. The horny ginger bottom bitch muttered muffled gibberish in reply as Amanda shimmed her enormous ass over his face. She pressed herself down on his features to the maximum amount the chair would allow, drowning Marco in bulbous pale, white flesh.

He felt the end of her crop trace over his groin, threatening a love tap in that sensitive area if he didn't heighten his oral attentions. Marco's tongue surged into her soft flower. He slid his wet, fleshy appendage deep into her silken hole, eliciting a longer, louder moan from the depraved Director. Her wand moved away from his nethers, indicating she was pleased with his efforts.

His thorough worship of her ass continued for the next twenty minutes as the conference call stretched on. Marco couldn't help but wonder how many other women on the call were enjoying the same treatment and if these meetings didn't last longer as a result. After well over an hour of being trapped below the Queening chair and lavishing praise on her thick dumper, Amanda ended the call and rose from her throne.

The big woman lifted her panties up around her waist before straightening her skirt and pulling it back down. She turned to see Marco's sweaty, disheveled face framed by the hole in the custom bondage chair. Amanda grinned, studying him up and down as her office bitch breathed deep. The cute little red head looked proper in his button down shirt and dress pants, but she longed to dress him in something more appropriate for their new relationship.

That would come soon enough, assuming his significant other signed off. Most of their kinky activities had been what she considered light Femdom. Queening was as far as Amanda would take things until she confirmed what Marco had told her about his home life. It's not that she didn't trust him, but Amanda knew the powerful new effect the drug was having on him. Any man would likely bend or stretch the truth once he was sexually re-wired to submit and his dominant boss was bearing down on him. Not that it was truly re-wiring in Marco's case. It seemed he'd been getting a taste of female domination at home even before the big changes at Athena.

“You did well today, Mr. Manning” Amanda purred as she unlatched the top of the chair and lifted the seat. “You get an A+ for that performance.”

“Thank you, Mistress. I'm glad you enjoyed it” he replied with a smile.

Amanda stepped back, her powerful legs straddling his locked form. She reached down and released the metal fasteners holding his wrist and ankle cuffs together. With her office slut freed, Amanda stepped aside and signaled for him to stand with a wave of her crop.

Marco pulled his head from the bottom of the chair and rose to his feet. He rolled his neck around, relaxing his shoulders and throat muscles after the arduous endeavor. “Shall I put the chair away, Mistress?”

“You can do that in a bit” she answered, placing her hands on her hips. “First, go rinse. Then join me on the sofa. There's something we need to discuss.”

“Yes, Madam Director” he said with a slight bow.

Marco hurried to her private bathroom, fetched the Listerine and cleansed himself. As he rinsed, he ran the water and washed his sweaty face. When his mouth was minty fresh and his face toweled off, he walked back into the main room and found Amanda waiting on the luxurious black leather couch. He took a seat beside her and the buxom Domina handed him a bottle of chilled spring water.

“Thanks!” Marco uncapped it eagerly and drank half of it down in one go.

Amanda crossed her legs, the plush leather rippling as she shifted her considerable weight. “You're obviously enjoying our new arrangement. I suspect you would be even if you weren't taking substance XY. This pleases me, but before we take things any further, there's something I'd like you to do that would put my mind at ease.”

“Of course, Mistress. Name it.”

Amanda reached over to the end table and picked up a notepad and pen. She handed it to Marco as he drained the last of his beverage. “Write down your girlfriend's phone number. I'd like to have a word with her.”

Marco chuckled as he took them up and jotted the number down with no hesitation. “My pleasure. I told you already, we're in an open relationship.”

“I believe you, but sometimes people aren't always honest about how attached they are. I want to make sure I'm not breaking any hearts. The last thing I'd want to be is a home wrecker to another dominant woman.”

“I'm sure you'll have a nice chat” he replied while handing the items back to her. “Gina asks about our *extra curricular* activities all the time. She thinks the whole thing is hilarious.”

“Hilarious?” the blonde Domme posited with raised eyebrows.

“I mean, that this kind of kinky stuff is going on in the offices of Athena Corp. You have to admit, it's

pretty unusual.”

Amanda's expression didn't change. She remained stone faced. “It won't seem unusual for long.”

Splotches of crimson red entered Macro's cheeks, nearly matching his wavy auburn hair. He loved when Amanda spoke in such confident tones and regarded him as some helpless puppy that needed stern and loving guidance. He could only imagine what Amanda, Athena and the rest of the company's leadership were planning for the future. He was just glad to be here, witnessing it all from the beginning.

“What's a good time to call her?” she continued.

“Early evening, I suppose.”

“Very good. Thank you, Marco. Now you can put away the throne. Move my normal chair back into place and then go make me a banana smoothie. I didn't get much of a breakfast and now I'm famished.”

“Yes, Mistress. With peanut butter, almond milk, Greek yogurt and cinnamon, correct?”

Amanda reached over and grabbed his chin gently. “Yes, that's right. You're memorizing all my favorites. Good boy.”

Marco smiled and she released him to do his chores. The young man stood and hurried off as she lounged back in the sensual leather.

“Oh, and Marco...”

He stopped in his tracks, turning on his heels.

“When you've finished all that and I've had my breakfast, you can lay across my lap for a lengthy spanking.”

Marco looked puzzled. “Mistress? Did I do something wrong?”

Amanda's painted lips curled into devilish grin. “Not at all. Spankings can be a punishment or a reward. I promise, you're going to enjoy this one.”

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“Hello.”

“Hi there. Is this Gina?”

“Speaking. And I presume this is Ms. Powell?”

“That's right. You can call me Amanda.”

“Hi Amanda! Marco mentioned you might be calling. Nice to meet you.”

“The pleasure is all mine. I hope this isn't too awkward.”

“Not at all! I've heard so many interesting tales from my favorite little red-headed subby about the new direction of your company. I'd love to hear more.”

“Wonderful! This is a good time to talk, then?”

“Absolutely. Marco went to hang with some of his buddies at the bar. I wasn't in the mood. Just chilling at home tonight.”

“I'm told you and Marco are open?”

“Yup. We're poly. Both of us see other people. Been that way for a while.”

“Ah, I'm glad to hear that. I didn't doubt Marco, but I know some women, especially the type who enjoy our lifestyle, become very *attached* to their playthings.”

“Not me. I mean, don't get me wrong, I love the guy, but I only consider him **mine** when we're having fun. What he does the rest of the time is none of my business. Although I do love hearing about it when he's willing to share.”

“So, I don't need to worry about crossing any lines? I can do as I please with him?”

“Whatever the two of you agree on is cool. Go crazy.”

“Excellent. I won't hold back anymore. Thank you.”

“No problem. I've noticed he's more eager than usual lately. I take it that's your doing?”

“I'd like to take all the credit, but the truth is Marco is currently enrolled in a trial of an experimental substance. It's a new Athena product that enhances libido, produces more powerful climax and promotes mental and physical wellness. The male and female supplements have different behavioral effects that align with... well, women like **us**, frankly.”

“Wow! Are you serious?”

“Completely. In fact, the trial period is almost over. Our new supplements are showing great results. They'll be going to market before long.”

“So that's why he's been such a horndog lately... I've had to say no a couple times. Some nights I just don't have the energy, you know?”

“I might be able to help with that. We could easily send you an early sample of our female supplement. I'm sure you'd enjoy the effects.”

“Hell yeah! Hook me up!”

“I'll have our labs ship you a six month supply. By the time that runs out, you should be able to get it from Athena.com. It won't even be expensive.”

“If it's half as good as you're making it sound, I can't wait! Thanks, Amanda.”

“Think nothing of it.”

“How'd you like to join us for dinner some night?”

“I'd love to, if it's not an imposition.”

“Imposition? Please! We can eat light and then double team Marco. Or we could double team Marco and enjoy a big Italian feast after. Whichever you prefer.”

“Oh, Gina... I think we're going to be very good friends.”

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Veronica smoothed her hand up and down Jacob's side as the two relaxed together into the evening. They were snug on the sofa, watching a hammy police serial and taking it easy after a long day. Jake's mostly naked body was pressed up against Madam Snow's ample curves. She'd changed into lingerie after dinner, eschewing her usual fetishwear for something softer, but just as intimate.

It had been a long, but gratifying day for Athena's chief Femdom enforcer. Madam Snow had kept Jacob under her care all day, using him to clean her own living space for a change. In between a long list of chores, Veronica had disciplined him with flogger, paddle and crop. No part of his body that could be safely bludgeoned had been spared. He was a mass of achy, red-splotched marks, resting against a Goddess in black satin and silk. Her hand drifted from his side to the top of his shaved head, massaging his temples and his smooth dome as Jacob's arms remained around her.

It's exactly how she wanted to end the day, yet she couldn't concentrate on the show. Her eyes kept drifting over to her obedient slave, the man she'd shared so much with in the past, now under her stern guidance once again. But was Jacob really hers? Not truly. Certainly not in his own mind. He belonged to another, though the woman in question saw him less and less as the months stretched on.

Veronica admired his lash-kissed body up and down. Jacob could use some sun, but he looked good. He'd stayed in shape as he advanced into middle age. His pale white skin made the black leather neck collar and the wrist and ankle cuffs stand out even more. His metal cock cage shined in the dim light of the living room.

Even Madam Snow was surprised by how much she was enjoying their quiet evening. She'd tried to deny it at first, but having Jacob under her control again felt good. It felt like old times; a chance to reconnect and maybe even start over. Anastasia had bestowed that to her and Veronica was confident its deeper implications were intentional. She'd not given the woman enough credit for how good she was at reading people. Perhaps Ana sensed there was something missing in her mentor's life.

She'd resisted the idea at first. On some level, it annoyed Veronica that she still wanted something from

the man who'd left her behind to focus on business and starting a family. But that was pride. Vanity. Stubbornness. Madam Snow would be no happier if she didn't admit to herself what she wanted. She would be like Jacob himself, trapped in an emotional web of contradictions and stunted growth.

No, she would make the most of this opportunity and they would both be happier for it. At least, that was her earnest hope. Even if one's grandest ambitions were coming to fruition, it was a hollow victory without personal happiness. That was the tragedy of Jacob's life thus far and she would not repeat it.

“Are you enjoying the show?” she asked, lifting her hand from his head.

“It's fine, Mistress.”

Veronica rolled her eyes. “In other words, you hate it.”

“I don't hate it—”

“Ok, you don't like it, then.”

Jacob sat up and gazed at the lounging Domina curiously. “What makes you say that?”

“Because I know you and when you're interested, you always have an opinion. It's a chore getting you to shutup when you're enthusiastic about something.”

“You didn't give me permission to speak” he noted with a smirk.

Exhausting. It was always about rigid rules and the power dynamic with Jacob. They couldn't just be normal human beings for an hour. He needed a whole new kind of training if this was going to work. It was stunning that he had so little social and emotional awareness after all these years. Veronica couldn't help but feel at least partially responsible. She'd had him early, after all. Madam Snow reached for the remote and paused the stream.

“We're not playing right now, Jacob. We're relaxing together. Down time is just as important as play time. Conversation that's not *'Yes, Mistress. No, Mistress'* is nice too.”

“But... this is a 24/7 arrangement, is it not? Unless you make it clear, how am I supposed to know--”

Veronica reached down and retrieved her crop from the table. She brought it down across his thighs furiously.

**\*SHHHHNAP\***

“Stop reacting to every little thing I say! **LISTEN!** *Really* listen and learn something!” she exhaled in a huff.

Jake's eyes were wide as saucers as he leaned back into the sofa, his hands raised slightly at his sides. His eyes darted back and forth between his beautiful hostess and the business end of her toy, which was pointed right at his face. His thighs throbbed with fresh pain from the sharp blow.

Madam Snow let a few moments of silence elapse before she elaborated. She lowered the crop and took

a more neutral tone. “What is it you think makes a good submissive and partner, Jacob?”

“...Mistress?”

“The qualities. **List them!**”

Jake considered it for a few moments, wanting to provide a thorough answer. “Obedience. Attentiveness. Endurance. Honesty. Dedication.”

Pffft, of course his answer would be limited to those. He and Ana's relationship had been strictly professional. It had never grown beyond the boundaries of contractual S&M. Whatever dominant women he'd seen between his time with Madam Snow and meeting Anastasia had likely been no different. He was still fixated on the physical and getting what he wanted.

Veronica's straight face lowered into a smirk. “All good traits, but you left out some of the most crucial.”

“Please instruct me, Mistress Snow” he said with a bowed head.

She leaned back into the soft cushioning of the couch and crossed her shapely legs. Veronica enunciated each word slowly to underline their importance.

“Intelligence. Empathy. Curiosity. Growth. Humility. **True** humility. Not the humility that comes from being flayed or mocked. The humility that recognizes you have much to learn from your Domina. I shouldn't have to tell you every little thing I need or want. You should be able to **anticipate** it. A good slave is focused on his Mistress and responding to her cues. **All** her cues. Not just the verbal ones.”

Jake listened intently. For once, he didn't allow the luscious black sheen outlining her curves and the garters highlighting her supple flesh distract him. He internalized her words and nodded solemnly.

“Yes, Madam Snow. I'll do better, I promise.”

“See that you do” she replied sternly while tossing her crop back on the table. Veronica turned back to the borderline helpless man she somehow still had feelings for and sighed. “We can pick another show to watch, but first, there's something I've been wanting to show you.”

“Oh?”

The platinum blonde reached to the end table and picked up a small photo album. Her wave of short, silky hair flowed about her head as she turned back with a smile. “I found this while packing for the move. I thought it might be lost for good, but it was hidden away with some other keepsakes from the old days.”

“Madam Snow in her prime? Now I'm very interested” he said with enthusiasm. There was more warmth in his voice than Veronica could remember hearing in weeks.

Normally, she would admonish him for clumsily suggesting she was past her prime, but she'd let it slide this time. Veronica handed the leather-bound book to Jacob and he opened it hastily. A smile spread across his face as he was treated to photos of Madam Snow in her finest leather corsets, vinyl cat suits

and other stunning fetish attire. The images showed her at all kinds of different kink themed events, often featuring other Dommies and various male submissives at her feet.

“Keep going” she encouraged him. “There's a bunch with **you** in them near the middle.”

“What? Really???”

Jake hurriedly turned the pages, arriving at the first picture that included himself. Holy shit! He still had hair. He was wearing a leather harness and holding up a peace sign, smiling as he stood next to his Goddess in full, shiny PVC.

The next few images were much the same, showing them at different fetish balls, kink conferences, dungeons and play parties. Jacob had fond memories of these times, but even he was blown away by how much he'd forgotten. So much had been lost in the shuffle of the intervening years. He and Madam Snow looked genuinely elated in most of the photos, especially when they were right beside each other.

“Oh my god. If these had leaked over the last twenty years, the media circus...”

“You know I'd never do that.”

“Yes. Which is why I chose to employ the services of the Ivory Manor after so many years. You were always trustworthy, despite our falling out. A good friend and confidant even when I didn't deserve it.”

Jacob looked up from the book of memories. Veronica's eyes were locked on his, gazing at him warmly.

“I still am.”

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Ian smiled and nodded to various doctors and scientists as he strode down the halls of *Equitas Labs*. It had taken a while for Athena's most secretive and secure research facility to choose its name, but Ida and the other women in charge had finally decided on one. What their work had to do with justice or fairness, Ian wasn't clear on, but it was a nice enough title. It gave their endeavor a classic air of enlightenment as the lab's mission and list of projects grew by the month.

In the past he might've felt silly, carrying the large coffee drink and bagged breakfast through multiple security checkpoints, but such elements of pride and egoistic machismo were behind him now. They'd faded away a little more with every orange tablet as his desire to please Ida and enter her good graces multiplied. The last few months felt like a dream and if that were so, Ian was certain he didn't want to wake up.

As he wound through endless corridors and moved deeper into the facility, the air grew colder. He was getting closer to the central hub where Ida resided and Ian now spent most of his days. The air conditioning ran constantly to keep the massive IT infrastructure cool and humming quietly. Ida had taken to calling this facility *'The Heart'* since it was the main artery through which all data passed. Ian probably would've named it *'The Brain'*, but he lacked the holistic, big picture thinking of his beautiful boss.

Reports flowed in from a dozen other specialized laboratories adjacent to the central hub. In the heart, results were analyzed and the lifeblood of each project was cleansed before being sent back out for further use and refinement. Ida had modeled their infrastructure and workflow around the design of the human body, the same entity they sought to enhance and manipulate. It had an aura of dark genius that Ian couldn't help but respect.

Ian passed through a few more doors, careful not to drop or spill the precious latte. He'd been careless once before and had to go all the way back into the city to retrieve her vital brew. His metallic collar cleared him through one last checkpoint and he was waved into the Alpha wing of Equitas Labs, AKA Central Intelligence. It was a more regal title than Ida's informal moniker, but she didn't like to stand on ceremony.

After passing dozens of offices, data rooms and smaller laboratories, Ian stepped into Dr. Hoffman's domain. She sat at the main terminal, typing and scrolling away as she reviewed the latest reports. The massive monitors and custom peripherals in front of Ida would've made Bruce Wayne jealous that he didn't have such wonderful tools in the *Bat Cave*.

Ian strolled to her side, his dress shoes tapping gently on the cold, epoxy floor. He set the drink and her breakfast down gently and took a step back, folding his arms behind him and standing at attention.

“Your breakfast, Dr. Hoffman.”

“Welcome back, my good little doggy” she replied without looking away from her work. “Did you get something for yourself?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“What did you have?”

“Coffee and a bagel.”

“You must've eaten fast. You weren't gone that long.”

“I didn't want to keep you waiting, Madam Director.”

Ida snickered before releasing the contoured keyboard and swiveling around in her chair. Her nose ring gleamed in the soft white light radiating from the ceiling. Her short, black tresses were dyed green this month. Ian desperately wanted to crack a joke about St. Patrick's day every time he saw her, but that would likely invite the ass beating of a lifetime. The kind he wouldn't enjoy for long.

The monitors in the background sported charts, graphs, long columns of data, a picture of a nude female medical model and several photos of biological implants that were still in development. Ian noticed, with growing interest, that each of these new products were extremely phallic. They were tubes of flesh shaped like cocks, but with veiny, almost tendril like strands sprouting from the back of each organ.

“See something you like?” the doctor asked coyly.

“What am I looking at?” Ian asked in bewilderment.

“The future. Stage two after our new supplements are being utilized far and wide.”

“Are those...?”

“Penile implants for women? Yes.”

“How is that possible? I thought they could barely do reconstructive surgery for men with groin injuries?”

“Until recently, yes, but the science has come a long way. I'm pushing it harder and faster with Athena's resources. We have some of the best chemists, bio-engineers, geneticists and experts in regenerative medicine in our employ, now. More are coming every week. It's amazing what you can accomplish with a little passion and unlimited funding.”

The leather of her black knee-highs shined as she crossed her legs. Ida brought her index finger to her cheek and rested her chin on her hand as she grinned and drank in Ian's flummoxed state.

The wide-eyed assistant had so many questions. He barely knew where to start.

“So any woman who wants one will be able to...”

“Mmmhmmm.”

“And they'll be fully functional?!?”

“Mostly functional. There's nothing we can do about the chromosomes, so I don't think reproduction is in the cards. Which is a good thing for **you**. Men would be completely obsolete at that point.”

*'No shit...'*

“But everything else is possible to replicate?”

“We're not just going to replicate. They'll be **superior** organs if I have my way. And you know I always do.”

Ian continued staring at the monitors in awe as Dr. Hoffman reached to the desk and grabbed the waxy brown paper bag containing her breakfast. She pulled the large butter rum muffin free and bit into it hungrily. A pleased murmur escaped her peach toned lips as she consumed the delicious treat. Ida usually ate half of it. Sometimes as little as a third or as much as two thirds. Never the whole thing.

“This is gonna change the world.”

“Obviously.”

“Won't this take a huge chunk out of existing birth rates?”

Ida took another mouthful, answering between chews. “A feature, not a bug. The world is

overpopulating rapidly. This will be part of the solution.”

“But what if too many women choose to...”

Dr. Hoffman rolled her eyes. “If we can do this, do you think the artificial womb is far behind? Relax, Ian.”

The stoic blonde nodded. It was a little disconcerting when she gave off overconfident mad scientist vibes. At least she'd considered the long ranging consequences.

“So typical. You men have always been obsessed with reproduction” she continued, shaking her head. “Your role in it has given you power over women, the economy and the future. Your penis made you feel like the drivers of destiny. But that's all going away. Soon, women won't have to sacrifice their ambitions to childbirth anymore. A woman can live how she chooses and still have children, if she wants, without putting her body through hell. Meanwhile, your sad little cocks will finally have some competition. We'll see how men do in the *free market* of sexual liberation.”

Ian swallowed and tried not to look visibly uncomfortable. He was at once turned on by her brilliance and haughtiness, but also terrified for the future.

Thirsty from the sudden intake of carbohydrates, Ida set her meal aside and reached for her drink. She jammed the straw through the plastic top and brought the beverage to her lips. A soothing calm settled over her at first, but after a few moments her lips creased into a scowl. She released the straw from her mouth and looked up at Ian.

“You forgot the *breve*.”

Ian released his hands from behind his back, raising them at his sides in a plea of disbelief. “What??? I'm sure I got it right!”

“Check the receipt” Ida replied coldly.

He moved to the table, picked up the brown paper bag and checked the label stapled to the side. Sure enough, the order was missing one ingredient.

“Damn...”

“You know what that means...” Dr. Hoffman said with a hint of anticipation.

Ian turned, frustration painted across his face. “I'm sorry, Mistress! I'll write it down from now on.”

Ida rose, her white lab coat rustling around her petite curves. She stalked to her assistant, her heels striking the floor loudly. Her rimmed glasses shined in the overhead light as she drew closer. “No, you won't.”

“Mistress?”

She set the drink back on the table, then reached up to Ian's metal tracking collar and curled a single finger around the O-ring at its front. She gave it a light tug, pulling his gaze into alignment with hers.

“I’ve changed my mind. I want you to do it by memory. And I’m going to start mixing up my drink orders more often.”

“That will just lead to more mistakes.”

“I know, silly. It gives me a reason to punish you.”

She released him, walked to his side and slapped his ass.

**\*SMACK\***

Ida picked up her muffin and took another big bite.

“Go to conference room B. When you get there, strip down to nothing but your briefs and wait for me. I’ll be along shortly.”

Ian’s heartbeat quickened. His cheeks filled with the deep red of embarrassment and lust. His desire to yield to her multiplied. These reactions that once felt so alien to him now felt completely natural. Six-months-ago Ian would’ve filed a complaint with HR and left the company if appropriate action wasn’t taken. Now, he wanted nothing more than to be this stunning woman’s human toy.

“At once, Dr. Hoffman.”

His footsteps carried into the distance as Ida finished her breakfast and smiled.

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Ian shuddered, hugging his sides for warmth as he stood in the conference room almost completely naked. He’d been waiting a while and the air conditioning was no longer his friend. His cock had shriveled in his boxer briefs and his skin bore goose bumps from extended exposure to the cool air.

**\*CA-CLACK\***

The door opened and Ida entered, carrying a gym bag of personal items. She’d ditched her lab coat and was now wearing only her blue sleeveless top. Her dress skirt had been traded in for a tight pair of gray yoga pants.

“Who told you to close the door?” she asked, disregarding his shivering form.

“Mistress? I just assumed...”

“That’s your problem, Ian. You assume far too much.”

Ida brought the toe of her boot to the bottom of the door and flipped the stopper down. The large wood and metal portal remained wide open as she strutted in and studied her quivering slave.

“But that’s OK. It wouldn’t be as fun without bad habits to train out of you.”

“Yes, Mistress Ida. My apologies.”

“Turn around” she instructed with a flick of her finger. “Hands behind your back.”

Ian turned and obeyed her edict. He heard metal jingling sounds as Ida set her bag aside and began extracting toys from it. In short order, she had leather wrist cuffs wrapped around his wrists and ankles. Each had metal anchor points. The ankle cuffs were pre-fixed with lengths of chain for quick and easy bondage. His arms were secured behind him quickly with the application of a simple snap-hook metal fastener.

**\*CLINK\***

Ida grabbed him by the back of his metal ID collar and the crook of his left arm. She directed him to the large conference table, the metal chains dragging across the floor from his ankles as they moved. Dr. Hoffman released him momentarily only to sweep her arm across the desk and shove a few binders and boxes of pens out of the way. They clattered aside, the pens spilling out and rattling all over the side of the table and floor.

“Bend over! **DOWN!**” she ordered, her voice growing more excited by the second.

As soon as Ian started lowering his upper half onto the table, she shifted her grip from his collar to the back of his neck and shoved him down hard.

**\*THUD\***

The large desk rattled, spilling a binder and more pens over the side as Ian's body slapped into the thick surface. He grunted and turned his head as she pressed him into the table. Her surprisingly strong legs forced him apart, the bottom half of his body spreading out into a triangle of straining limbs at her direction.

“Stay like that” she commanded, pushing his shackled hands into the crook of his spine as she propped herself back up.

Ian felt the chains tug at his ankles as she wrapped both lengths around the metal housing of the table. Soon he was locked into the vulnerable, spread-open position. Arousal and anxiety surged in him, multiplying as a pair of metal scissors was brought to bear.

**\*SNIP SNIP SNIP\***

“Mistress! **Please!** I don't have another pair on site!”

“Not my problem” she answered dryly as she finished cutting through his boxers. She ripped the remnants off his lower body. His ass, cock and balls jiggled in the cool air as she pulled the fabric free and tossed the tatters aside.

Ian heard the now-familiar sound of leather straps and light metal jingles as Ida donned her strapon harness and secured it around her waist. He breathed deeply through his nose, waiting for her invasion with a mix of anticipation and apprehension. He couldn't stop thinking about the open door and who

might be walking by; getting a peek at his bound state and exposed anatomy.

“You almost took all nine inches last time” Dr. Hoffman reminded him as she stepped in behind his squirming form. “I think we'll definitely cross that off the to-do list today. I'm dying to size up. But first, part one of your punishment.”

“Yes, Mistress” he responded with lips pressed against the glossy table.

Ida circled back to where Ian had left his clothes folded on a table by the wall. She picked up his pants and pulled the belt from the loops of his trousers.

“I'm so glad you wear a belt most days. It means I need one less toy.”

**\*SNAP SNAP\***

The thick leather straps clapped against each other as she held it in both hands and pulled them tight. Ian's nerves shot through the roof as he realized some serious pain was on the way.

“**Twenty strokes, slave!** Count them out.”

“Yes, Madam Director!”

**\*THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK\***

Ian jolted against the table each time the kiss of raw hide lashed his ass and sent a wave of burning fury through his cheeks. She whipped the thick belt into him with skilled precision, the leather making contact across the middle of both fleshy globes with every loud impact. Red marks built up on his bottom as she spanked him harshly. Ian announced each strike with pained cries. His call-outs, along with the loud swings of the belt, announced Ida's disciplinary actions to the entire hallway.

**\*THWACK\***

“**NINETEEN! AHHHH!!!!**”

**\*THWACK\***

“**TWENTY!** Mmpphh...”

She tossed the belt aside and it clattered to the ground with no ceremony. The green haired Goddess gave herself only a few moments rest before moving to her favorite form of domination. She walked to Ian's welted rear and laid her sizable strapon against his well-beaten crevice.

Ida drizzled lubricant all over the fat length before lifting the bottle over Ian's pucker and dousing his crack liberally. He felt cold slime pour over his taint and the tip of her silicone weapon prod at his soft, fleshy opening. Ian took a deep breath as she capped the lube and set it aside.

She gripped his hips with surprising gentleness as she pushed her body forward and sank the first few inches of rubber dick past his pucker and into his warm depths.

“**Ahhhhh!**”

“Take it” she said coldly as Ida watched the toy tunnel into his body. “**All of it**, you filthy bitch.”

“Mmmmmppppphhhhhh...”

Dr Hoffman's eyes grew wider and more enraptured as her strapon plowed deep. Four inches. Five. Past the halfway point. The viscous lube slurped as his anus dilated, opening the way for her deep insertion. Ian's grunts and winces grew louder as she continued to fill him with one long push. His arms tugged behind his body reflexively, but were met with only tight leather and cold steel.

At the six inch mark, she relented, letting the thick phallus slide out a ways. It didn't go far before her hips thrust forward, sinking the cock deeper in his body. Ida lifted one hand from his flanks and dragged her nails across his back. Her black-painted claws dug into his skin, though not deep enough to draw blood. Just deep enough to leave visible trails cause a bit of pain. She repeated the feat several times in between probing fucks. Dr. Hoffman enjoyed marking her property. She did it almost every time they played in some form or another.

Her slow, opening pace didn't last long. Ida's hips began to pick up speed, thrusting seven inches of lube-drenched latex schlong in and out of his ass. Her libido surged as she bucked into him, rocking the conference table with each forceful plowing as his metal bindings clinked. Dr. Hoffman began moaning lightly as she fucked him with abandon. She lost herself in rutting, her eyes opening and closing as the nubs on the bottom of the harness pressed through her thin pants and strummed her sex.

“Louder, slave! I don't think they can hear you outside.”

“**MMMGGGHHHMMPPPHHHH!!!** Yes, Mistress!”

The pace of her fucking was fast and steady. Her legs flexed as seven inches of deep dicking turned into eight. Ian's face grew red and his breathing became labored as Mistress Ida drilled ever deeper. He heard a few women comment under their breath excitedly as they walked past the open door of the conference room. Somehow the humiliation only added to his growing pleasure. Ian's cock was hard as a rock, dangling and jolting below the table as he was fucked wildly.

“That's more like it! Now we're fostering a **PROPER. WORK. ENVIRONMENT.**”

Ida's words punctuated three especially hard thrusts before she returned to her regular pummeling. She wanted desperately to reach up and grope her tingling breasts, but she was more concerned with putting on a show for any colleagues who happened by.

Dr. Hoffman wanted to promote more shameless and public use of their *assistants* in the offices of Athena every day. Seeing the effects of her new drugs made manifest in real time sent Ida's sex drive to the moon. The normalization of such behavior in the labs was something she regarded as her personal responsibility. Ida had always lived by the motto: *Be the change you want to see in the world.*

“Beg for more you cock-hungry anal whore!”

“Please, Mistress Ida! Fill me with your big dick!!!”

**\*SMACK\***

**“LOUDER! SO THEY CAN HEAR YOU DOWN THE HALL!”**

**“FUCK ME, MISTRESS! FILL ME WITH YOUR GIANT COCK, MY QUEEN!!!”**

Dr. Hoffman sank all nine inches into his stretched-wide man cunt with delirious vigor. The fat rubber ball sack smacked against his limp body as she shafted him hard and deep. Ida's own pleasure mounted as her moans came between panted breaths. She began to sweat as smoldering desire flooded every tissue of her sexually charge form. She was wet as the Titanic below, her panties drenched in her own juices as the nubs of the harness glided back and forth over her most sensitive region.

**“Holy shit!”** one man outside spoke up before quickly lowering his voice. A fellow colleague whispered and laughed with him as they had a look before continuing on their way.

Ida's grinning face went taut, her expression crystallizing into a blissful rush of endorphins as her climax descended on her. She thrust into Ian's bound and naked form with every bit of her strength.

**“NNRRRRGGGGGGHHHHH!!! YEEAAHH!!! TAKE IT!!!”**

Dr. Hoffman's pussy gushed as she screamed in orgasm. Her fluids surged forth, sloshing through her panties and making wet trails in her yoga pants, streaming out in small rivulets from her black rubber cock harness. She hilted in his body as electric nirvana flowed through her thin frame, her eyes rolling up as she moaned and held nine inches of rubber cockmeat buried in her bound bitch boy.

Ida's hurried thrusts and loud climax pushed Ian over the top, his own dick shooting its load across the floor. His sperm jetted out, decorating the carpet below the table. He was powerless to do anything but moan along with his Mistress as his prostate channeled pure bliss through his body. Every jolt of ecstasy and forced ejaculation made each swipe of the belt and thrust of her fearsome strapon worth it.

Their joyful moans and excited shouts harmonized until she collapsed on his body, her breasts pushing into his scarred back. Their sweating forms lay panting until they both came back to Earth. More colleagues could be heard strolling down the hallway, whispering to each other about the lewd spectacle in their workplace.

When she regained her senses, Ida stirred and unglued her clammy body from his. She stepped back and her fat, nine inch fuck stick slurped out of Ian's tight, warm hole. He sighed in solace, though the relief didn't last long. Dr. Hoffman unbuckled her strapon harness and stepped out of it only to bring the business end back to his lube slathered starfish and shoved it deep.

**“AHHHHHHH!!!”**

Ian yelped from the surprise invasion, wincing as its full length was driven home again. Ida then took the harness straps and buckled them around Ian's legs, securing the strapon in his ass for the foreseeable future.

The sated Domina rose back to her full height and brushed her sweaty, dyed hair from her face. She checked the clock on the wall before gazing back down at her soiled fuck toy.

“You can stay there until I've had a shower. I think I'll order a fresh drink, too. With *breve* this time! Once that's sorted, I'll come unlock you. Be back in a while, slut!”

**\*SMACK\***

She sent his reddened ass jiggling with a final open palm swat. Satisfied, she began collecting her things.

“Y-Yes, Dr. Hoffman” he replied in a pleasure and pain wracked daze.

Ida sauntered from the room, holding her bag in front of her to hide the wet spots in her pants. She purposefully left the conference room door wide open. She took one quick look back and smiled, content with the view of her cock-packed, prone bitch.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was almost dusk as Brandon strolled down the bustling city street. Food trucks and street vendors plied their wares. White collar professionals hauled expensive briefcases and designer handbags home after long days at boring jobs. Reggaeton blasted from one corner where some hoodlums were hanging and waiting to do business.

The young agent took a final look over his shoulder, checking for tails. He wasn't being followed. He never had been, as long as he'd been working the Athena gig, but one could never count out the possibility. When you were this far into a long assignment, it was tempting to let your guard down, but Brandon never did. That's why they picked him.

After a couple more blocks, he found what he needed; a quiet alley. He ducked into it and studied the long, dark corridor, making sure there were no surprises waiting. There was nothing in sight but a few trashcans and a sleeping bum. He pulled a phone from his leather jacket and dialed the one phone number he would never forget as long as he lived. As always, it was answered immediately.

“Hello?”

“This is Vigilant Wraith. 16235. Is the director still in?”

He heard nothing but the stroking of a keyboard as his clearance was checked.

“Hi, Brandon. Yes, he hasn't left for the day. I'll put you through.”

“Thanks.”

A few moments later, the familiar, gruff voice of Director Woods echoed through the receiver.

“Hey, Sparks.”

“I got your message. Something urgent?”

“Yes and no.”

“This oughta be good.”

“As much as I hate to disturb the long and blissful courtship of you and miss Anastasia, sometimes there's actual work to be done.”

“It's Athena now.”

“Whatever. The Greek Goddess of e-commerce may not be aware, but the one thing rich assholes enjoy even less than disappointing quarterly reports is being blackmailed.”

“The chickens are coming home to roost, huh?”

“You could say that. There's been some chatter. The kind you ignore at your own peril. In this case, her peril.”

“You think someone's gonna make a play?”

“I think it's a distinct possibility. Nothing confirmed yet. I'm just giving you a heads up.”

“Alright, I'll clue her in. We'll double her personal security for the time being.”

“I'd quadruple it if I were you.”

“You sound worried.”

“Sometimes you just get a bad feeling, you know? I'm gettin it right now.”

“Yeah, I hear ya.”

“I'll let you know if any more red flags pop up. Take care, Sparks.”

“Understood.”