

Athena Corp Chronicles

Chapter 5 – Apotheosis

SIX MONTHS AFTER THE FALL

Beethoven's fifth symphony echoed off the stone floor and ornate walls as Jacqueline strolled into the cavernous office of the president and CEO of Athena. It was a bit of *deja vu* for her, having walked into this environment so many times with music playing loudly over the room's many speakers. In the old days she'd be carrying a drink, a meal or a message for Mr. Telos while opera blasted in the background. Classic symphony was somewhat different, but reminiscent. It seemed her old boss and Ms. Sins had at least one thing in common other than their sexual predilections.

Anastasia was focused on the monitor in front of her, typing away until she noticed Jacqueline approaching out of the corner of her eye. She looked up with a smile before bringing the orchestra to a stop with the press of a button.

“Sorry” she said as she set the remote down and rose from her seat. “I get lost in the music sometimes.”

The stunning blonde executive was garbed in a two-piece gray ensemble. The tailored jacket wrapped around her upper body neatly and opened at the center, showing off a generous amount of cleavage. The skirt clung to her just as tightly, cutting off just above her knees. A shiny silver wristwatch adorned her left hand and a matching necklace hung from above. Light poured in from the massive window behind the desk, causing her jewelry to shine brilliantly.

It was a nice change from the days when Mr. Telos kept the office sparsely decorated and shrouded in darkness. Now, instead of just the typical works of art and various collectibles, the room featured many plants and much more chic looking furniture. Truly, the peak of Mount Olympus had been salvaged by a woman's touch. It felt more welcoming than intimidating.

“Oh, don't apologize” Jacqueline replied with a wave of her hand. “I'm the same way during my lunch breaks.”

Jacqueline wore a white, one-piece dress that clung close to her thin body. It was accessorized only by a matching vest and heels. A single stripe of black wrapped around both cuffs of the top. A third stripe traced the outline of the vest, adding a single element of stark contrast to her otherwise snow white attire. Her brunette hair was tied back in a neat bun behind her head.

She strolled to a stop just before the desk and gave a slight bow to her superior. “President Sins.”

Anastasia raised a finger in protest, but Jacqueline quickly realized her error.

“I mean, Ana!”

Her smile reappeared. "Hello, Jacqueline. Thanks for coming up early. I know we have the staff meeting later, but there's something I wanted to discuss, just the two of us." Anastasia motioned to the nearby armchairs before taking her own seat.

"I'm happy to be called upon any time" Jacqueline replied as she sat down. "What can I do for the head of Athena today?"

"You can consider a proposal. Some might call it an *indecent* one."

"An *indecent proposal*?" Jacqueline asked with a chuckle. "You mean like the film? Oh, I loved that movie while I was growing up! Robert Redford!"

Anastasia put on her best fake smile. She knew the movie well and wasn't particularly a fan. "Something like that. Though, I'm not looking to throw your life into turmoil."

"I'm intrigued, but also a bit anxious. What is it you're asking?"

"I'd just like to offer you an opportunity. You're free to accept or pass on it completely. Refusing will in no way reflect poorly on your record with this company. I want you to understand that up front. But perhaps I'm getting ahead of myself. I need to ask you a few questions first."

"Sure, go ahead." Jacqueline leaned back in her chair, getting comfortable as she crossed her legs gracefully.

"You opted to take part in the substance XX trial, correct?"

"Yes. How could I resist after Dr. Hoffman's sales pitch? I started it this week. Took my fifth dose this morning."

"Excellent. Thanks for helping us with that! No ill side effects, I take it?"

"None that I've noticed."

"Any changes to your mood since beginning it?"

Jacqueline pondered on the question briefly. Air whistled through her nostrils as she released a long breath. "I **have** found myself a little testy lately. I was short with my assistant yesterday. A little more *randy* than usual too, but that could just be my cycle. It's about that time for me."

"I'm sure Ida will be interested to hear that. Doesn't sound like anything to worry about, though."

"Yeah. I feel great, to be honest!"

"Good. Second question. How would you describe your relationship with Mr. Telos? Fill me in on what it was like working for him."

"Oh-" She seemed taken aback by the question. "Well, Mr. Telos and I had a good working relationship. They were long days, but the pay was good and he was a fair boss. I learned a lot working for him."

“Jacqueline...” Anastasia looked her directly in the eyes. The president's twin beams of gleaming blue-gray burrowed deep. “You don't need to be polite. I'm digging for the dirt, itself. If you're leaving anything out, I'd like to hear it; warts and all.”

Jacqueline sighed. Her smile disappeared and her expression fell into bleak earnestness. “Half the time, he was fine. The other half, he was a real **son of a bitch**. Men love to say that we're the emotional ones, but I had to suffer his temper whenever he was having a bad day. Me and a few of his other subordinates. Also, he had a few nicknames for me that I didn't care for.”

“Nicknames?”

“Nothing overtly derogatory, but he was much too familiar. *'Sunshine.'* *'Beautiful.'* ***'Jackie.'*** Inappropriate for a professional relationship.”

Ana jotted down a few notes on the pad in front of her. She would have to ask Jacqueline who those subordinates were, later. “I had a feeling that might be the case. I've had a fair amount of experience with Mr. Telos. Very different experience, mind you, but I've gotten to know him well.”

Jacqueline smiled. “I can imagine. I remember that day you came into the lobby with the others. You were the last one Mr. Telos saw before he called off the interviews.”

“Which brings me to my last question. You know what I did before this, right?”

“I'm no expert, but I believe you were part of a high class escort service. Judging by your outfits, it was one that specialized in *domination*? Although, I could be mistaken.”

“No, you're right. I'm a dominatrix. Was then, still am. Always will be.”

“I thought so! There's been a lot of rumors flying around the company ever since the announcement. I want you to know, I never fed into them. I kept what little I knew to myself.”

“I appreciate that. Though, in truth, I don't care who knows. Most of the men probably see me as a *domme* just for taking over at Athena. They can't help themselves.”

Jacqueline giggled and nodded in agreement. “It does seem that way.”

“Which brings me to the matter at hand. And I want you to stop me if this becomes uncomfortable for you at any point. The last thing I want is to be perceived as a creep like Telos.”

“Thank you” Jacqueline acknowledged with another nod.

Anastasia paused for a moment and clasped her hands together on the desk before speaking. “What if I told you that Mr. Telos has begun a long and very thorough program of rehabilitation; and during this process he's encouraged to seek atonement from the women he's wronged.”

Jacqueline's eyes grew wide as Ana continued. Her eyebrows lifted as her interest was piqued.

“The most effective and often, gratifying, part of this program is to allow those women to **correct** his

behavior directly. To punish him in a variety of ways, how they see fit. And if you were interested in taking part in this program, you would be compensated very generously, in addition to your base salary and the bonus you're receiving for taking part in trial XX.”

“Oh my god!” Jacqueline's palm flew to her chest and lay flat over her beating heart.

Anastasia's head cocked as she maintained eye contact. She couldn't quite tell if that was enthusiasm in Jacqueline's voice or if she was getting ready to run for the door.

“Please, tell me more, right now!”

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“Lock the door” Dr. Hoffman instructed Ian just as he was about to sit down. “I want privacy today.”

Ian turned on his heel and walked back to the entrance. He pushed the metal button at the center of the door's handle, ensuring no one could barge into their meeting. When he returned to the desk and took a seat, his coffee was waiting on the coaster where he'd left it.

“Time for our daily regimen” Dr. Hoffman announced.

She set the orange pill down in front of Ian. He lifted it to his mouth and pushed it past his lips before taking a long sip of hot java and swallowing it down. As he did, Ida raised the purple capsule for him to see before inserting it in her mouth and imbibing deeply of her bottled water.

Being part of the trial had been concerning for Ian, at first, but any worries had been swept away over time as he got to know the fair doctor better. She was brilliant, exacting, charming and supremely confident. It was difficult not to admire her. When she informed him she'd be taking part in her own trial for the female substance, that put to bed any concerns he might've had about safety.

Ida smiled at him as she re-capped her drink. “Look at you! So agreeable now. Amenable after just six weeks. Do you even realize how much you've changed?”

“Was I insubordinate before?”

“Bordering on it” she said with a chuckle. “You wouldn't do anything I asked without a huff and a grumble.”

It was hard to argue. Ian had found the entire situation ridiculous at first. Maybe it **was** ridiculous, but it no longer bothered him. Some mornings, after taking his dose, she would tell him to wash her car, fetch her breakfast and load him up with a dozen other tasks. Other days, she would tell him to go relax and do what he liked in the rec room as she worked diligently on Athena's many new projects.

Over time, her assignments had grown more bizarre. Some of them felt like frivolous things college frat buddies would dare each other to do for shits and giggles. Recently, he'd been tasked with going and picking out lingerie. Ida had given him a size and told him to pick out something he liked.

“Yes, and not just obedient, more observant and diligent. You're picking up on my cues” she stated with relish.

“Cues?” Ian looked puzzled.

“Earlier this week, I told you that solid colors looked good on you. Much nicer than those dreadful striped shirts you normally wear. You've worn a colored shirt each day for the last three days.”

Ian looked down at the glossy, silk, black dress shirt he was wearing. She was right. He'd responded to her suggestion intently and doing so had felt completely natural. But wasn't that normal? Wanting to please your superior? And she certainly was superior in every conceivable way. A stunning beauty with a dizzying intellect and an endearing sense of fashion.

He'd found her punk rock aesthetic off-putting at first. Abnormal and ill fitting for an office environment. But at some point that had changed. Even now, somewhere in the depths of his mind, Ian could feel a light scratching; a whisper of protest. Some voice calling in vain for his attention, but it was completely overwhelmed by the new melody of order that had taken root in his mind. All chaos and discord had been banished. When his gaze lingered on Dr. Hoffman, a smile always followed.

“Let's put it to the test” Ida said, opening a drawer at the side of her desk and removing the container with his medication. She opened it and extracted another orange capsule. The doctor held it up for him to see. “I bet you won't even mind when I double your dose.”

Ian shrugged. “I trust you. If you feel it's safe and want to see the results...”

“Oh, I **definitely** want to see the results.”

She tossed the pill to her left and it bounced off the tile floor with a series of gentle pings.

Ida looked at him intently. “Get down on your knees. Crawl to it and take your medicine.”

“Yes, Doctor.”

For some reason, Ian didn't feel silly doing it. In fact, his cheeks took on a deep shade of red. His eyes remained locked on Ida's gaze until he lowered down far enough where her striking features disappeared behind the desk. Ian crawled over to the waiting capsule, picked it up and placed it in his mouth. He swabbed it around his tongue, trying to build up enough saliva to swallow it without a drink. He hated trying to take medication dry, but he would do it for her.

Ida rose from her seat and walked toward the kneeling assistant. The bottom of her lab coat and her tall, shiny, leather boots strode into his field of vision. “Here” she said.

He looked up to find her handing him the bottled water. Ian accepted it gladly and took a drink, swallowing down his second dose of substance XY that morning. He savored the subtle flavor from the mouth of the bottle. He could smell and taste hints of Ida's lipstick.

Ida retrieved the drink from his hand and set it on a nearby filing cabinet. “Sit up, but stay on your knees” she instructed.

Ian complied, straightening himself and sitting up on his haunches. He gave the pain no consideration as his knees ground against the hard tile floor. It was what his short-haired Goddess wished. She'd dyed her locks purple this month. It made her stand out that much more. Absolutely radiant.

Ida pulled her lab coat to the sides, bringing her shiny, black leather pants into starker focus. She stepped forward, her boot heels knocking against the floor as her body came dangerously close to his. He could practically feel her warmth on his face.

“Undo my pants, Ian.”

“Director?!?”

“**Do it!** Now.”

She stared at him with her hands on her hips, her eyes placid. After only a moment of pause, Ian reached up gingerly and undid the large metal button at their front.

“Now unzip them and pull them down, gently.”

The metal zipper glided down at his direction. He took hold of the gleaming leather and tugged it down softly. It clung to her fair, white flesh, but began to retract with the sensual sound of gripping, glossy hide on skin. Soon, the pants were down around her calves and her undergarment was revealed. It was the purple set of panties with black lace frills that Ian had picked out at the store. There was a sizable spot of darkened moisture at their center.

“Them too. Slowly...” she said in a hushed tone.

Disbelief and awe crept into Ian's face as he guided down the lingerie he'd procured at her insistence. Her glistening sex was unveiled. The dark hair above her vulva was neatly trimmed, creating a thin strip that pointed directly to her sopping wet quim.

The eager Director took hold of his thick, blonde hair and pulled Ian's face into her dripping warmth. “Now your most important task begins. **LICK**, slave!”

Ian uttered a soft moan as his tongue extended into her wet folds and he began lapping up and down. Ida's chest rose and fell excitedly as her heartbeat quickened. She guided him up and down her tingling anatomy, her face going flush as Ian pleased her orally with maximum enthusiasm.

The doctor tilted her head back and let out a deep moan of her own; considerably louder than her collared slut could offer with his face mashed into her jungle of moist flesh. Ida had been waiting for this moment for months. Yes, he was astute. Yes, the company wanted him kept on board if possible. But as she'd implied at his interview, Ida had her own reasons for taking Ian as her assistant.

He was precisely her type. Rugged, fit, a bit older than herself. Well mannered and confident, but with a certain charming naivety. Stubborn to the point of arrogance, but fully capable of learning and adapting. And now with the help of her new breakthrough, he would be trained. Molded into her ideal assistant and possibly more, if that's what she wanted. Right now, the only thing she craved was relief, and Ian was performing admirably.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh! **YES!!!** Focus! Right there!!!”

Her eyes closed as his tongue slathered her engorged clitoris repeatedly. The soft hairs of his blonde mane strummed the sides of Ida's sex perfectly, sending pleasurable thrills down her spine as her libido surged and her pussy lips gushed. Her spare hand reached down and joined the first, cruising through his thick hair before seizing it in a fierce grip.

The doctor's curvy body trembled as her eyes glazed over and she lost herself in the growing rush of oral pleasure. Her first meeting of the day would have to be postponed.

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Two pairs of stiletto boots and one pair of normal heels clacked across the elegant marble floor. Anastasia walked into the opulent conference room flanked by Amanda and Madam Snow. The rest of her senior staff were already seated at the long executive table, chatting with each other as they waited for the meeting to begin.

The room was located on the top floor of the Athena building. Much like Ana's office, it had an impressive view of the city below. On either side of the table, rows of elegant armchairs were ready to be called upon in the event of a larger gathering. The chairs around the table were even more impressive, sculpted from the finest cherry oak and upholstered with glossy, genuine leather. Each had a high back. The highest of all was waiting for Anastasia at the far end.

Opposite the front end of the table was a massive monitor hanging on the wall where those gathered could watch video presentations and live streams in high definition. Behind her seat was Jake Telos' only good choice of decoration and the sole one Ana had chosen to keep. It was a painstaking oil-on-canvas recreation of Joseph Benoit Suvée's *'The Combat of Mars and Minerva.'* The neoclassical piece provided the central decoration and set the proper tone for the company's war room.

Minerva was the Roman Goddess equivalent of the Greek's Athena. In the painting she holds her spear aloft, prepared to deal the decisive blow to the fallen god of war. In the background, several other gods sit among the clouds, chatting and watching the battle with interest. As Mars clutches at his wounded chest and looks up at the fiery Minerva, Venus holds him gently in her arms. A cherub hovers near Minerva, pleading with the Goddess of wisdom and strategic warfare for mercy.

The walls of the conference room were dotted with high power speakers and fashionable light fixtures. The latter could provide excellent mood lighting if the heavy drapes were closed over the tall glass panes, but Anastasia preferred the view. She reserved the Ned Beatty *'Valhalla'* treatment for those who needed real convincing, one on one.

All things considered, it was the room that needed the least work when Ana took over. She smiled at her council of intelligent, stylish, indomitable women as she made her way down the aisle. Ida, she noticed, looked especially chipper this morning. Ana offered her senior scientist a wink as she continued on her way. Her leadership staff was growing more promising and proficient by the week. Now, for the first time, her good friend Brandi sat among them.

As Anastasia reached the far end of the table, Madam Snow and Amanda broke off, taking up their

seats on either side of her. Ana set her right arm on her chair's back and nodded to the group before sitting.

“Good morning, ladies.”

Two dozen voices replied “Good morning” in unison followed by a divergent chorus of “President Sins”, “Madam President” and “Ms. Sins.”

Anastasia grinned, but shook her head as she took her seat. She could hardly expect them all to say “Good morning, Ana.” That would've been odd at a business meeting. She would just have to get used to the occasional formalities.

“I'm sure you're all getting hungry. With any luck, we can wrap this up and adjourn for lunch a bit early.”

There were murmurs of agreement and enthusiasm before the conference room fell back into silence.

“Before we jump into things, I want to formally welcome Brandi Williams to the senior staff. In the interests of full disclosure, she's an old colleague who's taught me a lot about business and life. I assure you, she's not here just because we're friends. She's going to make a valuable addition to the staff as a Product and Development consultant, just as Madam Snow has been an asset for marketing and strategy. Brandi will be our team lead for new product testing outside the company. Let's give her a warm welcome!”

“Hi everyone. Nice to meet you!” Brandi said with a wave of her fingers.

Her long, scarlet nails and matching lipstick stood out strikingly from her supple, dark skin. She looked back and forth across the long table, smiling and nodding to her new coworkers as her tower of silky black hair bobbed behind her. Her face was framed on either side by two long wisps of dark, flowing bangs that hung from her temples.

The group of assembled women greeted her amicably. Ana gave them a few moments to exchange pleasantries before cutting back in.

“Now, to business. Amanda, what's first on the agenda?”

“Extension of the substance XY trials” the buxom blonde to her right responded, reading off the laptop in front of her.

“Doctor Hoffman,” Ana called down the table. “We're six weeks in. How's it looking?”

“Couldn't be better” the purple haired director answered, pressing her glasses up the ridge of her nose. “I conducted an experiment of my own this morning that yielded very positive results. I'm starting to hear similar stories from woman all around the company whose assistants have enrolled.”

“That's encouraging. So you think it's safe to extend the trial outside of Athena?”

“Absolutely. There have been no negative reactions thus far. More data will only help me make any necessary adjustments before we begin full scale manufacturing.”

“And how soon do you think we can do that?”

“As long as there are no setbacks, a few more months.”

“Excellent. Coordinate with Brandi for the extended trial and keep in touch with Amanda and our manufacturing team. I want to bring it to market as soon as possible.”

“Yes, President Sins. About the approval process-”

“You needn't worry” Madam Snow cut her off. “We're strengthening our connections in Washington to smooth that along.”

“I'm sure you'll get it through” the scientist acknowledged. “But do you really think they'll let us get away with calling it a **wellness supplement** and providing it over the counter? I know money talks, but...”

“Leave that to us” Ana said with a grin. “You just make sure it's safe and effective.”

Ida nodded respectfully before leaning back in her chair.

“Next?” Anastasia asked.

“Expansion and changes to the Athena *Virtual Assistant* program” Amanda answered.

“Right. Where's my Chief Technology Officer?”

“Right here!” the quiet Indian girl near the end of the table answered with a raised hand.

“There you are! Hello, Eshana.”

“Madam President” she replied with a bow.

“You, me and a select few others need to have a private meeting soon. I want to discuss some changes to the AI. There's a whole host of new functions I want Athena running, if possible.”

“It will be my pleasure, President Sins.”

“How many households currently use Athena devices throughout the country?”

“About fifty million.”

“And the world?”

“One hundred and twenty million.”

“That's not bad, but I want to double that number, or more, in the next couple years.”

“Oh...” Eshana uttered a light gasp. “An admirable goal, Madam President, but in order to achieve that

kind of market penetration, we'd need to make them significantly cheaper and fund their advertising much more aggressively. I don't know how much more we can do without losing money on them.”

“I don't care if we lose money on them. The goal is to get one in every home we possibly can. Give them away for all I care.”

“That would be unwise, I think” Madam Snow spoke up.

“Oh?” Ana turned to her. “It's not like we're going to go broke.”

“My dear, if you start giving them away for nothing, that will jeopardize the program. People are inherently suspicious of anything that's offered freely, especially from the government or a large conglomerate. I recommend we make them as cheap as possible, but above the threshold that people start to question their purpose.”

“Seconded” Amanda said with a smile of approval at Madam Snow.

Anastasia nodded in agreement. “Very well. Veronica, I want you working on this with Eshana. Assuming your plate isn't too full?”

“I welcome the opportunity” Madam Snow responded with poise.

“Anything else that can't wait for next week?” Ana asked, turning to Amanda. “I'm starving.”

The big woman scanned down the list, ignoring the few remaining matters that weren't pressing.

“Oh! The press release. You wanted to say a word about that before it goes out tonight?”

“Ah, yes. Suyin? Is everything ready?”

“Yes, President Sins. We'll be making the announcement at the end of business today, as you instructed” the Director of Communications answered with confidence.

Suyin was a Chinese American with shoulder-length black hair and an oval face. A pretty woman with a stern demeanor who Ana happily elevated after excusing her predecessor. She was good at her job and notably taller than average for one of her lineage.

“Say no more. I want it to be a surprise. Everyone, please tune into the news tonight when you get a chance! You won't regret it.”

Excited chatter welled up through the conference room as speculation began to bubble and roil.

“That's all for today, girls! Keep up the good work. Enjoy your lunch!” Ana said in dismissal.

The staff rose from their seats, chatting with each other as they filed out. Anastasia, Madam Snow and Jacqueline lingered, eyeing each other and waiting for the room to clear out before speaking. They were excited as well, though not about lunch or the promised announcement. The three of them would be leaving early for the day, and after their meal, they had *extra curricular* activities to look forward to.

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“**ARGH!**” Jacob grunted in pain as his corset was laced up tightly.

The contraption of rubber and metal delivered crushing pressure to his torso. It was a lot to contend with, given that most of his body was already layered in restrictive latex. The constricting body sheath pushed his heavy set of fake silicone breasts upward, pressing them out more visibly in his stretchy rubber bodysuit.

Jake was nothing but a latex doll from the waist up. All but his eyes and mouth were sealed in glossy black. A single rubber stem stuck up from the top of his bimbo hood, from which several latex tassels dangled in a crude resemblance of hair. A gaudy white necklace hung just below his thick leather collar. It consisted of three stacked layers of fake pearls and a large white heart pendant at the front, standing out prominently from his shiny black second skin.

The corset was locked at the front with seven metal buckles. At the back, it was being tightened more severely by the second with the thick cords that braided its width. From the waist to his upper thighs, Jacob was nearly naked. His cock was locked in a sturdy metal chastity cage and his ass was exposed for easy access.

Stretchy rubber garter belts ran down the front and back of his thighs, clipping into black, latex thigh high boots. His legs were crammed into them painfully. He'd only been wearing the glossy fetish footwear for forty five minutes and his feet were already screaming. Jake had no idea how women wore these kind of boots with any regularity.

“Almost done” Madam Snow spoke as she pulled the cords a bit tighter and began tying them off.

“**Urrgghh!** Good lord!” Jake spat before biting his lip.

SMACK

Veronica's leather palm blasted his right ass cheek, sending it shaking. The loud slap echoed through the well-stocked play room.

“No complaining, **slave!** You want to look your best for our special guest, don't you?”

“Yes, Mistress Snow. Please, just tell me it isn't my ex-wife.”

Madam Snow said nothing as she tugged at his rubber bodice, double checking all the restraints.

“Mistress, plea-”

“It's not your ex-wife!” she confirmed, releasing his rubberized body.

Veronica stalked around to his front. She'd changed from her work attire into an elegant leather coat that traced her body all the way from her shoulders to the laces of her boots. It flowed outward near the bottom like a leather skirt; essentially a body length trench coat, but more feminine. As Domme outfits

went, this was one of the easiest to change into, but still exuded power, confidence and class. She brushed a wave of platinum-blond hair from her eyes before continuing.

“...but I hope to add her to our fun and games, one of these days.”

Jacob sighed as he eyed his former lover and owner up and down. “That's what makes you different from the others. Any Domme can be cruel, but you know what kind of cruelty hurts the most, Madam Snow.”

She reached out and grabbed his jaw, her leather fingers and thumb tightening on both sides of his latex-clad face. “Mmmhmm, and you love it, don't you? You **need** the cruelty, Jacob. That's why you're here.”

SMACK

She released his face and followed up with a quick slap to his left cheek. Madam Snow turned and began putting away the dressing lube, rubber shine and a few unused accessories.

“Anastasia is giving our guest a grand tour of the building. Or maybe they're still getting dressed. Either way, they should be along soon.”

After putting away her supplies, Veronica sauntered over to a devilish looking stockade. She snapped her fingers and pointed at it.

“Over here. Stop your whining and assume the position!”

Jacob moved to obey her, careful not to misstep in his high heels. His body was already aching in the tight ensemble she'd dressed him in. Being locked in that device while wearing **this** outfit would be a truly hellish experience. It wasn't like a normal stockade where just your head and hands were inserted through the front. This was a more compact and devious creation. It consisted of two thick pillars connected by a tall series of boards. It was anchored by wide, triangular support structures at the base.

Madam Snow lifted its heavy wooden slats off the rack until reaching the large midsection where the slave's torso would lay. Jake walked to it and gently inserted himself into the opening. With his rubberized body tightened by the corset, his mid-section fit into the infernal device snugly. Veronica re-inserted the first large wooden slat and sealed his body in.

KER-CLACK

At the top of the large wooden partition were two smaller holes for his arms. Madam Snow grabbed his wrists and guided his hands past the half-circles one by one.

“Don't move.”

KER-CLACK

The second wooden partition was inserted above the first. The half-circles of each side met to seal in his arms. Although it was likely unnecessary, Madam Snow took the extra step of strapping thick leather wrist cuffs around the base of both hands and cinching them together with a thick length of

chain. Still unsatisfied, she gathered several hefty ropes and tied his thighs and calves to anchor points in the back of the medieval torture stand.

Jacob's body was now pointed straight out from the stockade with his arms pulled up and behind him. They were locked tight through the back of the rack. His lower body stood on the other side of the cruel device, his booted legs strapped in place and aching in heels. His fake breasts pointed straight at the ground, sticking out from his tight rubber suit. This was a stress position that would grow uncomfortable very quickly and he would be forced to maintain it for as long as they wished.

As if the thought of *'they'* summoned the rest of the trio, a door opened and closed in the distance. Seconds later, the heavenly Anastasia and their special guest appeared in the makeshift dungeon. Jacob's eyes went wide.

'Oh my god! Jacqueline...'

It was his former assistant and she was now one of them. The slim brunette could pass for a member of the Ivory Manor, even if her outfit suggested she was a novice. The simple leather top and leather pants screamed *'domme's first fetish outfit.'* No doubt it had been purchased hastily or borrowed from one of Madam Snow's girls.

Jacqueline was the only one not wearing boots. She'd opted for simple black heels. The only splash of color in her outfit that deviated from pure glossy black were the red and black leather bracers laced around her forearms. Each one stretched down, crossing the back of her hands and looping around her middle fingers.

Jake's magnificent owner and Headmistress looked resplendent as always. Anastasia was decked out in a tailored red rubber corset with a tight, matching skirt and shiny boots that climbed up to her lower thighs. She carried a heavy crop that ended in a thick, heart-shaped head. Jacob could count on one hand the number of times he'd seen her without an implement of discipline at her side. She was a true Queen, never without a wand or scepter to inspire reverence and punish the wicked.

Jacqueline may have been the new-comer, but she didn't act like it. She marched right over to Jacob's bound body, grabbed the stem of his hood and lifted his face.

“Is this **rubber slut** really him?”

She searched for recognition below the web of latex covering the man's face. Her hazel eyes, glowing with hints of amber, gazed into his. Their usual warmth faded as her demeanor shifted to that of cold steel.

“Yeah, it's you. I'd recognize those empty eyes anywhere.”

Jacob's pride was hurt, but not as badly as his aching body. The ordeal had barely begun and he could already feel his legs wobbling in their bonds. His torso, shoulders and arms fatigued under the constant strain.

“What do you think, Jacqueline? Does he look better as a man or a woman?” Ana asked.

“Oh, definitely a woman!” she answered and released her grip on his hood. Jake's head lulled down, his

gaze level with her leather-sheathed hips. "I bet he'd make someone a fine secretary."

"Oh, please!" Anastasia said, crossing her arms below her bust. "He can't do the work of an executive assistant. He's not that talented."

Madam snow raised a finger in proposition. "Perhaps, if Mistress Jacqueline is so kind, he could be trained into a suitable office slut."

"What a wonderful idea! Let's get started right now!" she replied. Jacqueline lifted one foot to his face and planted the bottom of her shoe against his mouth. "**LICK!**"

Jake extended his tongue and slurped up and down obediently. He bathed her footwear in his phlegm, getting a strong taste of the ground his once-sweet servant had tread upon to get here.

When she was satisfied her shoe was clean of dirt and grime, Jacqueline reached over and seized the top of his hood again. She bent down and spoke to him, inches from his face.

"Open your mouth, **skank!**"

Jacob's lips parted as his jaw extended. His dark eyes shimmered with fear as he watched his former aid, normally so demure, submissive and proper, grow drunk with power.

PPPTUUIII

Jacqueline spit a thick wad of her saliva directly into the rubber slave's mouth.

SMACK

Following the deposit of her fluids, her free hand streaked out and bitch-slapped Jacob across the face loudly. His eyes went wide in disbelief, absolutely shocked by Jacqueline's transformation.

Madam Snow's eyebrows rose. Anastasia turned to her, smiling broadly.

The fired up Femdom dropped his head again. Jacqueline stalked around to his backside, studying Jacob's painfully locked and squirming body. The eager Domina stopped just behind him, scanning his out-thrust rear, locked penis and freely dangling scrotum.

She turned to the two pro Dommies and pointed to his exposed nethers. "May I?"

"Of course" Madam Snow answered with a nod.

"Go crazy" Anastasia added with a sinister grin.

Jacob braced himself. When the first blow arrived, all air fled from his lungs.

CA-CLACK

The swift kick to his privates not only caused his metal-wrapped dick to lurch painfully, but his entire body jolted in its heavy bondage. Five more crushing blows followed in quick succession.

“THIS! Is for EVERY! TIME! You CALLED ME! JACKIE!!!”

Each emphasized word was timed with a brutal kick to his balls. Jacob sputtered in pain, his arms and legs rattling in the stocks as his face grew red below the thick rubber mask. He coughed between deep groans of pain and futile attempts to catch his breath.

“Without her permission!” Anastasia reminded him.

Jacqueline stepped back and the trio watched as he absorbed the ocean of pure torment. Saliva slid from Jacob's lips as he writhed in his bonds. Removing any doubt that she was just getting started, Jacqueline stalked to the nearest toy rack. In short order, she picked out a long, thick rubber cock and a suitable harness.

“Do you want a hand with that, dear?” Madam Snow inquired.

“No, I think I got it!” Jacqueline answered as she slid the web of leather up her legs and strapped it firmly around her waist.

Veronica and Anastasia watched in stunned silence as Jacqueline lubed up the monster cock between her legs like it was something she'd done a hundred times before. She strode back to the imprisoned slave and splattered his crack with thick lubricant before setting it aside and lining herself up for her first anal invasion.

Seeing that Jacqueline was showing no lack of enthusiasm and their tutelage was apparently unnecessary, Anastasia and Madam Snow stepped further into the background. They watched from a distance as Jacqueline grabbed Jake's hips aggressively and thrust her fearsome length into his defenseless hole.

The rubberized bondage slut wailed like a cock craving whore. Jacob's loud groans were half from stiff, pain-wracked muscles and half from the pure pleasure of being plowed with slick rubber cock. Mistress Jacqueline berated him endlessly as she settled into a slow rhythm, feeding him ever more of her fat, foot long schlong.

It was a wondrous and rare thing the head of the Ivory Manor and the CEO of Athena were beholding. They drank in the sounds and sights as they bore witness to the birth of a Goddess. It was a woman embracing her full sexual power and ascending those lofty, ivory steps to the realm of divinity.

“Wow... Do you think this is Ida's drug at work?” Madam Snow asked with quiet reverence.

“In part, but it's not just that” Anastasia responded. “Jacqueline has wanted this for a very long time, even if she didn't know it consciously.”

“You seem pretty sure of yourself.”

“I've never been more sure of anything. The world is full of women with the repressed desire to dominate. It bubbles just below the surface. We're going to free them all to be the best version of themselves. Perhaps, before now, Jacqueline expressed her frustration in other ways. Imagining Jacob's head when she chopped a head of lettuce. Screaming into a pillow at night. Maybe she burned it off at

the gym. Now, she has a new outlet. The proper one.”

Anastasia pointed her *love tap* crop at the rutting brunette and their shuddering submissive. Ten inches of thick rubber cock were now pumping in and out of Jacob's jiggling ass at the behest of Jacqueline's energetic hips. His caged dicklet flopped back and forth as his bound body rocked in the stocks.

“TAKE IT YOU FILTHY SISSY SLUT! BEG FOR THIS COCK!!!”

“Ahhhh! Unnnghhh... Please Mistress Jacqueline! **MORE!!!**”

Madam Snow watched the display of debauchery with a growing smile. “You may not be giving Doctor Hoffman enough credit, but I'm sure you're right to some extent. She clearly wanted this and that desire didn't begin with a purple pill. There's a dominant lurking in every woman. It's our job to guide it to the surface and unleash it.”

“Right on! Shall we join the fun?”

“Of course. We can't let Jacqueline have it all.”

Anastasia and Veronica proceeded to the toy racks and chose their weapons. Ana's first selection was a nose hook with a long rubber cord. She set her crop aside and moved to fit Jacob with yet another element of painful restriction as Madam Snow selected her own strapon harness and the biggest dildo Jake could swallow to the hilt.

“Alright little **piggy!** I wanna hear you snort!”

Ana grabbed his hood handle and lifted Jacob's face. She inserted the cold, metal prongs into his nostrils and pulled the strap over the top of his head. She fed the long strap back through a D-ring on the stocks and adjusted its metal bindings until it was holding his head up firmly. Now Jacob could no longer lift his head or let it drop and rest. Like every other part of his body, he had lost all control.

Jacqueline went balls deep for the first time with all twelve inches of her slick fuck meat. She bottomed out in Jake's innards as Madam Snow approached him at the front. Jacqueline's hips slammed into his ass with hungry thrusts. His chained wrists and tied legs smacked into the stocks repeatedly, eliciting grunts and mutters of pain until another fat phallus was pressed to his lips.

“Open up, slut! Let's show Mistress Jacqueline how good you are at deep-throating a big juicy cock!”

Before he could utter any response, Veronica thrust forward and her silicone missile slid deep in Jake's drooling mouth. She grabbed the stem of his hood and gave his face a firm tug as bulbous rubber tunneled through his lips. The fat length flattened his tongue and poised itself at the entrance to his throat, threatening to go deeper.

Anastasia retrieved her crop and watched the sensual spit-roasting with a dreamy expression. It was a masterpiece, seeing Jacob's old flame and his former subordinate simultaneously stuff his holes with rubber cock as he suffered in bimbo bondage. Ana waited her turn, patiently. It took every ounce of discipline at her command not to dip her free hand down her glossy, fetish skirt and strum her sopping wet pussy with latex fingers.

* * * * *

“Hey, I'm back!” Anastasia announced as she closed the front door behind her. “Sorry I'm late!”

“No worries!” Brandon called from the living room. “I got your text. Did you get caught up at the offi-”

His question was cut off as Ana strode into the living room. She was still garbed in shiny red rubber from bust to boots.

“Oh! Guess not.”

“I was helping Jacob and an old friend get reacquainted” she explained with a wink. “Someone within the company who's excited to play a role in his training.”

“Ah, I see” Brandon said with a knowing smirk. He began to stand from the sofa when Anastasia stopped him.

“No, no! You're perfect right there! Do me a favor and put on the news.”

“The news? What channel?”

“It probably doesn't matter” she said while setting her bag and crop aside. “Flip to one of the financial networks, I guess.”

Anastasia joined him on the couch. As her body dipped into the succulent leather, she wormed an arm around Brandon's back and hooked her right leg over his left. They kissed in greeting and watched the broadcast for a while, resting together until the segment Ana was waiting for arrived.

HOST: “We're back! For our final *Investor Class* segment tonight, let's talk about the recent Athena news.”

“This is it!” Ana said excitedly.

“Oh god. What now?” Brandon asked with a note of apprehension.

HOST: “Jason, what do you make of the announcement that Athena's CEO is getting a legal name change to, well... **Athena!**”

GUEST #1: “I only need one word to describe it, Catherine, and that word is **BRILLIANT!**”

HOST: “It does have a certain ring, doesn't it? Athena Dominique Sins.”

GUEST #1: “Forget the ring! Her old name had a nice ring. It's the strategy that matters!”

GUEST #2: “Strategy? This isn't what I'd call *The Art of War*.”

GUEST #1: “Wrong! This is calculated and very smart! If I'm the new head of Athena, what I'm looking for right now is to associate myself with the brand. To lock my identity in people's minds with this behemoth corporation I've waltzed into.”

GUEST #2: “And you really think this is gonna do it?”

GUEST #1: “Absolutely! She will share the name of the company and the millions of devices currently sitting in consumer's homes across the nation. Not to mention the AI itself! You can't do better brand integration than that! It's a genius move.”

HOST: “You don't seem convinced, Mark. Why the skepticism?”

GUEST #2: “This is a PR stunt. Sure, it'll make for some nice headlines, but it's not going to turn the company around. The stock's been down for months. This isn't going to fix that.”

GUEST #1: “It's still down from six months ago, but it's also back on the rise. Word on the beltway is Athena has a whole new line of exclusive products coming out next year that will put them in a position to dominate the wellness supplement market. An untapped, 140 billion dollar market for them! If you ask me, now is the time to **BUY!**”

GUEST #2: “That's a lot of trust to place in rumors and gossip.”

GUEST #1: “And I'll tell you another thing! Six months from now, no one is even going to remember the name Jake Telos. All they're going to see is a company, named after a Greek-”

Anastasia hit the mute button before tossing the remote aside. She lifted her leg from Brandon's lap and pressed herself into his shoulder. Ana pushed him down into the rippling leather cushions as he turned to greet her. Soon, her latex-clad bust was firm against his chest and her legs were clamped around his. Her hands lay flat on either side of his head as she gazed down at him with a soft smile.

She was happier than Brandon had ever seen.

“Well, I guess I'm **really** gonna have to call you *Goddess* from now on.”

“Yup. Any problems with that?”

“None whatsoever. It's a beautiful name. It suits you well... Athena.”

“Good answer.”

As they kissed long and deep, Brandon took the liberty of seizing her ass without permission. He groped at her with hungry hands. Anastasia smothered him with her curves as their tongues darted back and forth. They swapped hot breath and saliva in between giddy murmurs and lustful moans.

The Goddess of Domination ground herself against his body as she drank deeply of her favorite

submissive. She would allow his indiscretion on this special occasion. He could always be punished later.

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