

## Athena Corp Chronicles

### Chapter 7 – Agile Development

#### TEN MONTHS AFTER THE FALL

Brandi shifted in the tall, executive office chair as she scanned the paperwork before her. The black leather of the seat creaked as she crossed her legs and leaned back into a more comfortable position. She tapped a pen against the desk as she read the next personnel file. It had been a long day of interviews and she had several more to go before she could clock out and hit the town.

The nameplate on the desk read: *Brandi Williams – Lead Product Development Analyst*. The well decorated room with multiple book shelves, filing cabinets, tables and chairs was her first ever office. After spending most of her adult life as a sex worker, it felt surreal to be in this position at Athena Corp. Once Ana had Jake Telos under her thumb, everything had changed so rapidly. Ana? Anastasia? No, not anymore. She was **Athena** now. Brandi had to keep reminding herself.

The dark skinned beauty had her hair tied at the top; a thick column of black braids that rose to a peak and spilled down like a waterfall behind her. Her bright yellow suit and the white top below it created a lovely contrast with her dark hair and brown eyes. The bottom of her suit jacket flowed open below her waist, almost looking like the beginnings of a skirt. It was cute, but also formal business attire, which Brandi loved.

Joining the company had been an odd shift for her, especially where it concerned clothing. After living and working with women who wore fetish gear much of the day, it was a nice change to have a job that demanded more '*respectable*' clothing. At least, it would've been, were that not changing as well. More and more, the Athena Corp headquarters was beginning to resemble Madam Snow's *Ivory Manor*.

The women filling the company's upper ranks were dressing and acting more provocatively all the time. The men doing the grunt work were becoming more slavishly devoted to their office superiors. Seeing Dommies lead their collared employees around by leashes was no longer a rare occurrence. Neither was the sight of leather, latex, satin and furs in the workplace. On some level, it was fun to watch, but the utterly surreal feel of it was inescapable. Brandi was witnessing a bizarre transformation and she wasn't sure she liked how fast things were moving.

She'd chosen not to indulge in fetish clothing and resisted the temptation to have fun with her handsome secretary, so far. Maybe it's because she was pining for something resembling *normal* for the first time in her life. Or perhaps it was because she was one of the few women who wasn't taking substance XX every day. As the woman in charge of overseeing the results of the new drugs, she felt it would be irresponsible to partake in the trial herself.

*'Supplements! Not drugs. Never say drugs!'* she reminded herself. The legal department had been very specific about the verbiage she should use when discussing the trial substances.

**\*knock knock knock\***

“Come in!” she called loud enough to be heard from the other side.

The door opened and a tall, medium build man in a striped dress shirt and dark slacks walked in. He had a fair complexion, short brown hair, glasses and bore one of the elegant, high-tech tracking collars that had become commonplace for male employees at Athena.

“Charles?” Brandi asked as the young man closed the door.

“Yup, that's me. Call me Charlie if you like” he said with a smile and a nod.

“Works for me. You can call me Brandi. No formalities necessary. Please, have a seat.” She motioned to the two comfortable arm chairs in front of her desk.

“Awesome” Charlie responded as he sat down and took a look around the room.

“So, you've been taking part in the trial for ten weeks now, correct?”

“That's right.”

“And you've taken your supplement every day, without fail?”

“Yes, every morning with breakfast.”

“Good. I'm guessing you haven't felt any negative side effects, or you would've reported them by now, but just for the record, have you experienced any?”

“No. Nothing I would call a detriment to my physical or mental health.”

“Excellent. And it says here your wife also agreed to take part?”

“Yeah. She wasn't very enthusiastic about it at first, but when I told her all she had to do for a nice payout was take a supplement for a couple months, she changed her mind quick.”

“How nice! No negative effects for her either, I assume?”

“She's voiced no complaints. Quite the opposite. She raves about it, now.”

“Good to hear. Alright, I'm going to ask you to elaborate on your experience while taking the supplement. To the best of your ability, please describe any changes you and your wife have noticed during the last ten weeks. If it's affected your relationship, we're especially interested in that.”

“Oh... Well, for starters, we've both noticed that we have more energy. In the past, we often felt drained after a full day at our jobs, but that's been less of a problem since we started taking the pills. Also, we've both noted that our senses feel sharper. Like we're living in the moment more, if that makes sense?”

“Mmmhmm” Brandi said while jotting down some notes. “Please, continue...”

“And I'd be remiss not to mention how it's affected our sex drive. Mine went up substantially and Alyssa's went through the roof!”

Brandi grinned. “That's good to hear. We're planning to market it as a libido enhancer, in part.”

Charlie chuckled. “I would hope! Whoever your competition is, I don't think they'll be in business long.”

The dark-skinned diva stopped writing and looked up. “If you don't mind, I'd like you to go into more detail, in terms of how it's affected your sex lives. I know these kind of details can be embarrassing, especially when talking to a stranger, but I assure you that your responses will remain confidential.”

The man's face quickly turned a light shade of red. “Right... Well, there have definitely been significant changes since we started the regimen. Before we started the trial, we were... I guess you would say, a more *vanilla* couple? In terms of how we...”

Brandi nodded. “I understand. And now?”

“Alyssa takes a much more active and enthusiastic role in our bedroom play. You might say she's become--”

“Dominant?” the team lead offered with a knowing smile.

“Yes!” the flustered young man spat out. He was clearly glad Brandi had said it for him. “That's definitely a fair characterization! And I've discovered certain things about myself... That I enjoy letting her take the lead. It's lead to us trying a lot of new things.”

“Interesting...” she replied while writing down more notes.

There wasn't anything interesting about it. It was the same story Brandi had heard more than fifty times in the last week. How had Dr. Hoffman done it? The mad scientist had cooked up some cocktail that was turning people's sexual proclivities on their head. Reprogramming them, to put it bluntly.

Brandi had heard rumors of her brilliance and it seemed they weren't exaggerations. Nothing else explained the steady flow of normies who'd turned into Femdom freaks in the space of a few months that kept marching through her door.

“Before, I think we'd ever only bought two sex toys. A vibrator and one of those spinning wands for Alyssa. Now, we have **SO** many! Just recently, we got one of those giant strapons that's shaped like a horse cock! I didn't think something like that could fit up my--”

Brandi raised her hand, giving him a clear stop sign. “Thank you, Charlie, but I don't need **that** much detail.”

“Oh...” His enthusiastic hands, currently outlining the sheer size of the toy his wife had begun using on his ass, fell into his lap and clasped together. “My apologies. I guess I got carried away!”

*'Of course you did. You poor sluts can't help yourself once I prompt you to talk about it.'*

“That's quite alright. So, would you say, on a personal level, your relationship with your wife has changed for the better?”

“Absolutely! It feels like we're much more connected now. I've gotten better at anticipating her needs and desires. We're on the same *wavelength*, if you will.”

“Would you say you're more open to her suggestions?”

“Definitely. I've noticed that in particular.”

“And you do you think it's just your wife, or all women?”

“I'm sorry?”

This is where she was supposed to generalize the concept. To follow up by asking if he found himself being more *accommodating* and getting along more with women in general. It was a stealthy way of asking if he found himself being more compliant and obedient to the fairer sex. But Brandi was tired of beating around the bush. This time, she decided to go off script.

She set her pen down and leaned back in her chair. The professional Domina turned corporate consultant looked deep into his eyes. “Let me put it another way. If I told you to crawl under my desk and lick my boots, right now, would you do it?”

Charlie's eyes went wide as saucers. He looked like he'd just been smacked across the face. Yet the shock only lasted a moment. The young man swallowed. His eyes shrank back to their normal width and took on that slightly sunken look as his new desires kicked in. It was as if a spell had just been cast over the man. In truth, it was a spell that had been cast and reinforced over ten weeks. Brandi watched his chest rise and fall as he took a deep breath before replying. There was no doubt in her mind that he was about to acquiesce.

“I...”

“You know what? I'm sorry. That was inappropriate of me” Brandi interrupted him. She formed a silly smile and shook her head. “I guess I got a little carried away, myself.”

Charlie looked half relieved and half disappointed as a fresh grin spread across his face. “That's ok, Miss Brandi. I didn't mind at all.”

Brandi stood abruptly and closed his file. “You've been very helpful, Charlie. Thank you for coming in today.” She extended her hand across the desk.

He rose with her and shook it gently. “It was my pleasure.”

“We'll let you know if we need anything else. Your final payments for participation in this trial will be issued in the next couple weeks. You have a good day, now.”

“You too.”

Brandi watched the Athena employee and willing guinea pig stride out of her office. She was still staring in his direction when the door swung closed.

*'Good lord... What are we playing with?'*

\* \* \* \* \*

Madam Snow moaned and threw back her head as her hips slammed into Jacob's beaten bottom. Her face was etched with pure delight. It was the dreamy expression a woman only achieves when she strapon fucks a submissive at length and the rubber nubs on the inside of her harness deliver a third, blissful orgasm, magnified by the sensations of pure power and control.

Veronica's entire body tingled and pulsed with erotic energy. Her sweat slid around the luscious, black vinyl bodysuit that contained her ample curves. The slick, clingy material hugged her like a jealous lover, the gripping heat intensifying the longer she plowed the massive rubber dong into Jake's ass.

She'd taken her time this afternoon, flailing and teasing him at length. Jacob's body was covered in marks and lines of red impact, yet Madam Snow hadn't delivered blows that were anything close to her hardest. She wanted Jake to learn patience again. Temperance. To reinforce that his desires no longer dictated the terms of play. He wanted pain by the bucketload. She was only doling out spoonfuls here and there.

He had no choice, strapped to the bondage horse as he was. Jacob was naked except for the rubber hood, body harness, thick collar and the cage around his cock. A second leather harness was wrapped around his head, leading to reins that slid back to Veronica's left hand. She pulled on them periodically as she fucked him, yanking the thick leather bit deeper into his gagged mouth and pulling his head back to further fuel her dominance.

Grunts and muttered gibberish spilled from Jake's foaming mouth like a waterfall. He'd long since lost any control he had over his own body or even his speech. He could only take the sensations Madam Snow inflicted and respond in the most primitive and instinctual of ways. Yelps of ache wavered from his stuffed maw as the leather straps tightened and pulled around his face and torso. Moans of pleasure slid around the gag as Veronica's thick strapon plunged into his ass. Jacob quivered uncontrollably each time it slid over his sensitive prostate. Delirious groans sputtered from his wet lips each time her crop bit into his flesh, dotting his body with new splotches of scarlet discipline.

Veronica grinned as she watched his pitiful, hampered movements. He was squirming more in his bondage, now. His limbs pulled on their restraints in complete futility. She couldn't see his penis, hanging in its metal cage below, but she knew it was rock hard. It puffed painfully against the metal bars as his arousal increased.

The delighted Domina grinned and bucked into his yielding pucker even harder. Her pounding produced fresh, moist, slapping sounds against his reddened cheeks. If the bondage horse wasn't so sturdy and well-weighted, she would've been pushing him forward with the force of her thrusts. Yet her technique was flawless, having found the perfect angle to strum the long, silicone invader over his g-spot and turn Jacob's mind to mush.

She wrapped the reins around her left wrist and gave them another firm tug. Jacob's head was forced back as fresh saliva slid over the fat rubber toy between his teeth. Madam Snow leaned forward so her awestruck submissive could hear her clearly.

“You're **mine**, you slut! I control **EVERYTHING!** Not only **IF** you come, but **HOW** you come! **Is that clear?!?**”

“Yeff! **Yeff Miffreff!**”

Veronica released the reins, allowing his straining, harnessed face to fall forward. She tossed her crop aside, took a fresh grip of his hips and her fucking went into overdrive. The platinum blonde Headmistress of the Ivory Manor moaned in wanton pleasure as she rutted like an animal. All twelve inches of the fat, foot-long mega cock barreled back and forth, plowing through his spongy insides and sliding out effortlessly with a glaze of warm, sloppy lube.

As the crackling, paralyzing, all-consuming sensation in his lower body built to a crescendo, Jacob's eyes rolled upward and he bellowed loudly into his gag. His penis, deep red with arousal and the torment of metal constriction, shot its wad in a canon volley of thick semen. Rope after rope spat from his glans, firing all over the floor as Madam Snow savaged his tingling ass.

Hearing his groans of climax and seeing his body stiffen and shudder, Veronica added the extra dash of spice that would ensure every ounce of his seed was jettisoned.

**\*SMACK\***

“**COME, YOU FILTHY BITCH!** Every drop! **OUT WITH IT!!!**”

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Her palm blasted off his bruised ass several times. Jake's flesh rippled with each strike. The skilled Domina didn't miss a beat, continuing to horse-pipe his defenseless sphincter in between brutal swats to his exposed buttocks.

Jacob could do nothing but shake in his bonds and gurgle into his gag. His eyelids fluttered as the overwhelming sensations she delivered ripped through his nervous system and tore at his mind. His hands clenched and unclenched as his trapped dick spewed every shot of sperm his balls could give. His ankles pulled on their cuffs to no avail, straining like the rest of his pulsating form.

Finally, his ejections ceased and the feverish nonsense spilling from Jake's mouth slowed to an occasional, moist mutter. His head fell forward and slapped against the leather padding of the bondage horse. His face lay in a puddle of his own drool. Madam Snow backed out of his packed ass slowly, pulling the fat, dripping dong from his sodomized back passage.

Jacob's soft anal lips constricted back into a tender ring, but failed to retract fully. A small hole, leading to his fucked-wide, lube clogged darkness remained open. Veronica sighed in the euphoric aftermath and stroked her big toy up and down as she admired the anal gape she'd just imposed. She strode around the sturdy bondage fixture and placed one gloved hand on the back of his head. Madam Snow massaged him for a time, vinyl squeaking against rubber as she eased him back to Earth.

“Very good, Jacob. That's exactly what I wanted to see.”

After a while, she undid his bindings and helped him up. The head harness and the leather horse-bit were the last to go, sliding out of his mouth with an exasperated sigh and a long inhale of fresh, cool air. Veronica unzipped the hood and pulled the clingy rubber from his sweaty form. She tossed it aside and her palm returned to his face.

The smiling Domina caressed his cheek as she gazed deep into his brown eyes. Jake's right eye had always been somewhat droopy, giving him the look of a lost puppy. There was little doubt he hated it, but she considered it a lovable trait.

“Wow... I can't remember the last time I came that hard. Especially without-”

“Torture?” she interjected.

“That's one word for it, I guess.”

“Yes, that was the entire point. You needed a reminder.”

“A reminder of what, Mistress?”

“That pleasure doesn't need to come from pain, silly. Well, not **serious** pain, anyway.” She added the last part with a playful wink.

Jacob looked bewildered. His cluelessness often annoyed her, but in this moment, Madam Snow found it that much more endearing. She leaned in and brought her lips to his, her tongue extending smoothly as they entered a deep kiss. They tasted each other for long moments. Veronica got a hint of the rubbery torment Jake had endured at her hands. Their session was ending, but her body was warm as ever in her shiny Domme attire.

She broke the kiss and pulled back. Veronica reached up and grasped his chin, softly. “It feels like old times, doesn't it?”

“It does.”

“And how does that make you feel?”

Madam Snow's gaze was locked on his. She searched his eyes for warmth. There were sparks present somewhere in the distance, but not the roaring bonfires she was hoping for.

*'C'mon you idiot! Give me something! Anything!'*

“It feels good” he admitted. “It's been lovely, spending time with you again. Submitting to you and your well trained acolytes.” Jacob leaned against the bondage horse, resting his weary body. He looked away for a moment before his gaze returned to Veronica. “But we mustn't forget ourselves. I belong to Ana now.”

Madam Snow's smile fell away.

“Mistress Athena” Jacob corrected himself.

Veronica turned before the hurt became evident on her face. She tread across the room a few paces, taking her time and trying to maintain her composure. Eventually, she bent over and picked up the fallen crop. By the time she rose, her sadness was already turning to anger.

“Veronica?” Jacob asked, watching her nervously. “I’m sorry if--”

Madam Snow whirled and whipped her crop against the nearby table in a flurry. It snapped loudly against the surface, echoing through the room as the slighted Domme allowed her bottled up feelings to overflow.

“**SHE DOESN'T FUCKING CARE ABOUT YOU!!!**” she yelled at the top of her lungs. Veronica's eyes were wet as she held back angry tears. Her chest heaved up and down before she continued. “**How can you not see that?!?**”

The startled Jacob took stock of himself and looked back at her with resigned eyes. He paused a moment before responding, replying in his ever calm voice. “I do see it, Mistress Snow. I see it plainly.”

“Then **WHY?!?**” She asked, taking a few steps back in his direction. “Do you hate yourself **that** much? You don't deserve to be happy ever again? Is that what you think?!?”

Jacob showed the faintest smile. “It's true. I don't deserve to be happy. I was a terrible partner and father. A worse boss. Wasn't even a very good kid. The only thing I've ever been good at, building the company, was the cause of misery for millions. I overturned entire industries, ruining people's livelihoods. Abused countless workers. Corrupted government on a level few others could claim. I made the world a worse place, all while being applauded, daily, for improving it. And I couldn't even enjoy that, because I'm not a sadist.”

His smile grew.

Veronica stared back at him, lost for words.

“Ana was right. She delivered it to me, straight, in a way that no one else would. She brought the pain I deserved. The pain I **like**, by the way.” His eyebrows raised with the last remark.

Tears leaked down Madam Snow's face, running her mascara. Her eyes brimmed with compassion and despair in equal measure. “I know you, Jacob. We spent some of the best years of my life together. I didn't spend all that time with a terrible person. The Jacob I know isn't just intelligent and business savvy. He's deeply warm, once you get past the cold exterior. He craves love and acceptance like no one I've ever met. And I was happy to provide them.”

“Until you weren't” he retorted. “And I was left to start over, with nothing but intellect and business savvy.”

“Jacob, whatever regrets you have... No matter what guilt you're carrying, you don't deserve to spend the rest of your life under the thumb of someone who doesn't care about you. **No one does!** If you learned nothing else in all these years, you should've learned that.”



Jake clasped his hands behind his back and nodded. "I understand what you're saying. I don't even disagree, really. But on this matter, my thoughts and feelings are... divergent."

"**Divergent?**" she asked incredulously.

"Yes, and this is a rare case where my feelings won out. Ana subjugated me more exquisitely than any woman ever has. We made a pact. I gave her what she wanted and she gave me what I want. No punches pulled. Nothing held back. The ultimate transaction. She even took the name of my company! How could I not worship her for the Goddess she is?"

Veronica's gaze grew stony. The flow of tears stopped, drying on her face as Jacob outlined the pathology behind the bizarre arrangement.

There was a simple solution to this. Go to Athena and request that full, complete and sole ownership of Jake be transferred to her. The formidable blonde's claws were dug deep into the company, now. She didn't need him anymore. Athena would almost definitely agree. She'd probably be glad to finally have Jacob out of her hair. Even more than he already was.

But that was the problem. It was too simple. For every complex question, there is an answer that is simple, concise and completely wrong. That path was folly. If Madam Snow did that, Jacob would be hers, but he would never respect her the same way he did Athena. The shadow of the corporate Goddess would forever loom over whatever farcical relationship she managed to salvage with him. That's not what Veronica wanted. That's not what she **needed** to do, and she knew it.

There was only one way through, if Madam Snow wasn't to abandon him a second time. She needed to **displace** Athena in his mind. Veronica had to rise above the impossibly high standard that her own student had set. She needed to overawe Jacob and bring to him heel, eclipsing the ecstatic high he'd felt in the depths of Ana's domination. Only then would Veronica's authority be absolute and Jacob free to heal and possibly love again. After spending months getting reacquainted and trying to penetrate the protective barrier around his psyche, all of this had become crystal clear in an instant.

Doubts assailed her. It was a long shot and Madam Snow felt foolish for even entertaining such a task. She knew guilt was weighing on her as well, which was unfair. She didn't owe him anything. They had a clean break all those years ago. At times, she wished she hadn't ended it, but it was pointless to dwell on what might've been. Still, it wasn't about what she owed him. It was about what Veronica wanted. What her heart was telling her to do.

Athena had set out to conquer the world of men with Femdom. She'd taken up the mantle and was already well on her way. She'd already gone much farther than Madam Snow had managed when such dreams were her focus. Veronica would gladly assist in this worthy endeavor. But now that she had reached middle age, her priorities had changed. In the fathomless depths of irony, all **she** wanted, was to save one man and rekindle the flame of lost love.

"Get back on the horse" she commanded before turning and tossing her crop on the table. She moved to the wall where her more intimidating implements of destruction awaited. Veronica selected a bull whip, hefting its coiled bulk into her grasp before unfurling it.

"Mistress? I thought we were done?" Jacob asked with a puzzled expression.

Madam Snow turned back and whipped the fearsome leather cord through the air with a skillful flourish. She snapped it to the ground with a ferocity Jacob hadn't seen from her since coming into her care.

**\*WHIPCRACK\***

She sneered at him while striking an elegant pose.

“Not even fucking close.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Brandon twisted in his bindings, his moans interrupted by the slim fingers invading his mouth. His arms were pulled upwards, cuffed to the top of the bed. His ankles, likewise, were shackled to the metal grate that made up the end of the giant bed frame. He lay on his side, naked and muttering in pleasure as he was accosted from multiple angles.

Athena lay just behind him, her bare breasts pressed into his back. Her tongue glided into his ear. She probed deeply, licking and sucking away between brief bits of dirty talk. Hot, ragged, whispers slipped into his ear, reminding Brandon he was nothing but a horny slut that belonged to her.

Her strapon was deep in his ass, filling him completely and keeping his entire body on edge. It glided in and out a scant few inches, ever so slowly. It was almost an afterthought; a motion Athena did on auto pilot as she probed away at his upper half. She finger fucked his mouth a few more times before pulling her digits free with a slurp of clingy saliva. The blonde Goddess reached down and took hold of his cock as she had many times already. She masturbated him slowly, using his own syrupy spit as lube.

**“Ohhhhhh!!!”**

“That's it. Moan like a good boy for Mistress...”

She stroked his hot, steely flesh up and down. Brandon's pre-cum leaked in gobs, mingling with the saliva to form a slick paste as she teased him skillfully.

“Do you want to come, slave?”

**“Yes!! Oh Goddess, yes!!!”**

He bucked at her hand, his body moving the mere inch or so it was able while chained to the bed and locked in his Domina's tight grasp. He thrust his penis at her silky hand, attempting to exert some control over her extended session of titillation. Athena knew it was an almost involuntary response she was provoking, but she reprimanded him all the same.

She clucked her tongue a few times. “Oh no... That's not how we play, my naughty spy.”

Athena released his manhood and took a firm hold of his torso. She pulled him back closer to her body.

The thick rubber dildo drilled back into his pucker as Brandon grunted. Her free hand drifted up and latched onto his right nipple. It was already a deep shade of red, engorged with blood and radiating light trauma from her many previous assaults. The determined Domina groped and twisted it playfully.

“Haven't you realized by now?” her words blew warmly across his ear. “The finest pleasure comes from patience. From having all your special areas stimulated.”

Her tongue slid back into his ear, filling him with hot, slippery, tingling warmth. She twisted the most sensitive flesh on his chest as her hips continued their slow, pounding rhythm. Her steady fucking was exquisitely slow. The supple rubber toy caressed his spongy tunnel and strummed his prostate at a leisurely pace that threatened to drive him insane.

“Uhhhhhhnnnnnnnnnnnn....”

How long had it been? Twenty minutes? An hour? Brandon had no way of knowing. There was no telling how long Athena had been edging him. She alternated between his mouth, cock and chest; a master musician playing the instrument that was his body. He was trapped between heaven and hell, yearning to fly upward into the arms of bliss, but enjoying utterly the depravity of the deep.

Just as quickly, Athena abandoned his inflamed areola and her hand slid upward. She grabbed the metal O-ring hanging from Brandon's leather collar and gave it a firm tug, choking him lightly. She pulled on it for many seconds, prompting some fresh grunts and struggles from his captive body. Athena released it, allowing him to breathe free, only to sink her slimy fingers back into his warm mouth and resume her oral invasion.

Brandon's eyes sank into a blissful lull as a sensation of pure rapture built throughout his body. He surrendered to her completely, an act he was growing more accustomed to with each passing month.

His fear of bondage had melted away over the course of countless sessions with his beautiful Domme. Athena was a more adept lover than anyone he'd ever known. Now that he was firmly entangled in her web, Brandon often wondered if Aphrodite wasn't a more fitting name for the seductive CEO. But every time, once the clouds of passion parted, he was witness to another example of her brilliance, determination and indomitable spirit. When examining Anastasia in her totality, there was no doubt her new moniker was the right one.

Athena withdrew her fingers from his dripping mouth once again. This time, she opted to skip his penis in the rotation, leaving his rock hard unit twitching in the cool air. She shifted to his left nipple, opting to give it the fresh attention its twin had just received. She twisted his areola fiercely in between tender strokes over the delicate, engorged nub at its center.

Somewhere in the haze of delirious pleasure, Brandon felt Athena's hips begin to buck into him more powerfully. Her fucking was no longer gentle. The gliding over his tender, glowing prostate was no longer subtle. She slapped into his ass, plowing her weighty member into his depths with smooth precision. When she dipped her face down and sank her tongue into his ear once more, Brandon reached the nirvana of sexual overload.

“Ahhhhhh!!! **OHHHH FUCK!!!** I'm gonna--”

Athena seized the moment, sinking her tongue, fingernails and strapon deep in all three points of his

flesh. Brandon yanked on his bindings, moaning uncontrollably as his twitching phallus shot ropes of hot glue all over the bedding. Once his shuddering climax began, Athena reached down and seized his spurting unit. His luscious nut spat out in thick spurts, egged on by her ceaseless rutting. She stroked him up and down lovingly until every strand of semen had been milked from his quivering body.

When his emissions tapered to nothing and Brandon's moaning lessened, their heads collapsed on the pillows in exhaustion. They breathed deep as Athena massaged his chest with sticky fingers. She left her strapon hilted in his ass, her hips and legs resting from their long exertion.

A few minutes later, she pulled out and Brandon felt an unusual longing. As Athena backed up, he immediately missed her stern grip and the feel of her fat toy lodged deep in his warm tunnel. It was a feeling he'd only begun to notice in recent weeks.

She'd tapped something deep within him. Brandon was no longer *exploring* with her. He now craved her domination and the incredible sensations only a Femdom Goddess could imbue. When he first realized the switch had been flipped, it scared him, but that fear, too, was soon dispelled. Smothered in the love of Athena, all worries were sensually washed away.

The grinning blonde unlocked his restraints at both ends before rolling onto her back. She reached below and unbuckled her strapon harness.

“**Goddamn** that was good! I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.”

Brandon rubbed his freed wrists as he turned to meet her gaze. “That was amazingly hot, Mistress! Thank you.”

He ducked down to meet her lips and they entered a deep kiss. When Brandon finally pulled away, they were both wearing giddy smiles.

“Would you like another? I'd be happy to...”

Athena tossed her strapon aside and waved him off. “Thanks, but no. You gave me three earlier. And I'm pretty tired now.”

It was true. They'd been at it for quite a while. Brandon had tongued her to two powerful climaxes. Then Athena had put him on his back and ridden him to a third explosion of euphoria. After all that, she'd had the stamina and drive to bind him up and tease him for...

Brandon looked to the clock radio on the other side of the room. Unbelievably, it had been almost ninety minutes since she'd tied him down.

Athena slipped off the bed, wrapped a lacy, black bra around her stunning breasts and pulled her panties up her well toned legs. “I'm dying for a drink. You want anything?”

Brandon grinned. “Yeah. I'll have whatever you're having.”

She chuckled. “Two *Old Fashioneds*, then. Good.”

Athena strode to the bar, her fulsome curves flexing in the half-dark. Brandon sat up, watching her fix

the drinks as he admired her profile.

She'd called him a *spy* again, in the midst of their passion. Even in the heat of the moment, Athena never forgot what he was. Once again, Brandon felt like he was at a loss. It had become all too easy for **him** to forget the real reason he was there. Was it still the reason? That he would even have doubts was a bad sign. Had Athena won the battle of wills, already? Only time would tell.

“Here you go” she said, handing him the drink.

Ice clinked in the dark glass as Brandon took it. “Thanks.”

He sipped at the spiced bourbon as Athena sauntered around the bed and slid back onto the humongous mattress. They relaxed and enjoyed their drinks for a spell, saying nothing as moonlight glowed from the windows.

Once she'd finished her cocktail, Athena set her glass aside and spoke up. “It's the supplement, you know. That's why it felt more intense this time.”

“Maybe” Brandon responded. He couldn't deny it was possible.

“When's the last time you took it?”

“A few days ago.”

“It'll be even better once you start taking it every day. It's perfectly safe.”

Brandon turned to her with a smirk. “Maybe” he repeated.

“Oh ye of little faith!” Athena admonished him.

He polished off his drink and set the glass on the end table. “I shouldn't be taking it at all. My boss would have a fit if he knew.”

“Yes, but I talked you into it, didn't I?”

“Yes, you did.”

Athena grinned in triumph.

“Are you still going to that big function tomorrow night?”

“Of course. It's an industry thing. I have to.”

Brandon rolled his eyes. “Please. You don't **have to** do anything.”

Athena untied her hair and shook it loose. “It's important. Are you worried about my security? I doubled the detail, like you suggested.”

“I'd be lying if I said no.”

“Why? You said yourself it was a vague warning.”

“Just chatter, yeah. But when the people above me worry, I worry.”

“And who are those people, exactly? Are you ever going to drop the suspense and tell me who you work for?”

“The agency” Brandon admitted for the first time. He was tired of dancing around the elephant in the room.

“You mean **THE** agency, right?”

“That's the one.”

“That's what I figured, but you never know. They invent new, more clandestine groups all the time.”

“You're more right than you know.”

Athena killed the light on her nightstand, scooted over and embraced Brandon gently. She rested her head on his chest. Her flowing blonde hair pressed on him softly as they got comfortable in the dark of her luxury suite.

“This can't go on forever, you know. You're gonna have to choose, eventually.”

“Maybe” he said again, this time more stoically.

“There's no *maybe* about it. One cannot serve two masters.”

Brandon slipped into the covers. He wrapped an arm around her snugly as they shifted down together. The nightcap was hitting the spot and they were both ready to sleep.

“I guess I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.”

She reached over and ran a hand across his chest. “I'm confident you'll make the right choice. I love you, my slutty spy.”

“I love you too, Mistress.”