

Athena Corp Chronicles

Chapter 10 – Peel The Onion

FOURTEEN MONTHS AFTER THE FALL

Ryland ran a hand through his short brown hair as he approached the main entrance of Athena Corp's IT wing. Busy morning traffic had put him behind schedule. Compounding his troubles, a trio of curvy Athena guards had enjoyed some playful harassment at his expense as he passed through security. Their propositioning, mockery and stern spankings with their batons had delayed him further and led to the throbbing ache in his ass. He reached back and tried to soothe his pained cheeks through his navy blue dockers, but the rubs only inflamed his flesh even more.

When he reached the doors, Ryland bent down and positioned his collar so the security panel could read it. The device scanned the red metallic window at the base of his unusual ID badge. It registered his *SIN* and the doors unlocked, admitting him. Ryland hurried in, his briefcase swinging at his side as he tromped through the foyer.

After proceeding through the main lobby and marching down several hallways, he arrived at the offices of the senior IT staff where only the most accomplished programmers, hardware gurus and project managers existed in close proximity. Most of the senior officers, like Ryland, spent half their time here attending meetings and drawing up new projects. The other half sent them to the lower levels of their respective divisions, reviewing the work of the wider staff. That much hadn't changed since a woman named Anastasia, now simply *Athena*, had taken over the company, but many other things had.

Ryland was reminded just how much had changed as he walked into the secondary lobby and his dress shoes squeaked to a stop. Within that intersection, beside numerous coffee tables and pieces of cozy furniture where people could rest and chat, hung a man in a gimp suit from a *St. Andrew's cross*. Every feature of the unidentified male was sealed in thick, black leather aside from the open zipper at the bottom where his privates dangled out. His penis was brutally constricted in a cage of glossy steel and his balls hung out, reddened and swollen from recent abuse.

The man's wrists and ankles were shackled to the four ends of the large, leather-padded X. A second collar, the non-tracking kind, was wrapped around his neck and chained to the back of the sturdy piece. The bound staffer was experiencing full sensory deprivation, being fully encased in leather and gagged with no ear holes or eye holes. Presumably, there were nose holes for him to breathe through, but they were hidden behind the comical plastic pig snout strapped around his face.

Despite his tardiness, Ryland couldn't help but stare for a brief spell, wondering which poor soul had screwed up and become this Monday's senior *bitch boy*. Whoever it was would be there until at least lunch and possibly the whole day, depending on how generous Eshana and the rest of the department heads were feeling. These days, no matter how high a man climbed in the company, he was at least one rung below a woman. Often times, several women.

“Yo! Rye!”

Ryland turned to see one of his co-workers closing in. The systems engineer was a bear of a man with broad shoulders, a shaved head and a neatly trimmed goatee.

“Hey, Drew. Good morning! You have a good weekend?”

“Pretty good” he answered as he lifted a cup of hot coffee to his mouth and took a sip. “Crazy busy, though. All my weekends have been busy since the missus started taking XX. Hardly got a minute to myself. Can't say I didn't enjoy it, though.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean.”

“Can you believe this?” Andrew asked, nodding to the whimpering, restrained gimp.

Ryland turned back to the exhibition just in time to see one of the management staff march up to the bound man and blast his exposed nards with the vamp of her leather boot. As the anonymous employee groaned around the cock gag in his mouth and yanked on his restraints, the woman delivered a stinging slap to his face for good measure. She chuckled before continuing on her way.

“Who's the poor bastard locked up there?” Ryland queried.

“Corey.”

“What?!? **Again?** Isn't this his third time in three weeks?”

“Yeah. The ladies seem to think he's been tanking his metrics on purpose so he can be the center of their attention. So, this time, they picked a punishment he wouldn't enjoy.”

“I wouldn't be so sure. If anyone in this department enjoys getting kicked in the balls, my money's on Corey.”

Andrew laughed. “I guess we'll find out next week when we see if he's back here or not.”

“My thoughts exactly. Look, I'd love to chat more, but I'm already late. I gotta get going.”

“I wouldn't worry about being late. Eshana is in a great mood and after looking at the weekend progress reports, I know why.”

“That good, huh?”

“Yup, and **you** were mentioned specifically. I suspect you're in for the royal treatment today from the *Tech Goddess* herself.”

“Really? Nice! I was worried it might be me hanging from that cross.”

Corey's muffled protests bellowed out again as another department head opened the zippers at his areolas and gave them a brutal pinch and twist. The nipple torture was followed by a swift knee to the nuts before the haughty blonde in a leather trench coat proceeded to her office and left him in

suspended agony. His pitiful, leather-wrapped form slouched down, kept upright only by the chains linked to his wrists and neck.

“Not a chance. Unless that's what you want!”

“No thanks. Not how I like to spend my down time. I'll see you at lunch?”

“Maybe. If Eshana's done with you by then...” Drew replied with a cheeky grin.

“Right. Catch ya later!”

Ryland continued on his way with a smile on his face and a spring in his step. His trepidation had transformed into cautious optimism. It looked like this week would be getting off to a wonderful start.

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“Oh, c'mon! This is ridiculous!”

Ian stood in the baggage claim of the airport watching various pieces of luggage circle around the large conveyor belt. None of the remaining items were his and he'd been standing there for twenty minutes. He'd arrived in Aruba, fatigued from his flight, and was eager to head to the hotel. His vacation wouldn't truly be underway until he was on a beach or in a lounge with a drink in his hand.

He paced back and forth for another ten minutes before cursing and storming off. Ian followed the overhead signs to the nearest help desk and waited in line to be seen. When his turn arrived, the service rep confirmed that all the baggage from his flight had been unloaded and it was possible his bags had been lost or stolen. Ian spent the next fifteen minutes filling out an incident report and being instructed on how to file a claim if his luggage wasn't found in the next five days.

The frustrated former financial analyst plodded to one of the airport's many rows of seating and took a load off. It was a shitty start to a vacation, but at least his most important items were on himself and his carry-on bag. He still had his wallet, passport and phone. It would probably cost him a small fortune in Aruba, but he could always buy some new clothes. Then, Ian remembered the one thing in his suitcase he couldn't replace.

“Shit!” he chastised himself for not packing it in his carry-on. Ian pulled out his phone and dialed Dr. Hoffman. After half a dozen rings, she picked up.

“Ian? I wasn't expecting a call this soon. Missed me that much, huh?”

“Of course, Mistress. Though, that's not why I'm calling.”

“How was the flight?”

“Fine. Everything was good until I got here.”

“What's wrong?”

“My luggage is missing. Disappeared into some black hole. I've only got one change of clothes on me and most of my bathroom kit is gone.”

“Unfortunate, but these things happen. Doesn't sound like anything you can't go shopping for?”

“That's just it. My morning pills were in there too. I knew I wouldn't need them again until tomorrow so I stupidly-”

“Oh... Well, that won't do.”

“I'm sorry, Director. I didn't want to interrupt your work, but...”

“No, it's fine. When you get to the hotel, text me the address and room number. I'll have one of my assistants ship out a fresh bottle of XY. I'm not sure what the fastest shipping to Aruba is, but we'll have it there as soon as possible.”

“Thank you, Mistress. Again, I'm sorry to bother you with something so minor.”

“It's no trouble at all. Now, go relax and enjoy yourself. Doctor's orders!”

“Yes, **Doctor** Hoffman. Take care! I'll be in touch.”

“Later, slut.”

Ian smiled as the call ended. He already feeling better by the time he pocketed his phone. He never grew tired of using Ida's numerous impressive titles. Of hearing her sweet voice and following the Director's every instruction. It would be difficult to spend two weeks outside her presence, but he sensed Ida needed a break too. As much as their relationship had grown, her work came first, and Ian understood that.

How many men would kill to have a girlfriend who showered them with passionate, kinky sex and sent them to enjoy a vacation on their own? The only stipulation Ida had attached to his two weeks of freedom and fun was that he remain loyal to her. That hardly seemed like a difficult task. He couldn't stop thinking about her and months of taking those little orange pills had completely re-oriented his amorous inclinations. It wasn't likely he'd randomly run into an available, dominant female and feel sparks fly during his stay on the island.

Ian sighed wistfully and rose from his seat. After talking with Ida, even the lost luggage couldn't keep him in a dour mood. He shouldered his remaining bag and headed for the airport's main entrance to summon a taxi.

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“I presume you know why you've been called here?” Eshana spoke from behind her imposing, executive desk. Her eyes were fixed on the monitor of her workstation as she scrolled and clicked through various reports.

Ryland's answer was on the tip of his tongue, but it always came slower than expected when his eyes traced Eshana's radiant form up and down. Her long, jet black locks shined with vitality. Matching her radiant hair was her outfit, an ensemble of shiny black leather that covered half her thin frame while leaving glimpses of gold-almond flesh. Her big brown eyes scanned the statistics in front of her as her full lips sat poised, painted in luscious scarlet.

"I haven't checked the reports yet, but Andrew gave me a heads-up on the way in."

Eshana released her peripherals and sat back. She shifted in her chair and crossed her legs. The sultry sound of leather on leather creaked as her arm-gloves, corset and boots flexed. Her sizable ass elicited yet more ripples, pressing into the plush padding of the seat. Her eyes fixed on Ryland and her lips curled into a thin smile.

"We projected an eight percent increase in sales for the last quarter. The sales team just announced there was a nineteen percent increase. Much of that double digit rise is being attributed to your new algorithms."

"That's kind, Madam Director, but I'm sure there were lots of factors involved."

Eshana's smile faded as she took on a more insistent tone. "Of course there were, but that doesn't change the facts. Our data shows your division's contribution made the biggest difference."

"It was a team effort. The product of many people's hard work."

The dark-haired Headmistress reached for the riding crop on her desk. She raised the intimidating rod and slapped its business end onto the smooth surface of polished cherry oak.

WHAP

"Enough with the modesty, Ryland. Good work **must** be rewarded and you're the team lead. That means you're first in line."

"Yes, Mistress! Thank you" he replied with a slight bow of the head.

"I had a meeting scheduled for this morning, but once I saw the report, I postponed it. That will give us time to celebrate your achievement properly. Did you bring the suit, as I instructed?"

"Of course, Madam Director." Ryland leaned forward and patted the duffel bag resting at his feet.

"Go and get changed. You can use my bathroom. When you're ready, report to the playroom. Stand in the center, put your hands behind your back and close your eyes until I say otherwise. Understood?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good. Get moving" she said with a haughty stare and a fiendish grin.

Ryland snapped into action. He rose from his seat and hefted the bulky gym bag in one eager motion. By the time Eshana resumed browsing her email, he was already entering the bathroom.

Once inside, Ryland disrobed rapidly. The bathroom air was cool on his skin, but he knew he'd be even chillier soon due to the mass of shiny, cold rubber that waited in the bag. Thankfully, it wouldn't last long. Anyone who's ever worn skin-tight fetish attire knows how quickly one warms up.

The sight of black leather and latex were commonplace through Athena Corp's offices these days. Almost as common as naked or nearly-naked males working or being punished. What the men wore and how they spent their day was completely up to the women running the show.

Eshana's tastes were a bit more colorful than most. Instead of the standard black, she often adorned her play-things in colored gimp suits spanning the full rainbow. As Ryland unloaded his glossy, green second skin, he wondered why Mistress Eshana seemed to have an affinity for that particular color. She'd made him wear it several times in the past.

Did she imagine him as an elf? Perhaps *Link* from the *Legend of Zelda*? Did she have some bizarre *Gumbi* fetish? Or maybe it made him easier to envision him as an orc or some other bestial creature that she could overpower. In their kinky, workplace trysts, the thing he'd learned about Eshana, first and foremost, is she loved cosplay and roleplay.

Ryland pondered what roles they'd be playing this time as he pushed his bare feet into the cool, thick, sleeves of green latex and began pulling the suit up his body. After ten minutes of grunting, stretching and fighting the constricting rubber, his body was ensconced in the sleek material. The matching gloves and hood followed along with a pair of generic black rubber boots. A quick inspection in the mirror revealed that, aside from his eyes and Athena tracking collar, he was nothing but a mass of featureless latex.

He made quick work of packing away his clothes and headed back outside. It was a short walk down the hallway to Eshana's *playroom*, a room which, in the old days, would've been a study, lounge or billiards room for some high ranking male executive. Now it was Eshana's private S&M sanctuary. A suite filled with toys and kink themed furniture where the Headmistress of IT could become anyone she wished.

Ryland entered, closed the door and strode to the center of the room. He folded his arms behind him, as instructed, and let his eyes drift shut. The pungent smells of leather and lubricant filled his nostrils as he stood at attention and waited for Eshana to arrive.

Moments later, the door opened and closed a second time. The heels of Eshana's boots struck the floor loudly as she sauntered to Ryland at a deliberately slow pace. If it were still possible for any hair on his body to stand up, it would've. Ryland took a deep breath and relaxed his stance as Eshana's footsteps came to a stop just behind him.

Without warning, she seized his right hand and Ryland felt the unmistakable grip of rigid steel tighten around his wrist.

CRRRK-CRRRK

She wrapped the second cuff around his left wrist just as quickly.

CRRRK-CRRRK

“Alright **scumbag!** I'm Officer Vicky, and you're in a lot of trouble. **ON YOUR KNEES!!!**”

She applied firm pressure to his shoulders and Ryland lowered himself down with all possible speed. He opened his eyes briefly just to ensure he was judging distance correctly and maintaining his balance, but he closed them again as soon as he felt his knees press into the hardwood. Eshana's stilettos clacked across the floor as she circled around to his front.

“Open your eyes, slug. **AND** your mouth!”

Ryland's eyelids lifted to reveal Eshana standing over him in full leather law enforcement regalia. She wore an officer's cap atop her dark tresses. A pair of gleaming aviator sunglasses concealed her eyes. She'd added a miniature leather jacket to her top, but it was open at the front, allowing a wonderful view of her corset and upward-pressed cleavage. To make it even more convincing, she'd strapped on an officer's utility belt. Several implements of discipline dangled at her sides.

The enraptured engineer opened his mouth obediently, knowing what was coming next. Eshana drew up a large wad of spit in her mouth and lowered her face over his. She parted her lips just wide enough to allow the gooey loogie of her phlegm to slide out and drip down into Ryland's waiting mouth. He accepted her gift on his tongue, gladly.

“Swallow” she commanded.

He gulped it down and opened his mouth again to prove he'd ingested everything Eshana bestowed on him. “Thank you, Mistress.”

“**Mistress?!?**” She reached down and took firm hold of his chin. “I'm not your fucking Mistress!”

SMACK

She released him just long enough to blast her leather-encased palm across his face before taking hold of his chin again.

“I'm an officer of the law and you will address me properly!”

Ryland's eyes went wide, suddenly remembering that she expected on-the-fly roleplay. The roles were the same as ever, but he was expected to adapt to her newest variation.

“Yes, Officer Vicky! My apologies!”

“Do you know why I pulled you over?”

“Ummm... I was driving too fast?”

“No.”

“Too slow? Tail light out?” he added, doing his best to play along.

“Nope.”

“My shiny outfit was blinding other drivers?” He couldn't resist a quip and mischievous smile at this point.

Eshana reached to her belt and pulled her nightstick free. She lifted the glossy, black weapon for him to examine. “No, bitch. I pulled you over for the same reason I'm about to **beat and fuck** that cute little ass of yours... **Because I feel like it.**”

She transferred the baton to her left hand and hooked her right palm under Ryland's arm. “**Get up!**”

The lustful law enforcer half-guided and half-dragged him in the direction of her many leather-padded furnishings. Within seconds, Ryland's waist collided with the edge of a bondage table and he grunted as Eshana pushed him down, bending him over its surface.

“Don't move, slut. Unless you **want** me to get rougher.”

Ryland tried his best to relax as Eshana disappeared briefly. He shimmied himself into the most comfortable position he could manage, his arms contending with the tight handcuffs behind him. When she returned, Eshana kicked his legs apart and went to work. She buckled leather cuffs around his ankles and brought a long spreader bar to bear, locking his feet as far apart as his splayed legs would allow.

Crinkling elastic and goopy noises emanated behind him as Eshana opened an extra long and thick condom. She rolled it down the business end of her nightstick and applied a generous amount of lube to its imposing shaft. The power-hungry huntress grabbed the zipper at Ryland's ass and pulled it down without ceremony. She brought the end of her baton to his helpless pucker and pushed its cold, weighty, rounded end against his brown-eye with no gentleness.

“Alright, mister comedian. It's time for your cavity search! My little friend here will let me know if you're hiding anything up there. And it's a great way to loosen you up for the main event!”

Eshana pushed with all her might and the thick, latex-covered weapon sank deep into Ryland's bottom.

“**Arrrrgggh!!!** Holy shit!”

SMACK

Her free hand blasted off his quivering ass cheek. “Silence, pig! Take it like a **man!**”

SMACK

After her second spanking, she increased the pressure even more, drilling the nightstick further into his straining man-cunt.

“Mmmpphhhh!!!” Ryland bit his lip. His nostrils flared as he could do nothing but groan and endure Eshana's brutal invasion.

The Headmistress of IT guided her tool inward, pushing on the baton's handle until it was flush against Ryland's packed flower. She took only a few seconds to admire her handiwork before cackling and

pulling two thirds of its length free. Then, with a giddy grin and the growing, pleasurable buzz of delicious domination, she thrust the lube-drenched tool back into his yielding boy-pussy.

Her first frenzied motion continued into the next as she backed out a second time and thrust the sloppy rod home. The slurping sounds grew more prominent as her fucking picked up speed. With a palm pressed down on his back, she gripped the nightstick's handle and railed its length into his soft, fleshy ring. The latex-sheathed nightstick worked back and forth like an engine's pistons, spearing into his spongy depths without relent.

“Ahhhhhhhh! **OH FUCK!!!**”

“Don't even think about coming you **filthy gimp bitch!** You think you can wear something like that in public and not get pulled over and fucked?!? **You little pervert!**”

“Yes, Miss Vicky!”

“**OFFICER!**”

“Sorry, Officer Vicky!!!”

After another dozen plunges through his sphincter, Eshana pulled the baton free with a wet slurch. She stepped aside and raised the slimy, condom-wrapped tool before lacing it into his trembling, defenseless ass numerous times.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

When Mistress Eshana was satisfied with the red lines of ache streaked across his bottom, she tossed the nightstick aside. It hit the ground with a clatter and skidded to the far wall. Her heels clacked into the distance as Eshana prepared for round two. The kink-crazed manager unbuckled her utility belt and discarded it before seeking out her favorite strapon harness.

“I took a look at your *criminal record* before coming to apprehend you” she spoke from across the room. “It revealed some interesting things.”

“Oh?” he replied meekly, his prostate still vibrating with pleasure even as his posterior throbbed with fresh ache.

She was no doubt referring to his employee dossier, but filtered through the lens of their roleplay. Athena Corp kept detailed files on every employee, but even more so on the males since the company had transformed. Detailed accounts of their work activities had always been paramount, but now records of their naughty play were considered equally important.

The women of Athena could type in the name or SIN of any male employee and get a full accounting of their kinky history at any time. What they'd tried, what they hadn't. Where they excelled and where they still needed training. Their likes and dislikes. Their fears and fetishes. It made rewarding and punishing them so much more efficient, even when they were being passed back and forth between multiple Dominas in a short period of time.

“It wasn't so long ago that you weren't keen on anal play. Isn't that right?” Eshana posed the question

impertinently as she pulled the strapon harness up her booted legs.

“Yes, Officer. I was reluctant at first.”

“But your wife and your boss helped you overcome your inhibitions?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

Eshana hoisted the jet black, hefty strapon from its resting place on the wall and guided it into her harness. The colossal dong was as long as the tonfa she'd just assaulted him with, but its shiny shaft was considerably thicker.

“And now that you've been thoroughly trained and learned your place, your file says you'll beg and plead for more, when the right techniques are applied.”

Ryland's face burned crimson with shame and growing arousal. “Yes, Ma'am. I can't help myself, past a point...”

Eshana's heels called out again as she stalked across the makeshift dungeon. The echoing knocks of her boots grew closer until the amorous, leather-wrapped Goddess stopped just behind him. She removed her shades and set them aside, knowing they wouldn't hold in place for long once the fun began. Eshana lifted the heavy, drooping fifteen inch rubber phallus and laid it atop Ryland's bruised crack.

“Well, since your crime is being a horny, cock-hungry **man-slut**, and you admit to it, I see no need for a trial. We might as well skip to the punishment.”

“Yes, please, Officer Vicky!”

She took hold of his sides; her leather-clad fingers sinking into his green, rubberized form. “Oh, come now, you **slutty gimp tart!** You can beg better than that!”

Ryland shimmied his ass back on her strapon the best he could manage with bound arms and shackled legs. The soft, aching flesh of his ass caressed her massive python up and down. Its glossy black shaft slid moistly between his cheeks as it gathered lube leftover from his deflowering.

“**Please!** Please, please, please, Officer Vicky! Fuck my hungry hole!”

“You want me to break you with my big, black cock?”

“Yes! **Split my naughty ass in two!!!**”

“With pleasure, **slut!**”

As much as she enjoyed hearing him grovel, Eshana could wait no longer. She guided the fat head of her monster dong to his still-drooling pucker and launched its fat shaft deep in Ryland's bowels. He groaned loudly as it surged inward and his anus was stretched open wide. Streams of sticky lube drizzled from his dilated pucker as inch after widening inch of her strapon tunneled into his body.

Eshana released his flank and doled out another round of increasingly harsh spanks. His latex-encased

flesh jiggled and heaved as she blasted his ass and pushed forward, drilling her girthy weapon deeper into his accommodating pucker.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

“ARRRGHHH!!! YES!!! MORE!!!”

“Yeah? You like getting **spanked** while I gape your sorry ass?!?”

“FUCK, YES! **BEAT MY ASS, MISTRESS!!!**”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

His concentration on the roleplay was slipping, but Eshana didn't mind. As two thirds of her mega-cock glided into his guts, she smiled in triumph. She slid back a ways before taking fierce hold of his sides and slamming her gargantuan schlong even further into his shuddering form. Ryland muttered incoherent gibberish as his handcuffs rattled behind his back and his legs pulled fruitlessly against the steel spreader. Each time Eshana reached back and plowed into his rear, he squealed in a combination of pain and growing bliss.

“**Fucking slut!** I knew this was what you wanted! Maybe I'll just take you down to the station and throw you to my lieutenants! They'd love a piece of ass like you! A **cock-craving sissy slut** who wants to be **prison-pegged** all night long!”

“AHHHH! **YESSSS! MORE!!!**”

Eshana's thrusts grew even more aggressive as she fed on his overwhelmed state. The glowing, tingling, full-body high of total domination descended on her as she launched her hips into Ryland's bound body. Soon, all fifteen inches of her bulging silicone staff were slamming into his hole. The rubber scrotum at the base of her toy slapped into his balls. His reddened testes received a steady stream of punishment as they hung from the zipper of his latex prison.

Her every muscle and nerve ending flooded with joy as Eshana gazed down at her gimp-suited subordinate, writhing and being driven mad with pleasure. Her leather garments clung to her otherwise naked body with sweaty warmth. Her shapely breasts, thighs and ass shook with each delirious plunge into her obedient employee. The nubs of her strapon harness and the clammy, hot leather of her panties rubbed against her pussy, driving Eshana wild as she fucked him harder and faster.

“Don't worry, bitch. I'll make sure you get **gang-banged**. But not until I'm finished! When I'm done turning your boy pussy into a gaping hole, you're going to lick every inch of my sweaty, mocha ass! **GOT IT, BITCH?!?**”

“**YES, MISTRESS!!! UUNNNNGGGHHHH!!!**”

Eshana's eyes glazed over and her mouth hung open as she pummeled his ass again and again. The equally beautiful and brilliant Indian Goddess settled into a rhythm of steady ass-fucking. It was a pace she could keep up for hours if she wished, until her legs gave out from fatigue and countless orgasms.

When she was done, she would indeed hand Ryland over to the other department heads in the IT wing.

He had a long day ahead of him in which no work would get done, but he'd earned it. And when he eventually went home, his arrival would be preceded by a text message from Eshana to his wife, informing her that he'd been a very naughty boy and needed significant correction.

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“It's **still** not there?!?” Ida fumed. “That's ridiculous. I was told it would be there in three days, max!”

“Well, it's day five and I've got nothing” Ian replied. “I just asked the front desk and no packages came in today.”

“Dammit...”

“Do you want me to head back? I could book a flight, tonight.”

“No, don't be silly! That's no reason to cut a vacation short. I'll have another bottle sent out, pronto. Did you get the clothes situation taken care of, at least?”

“More or less. Let's just say I own a lot of Hawaiian shirts and khaki shorts, now.”

“Oh, great!” she responded with a groan.

“Yeah, you're gonna love my new look.”

“Hah. Hah. Look, I gotta go. In the middle of something big, here! But make sure to take one of the pills as soon as they arrive. Substance XY stays active in your system for a full week, but it gets weaker each day you don't renew it. You've probably started to notice a difference?”

“A little bit. Nothing major, though.”

“Good. That makes me feel better. I'll be watching the tracking on the package. Call me when you get it. Until then, enjoy yourself! Love ya, slut! **Byyyyeeee!**”

“Love you too. Buh-bye.”

Ian killed the call and pocketed his phone. He sighed, shrugged and headed back in the direction of the hotel bar.

The difference he felt, so far, was small but definitely noticeable. After five days without XY, his persistent sexual fantasies had started to fade. He was no longer constantly thinking of kinky encounters with Ida and the other women he came across, lording whip, paddle and crop over him while dressed in exotic fetishwear.

He checked his messages from Ida and the other women of Athena less frequently and with less enthusiasm. Even now, when he'd called her, he hadn't felt quite the same rush of joyful enthusiasm that he normally experienced when hearing Ida's voice.

Come to think of it, in that conversation, he hadn't referred to her as '*Mistress*' even once. Interesting...

* * * * *

knock knock knock knock

“Goddammit... go away...” Brandi muttered under her breath as her eyes remained closed.

She focused on the overwhelming pleasure that the nearly naked slut was delivering her from under the desk. Her legs were spread wide as she leaned back in her chair and the hooded, blind-folded bottom bitch lapped and tongued away at her glistening pussy.

Brandi pulled his face even deeper into her steamy jungle. She babbled sweet nothings while guiding his cum-greased face up and down her sopping wet flesh. His soft lips, silky tongue and the black latex covering his face felt equally wonderful as they glided up and down her gushing folds. Having trained her first assistant into a skilled tongue slave, the bliss he was imparting was almost enough to make the Senior Analyst pass out.

knock knock knock knock

“**FUCK!** Take a hint!”

She released her obedient bitch-boy and pushed his face away. Brandi sighed and straightened herself in her executive seat.

“Fine! **COME IN!**”

The door opened and in walked a dark-haired young man in nothing but a leather harness, a pair of latex briefs and his compulsory Athena collar. He took a few steps toward Brandi's desk before bowing and speaking up.

“Hello. Ms. Williams?”

“Yes?”

“I'm sorry to disturb you. I was sent to track you down. Dr. Weiss at the chem lab has been trying to contact you since yesterday. She wants to start new product trials, but she's received no reply to her calls or emails.”

“Ah, right. Please give Dr. Weiss my apologies. As you can see, I'm in the middle of some intense staff training.”

Brandi raised her hands, gesturing to both sides of the room.

The young man looked to his left and saw a dark-skinned Athena employee locked down on a bondage horse with a leather straight jacket wrapped around his torso. The bound assistant was blind-folded, ball-gagged and a fucking machine was steadily pumping a fat, foot long, cream-colored dildo in and

out of his well-beaten ass cheeks.

The messenger turned to his right and saw another assistant chained to a table, completely mummified from head to toe in a red rubber sleep sack. Only his light brown cock and balls protruded from the stifling fetish tomb. His genitals were hooked up to a TENS unit that sat beside him on the table.

Realizing that she hadn't *stimulated* him in a while, Brandi reached for the remote on her desk and pressed the stun button. A jolt of current zapped forth, causing assistant number three's balls to convulse and the mummified slut to groan and wobble in his thick bondage.

Assistant number two moaned around his sloppy gag as the massive, white dong went balls deep in his abused hole. It pumped away without mercy as he yanked pointlessly on his bindings.

“Yes, quite busy” the messenger agreed with a nod. “I’m sure Dr. Weiss will understand.”

“Tell her I’ll respond to her inquiry first thing tomorrow. She has my word.”

“I’ll relay the message. Thank you, Ms. Williams.”

“It’s **Mistress** Williams, honey! Stop by again any time you like.”

The flustered messenger nodded bashfully and made a hasty exit.

Brandi looked down and smiled at her kneeling slave. She took fresh hold of his latex-locked face and brought his mouth back to her tingling nethers.

“Alright, white boy. Get that magic tongue moving again!”

As he resumed his skillful worship of her dripping vulva, Brandi's gaze drifted to her other trainees. She watched her sack-slave struggle within his fetish confinement and her butt-boy gargle on his own spit as his ass was reamed nonstop. His slobbering moans around the red rubber ball-gag drove Brandi wild.

Ana's advice had proved to be a godsend. Brandi's days at the office were so much more enjoyable now that she'd started taking substance XX. Until now she'd been so uptight and unable to appreciate the amazing cultural shift that was happening at Athena.

Ana? No, it wasn't Anastasia anymore, was it? Her long time friend and confidant was now named Athena. The living avatar of the company that would change the world. And who was Brandi to disagree with a Goddess?

“Mmmmmm! YES!!! **OH YESSSSS!!!**”

* * * * *

Director Woods coughed as he took his seat at the large rectangular table. He was in the basement of a dingy, east coast gentleman's club and the room was half filled with smoke. He didn't like attending

meetings like this, but at times it was necessary. As events continued to spiral out of control, it was clear this was one of those times.

Men ranging in age from their mid thirties to their late sixties entered the exclusive suite and took their seats one by one. They bantered and joked with each other as they waited for the summit to begin. Most of them were dressed in expensive tailored suits or even more gaudy coats that only the wealthiest business moguls and fashionistas could afford. It could've been a mafia convention, but instead of gangs they represented some of the most important and influential industries in the nation.

These men didn't like attending meetings either, but everyone here was united in common purpose. They feared a singular, overwhelming threat that was creeping across the political and financial landscape, threatening the freedom and livelihood of them all.

“This place can't make a veal parm for **shit**.”

“Their shows aren't what I'd call *five star*, either.”

“Hey, can we get this thing underway? I'm gettin too old for this cloak and dagger crap.”

“Settle down you cranky old fuck! It'll start when it starts.”

Director Woods folded his arms and tried not to roll his eyes as he waited for the proceedings to begin. Finally, after another ten minutes of bluster and laughter, the chairman reached his spot at the end of the table and banged the gavel.

“Order! Order, gentlemen! Let's get on with it.”

All chatter died away as the tone of the meeting grew serious and the gravity of the gathering asserted itself.

“You all know why we're here. Something has to be done and how it's dealt with isn't something we can discuss from afar. The risk of interception is too high.”

“She's fucking up **everything**! My profits are in the toilet!”

“Fuck profits! My **wife** has turned into some deranged, kink-obsessed harpy!”

“Same.”

“Mine threatened to leave and take half my estate if I don't start playing her weird little games.”

“Stella keeps asking me to take those fuckin orange pills!”

bang bang bang bang

The Chairman smacked the gavel into its wooden block until the room was silent again.

“As I said, you all know why we're here. The question is, what are we going to do about it? Director Woods, if you would be so kind, please give us an update. Anything you can share would be helpful.”

Woods unfolded his arms and leaned forward. The grim expression on his face was less than encouraging.

“I wish what I have to share *was* helpful, but it's quite the opposite. I've mentioned before that the Agency has a man on the inside, but I no longer have high confidence that he's of any use. The agent we took great pains to plant within their midst seems to have been compromised. I no longer trust that I'm getting the full picture from him.”

“Do they have something on him? Or has he been brainwashed by this crazy drug they're promoting?”

“Hard to say. I doubt it's the former. Possibly the latter, but I think he was smitten with Ms. Athena, herself, even before their new products rolled out.”

“Well, that's fucking great.”

“I hope you have a solution, Director.”

“Now what the fuck do we do?!?”

The room filled with the angry buzz of growing chatter until the Chairman restored order with a third round of hammering.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG

“Director Woods. If we're truly blind to what's going on in there, what options do we have left?”

“Almost none. Athena Corp is much too powerful and well heeled to attack financially or legally. They have their fingers in virtually every pie. They hold influence up and down the federal government, the courts, statehouses and just about everywhere else you can think of. Any political attack against them would result in a return of fire that would obliterate all who become their enemy. I'm probably not telling you anything you don't know, but that's the size of it. To put it in chess terms, we are *in check* and in great danger of being **mated**.”

“So, then... There's really only one option left.”

“We go old school?”

“Terminate... with extreme prejudice.”

“Would that even work? Cutting off their head?”

“We gotta do something...”

Woods shrugged. “Risky. Very risky. But less risky than doing nothing, at this stage.”

The Chairman set his gavel aside and leaned forward. “Director Woods. Do you know someone who's up to the task?”

The veteran intelligence operative nodded. "Of course I do. That's my job."

* * * * *

Ian marched down the corridor to his hotel room, growing more annoyed with every ring of his phone. It was day ten of his vacation and his mood was a brutal cocktail of confusion, frustration and anger. The second package from Ida never arrived. He hadn't taken substance XY in ten days and the clarity of his former life had nearly returned in full.

He was no longer taking phone calls from Dr. Hoffman or answering her texts, but that didn't stop her from trying to reach him in a dozen different ways. At this point, he had half a mind to chuck his phone into the sea and get a new one.

Reaching his room, he pulled out his key card and swiped it to unlock the door. He entered, walked into the main room and was astonished to see his two pieces of lost luggage sitting in the middle of the floor.

"What the..."

"Hello, Mr. Graves."

Ian practically jumped out of his skin. He whirled around, finding a total stranger standing between him and the door. The unidentified figure was a medium build, middle-aged, Asian-American man in a classic gray suit and red tie. With his shaved head and rectangular glasses, he didn't seem particularly threatening, but that did little to slow the rapid beating of Ian's heart.

"Who are you?!?"

"Be at ease, Mr. Graves. I'm not here to hurt you. I work for a certain agency of the federal government charged with the protection of national security."

"What do you want?"

"First and foremost, I'm returning your bags. Minus one item we've confiscated for reasons that I imagine have become apparent over the last few days."

Ian looked to his luggage nervously and then back to the strange man.

"I'll ask again. What do you want?!?"

The dispassionate agent gestured to the hotel room's abundant furnishings.

"Why don't you have a seat, Mr. Graves. We have a lot to discuss."

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