

Athena Corp Chronicles

Chapter 9 – Win/Win

ONE YEAR AFTER THE FALL

Jacob writhed, grunted and squirmed. His brutally tired thighs raised his kneeling form up the scant few inches they were allowed. Lactic acid burned in his limbs as his torso flexed and his head swayed up and down. He was trapped in a deliciously restrictive web of rope bondage and unyielding chain. For once, he wasn't sealed in latex or leather. Jake was almost completely naked. He sweat profusely as he wriggled in the cool air like a fish trying to escape a hook.

His arms were held straight back, the ropes tight around them in two places. First, around his biceps, just behind his harshly restrained shoulders. The second thick set of fibrous white strands tied his wrists and hands together, rendering them useless. From there, the ropes twisted into an ever stronger length, leading up the ceiling. The amount of slack was perfectly calculated, giving him just enough range of motion to rock his torso back and forth as he tried to endure sitting up on his knees. He often could, for a time, but eventually his thighs went wobbly and he was forced back to the floor, pulling his arms even more painfully upward.

The cool steel links wrapped around Jake's calves and ended at anchor points in the floor. One pair held down his ankles and the other were snug around the tops of his calves. Whenever he lowered his thighs back down, he felt the metal pinch between his flesh, threatening to cramp his limbs yet again as he contended with the vicious stress position.

A final, thicker chain was wrapped around his waist. It ran down the front of his body into an anchor point in the floor behind him. The shiny length rattled against his metal cock cage each time he flailed in his bindings. When he raised himself on his legs, the bigger chain went taut. It pushed into the flesh of his exposed scrotum, causing Jake to grouse into his slimy gag.

His desire to avoid painful cramps, strains and muscle pulls is what kept him rising up on weary legs despite their deep fatigue. Madam Snow had put him in many instances of brutal predicament bondage in years past, but this may have been the most difficult yet. She'd brought every bit of her skill and experience to bear as she locked him into the horrifying posture. There was no comfortable position to be found. After the first five minutes in this configuration, some part of his body was in steadily advancing stress and pain, no matter what he did.

Jake saw movement out of the corner of his eye and looked up as Veronica passed through his field of vision. Mistress Snow had been circling for him for some time, whirling her cat-o-nine-tails through the air as she studied her struggling slave. She was a tower of gleaming black leather from the tips of her heels to the succulent corset that pushed her milky white breasts into tantalizing prominence. Her shoulders were bare today, but black latex trailed from her upper arms down to her fingertips in the form of supple, shiny arm-gloves.

Her namesake glimmered in white and blue at her breast. The large snowflake brooch dangled from a chain necklace and rested just above her cleavage. The extravagant piece's diamonds and sapphires glimmered in the ceiling lights of her well stocked play room. Two small golden hoop earrings adorned her ears, leading up to the elegant wave of platinum blonde hair spilling from the part on the right side of her head.

The Headmistress of the Ivory Manor strolled to his aching, shuddering form and placed the handle of her flogger below his chin. She forced his gaze upward, until their eyes met. Jacob beheld true grace and beauty through the rain of his own dripping sweat.

“Having a good time, slave? I hope so. This is what you wanted, after all.”

“**MMMPPPPPHHHH!!!**” he murmured into the bit gag, nodding his head affirmatively.

Veronica sighed. “You really are a glutton.”

WHAP

She reached back and sent the tassels of her flogger whipping into Jacob's chest. The leather strands not only made painful contact, but snagged on the weights dangling from his nipple rings. The shiny steel balls swung back and forth in the wake of the blow, channeling fresh agony through the nerves in his chest. It merged with the onslaught of burning and cramps through the rest of his body, creating a wondrous symphony of suffering.

SMACK

She cuffed him across the face with her free hand before grabbing his chin and pulling his head back in her direction.

“Still not enough, hmmm? Fine. We'll do more, then. I can **always** add more.”

She released his face and stalked off. Jacob was left to hang in throbbing affliction and watch as she strutted to the far wall. Her amazing ass flexed in sumptuous leather as she made her way. In that moment, he wanted nothing more than to express his sincere worship by covering it in eager kisses.

What had gotten into Veronica lately? That was the thought that kept ping-ponging through his mind as Jake contended with another long, laborious stretch of exquisite torture by Madam Snow. Yes, they had a long history, but the previous year and a half had felt like more than an added chapter. These days, it seemed they were writing an entire sequel.

It was eighteen months ago that Jake's associates had contacted the Ivory Manor to look into the possibility of a new Mistress. All the other agencies he'd frequented had left the former CEO thoroughly unsatisfied. It felt a bit awkward, going to his old flame to find his new Domme, but his patience was at an end. If nothing else, he knew Veronica was trustworthy and good at what she did.

They talked on the phone, briefly, and then Jake heard nothing from Madam Snow until the day he met Anastasia. He talked with her again via phone to arrange the contract. During those talks, her tone and demeanor were pure business. He never even saw Veronica, in person, again until after he'd handed Athena Corp over to Ana.

Once Jacob was relinquished into the custody of Madam Snow and the rest of the Irony Manor Dommies, that's when things got interesting. When they first started interacting again, Veronica almost seemed annoyed that she had to deal with him. She farmed his daily domination out to other women as she oversaw the big move from the Ivory Manor to their new, special accommodations.

But something changed along the way. Her gazes of disdain and pity started to show cracks of warmth. Every now and then, her eyes would betray wistful sentimentality. They started spending more time together; eating meals, watching TV and reminiscing. At first, Jake thought she was just lonely; in need of company. Over time, it became clear she was pining for something more. In their quieter moments, she'd taken to gentle domination in a way he hadn't experienced since they were a couple deep in love.

Then, at the drop of a hat, her growing tenderness vanished. Now she was stoic, haughty and relentless. Jacob still saw other Dommies throughout the week, but Veronica had reserved a large portion of his play time for herself. In the last month, she'd been anything but gentle. The skillful sadist was going harder and longer on her old submissive all the time. Jacob could only compare the intensity of these sessions to his old days with her and, of course, the nirvana he'd discovered with Anastasia. It was as if some switch had been flipped and Jake was still in the dark as to why.

Madam Snow marched back to his kneeling form carrying two large bags of clothespins. She opened them and set them on a nearby table before extracting a handful of the little wooden pinchers. Veronica approached him with a smug grin.

Jake muttered through phlegmy leather pillar pulled viciously into his mouth. It sat propped between his teeth, holding his tongue down and his jaw open. Drool slid from his maw as he continued to grunt and jerk in his inescapable bindings. Both he and Veronica knew how brutal the deceptively simple laundry hangers could be. All it took was proper placement and patience.

She moved around his body, adding the cruel vice-like pincers to his naked flesh one by one. First his nipples, already suffering from the dangling weights. Then the skin under his arms. She moved down his torso, clipping the clinging wooden pliers to every spot on his body she could pinch a clump of flesh together. Madam Snow even snapped a few around his belly button. Each bite stung, but that was a minor buzz of pain compared to what lie ahead. It was when they came off that the real agony would begin.

His suffering thighs and near-numb calves didn't escape attention either. Soon, dozens of clothespins lined his screaming limbs. She continued adding them, fresh pinches assaulting his flesh everywhere the curled metal springs could bite into. She attached several to both of his balls and even found space to wedge a few through the bars of the cock cage, clipping a few of them to his sensitive foreskin. Occasionally, Jake's spasming would cause one to shake loose and hit the ground. Veronica retrieved them with quiet dedication and dug them back into his body, making sure the grip was firmer the second time.

As she attached every single clothespin to his quivering body, Jake reflected on the differences between Madam Snow and her best student. For Mistress and pupil, they had very different styles.

Ana was pure, fiery combustion. Once she exploded into a scene, she didn't stop until her energies were drained and her thirsty sadism had been sated. Her verbal abuse came as regularly as her strikes. When in the power high of domination, her pace and ferocity were like nothing he'd ever experienced. She

was like Northrup Grumman's most advanced bombers, obliterating the landscape with powerful ordinance from undetectable heights.

Veronica, by contrast, was much more patient and controlled. She stalked around him, admiring her work and looking for ways she could strategically increase his suffering. She spoke rarely and when she did, her words were calculated for maximum humiliation and objectification. The pauses enhanced her actions and provoked a certain anxiety, especially when she was out of view for long periods.

If Ana, now Athena, was the Goddess of wisdom and warfare, Madam Snow was Demeter. Even Zeus feared his older sister, whose wrath nearly ended the world of men. Her frost spread across the planet, halting the progression of seasons and starving the mortal coil until her daughter was returned to her from the underworld. The Goddess of the harvest embodied the age old warning: *Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned*. Watching Veronica go about her work and feeling the countless sharp compressions in his skin, the comparison seemed perfect to Jake.

Once every clothespin had been attached, Veronica snickered and marched from the room to make a cup of tea. She was confident Jacob was safe in her careful rigging, but the monitors in her living room, kitchen, bedroom and study allowed her to monitor him from anywhere. She brought the water to a boil and fixed herself a cup of her favorite green tea and Japanese matcha brew.

Madam Snow sipped her drink as she watched Jake on the monitor in the kitchen. He spasmed and thrashed in her thorough bondage, gagging on his own leathery spit. One hundred clothespins hung from his body, shaking along with his naked form. Only a few dropped off as he squirmed and twisted the tiny distance the ropes and chains allowed.

The rest would come off soon enough. Veronica found that fifteen minutes was the perfect length of time to let the persistent pinch set into the submissive's nerve endings. When they were finally removed, the throbbing torment that remained would be otherworldly. She did not intend to dislodge them gently.

As much as she savored dressing him in latex bodysuits and slutty, feminizing outfits, there was something wonderful about watching Jacob struggle in nothing but a cock cage. *'Clothed female, naked male'* was an entire genre of Femdom porn for a reason. Conceptually, it regarded the slave as unworthy to wear clothes and enhanced their state of vulnerability throughout the session. She enjoyed locking men in rubber confinement too much to make this a staple of her play, but it was a nice change of pace to see her sub go nude.

Her drink finished, Veronica set her cup in the sink and sauntered back to the play room. As soon as she entered, she retrieved her cat-o-nine-tails from the table and began walking in a circle around Jacob. His body heaved as he groaned and shouted into the stifling horse-bit. The metal rings of the gag dug into his cheeks delightfully. His every pore dripped with sweat as the tiny, sinister wooden clamps hung from his flesh.

Jake looked up at Madam Snow. For the first time that day, his eyes registered deep exhaustion and the heavy fatigue of unrelenting ache. Even pain sluts had a limit and once this was done, he would either reach it or journey beyond. She was fully prepared to take him the distance.

“Brace yourself, Jacob.”

He expected some other pithy phrase to follow, but Veronica's brief warning was enough to cause his eyes to go wide. She lifted her weapon, reared back and sent its leathery strands careening into his chest. The initial pain was even worse than the last time she'd flogged him there, whipping into his skin and tugging the metal clamps that were dug into his nipples.

As the clothespins broke free from his aerolas and went flying, the burning sensation multiplied. He coughed on the leather shaft in his mouth as his body bucked. Jake's locked arms pulled in futility against the ropes holding them together behind him. His aching legs buckled briefly and pushed him back up involuntarily. He gasped and tears trickled from his eyes as a chain reaction began.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

Madam Snow circled him slowly and unleashed hell with nine lengthy cords of cow hide. Her implement of discipline sailed back and forth like a scythe over wheat, blistering Jake's body and sending clothespins flying wherever it landed. His writhing form lit up with fresh spots and lines of deepening red as his pain receptors went into overdrive.

**“AARRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGHHHH!!!! MMMMMRRRRRRGGGPPPHHH!!!!
HHHHHHHHRRRPPPPHHHMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!”**

Every spot where the lashes landed exploded in agony. His legs, back, torso and arms were flayed mercilessly, each shedding the scalding wooden calipers before going nuclear with searing pain. She whipped the strands underhand into his dangling cock and balls, causing him to choke on his own phlegm and shudder uncontrollably. Veronica watched him with cold eyes, continuing to slash him with skill and vigor as he jolted like a trapped and wounded animal.

Deep within her, a glee began to well up in Madam Snow. The sensation filled her slowly, a buzzing high she hadn't felt at this level in many years. It was the euphoria only a true sadist can feel; unlocked rarely by the right play partner who wanted nothing but to sacrifice themselves on the altar of her glory. It was a passion for power and a craving for suffering so deep that it scared even her. Or rather, it would, once she descended from the lofty heights of omnipotence.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

As she exited Jake's visual range and circled around to his back, Veronica couldn't hold back a smile. The expression grew in width and wickedness as she whipped her weapon into his back over and over. Eventually, the giddiness overtook her glowing, leather-locked form. She could no longer contain her true emotional state as she beat his bound, writhing body.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

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Brandi brushed her dark, meticulously styled braids aside and smoothed out the wrinkles in her jacket. Sex work had paid her decently in the past, but only now, in her highly compensated management position, did she have the means to get the kind of top tier care her hair needed to look its best.

In their younger years, it took many conversations with Ana to fully explain to her how much harder it was for a woman of darker complexion to find an affordable stylist with the right skills. Those discussions branched out into many other topics until she recognized the full disparity between them. Thankfully, Anastasia had always been a good listener and fairly open minded. Brandi hoped she would retain those qualities now that Ana was a hot shot CEO. Wealth and power had corrupted many a soul throughout the ages.

Satisfied with her appearance, she flashed her Athena Corp badge and was admitted through the corridor that lead to Athena's top floor office. She always wanted to look her best at work, but especially for important meetings and one-on-ones with the boss.

It was still weird to think of Ana as the boss after working with her for Madam Snow so many years. Not to mention her new name. Was taking the name of a Goddess the first sign that fame and fortune were going to her head? Or was it purely for the practical reasons she'd stated? The truth was likely somewhere in between.

Brandi strutted down the hallway, her black blazer and silky burgundy dress flexing with her curves. She preferred brighter and louder colors, but Brandi was all business today. Her choices were in stark contrast to the increasing sight of latex, leather, lace and fishnets throughout the many floors of Athena's headquarters. Although she wasn't positive, Brandi suspected their meeting would have something to do with that emerging work culture of sexual frivolity and the uncomfortable silence that had emerged between two typically jovial friends.

Upon reaching the large double doors, she flashed her badge one more time. A beep and mechanical clunk signaled that the way was clear and Brandi pulled open the hefty doorway. Her heels knocked loudly against the marble as she entered the cavernous executive suite. Light poured from the windows behind the main desk, obscuring Athena in a halo of light.

It was intimidating. Likely designed to be so. Brandi knew that Athena hadn't built it. Telos had, but it belonged to her now. Brandi studied the half dark, half light hall of opulence as she made her way in. With the level of technology and wealth on display, it was hard not to compare it to the *Bat Cave*, if Bruce Wayne's lair had enjoyed a magnificent view of a large city.

As she drew closer to the desk, Athena stood and her features became more clear. Brandi was pleasantly surprised to see that she, too, was clad in business attire. In contrast to Brandi's darker tones, Athena was garbed in full, vibrant alabaster. Her white suit jacket was perched over a matching dress shirt and flowing dress pants. The scarf around her neck completed the ensemble of pure white. Athena's hair was down for a change. Her blonde locks hung from the top of her head in a fashionable wave.

“Good morning, Madam President” Brandi said as she slowed to a stop.

Athena cocked her head and gave her a stern look before walking around the desk and approaching her with open arms. “Stuff the formalities, girl” she said with genuine affection. The two embraced briefly. When they broke apart, they were both smiling. “Have a seat. You want something to drink?”

“I'm good, thanks. Just had breakfast” Brandi replied. She studied her old friend as Athena walked back to her throne of polished wood and rich leather. “No boardroom orgies today?” she asked impertinently.

Athena chuckled as she sat. “None planned. But you never know, around here. One could break out at any time.”

“So I've noticed.”

Ana clasped her hands together as she rested her elbows on the desk. “Ah, good. Never was a fan of beating around the bush. You've guessed why I summoned you here. I've been meaning to ask... Is everything OK?”

“Are you asking as my boss? Or my friend?”

“Does it matter? I would expect you to be candid regardless.”

“Fine, then I'll answer as both. As your friend, I'm fine with all of this. You're obviously enjoying yourself and I'm not worried about you or me. Personally, I don't have a problem with any of these shenanigans. As your employee, I worry about the direction the company is going in.”

“What worries? Be as specific as you can.”

“I admit, my concerns are general. The precedent it sets. How we'll be perceived when news of what's going on here eventually breaks. There are already rumors and--”

“Rumors that will remain nothing but gossip” Athena cut her off. “We've taken every precaution to make sure what goes on within these walls remains secret. *Athena Vitality* is rolling off the line as we speak. Very soon, the masses will no longer be shocked by any of our activities. On the contrary, they'll be enjoying them with regularity themselves.”

Brandi looked away and crossed her arms below her bosom. When her gaze returned to Athena, her eyes shimmered with anxiety. “I just worry things are moving too fast.”

“They need to move fast” Athena replied, her eyes stony with resolve. “Speed is everything. We're one year into this, Brandi. One year, up in smoke. Before you know it, it'll be two. Then five. Then ten! How many years do you think we have to accomplish our goals? It'll be over before we know it. Resting on our laurels and playing it safe would be the easiest thing in the world, now that we're here. Or we can go full speed ahead. *Pedal to the metal!* Do you know how Alexander the Great conquered most of the known world? He didn't stop. Ever.”

“He also died young” Brandi shot back.

Athena shrugged. “If that's my fate, so be it. Others will pick up where I left off. I would hope **you** would be one of them.”

Brandi was taken aback. Her arms uncrossed and she leaned forward. “Of course I would.”

“Then you need to understand that time is our greatest enemy. Our other enemies, the **human** ones, will mobilize once they realize what we're up to. If we want to survive what's left of the old order, we must move swiftly. The full force of this commercial empire will be brought to bear, unrolling new weapons and strategies in unrelenting waves. We march forward, attack and never stop.”

Brandi took a deep breath. It felt like the first one she'd taken in several minutes.

Athena studied her carefully and shifted tone. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean for this discussion to get so dramatic. I don't want to put a good friend under pressure. No one can truly know what the future holds, after all. We'll move forward together and do our best. Right?"

The dark skinned diva nodded. "As you say."

"Which reminds me" Athena perked up. "I have another question for you."

"Go ahead."

"Have you started taking *substance XX*?"

"No, not yet."

"Why not? The trials are over. There's no need for you to be an impartial observer anymore. Even my *Lead Product Analyst* gets to enjoy the goodies."

"I plan to try it, eventually. I guess I'm just being extra cautious."

"I appreciate having a cautious perspective in my inner circle. I'll always value that. Still, I hope you'll give Ida's chemical magic a try sooner rather than later. We'll have new products for you to study before long, but in the meantime, why not have a little fun at the office? XX helps you ease into that. Somehow, it relaxes and emboldens you at the same time. It siphons off the stress better than any therapist or exercise routine I've ever tried."

Brandi looked back solemnly. "Will I still offer a cautious perspective if I do that?"

Athena waved her hand dismissively. "You're a strong woman. I have every confidence you'll keep a level head."

* * * * *

"AHHHHHH! OH YEAH! GET THAT TONGUE UP MY SHITTER WHERE IT BELONGS!!!"

Ian grunted and moaned into the Director's ass, trying his best to stay conscious in the depths of her warm, sweaty anatomy. Ida was riding his face like a horse's saddle, bouncing lightly in between smooth glides back and forth over his obedient tongue, drenched face and silky smooth beard.

The eager assistant was tied down to Ida's bed, his limbs stretched to all four corners. His body was sealed in black latex from his feet to the collar around his neck. Only his cock stuck up from the open zipper of his gimp suit; a tower of hot flesh jutting into the cool air. A thick rubber plug was lodged deep in his ass, sealed in by the zippered up backside of the suit. It nudged against his prostate, sending pleasurable shivers through Ian's body each time he squirmed below his writhing Goddess.

He lapped through walls of moist flesh, buried in her warm darkness as his tongue sought out her

supple pucker again and again. Ian couldn't decide if he was glad she let him skip the rubber hood tonight or not. On the one hand, it was less constricting and not as stiflingly hot. On the other hand, his face was a total mess, drowned in the nectar of Director's Hoffman's passion.

She'd spent the better part of forty minutes in the opposite position, grabbing Ian's hair in handfuls as she worked his tongue over her hungry pussy. Ian had slurped at her labia, teased her clit and probed into her velvety depths, bringing Ida to orgasm three times. It had become abundantly clear she adored the feeling of his soaked facial hair gliding over her sex.

When she finally let go of his soaked face, Ian's weary neck muscles didn't get long to rest. She turned around and lowered her naked form back onto his head, her sizable ass consuming him like a pat of butter thrust into the cleft of a hot dinner roll. Now he could only lick, tongue and worship her derriere. The insatiable head of Athena Research & Development was determined to get one more climax by riding the tongue of her bound slut.

“Deeper you **filthy bitch!** You don't come until I do!”

Ian moaned in her depths and redoubled his efforts. His face slid up and down her glistening crack, his tongue swabbing everywhere in between ardent thrusts into her fleshy starfish. The director had kept him locked in a cock cage for the last two weeks. She often sent him home with *assignments* when Ian was in chastity. Typically it was to watch porn, stick toys up his ass, or both. It was exquisite torture, building to the next time his boss showed mercy and allowed him sweet release.

His work collar recorded everything, of course, so there could be no cheating. His metal Athena band bearing his *Slave Index Number* wasn't the one he was wearing now, though. As heavy duty as it was, it was best not to mix electronics and Ida's pungent juices. She'd fitted him with a traditional studded leather collar after dinner; a collar she now tugged at as she rode his face. The wet leather leash slid across her dripping pussy, adding to her mounting excitement.

“YES! **FUCK YES, JUST A LITTLE MORE!!! MOOOOOORRRREEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!**”

Her body shuddered above, pressing down even more forcefully on Ian's face as she exploded in bliss. Another stream of Ida's juices sprayed out, splattering against her slave's latex sheathed chest. Her juices ran down his rubber form like storm water down a rain coat. Ida reached back and grabbed his wet hair, shrieking in pleasure several times before her body finally stopped convulsing.

Still crackling with sexual ecstasy and the power high of female domination, she leaned forward and slid down Ian's body. Her ass lifted from his face and Ian was able to see and breathe fresh air once again. His eyes had barely adjusted to the light when he felt the Director's hand wrap around his painfully erect manhood. She slid her hand up and down the latex sleeve, stroking him through the condom she'd fitted him with for this moment.

“Your turn slave! **Come for me!**”

She masturbated him with smooth, lewd strokes. Ida reached below and pulled down the zipper on his suit a little further. Her off-hand dipped into the warm confines of his suit and cradled his balls. She massaged them with slow, sensual and intensely possessive rubs. Her grip reminded Ian that he belonged to her and his pleasure came at her whim.

“I better see two weeks worth of cum in that condom or I will **beat your ass red!**”

“Yes, Mistress!” Ian called out. His eyes fluttered with rapture as he bathed in his first direct stimulation in fourteen long days. His arms and legs tugged at their bindings involuntarily, his body looking for any outlet as he approached the climactic threshold.

She worked his shaft up and down lovingly. Ida's breath was hot against the base of his cock. Her taste was still deep in his mouth, lingering on every taste bud Ian had. The chains leading to his cuffs rattled as he grew more excited. His torso flexed upward as his body tensed, contending with the weight of his determined Domina. Ida never stopped pumping his quivering shaft.

“Ahhhhh! **MISTRESS!!! AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!**”

Ian's cock-snot exploded into the tip of the shiny condom, expanding the reservoir tip into a growing pocket of thick jizzum. Ida pistoned her slick hand up and down his spasming length with fervor. Her fingers slurped over the smooth latex as she groped his balls below. Her collared slave bitch bucked below her, groaning as she milked him for every ounce of butter his subjugated scrotum could offer.

When his emissions ceased and the thundering pleasure of orgasm began to fade, Ida released his cock and gently rolled off his body. She got on her knees and extracted the constricting rubber sleeve from Ian's spent schlong with a wet smack. Ida was careful not to spill a drop as she crawled up the bed, dangling the weighty tube of hot splooge over his head. She ran her spare hand through her sweaty purple locks and looked down at him with an excited smile.

“You know the drill, slut.”

Even after several months in her service and sharing so many intense, intimate moments with her, Ian was still shocked by the depths of his obedience. He opened his mouth gladly and waited for the cyberpunk beauty to pore his own filth into his mouth.

Ida didn't disappoint. She turned the condom over and guided the thick sludge through the tunnel of latex with her fingers. Soon, it was sliding from the stretchy circular open and dropping into Ian's mouth in gluey dabs. It mingled with Ida's juices on his tongue, creating a sultry mixture of sexual excess. It was, all at once, degrading and disgusting, but also invigorating and heavenly.

They'd done this a dozen times and there was little doubt it would be a staple of their play for as long as he remained her property. Ida milked the condom as thoroughly as she'd milked his cock. She didn't toss the prophylactic aside until the last gob of semen had dripped into Ian's mouth.

“That's it! Suck it down like a good boy. **Swallow!**”

Ian gulped and presented his still glossy, but mostly empty mouth.

Ida nodded and purred in satisfaction. She spread her body out beside him, draping an arm over his slick, rubber-encased form and pushing her warm, naked curves against him. She let out a sigh of contentment as her head relaxed beside his.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“You're welcome, slave. Now give **me** a taste.”

She reached out and placed her lips to his. Ida's tongue extended, piercing through his moist lips and extending into a deep tongue kiss. They both murmured pleurably as Ida took a small sample of the depravity her submissive had endured.

Satisfied, she pulled away and propped up her head up on the bed. The sexy scientist admired her sprawled out assistant, her gaze tracking him up and down as they both rested in the afterglow.

“As much as I enjoy that, I must confess... I'm looking forward to feeding you cum in much more **direct** fashion in the future.”

It took Ian a few moments to fully register what she was saying. When her meaning became clear, his mouth drooped open and his eyes widened.

“Director, are you saying you're going to test the procedure on yourself?”

“Of course. How can I ask other women to do what I'm unwilling to?”

Her flippancy and matter-of-factness were staggering, given what a life altering change was being discussed.

“But won't that... I mean, you won't be able to-”

“Have kids? Wasn't really planning to. Though I'm going to have some eggs frozen, in case I change my mind.”

Ian held back a sigh and nodded. “I see. Well, if you're sure that's what you want.”

“It's not **just** about what I want. It's about what's necessary. Though pounding your ass with my crowning achievement in bio tech is going to be a fun fringe benefit. I suspect it may develop into an obsession.”

The sated submissive smiled, briefly, but even the promise of illicit sex with his stunning Mistress couldn't erase his melancholy.

Ida studied his eyes, delving into Ian's psyche through the windows to the soul. “Ah. I get it. You **do** want kids.”

The collared assistant was caught off guard. “Oh... Well, I can't deny I've given it some thought.”

She reached up and stroked the silky hair around his chin. “I think it's cute. I'm sure you'd make a great Dad.”

“Thank you, Mistress. But it would seem that's not to be. Not on my current course.”

“Let's wait and see what happens” she offered with a gentle smile. “We're entering an exciting time. With the resources at my disposal, I believe **anything** is possible.”

“Now that I've seen your brilliant mind at work, I no longer have any doubts.”

“**Very** well said, slut.” Ida tapped him on the lips playfully. “But buttering me up isn't going to earn you a break from chastity.”

“I wouldn't expect it to, Mistress.”

“Good, because you're staying in even longer this time.”

“How long?”

“Hmmm... I might let you out before you go on vacation. Or maybe not” she said with a wink.

“Oh, that reminds me. I've been meaning to ask you-”

“Yes?”

“Would you like to go with me? I was thinking of somewhere tropical, but if that's not to your liking-”

“Love to, but I can't. Too much work to do.”

“Mistress, you haven't taken a real vacation since you came to Athena.”

“I've had time off here and there.”

“A few days isn't the same thing. Aren't you worried about burning out?”

“No, I'm worried about squandering an amazing opportunity. About not living up to Athena's faith in me. We have to strike while the iron is hot. My mind is made up. Don't ask me again.”

Ian looked downcast. “Yes, Mistress.”

She reached out and grabbed his chin again. Ida turned his face to meet her gaze anew. “I'm touched you're looking out for me. I promise, I'll rest when I need to. And maybe some day, once the biggest and most important projects have rolled out, you and I will take that vacation together. Assuming I haven't grown bored of you.” Ida winked a second time.

The flustered blonde snickered, his restraints clinking as he shifted on the bed. “I'll do my utmost to keep you entertained until then, Mistress.”

“Good boy.”

* * * * *

Mark stood in his den, studying his supply shelf up and down as he assessed what needed restocking. There were a couple items he was completely out of and a few that were getting dangerously low. As an accountant running a home business, this was a monthly occurrence for him. Thankfully, his Athena

virtual assistant made the process of re-ordering supplies smooth and painless.

“Hey, Athena!”

“*Hello, Mark*” the robotic female voice responded from the smart speaker. A halo of gently flashing lights circled the impressive device whenever it spoke.

“I need a few things. From my wish list marked '*Office Supplies*', please add printer paper, printer ink, envelopes, staples and sticky notes to my shopping cart.”

“*Would you like black ink, color ink, or both?*”

“Both.”

“*Confirmed. Six items added to your shopping cart. Would you like anything else?*”

“No, that's fine for now. What's the total?”

“*Before we confirm the order, I'd like to add one more thing to your shopping cart.*”

“What?!?”

“*As an **Athena Alpha** member, you are entitled to free enrollment in the new **Athena Vitality** program. Would you like to know more?*”

Mark recalled his wife mentioning an Athena Vitality ad she'd seen recently. She seemed excited to try it once the program became available.

“Sure...”

“*Once enrolled, you will receive a three month supply of Athena Vitality for you and your spouse every quarter. Athena Vitality is an all-in-one wellness supplement we provide at low or no cost to all Athena customers. In addition to standard vitamins and minerals, our new, patented formula has shown to relieve stress, boost energy, enhance sexual performance and much more! Never buy expensive supplements again! Get the benefits of better health and happiness with Athena Vitality. It's a win/win! You can find more information at Athena dot com slash vitality. Would you like to enroll in the program?*”

“You said it's free for us, right?”

“*Correct. Your Athena Alpha membership entitles you to free Athena Vitality.*”

“Yeah, why not? Sign us up!”

“*Thank you. I've added your first three month supply of Athena Vitality to this order. Would you like the total?*”

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