

Athena Corp Chronicles

Chapter 8 – Sinergy

ELEVEN MONTHS AFTER THE FALL

SNAP SNAP SNAP

The business end of Keiko's crop lashed into the young man's balls. He groaned into the web of leather, rubber and metal that was wrapped around his face. The feisty Femdom stalked around the bondage horse and admired his immobilized and latex-locked body. Only his flaccid cock and quickly reddening scrotum were left hanging out of the glossy black rubber suit.

The Asian Domina grinned. She drank in Liam's bound form from every side as her boot heels clacked across the floor. It was a pleasure to work with slaves who were properly dressed in fetish attire. So many of her male clients were hairy guys who, aside from a deep desire to get pegged and smacked around a little, were fairly vanilla.

Not that there was anything wrong with that, but Keiko was an enthusiast of all things shiny. She loved to see her clients put in the effort to seal their bodies in latex or leather. Why should only women have their features highlighted by the tantalizing tightness and luscious luster of rubber? Men were just as pleasing to the eye when similarly garbed.

Keiko's favorite clients were the true submissives. The men who allowed **her** to decide on the activities and outfits. There was something extra hot about taking someone who didn't have a latex fetish and locking them in the clinging embrace of black rubber. It made for exquisite foreplay. The knowledge that they would swelter in the tight embrace of the stretchy, sensual material thrilled her. It made the job so much more enjoyable.

SNAP SNAP SNAP

“MMMPPPHHHRRRGGM!!!”

The tip of her wand bashed Liam's exposed nutsack and he muttered painfully into the funnel gag protruding from his face. Keiko laughed. It was that haunting, half-giggle laughter that only a woman of Japanese descent could impart while dominating a man utterly. Her bosom shook in the tight leather corset as she mocked him with her tone. The latex of her thigh-highs stretched and creaked as she strutted around him. Her shiny black arm-gloves caressed her skin up to the biceps, crinkling with a decadent grip.

Keiko was only 5'2, normally, but her stiletto boots yielded an extra four inches. Growing up, she often wished she was taller, like so many European and American women. Then she discovered her penchant for Femdom. Once she began dressing in leather and taking men's money to order them around, spank them and fuck them in the ass, she soon realized that height didn't matter. Neither did muscle, a big

rack or even a vast intellect.

Being a beautiful and skillful top was all one needed to command respect and obedience. Keiko had made the most of her slim frame and modest assets. In fact, her small stature often put her in greater demand, as there were just as many guys who enjoyed being dominated by a small woman as there were craving a big one. Learning this had given her newfound freedom and granted a self-confidence she'd lacked in her youth.

Keiko cut her hair short not long after becoming a Dominatrix. Her mother had warned her never to do that, since good girls wore their hair long and men liked good girls. Oh, how wrong she was! Recalling those words brought a sneer to her lips every time. So many men **loved** bad girls. And height only mattered to the extent your heels helped you line a fat strapon cock up with their waiting ass or mouth.

Liam's mouth wasn't waiting for rubber dick. He was anticipating something else entirely. The straps of the leather head harness were tight around his face, biting into his rubber hood. The metal prongs of a nose-hook were sunk into his nostrils, pulled back fiercely by the very same web of buckles and black hide. His mouth was sealed away, a rubber hose sprouting from where his lips should've been visible. It turned upward, leading to the shiny black funnel that resembled an upside down toilet plunger.

Keiko's eyes met Liam's and she smiled wickedly. She maneuvered her tongue and cheeks, gathering as much syrupy phlegm as she could at the front of her mouth.

PPPTTTWWWOOO

She leaned forward and spit the fat loogie into the rubbery receptacle. It oozed down the hole and into the rubber hose, destined for Liam's mouth.

Keiko turned and grabbed her bottled water from a nearby shelf. She uncapped it and drank deeply. The cool liquid coursed down her throat as Liam tasted her spit and watched Mistress Keiko refresh herself. His eyes pleaded with her to share the beverage as he remained locked on the leather padded horse, stewing in tight, clammy rubber.

“Oh, don't worry, slave. You'll get your drink soon enough. I'm surprised it's not ready yet. It's been an hour and this is my second bottle. It won't be long, I promise.”

Liam's eyes went wide as her implication became clear. He would be sharing her water, alright. Just not the way he'd hoped.

Keiko downed what was left and tossed the empty plastic bottle aside. She resumed stalking around the bound gimp, snapping her crop in her hand as she carried on. How to pass the time? She could unzip his nipple slits and attach some weights. She could continue to pummel his bloated nuts. It made such a satisfying sound, when the flat head of her crop blistered his sensitive sack. Or she could finally harness up and plow his ass for a while.

Mmmm... not yet. She wanted to wait on that last one. There was something extra satisfying about forcing a man to drink your piss and then proceeding to savage his pucker with the biggest strapon he could handle. Perhaps another round of spanking in the meantime? She's already delivered several with a variety of toys, but it never hurt to tenderize the meat a little more.

The TV in the corner of the room caught Keiko's eye and she saw Suyin displayed prominently in the center of the flat screen. The press conference was underway and the tall Chinese-American woman was standing at a podium and fielding questions. Keiko stopped in her tracks, walked to a nearby table and picked up the remote. She turned the volume up to see what all the excitement was about.

“That's right. Our new line of supplements are coming to market next month. They'll have a staggered release but our primary supplement, **Athena Vitality**, will be available first. There will be separate versions for men and women, like many supplements you may have purchased in the past.”

Several reporters raised their hands and Suyin pointed to a woman near the front.

“Athena's press release has made some very bold claims! How is it possible one pill can improve memory and mental acuity, relieve stress, control appetite, boost energy, promote fitness and enhance libido and sexual stamina?”

Suyin put on a thin smile. “The technology Athena has pioneered is proprietary and I'm not at liberty to share the details. However, we've done extensive testing on these new substances and we think the results will speak for themselves.”

The hands went up again and Suyin selected a man a couple rows back.

“Ms. Li, based on these claims, especially the ones about sexual function, this almost sounds more like a drug than a supplement, yet it's going to be available without a prescription. Has it been tested by the government or any third parties that can verify its safety and effectiveness?”

Suyin adjusted the microphone. “I want to stress that Athena Vitality is not considered a medication. It is not designed to treat, cure or prevent any disease. It is a supplement and is being treated as such. It has not and will not be evaluated by the FDA. I can take three more questions and then I need to go.”

The raven-haired Director of Communications pointed to another woman in the crowd. She adjusted her glasses and awaited the next query.

“According to your release, a one month course will run five dollars per individual, but you also mentioned that many Athena customers would get it completely free. Can you give us more details on that?”

“We've priced it as low as we can to ensure that all who wish to benefit from Athena Vitality will be able to, but our most loyal customers won't have to pay anything. Any household that qualifies by making a certain amount of annual purchases from Athena will receive their regimen of Athena Vitality for free. It's our way of saying thanks for your patronage. We're still working out what that threshold will be--”

Keiko lifted the remote and lowered the volume back down. She tossed it aside and sauntered back over to Liam. After spending an hour with him, she'd almost forgotten that Liam wasn't her real client. It was Suyin. This bound slut boy was Suyin's assistant and the oft ringing telephone on the other side of the door was a reminder that he wasn't at his usual post.

It had been odd, getting a call from Suyin out of the blue like this. They'd been good friends at university and kept in touch since then online, but they hadn't had a serious interaction in years. Not

since the last time Suyin had hired Keiko to dominate both her and her boyfriend. Now Suyin and David were married. Keiko figured they'd settled down and perhaps weren't as active in the BDSM scene anymore.

That assumption had been wrong, based on Suyin's well stocked back room. It was great to see she'd found her dream job, but even Keiko was a little shocked by what was, essentially, a personal dungeon in her lavish, multi-room office. Not to mention all the men, including Liam, wearing metal collars and answering their female superiors beck and call. An undeniable culture of Femdom was the last thing she'd expected to find when entering the Athena building.

“Sounds like the press conference is almost over. Your boss should be back soon. What shall we do until then?”

Keiko moved to one of the room's many toy racks. She hung the crop back in its place before scanning the long line of instruments. After a few seconds, she reached for a luscious looking cat-o-nine-tails. Its long, gleaming leather strands called out to her.

She whirled the device skillfully. Its supple tassels whistled through the air to her left and right as she alternated sides. “Let's see how many strokes of this one you can handle until your owner returns! If it becomes too much, just keep shouting *wimp* until I make out what you're saying. I know it's not easy to form words with a muzzle on your face, but I'm sure you'll make do.”

WAP WAP WAP WAP

Ten minutes passed as Keiko doled out round after round of thrashings. She paused after every ten strokes, letting the ache sink in deeply as she downed another half bottle of cold spring water. Liam's ass grew even more red and inflamed as the slowest minutes of his life ticked by. Just when he was about to cry uncle, the door clicked and in walked Suyin.

The statuesque professional smiled, seeing Keiko poised to deliver another blow.

WAP

Liam shuddered on the horse, his chains rattling as he grunted into the rubber appliance extending from his sealed mouth.

“I take it you've been having fun?” Suyin asked with hands on hips.

Keiko turned to greet her. “More than you have.”

“Ugh... that's for sure.” The tall woman reached up and pulled the pearl lined hair clip from her raven locks. She shook her head and her curtain of jet black hair swung from side to side, finally free.

“Has Liam been a good boy?”

“Good enough” she answered with a shrug. “Not that he had much choice.”

Suyin chuckled as she moved to the mini fridge. She opened it and grabbed a bottled water for herself. It was swiftly uncapped and she downed a few gulps eagerly. “Has my hard working assistant been

given any liquid refreshment?”

“Not yet.”

“Oh! Awesome! I'd hate to miss **that** part of the show.”

Keiko laughed. She whirled her toy through the air again before pointing to a shelf of bondage devices and coiled lengths of shibari rope. “How about it? Want me to tie you up too? Like the old days?”

Suyin shook her head sternly. “No, thanks. My switching days are over. From now on I stay on top, where I belong.”

Keiko's eyebrows raised and she nodded in approval. “Good for you! I guess you found your inner Domme?”

“You could say that. She was always a part of me, but now she's firmly in control, thanks to Athena.”

The latex clad disciplinarian looked to the TV and then back to Suyin. “Yeah, I guess this new thing you're marketing is a big deal, huh?”

“It's nothing short of a miracle. I'll send you home with some Athena Vitality, if you like. Not that you seem to need it.”

Keiko snickered. “Sure. Why not? If it works half as good as you claim, I'll be even more popular.” She pointed at Liam's quivering ass, dotted with bruises and striped with visible red lines. “This slut needs a break. Can we discuss our new arrangement in the meantime? I wouldn't ask in the middle of a scene, but I have to get going soon.”

Suyin grinned as she walked to the room's large Queening chair. “Of course. As you can see, we don't mind mixing business and pleasure here at Athena.” She smoothed her skirt and sat down in the high-backed, opulent steel and leather seat. “Sorry I had to run so soon after greeting you. I was pressed for time.”

The curious Domina posed with a hand on her hip. “Not a problem. So, you said over the phone that this could turn into a long term gig? What did you mean by that?”

Suyin took another swig of her water before answering. “We balance work and play, but sometimes it's too much, even for a woman on Athena Vitality. Now that I'm making more than enough money to maintain a comfortable life, I told David to quit his job. He put in his two weeks tens days ago. Starting next week, he'll be at home where he belongs. I need someone to train him into a proper house husband. To dole out punishments and rewards in good measure. And since I'm having my fun here at work, it's only fair he gets to have fun with someone else when I'm not there.”

A knowing smile spread across Keiko's face. “Ah, I see. You'd prefer it be someone you already know and trust.”

Suyin nodded. “You understand.”

Keiko nodded back. “I'd be happy to make room in my schedule for David. It'll be fun having him

under my heel again.”

“You'll be paid generously for your time. More than your usual rate.”

The young Domme's eyes widened enthusiastically. “Really? This sounds great! Thanks for the opportunity, Suyin.”

“Don't mention it. You were the first person I thought of, for obvious reasons.”

The urge to urinate began to creep up on Keiko. She tossed her flogger aside and circled back to Liam's front. “Yes, I think this is going to work out splendidly.” As the bound office bitch came back into view, she suddenly remembered a question she'd been wanting to ask the Athena exec all afternoon.

“Oh yeah...” Keiko reached down and tugged at the metallic ring around Liam's neck. “What's the deal with these metal collars?” They weren't like any submissive collar she'd ever seen. No leather or buckles. A scannable red panel on the front with a D-ring hanging below it. No pet names like *Bitch Boy* or *Fuck Pig* were written on it; just a three digit number with a bunch of zeros in front.

“Tracking collars for our assistants. It started as an experiment in Special Projects, but proved so successful that now all our male employees are fitted with them. In addition to being a symbol of their submission, it allows them access to the building and allows us to monitor them in several ways. The digits are his *SIN*.”

Keiko turned to her, perplexed. “Sin?!?”

“**Slave index number**” Suyin said with a sly grin. “Liam here is one of the first thousand to ever receive one. He's part of an exclusive club. I expect there will be many more in the years to come. Thousands. Hundreds of thousands. Perhaps millions...”

Keiko studied Suyin's dreamy gaze with renewed interest. She didn't know what crazy shit they were planning at Athena, but it sounded good to her. If the biggest corporation in the world was intent on putting men in their place, that was a step in the right direction as far as she was concerned.

The dark-haired Dominatrix turned back to Liam. She brought her shiny, gloved hand to his leather-locked chin and raised it until their eyes met. “Well, **slave 5-2-7**, I hope you're thirsty. Because I'm ready.”

Keiko reached below and took hold of the glossy leather thong covering her most delicate anatomy. She tugged it down and her sex was revealed. Her well-trimmed quim was moist with a light sheen of sweat and a fair amount of natural lubricant. Her juices had run freely during their extended session of enticing impact play.

Suyin's breath caught in her chest. The taller woman rose in her chair and quickly followed suit. She undid her tight, black skirt, pulled it down and tossed it aside. All that was left were her black heels, a white dress shirt that barely contained her breasts and a purple pair of satin panties covering her shaved minge.

As Keiko drew closer to the bound slave and positioned herself directly over the thick rubber funnel, Suyin retook her seat, reached down and began to stroke herself. Her hand slid against the silky

undergarment as she strummed herself gently. She let out a light moan as she watched Keiko prepare to douse Liam in her golden nectar.

Suyin guided one leg up and hooked it over the side of the Queening chair. She spread herself wide and gave her hand plenty of room to maneuver as she took in the decadent spectacle. Her eyes tracked to the shelf of weighty strapon cocks on the other side of the room and back to her locked down bottom bitch bent below the aggressive Femdom.

“I can't wait to pound his blistered ass when you're done feeding him” Suyin exhaled between increasingly ragged breaths.

“Me first” Keiko insisted as a torrent of hot urine began drizzling into the fetish funnel and gushed into Liam's propped open mouth. “Like I said, I need to go soon.”

Suyin's fingers slid smooth circles around her rapidly rising clit. As Liam guzzled the Domina's acrid fluids, the layered gimp grunted and yanked on his bonds. Chains clanked and leather creaked as Keiko held his head harness firmly and emptied her bladder into the slick, rubber receptacle. Suyin pressed her index and middle fingers together before plunging them into her silken hole.

“By all means...” she spoke breathlessly as she filled herself and bathed in serene pleasure. “Have at it, Mistress Keiko.”

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ZZZZZMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPP

Brandon felt the cool metal zipper slide up his back. Within seconds he was sealed in the thick, tight, latex bodysuit. Only his face and dark hair were still free from the close cling of rubber.

click

Athena fixed the tiny padlock through the holes of both zippers and snapped it shut. The dual zipper heads were now sealed together. The second skin would be impossible to remove without the key or some industrial strength scissors.

The excited blonde wrapped her arms around him. She groped his fit body up and down, tracing his V-shaped contours and groping through the luscious latex. Her face pushed past his shoulder and her hot breath swept across his earlobe. Her tongue extended and licked his ear up and down as her right hand drifted to his bulge and her left hand squeezed his ass.

“**This** is how I like you” she spoke into his ear.

Brandon blushed as he gazed into the mirror. He watched Athena claw at his rubberized body; pushing on him aggressively. He'd never felt so wanted in his life. Even if it all still felt a bit odd to him, he couldn't deny, it was nice. He was yielding to her desires and enjoying it more with each passing month.

Athena was stripping him of all authority, control and self-determination, piece by piece. In return he was granted more affection, affirmation and unbridled bliss than he'd ever known. She was a drug and he couldn't get high enough. In her lover's grasp, submission felt like the only rational course. Anything else was folly.

They were in Athena's private bathroom, adjacent to her office. She'd suited him up for a major event. It was an office party she'd been looking forward to with great relish. The Athena executive boardroom was normally filled with women these days. Brandon had only gotten to see it twice since coming into her orbit. On this rare occasion, there would be nearly as many men in attendance.

“Here” Athena spoke as one her latex clad hands left his body and slipped into view. She held up one of the metal Athena collars Brandon had seen every man in the hallways and elevator sporting. “It's time you start wearing this. I reserved the number especially for you.”

Brandon examined it closely, scanning the label on the side. He read the digits and smiled. “Double-O seven. Always was a fan.”

“Of course you are” she spoke while securing the device around his neck with a series of clicks. “Who else but a James Bond fan would go into your dangerous line of work?”

He turned to meet her, still beaming. “I don't know, maybe a Golgo 13 fan?”

Athena's eyebrows scrunched. “**Golgo 13**? What's that?”

“He's sort of the Japanese James Bond. Master assassin. Although he doesn't work for the government. Actually, various governments were always trying to chase him down. I read the comics when I was in college.”

“Ah, so **that's** what you were reading back then.”

He smirked. “I read the classics too! A few of them... Mostly the ones I had to for English Lit.”

Athena laughed. They embraced, two rubberized bodies pressing on each other as they entered a tender kiss. She seized him again and this time Brandon groped back. His right hand slid through her silky, blonde hair. Brandon's arms zeroed in on her hips. He traced her immaculate curves up and down. His glossy black digits pressed into the shiny burgundy bodysuit covering her amazing assets.

After a long spell of feeling each other up and swapping warm saliva, Athena broke the kiss and stood back. With a devilish grin, she held up the small key to Brandon's suit and sauntered off. She walked directly to the toilet, lifted the lid and dropped it in the bowl.

“**Hey!**” Brandon rushed to her side. “What are you doing?!?”

“Flush it” Athena ordered, placing a hand on her hip.

“But, don't we need that to--”

“**Flush it!**” she commanded again, her smile fading. “Don't make me say it a third time.”

Brandon sighed. He reached down and pressed the silvery handle, releasing the water from the tank. The industrial strength flow rushed into the bowl and sent the key circling round a few times before it dove into the darkness. He watched the key to his body's freedom disappear forever as the appliance gurgled and eventually silenced. He really hoped Athena had another key somewhere and this was just a bit of fun for her.

“From now on, when I dress you like this, you'll remain in slave attire until I say otherwise.”

“Ok, but we're going to change before we leave, right?”

“Do you want a spanking in front of the entire board? Those are not the words I was looking for.”

“Yes, Mistress” he quickly corrected himself. He held his arms up defensively. “I mean, yes to your rule, not the spanking.”

“That's better.”

“I still can't believe we're going to the board room looking like this.”

The latex Goddess stalked to the sink. Her black, high heeled boots knocked against the cold, tile floor. She grabbed the leather leash waiting on the counter and returned to Brandon. “Get used to it, **slut**. This is the new normal.”

“Yes, my Goddess.”

Athena's eyes flashed with warm approval. She seized the D-ring hanging from Brandon's new collar and tugged him closer. In one smooth, practiced motion she clipped the end of the leash onto the ring and gave it another stern pull for good measure.

“Good boy. Now, let's get going. It's almost time for the fun to begin!”

* * * * *

The lavish executive boardroom chamber was much as Brandon remembered it. Impossibly tall windows ringed two of the four walls, allowing light to pour into the large room. The smell of wood and leather polish assailed his nose. The long conference table with its many high-back chairs and the rows of additional seating on either side were the same as ever. It was the dress of those gathered, the accessories and the mood that were completely different.

Athena led him past a long table of catered refreshments that was setup by the wall. The excitement was palpable as they approached the central table where dozens of women stood chatting and enjoying their drinks. Most of them had their assistant slaves sitting in the chairs they would normally be occupying. An excited buzz filled the hall as everyone waited for the proceedings to begin.

One notable exception was Eshana, the Chief Technology Officer. The Indian-American beauty had her subordinate bent over a smaller table in one corner of the large room. The poor gimp's ass flap was open and his well beaten bottom hung out, waiting for another swat. A small crowd of Dommes had

gathered round to observe the display of discipline. They watched in delight as Eshana made a public spectacle of her assistant.

SMACK

“Twenty nine!” The pained young man called out.

SMACK

“Thirty!”

The fearsome leather paddle kept slamming into his bruised behind. Brandon watched with gritted teeth as he followed the yank of his leash. Athena pulled him deeper into the corporate lair, marching directly to the head of the table.

The wide conference table was besieged in a way that perhaps no company boardroom had ever been. It was covered in every manner of sex toy imaginable. The female executives of Athena had each brought their share of Femdom devices to employ. The smell of rubber and water based lubricants soon overpowered the usual smells of wood varnish and cleaning agents.

Where normally there would be laptops and folders filled with important papers, an endless stream of crops, floggers, whips and silicone dongs were arrayed. The only binders presented were the leather kind, ready to strap around the arms of waiting males. Bottles of lube, pairs of handcuffs, boxes of condoms and latex gloves dotted the polished surface, filling in the gaps between the larger toys. Truly, a BDSM orgy of epic proportions was ready to be unleashed.

Nearly everyone present was garbed in various forms of fetish attire. The only exceptions were the occasional slave who wore only latex briefs or a cock cage, displaying proudly their marks of discipline or the tattoo their Mistress had foisted upon them. The men sat quietly, eyeing each other and the shiny, curvy Dominas all around them as they waited for the festivities to begin.

As Athena drew close to her throne, Madam Snow looked up and took notice. She set her drink down and clapped her hands, suing for the room's attention. “**LADIES!** Everyone, gather round! Mistress Athena has arrived!”

The commotion came to a swift close and everyone assembled in their places at the long, broad table. Light applause broke out and steadily grew. It was joined by cheers and excited whooping as the blonde bombshell in shiny burgundy arrived at the matriarch's seat. She pulled down on Brandon's leash and ordered him to kneel at her side before taking her place in front of the largest and most prominent chair.

Madam Snow placed her hands behind her back and stood at attention. She called upon her most authoritative voice to sail above the din of celebration. “Esteemed executives and fortunate slaves, the guiding light, CEO, and namesake of the Athena Corporation: **ATHENA DOMINIQUE SINS!!!**”

The applause and cheers of approval grew into a feverish roar. The assistants all applauded, as enthusiastic as their Mistresses. Among them was the fallen Jake Telos, sitting just behind Madam Snow. Athena raised one gloved hand and patted it down slowly, indicating for the board to bring their lively acclaim to an end.

“Thank you, everyone. I'm honored, but we're not here to celebrate me. I will never take personal credit for all your hard work. Although we maintain some vestige of a hierarchy, this company now represents a collective effort. At this table, I sit among equals. I've often thought of replacing it with a round table to better represent us, but sadly, the size of the circle we'd need makes that a little impractical.”

A wave of laughter rippled up and down the length of the boardroom. Athena waited for it to calm before continuing.

“Every woman in this room is doing amazing work. I can't begin to tell you how proud I am of you. It's been a pleasure getting to know you all these last nine months. As we have our fun today, I want to encourage you to network with each other. If there's anyone in this room you haven't gotten to know yet, please, reach out to them. Share your slaves with each other. I firmly believe we do our best work, **and play**, when we collaborate.”

Another round of clapping rose up, though this one was restrained to a brief, respectable ovation. Athena raised her hand, again, to end it.

“That's it! No long speeches today. You get enough of that from me, already. Enjoy yourself my friends! **Let the first Athena Executive Fuck Fest begin!!!**”

Dozens of curvy, glossy bodies lurched into motion. Boot heels clacked off the marble flooring as the many executives of Athena reached for the tools they'd brought and quickly went to work. Every seated man was lifted from the comfortable chairs in which they sat and prepared for a long afternoon of kinky play.

Wrist cuffs, arm binders and leather harnesses were brought to bear, ensnaring each male's arms and securing them behind each submissive. Rubber ball gags and thick leather bits were pulled into open mouths; each sealed with thick straps around the assistant's heads. One by one, each slave was bent over the conference table. They were a collection of grunting and muttering sluts waiting to be filled with the many fat toys surrounding them on the table's surface.

Some of Athena's Mistresses went the extra step of locking their legs into a spreader bar below. Others simply kicked their slave's legs apart and went straight to slipping on their sleek leather strapon harnesses. Massive dildos were quickly locked in place. The squirting sounds of dozens of bottles of lube signaled the sheer magnitude of anal depravity that was about to take place.

As Dr. Hoffman prepared behind him, Ian looked across the way and saw Marco's gagged face staring back at him. What an ironic twist of fate that he had ended up across the table from his usual lunch buddy. Ian looked up and watched the BBW behind his red-headed friend. Amanda doused her black mega-cock in a wave of clingy lube before jamming the bottle into Marco's waiting pucker and sending a deluge of the cool slime into his warm innards.

From the head of the table, Brandon looked from side to side as Athena finished lubing her cock. From the eyes holes in his gimp mask, he could tell it was Mr. Telos to his right. He had no idea who the guy on his left was, but he recognized the woman behind him. It was Jacqueline Hastings, Telos' former secretary. As she posed her strapon for insertion, the pretty brunette eyed the former CEO wantonly, as if to say *'I'll see you later, bitch.'*

The unknown slave to Brandon's left groaned loud as Jacqueline became the first to thrust into the ass

of her waiting submissive. It began a chain of grunts and yelps as man after man had his rectum invaded and howled into the gags in their mouths. Brandon joined them moments later, moaning around the rubber ball plugged in his maw. A truly monstrous cock sunk into his depths and his vision blurred as it slid out and burrowed in deeper. The greasy length plowed into his warm tunnel as Athena took firm hold of his hips and entered a strong, eager rhythm. Seconds later, a loud sloppy murmur belted out as Madam Snow drilled into Jake's ass and simultaneously pulled back on the leather harness surrounding his face.

It was the cries, whimpers and bleats of the men that filled the conference room at first, flowing around the room as they each grew accustomed to the brutal poundings that were just beginning. Those groans were soon met by the building moans and enchanted coos of ecstatic Athena executives. As the women grew more excited, the pace and strength of their fucking only increased. Rubber nubs and vibrating eggs worked their magic on the harnessed Goddesses. The blissful wailing of rutting Femdoms filled the cavernous room. Their pleasure built steadily as their thick, well-lubed schlongs plowed the bound, human cock sleeves sprawled out before them.

Beyond the human expressions of pain and pleasure, the steady slurp of greased-up toys in tight asses was the constant background sound. Metal restraints rattled and clinked. Leather pulled and creaked. Latex flexed around busts, legs and hips. Streams of lubricant leaked from two dozen slave's asses onto the expensive floor. Pre-cum spurted into already hot and sweaty gimp suits. The woman's juices ran freely around their thrusting toys.

Now that so many of Athena's Dommies were together, a friendly spirit of competition took hold. Eshana slammed her hips into her slave, trying to match Suyin's ferocity as she watched the tall woman across the way. Ida pummeled Ian the hardest she ever had, encouraged by Amanda's massive form bludgeoning Marco so hard that he almost slid across the table. Madam Snow battered Jake without relent, intent on demonstrating that she could fuck him harder than Jacqueline ever would. Athena bucked into Brandon with even greater vigor, intent on setting an example for all.

The first round of fucking stretched on into the afternoon. One by one, the Mistresses and slaves began to pop off in orgasm. The men eventually succumbed to the constant strumming of thick rubber dick over their sensitive love buzzers. Their loads shot into their suits, or in the case of the mostly naked slaves, all over the shiny marble below the table. The women rose in a chorus of carnal bliss, their powerful climaxes setting each other off. They continued fucking until the pleasure was too great and each paused in their exertions to bathe in the pure ecstasy channeling through their fetish clad bodies.

In time, the conga line of cocks exited each well packed asshole and the women milled about. Many took a break, seeking food and drink from the refreshment table before the start of round two. The snap of latex rang out constantly as condoms were pulled from strap-ons and replaced for the next insertion into a different male. The slaves lay on the table in a daze, powerless to do anything but breathe through their noses, gaze at each other and wait to be conquered again by another libidinous executive.

The only one who didn't move from her spot was Madam Snow. After pulling out of Jacob's ass, she laced into his cheeks with a mean looking switch. Her assault didn't end, even as the other women chatted and re-energized for the next course of anal delights. The platinum-blond Domme gave it her all, lighting his up buttocks with fresh welts that would make the next fucking even more deliciously agonizing.

Before long, the women drifted back to the buffet of toys, lube and bound slaves. They chose new

bottoms to sample and slathered their strap-ons with fresh coats of greasy sludge to ease their passage. Just when Veronica was about to re-enter Jacob, Amanda appeared at her side. The big woman put her hands on her hips and grinned.

“Mistress Snow. You wouldn't deny a woman the chance to fuck her former boss, would you? I've been waiting so long.”

The Headmistress of the Ivory Manor stopped herself just in time. She righted her body and tossed the switch on the table beside Jacob. “Of course not, Ms. Powell. Enjoy.” Veronica strode off, the purple latex and black leather flexing around her body as she headed for the wine cart.

Athena watched her with a knowing smile. She wasn't surprised Madam Snow had grown attached to Jake again. No one knows the master quite like their star pupil.

What she saw next came as much more of a shock. Looking into the distance, Athena saw Brandi standing by the front entrance. The blonde had wondered where her long time friend was. Brandi had already missed the first round of fun. On top of that, she wasn't dressed for the party at all. The Lead Product Development Analyst was garbed in a stylish pink pants suit, short heels and some elegant gold jewelry on her neck, ears and wrists.

Athena raised her hand to wave hello, but it was too late. Brandi had already turned and was exiting the room. She disappeared from the hall without a word of greeting. Athena lowered her arm and a look of concern spread across her face as the second wave of fucking began.

* * * * *

“Oh my god... This is heaven” Amanda beamed as the warm water of the jacuzzi jetted around her sore body.

She sat opposite Gina, Marco's girlfriend and roommate. They'd just spent the better part of the evening plowing the cute ginger's ass and abusing his mouth for their own pleasure. After taking turns at both ends multiple times, they'd retired to the relaxing waves of Gina's spa. The sun was setting in the distance as they sipped glasses of wine and enjoyed a chat.

“Isn't it?” The thin, dark-skinned woman asked. She ran a hand through her bouncy, black curls, clearing them from her face. “I love a good soak after a long day.”

“I can see why. I definitely need to get one of these. By the way, sorry I had to keep putting this little date off. Things have been crazy at work.”

Gina chuckled. “So I hear. I'm surprised Marco can still walk after that party you had the other day.”

Now it was Amanda's turn to laugh. “I meant **actual** work, but yes, that was crazy in a good way.”

The sound of approaching footsteps interrupted their banter. Marco walked to edge of the deck holding forth a fresh bottle of wine. “Can I top you lovely ladies off?”

“You'd better” Gina said with a smirk.

“Absolutely” Amanda answered, setting her wine glass on the deck.

Marco knelt down and poured them fresh drinks. When their bubbly was replenished, he rose back to his feet. “Dinner will be ready in half an hour” he announced proudly. Marco offered a slight bow before turning and heading back to the kitchen to resume his duties.

“Don't overcook the pasta!” Gina called after him.

“Yes, Mistress!”

Amanda watched him go, then turned back to her fellow Domina. “You've trained him well.”

“**We've** trained him well” Gina responded, raising her glass.

“Aw, bless you dear” Amanda replied; reciprocating her toast.

They said nothing for a while as they watched the large, orange spot on the horizon descend through the slowly darkening sky.

“It's hard not to feel grateful at times like this” Gina spoke up. “The world isn't such a bad place after all. Don't you think?”

Amanda nodded and took another sip of her Chardonnay. “Getting better all the time.”

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