

Athena Corp Chronicles

Chapter 1 – The Fall Of Man

WHIPCRACK

“ARRRGHHHH!!!”

Ana smiled as an especially brutal lash whipped into the back of her naked, shivering submissive. He was shackled to a St. Andrew's Cross and naked, aside from the metal cock cage imprisoning his shriveled manhood. His back was covered in welts. Some were old. Many were new. The canvas of his body was growing more raw and red by the second. Anastasia was a skilled artist with a bullwhip and she enjoyed painting the skin of powerful men most of all.

C-CRACK C-CRACK C-CRACK

“MMMMMPPPPHHHHHHH!!!!”

Jake bit his tongue and grunted in pain. The room filled with Ana's mocking laughter as her body tingled with the seductive high of sadism. She hadn't always been like this. Many years ago, the idea of dominating and torturing men would've repulsed her. She was eager for their approval then. No longer. Now she thrilled in giving them what they deserved. And there were few more deserving of pain and ridicule than Jake Telos.

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

“AHHHHHHH!!!! FUCK!!!”

“I don't recall giving you permission to speak.” The words slid from her lips like poisoned honey.

CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRRRRACK

Jacob gasped, shaking against his metal bonds as the lacerations tore into the flesh of his back and ass. The tight metal restraints held him fast to the leather-padded planks. Agony surged through his pale body as relief flooded his mind. A series of sinister cackles escaped Ana's lips and echoed off the walls.

Few men could afford a suite like this. A private residence kept exclusively for spending afternoons and evenings with one's Dominatrix. But Jake wasn't most men. Jake was the richest man in the country. Possibly the richest in the world. He had an economic empire that spanned the globe.

Any casual thought that occurred to him could change the course of human events. Not because he was particularly insightful, wise or a trusted leader. Purely because he'd built a system that catered to human whims while extracting wealth from the population. That was all he had to offer and the callous, covetous world heaped praise on him for it. In a society ruled by psychopaths, Jacob was a god.

Long before she got to know him better, Ana knew he was among the very worst of men. She'd met his kind many times before. He was simply the most prominent example of a disgusting archetype. You didn't reach the top of the pyramid without being a piece of shit. Not in this contemptible world built by men like the one sprawled out before her.

“How does that feel, you filthy worm?”

“It... it hurts Mistress! Thank you.”

“Pffft....”

WHIPCRACK

CCC-CRACK CCC-CRACK CCC-CRACK

Anastasia had learned much about her charge over the last several months. Thousands of articles and bios had been written about this man, but none of them truly shined a spotlight on him. Not in the way a crop and a cat-o'-nine-tails could. Not when you make someone thirst for you hopelessly the way Jake did for her. No reporter or biographer could do that.

Jake was a terrible husband and father. No surprise for a man dedicated to the accumulation of wealth, power and influence. His wife had left three years ago and taken a quarter of his fortune with her. That didn't slow Jake's career, of course. Why would it? Grieving and healing was for people who were capable of forming real connections with other human beings.

Jake rarely saw his children anymore. Even if he had more time with them, he'd never be able to forge meaningful bonds with his family. They suffered from a disease similar to his own. Growing up immersed in wealth and privilege often spawned young adults who were completely out of touch with the society they lived in. How could it not?

Ana's ability to strip away his pretensions is what made her uniquely suited to topping Jake. She understood him. Much better than he understood himself, in fact. He was an endless well of guilt. A self-hating creature for whom no amount of torment and degradation would ever be enough. That filled her heart with joy. Especially at the unique possibilities it opened up for her.

She flicked her wrist and the whip skittered free from her path. The black latex of Ana's glossy bodysuit creaked as she stalked toward her bound prisoner. Her stilettos struck the floor loudly, announcing her ominous intentions with every step. She stopped just behind him and waited a few seconds, letting Jake bathe in silent anticipation.

POOOMMMFFFF

The end of her boot connected sharply with his dangling nards and sent them rocketing up into his body. His balls were crushed against the metal cock cage and his own weight as blood rushed to his head and pulverized nethers. The initial shocked silence and inability to breathe passed and Jake sputtered out a series of choking cries of pain. His limbs rattled on the cross as suffering throbbed through his body like lightning. Ana gave him a few moments to work through his anguish before speaking.

“Who am I, slave?”

“Mhh.....My Goddess and Domina, Mistress Anastasia!”

“You want to please me, don't you Jacob?”

“More than anything, Mistress.”

She reached down with her palm, spread her latex-clad fingers and took hold of Jake's left ass cheek. Ana squeezed his reddened, welted flesh fiercely as her mouth drew close to his ear. Jacob yelped and squirmed in his bindings as he stared at the wall. The worst torture was his inability to see the devastating beauty putting him through this paces.

“AHHHHH!!!! **ARRRRGHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

Her words carved into him like a surgeon's scalpel. “I wonder about that sometimes. I don't think you want anyone to be happy. I think you want everyone to be as miserable as you are. Do you think you even know what would make me happy?”

Ana rubbed his ass in smooth, circular motions. The searing ache coursed through his flayed buttocks, but the motion itself was oddly soothing. Endorphins flowed through Jake's body freely, egged on by the lengthy session of escalating pain.

“I would not presume to know, Mistress.”

“You don't *presume* to know what makes people happy, **you fucking idiot!**” Ana seized his ass once more and squeezed it powerfully. Shock waves of agony crashed through his lower body. “You get to **know** them. You show an interest in people other than yourself! Their wants and needs. At least, that's what emotionally intelligent people do! Scumbags like **you** usually need to ask.”

“Please, Mistress! Tell me what will make you happy... I will make it so.”

“Really? Anything at all?”

“Nearly anything.”

“Ahhh, nearly. So there *are* limits to your devotion.”

“If it's within my power and the bounds of the law, Mistress.”

She released his ass and Jake breathed deeply. A moment later he saw the thick cord of her whip lower into his field of vision. In a split second it was closed, violently, around his throat. Jake gagged and struggled as she pulled the ends of the whip in opposite directions and tightened the leather length around his collared neck.

Her latex curves pressed forcefully into Jake's wounded body. Ana's breasts plastered against his blistered back as her pelvis mashed into his well-beaten ass. Fresh pain assaulted him along with the delicious embrace of his Goddess' flawless form. Jacob melted in reverence for his Domina even as he scrambled to breathe and yanked fruitlessly at his bonds.

Ana grinned wickedly as she gave him a brutal dose of surprise breath play. The time had come. It was now or never. She'd been marinating him for months in preparation for this day. Ana had spent the passing weeks ratcheting up his tolerance and drive for kink; not to mention his desire and need for **her**. Both had reached a fever pitch. Their formal contract would soon be at an end and she was determined to write the next one on her own terms. There would never be a better opportunity to put her plan into action.

“No more games, you **pathetic slut!** We've been *playing* for far too long. It's time for the real thing! I want us to go **all the way. 24/7!** Are you ready to offer me your **FULL AND TOTAL SUBMISSION?!?**”

“Y-Yes... Mistress...” he sputtered as his eyes watered and saliva slid from his lips. “A-Anything... for you...”

She held the knot around his throat a few more seconds as the leather tightened and creaked. Her annoyed expression transformed into a haughty sneer as she loosened the whip and Jake sucked in a loud, exasperated breath. Ana gathered her implement of doom into a neat coil at her side as she waited for his coughing and gasping to abate.

“We'll test that theory today, **maggot**. Before I leave, we'll see if you're ready to surrender to me completely or if this relationship is at an end.”

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18 MONTHS BEFORE THE FALL

It was a clear, sunny day as Ana sat on the patio outside her favorite local eatery. Just across the table was her best friend Brandi sporting shades and a stylish, mauve top. The mocha-skinned siren was Anastasia's best friend in college and was still her BFF to this day. Brandi had gone through many hair styles since they met, but lately she'd grown accustomed to a low maintenance pixie cut.

Neither of them had found much use for their degree since graduating. There was work out there, but it was all low paying, thankless jobs that treated employees like shit. Now they found themselves in the same profession; one that paid well for women who were willing to indulge the kinks of submissive men. They'd met to discuss that very topic as soon as their lunch orders were placed.

Ana brushed the flowing, golden locks from her face and studied the menu in front of her. The buxom blonde leaned back in her chair, relaxing in her black halter top and ripped blue jeans. She saw many of her favorite, tasty dishes on hand, but was determined to pick something healthy today.

“Gah! I'm dying for a piece of a cheesecake, but I know I can't go there.”

“Why not?”

“Because if I eat one more slice, there's no way I'll fit in my leather corset.”

Brandi snickered. "The things we do to keep a figure."

"No kidding. But if looking good was easy, everyone would do it" Ana replied.

"True that. I think I'm gettin a wrap."

"Caesar salad for me."

The waiter arrived to take their order and fetch their drinks. The pair were left to wait, hungrily, as a light breeze blew across the quad.

"So, you given any thought to what I mentioned the other day?" Brandi inquired.

"Madam Snow?"

"Yeah. She's got a good thing going!"

"I don't know. I mean, it sounds nice, but I want to work for myself from now on."

"How you gonna do that without a nest egg? You can barely afford an apartment, let alone a dungeon."

"Who says I need a dungeon? I'm going to start off small, with one of those websites where fans pay you directly. There's a ton of them now."

"You gonna be a cam-girl, really?"

"Not a cam girl! Well, not *just* a cam girl. An online Domina! I'm going to produce videos and hypnosis recordings and stuff. Until it's enough to pay the bills, I'll keep topping the usual creeps I already see. And anyone else I can find in the area."

"Girl, I'm tellin you, there's no need for any of that! Madam Snow's got an offer you can't refuse."

"Fine, give me the deets."

Brandi got an excited look in her eyes, gesturing enthusiastically as she spelled it all out. "She provides all the dates. Big money clients, no chump change! The clients are scanned for problematic history and pay up front. All contact and payment information is filed with the agency. No more worries about sketchy Johns! All you gotta do is show up and top the client. They provide free kink training **and** they got a dungeon you can use if the client can't host."

"Okay, and how big of a cut does *Madam Snow* take?"

"Thirty percent. A bargain given all they're doin for ya."

"And this is just domination? There's no other *sexual services* expected?"

"Not only is it not expected, it's against the rules."

“Uh huh. I bet that doesn't stop the girls from offering something extra on the side.”

“I'm sure some do, but you'll never be pressured into anything like that. If the John won't behave, just report em to the agency. They'll get banned.”

Ana nodded, liking what she was hearing. “Alright, maybe I'll give it a shot. Just until I have some decent bank saved up. Then I'm going independent!”

“You won't regret it” Brandi said with a wink. “Maybe we'll even get to work together some time.”

“Like any guy could handle both of us.” Ana smiled deviously as Brandi giggled.

“One more question. What kind of a woman is Madam Snow?”

“Stern, but fair.”

* * * * *

WHAP WHAP SHHHSNAP

Two fierce swats of the leather crop belted into Jacob's thighs and the final strike rattled his cock cage. Fresh, burgeoning pain ebbed through his lower body as Ana pressed her bare ass down on his face demandingly.

“**Deeper** you **fucking pig!** You don't deserve to tongue my ass, but as long as you're down there, you might as well do it properly!”

If not for her shouting, Jake wouldn't have heard her through the avalanche of succulent, peach-toned ass flesh. His face was engulfed by her cheeks as he lay strapped to the bondage table. She shimmied her ample ass over his head, suffocating him for long stretches and always pressing her silky pucker directly against his waiting lips.

Jacob licked, tongued and worshiped her asshole eagerly. He needed Ana. He was addicted to her. Had he fallen in love at first sight? Or was it after he'd heard her sultry voice and its deliciously frosty tone? He'd done a double-take the first time he saw her wonderful name on the page. Anastasia Dominique Sins. A true Goddess.

SHNAP SHNAP SHNAP SHNAP SHNAP

She throttled the business end of the crop into his caged penis five times in succession. Jacob gasped in the confines of her ass, but was given no reprieve. She kept him sealed below as his arms and legs pulled on their restraints uselessly. The pain was devastating. Delicious. Deserved.

He painted her lovely crack up and down with his soiled tongue before plunging it back into her moist starfish. Jake slurped back and forth in her tight, fleshy ring. Light moans slipped from the lips of his Domina, above. He relished her squeals of pleasure almost as much as the suffering she inflicted on him.

No matter how much she dished out, it would never cleanse his soul. Never make him worthy. Never lead to atonement. She was an endless fount of sadistic punishment and he a penitent prisoner, tarnished by countless sins. They were perfect for each other and they both knew it.

At least, that was Jake's hope. Ana had just insisted he submit to her fully. That unless he did, their time together would be over. That couldn't be. **Would not be.** He would yield to her wishes, no doubt. There was little she could ask that he would not immediately grant. What could she demand that he would not concede? He needed his Angel of Pain more than the oxygen his lungs burned for.

Ana lifted her glistening, saliva slick ass from his face and moaned blissfully. She reached down and Jake felt the merciless swats of a latex palm across his face.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

After four stinging blows criss-crossed his gasping form, she grabbed his chin fiercely.

“Hurry up and make me cum, you **little shit!** There's *real* pain waiting for you!”

Anastasia dropped her ass back on his face. Her full weight smacked him into the leather lined table with a muffled thud. Jacob's mouth and nose were thrust into her slick, musty depths and he began moaning and tonguing her gladly once again.

SHNAP SHNAP SHNAP SHNAP SHNAP SHNAP SHNAP SHNAP

Jake's cock was like a frightened, caged little bird and she made the bars rattle continuously. Her moans grew louder as the symphony of torment and smothering continued.

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12 MONTHS BEFORE THE FALL

It was one of those Thursday nights where everyone was acting like it was Friday. The bar was packed, the chatter was loud and the lights were low. Ana loved this mood even though she didn't have the specter of “work tomorrow” in the back of her mind like most of these unfortunate souls. She didn't even have a client tomorrow. Ana could drink herself into oblivion if she wanted and she was well on her way.

Brandi and her latest boy-toy, Robert, were opposite her in the booth. She was playing kissy face with the well-toned former frat boy before he inevitably slunk off to engage in shenanigans. This wasn't the first time Ana had seen it.

“I love you, baby.”

“I love you too. You gonna go play some pool?” Brandi asked with a broad smile and glossy, dark eyes.

“Yeah, I see a couple easy marks over there. Time to make a little dough!”

“As long as you have fun, baby. We'll be right here.”

“Right” he replied, nodding to Brandi and Ana. “See you ladies in a bit.”

Ana watched as he slid out of the seat and made his way to the pool tables. Based on their previous meetings in this bar, there was a seventy five percent chance he'd return with an empty wallet.

“You're really sweet on him, huh? What's it been now? Three months?”

“Almost. And yeah, I like Robert. He's got his rough edges, but he's hard working and he makes me laugh. Nice ass, too.”

Ana snickered and took another long chug of her beer.

“Whoa, slow down girl! We're not in a hurry here.”

“Maybe you're not.”

“What's going on? Is this something to do with Simon?”

“We're done.”

“What?!? When did this happen?”

“Last night.”

“Oh, hun... I'm sorry.” Brandi reached out and placed her right hand over Ana's left. “You want to talk about it?”

“Nothing to talk about” she declared before taking another swig of her drink. “We just weren't compatible.”

“What? But you seemed so good together! Every time I saw you two, you were smiling.”

“I mean in bed. We just didn't fit.”

“Oh... Damn. Well, now you gotta tell me more!”

“He wouldn't go in for the lightest shit! A pair of fuzzy cuffs! Some light spanking. I was gonna ease him in...”

Brandi smirked. “Girl, you know not everyone likes to be topped.”

“Yup, and those guys don't belong in my life.”

“I don't know how you do it. I **need** a break from it now and then. Robert is happy to give me an old fashion night of love making.”

“You've never topped him?”

“We've played around a little, but it's not our regular thing.”

Ana downed the rest of her drink and set the bottle on the table. She reached up and creased her long, blonde hair over the top of her right ear. “I'm glad that makes you happy, but it's not for me. I **need** to top. Domming isn't just a job or a thrill for me. It's a way of life. Anything else almost feels like... a betrayal.” She lifted her empty bottle and motioned to their server, indicating she should bring another.

“If it's that important to you, why not use Fetlife or S&M personals? There's no point fishing in the big pond when it keeps disappointing you.”

“No--” she insisted. “Scrolling through guys who just want me because I'm a top is an even bigger waste of time. When I find the right man, he won't know he's a submissive yet. Not until he meets me. I'll be the one to reveal his true nature. I'll *make him* my own.”

Brandi's eyes went wide. She stared at her friend as the server arrived with her second drink. Ana brought it to her lips and imbibed deeply as she looked out at the crowded bar and rows of widescreen TVs.

“Girl, you know you're kinda scary sometimes, right?”

Ana laughed and leaned back. Her leather jacket creaked against the pliable booth. She ran her free hand through her hair as a grin spread across her face. “Good. That's the vibe I'm going for.”

Brandi smiled knowingly at her oldest friend. “How's work? Madam Snow's treatin you right, yeah?”

“It's been good” Anastasia nodded. “Better than I expected. She's kind of humorless, but she runs a tight ship. Can't complain about the money.”

“So, you're gonna stick around?”

“For a little while, yeah. I still want to break out on my own. I want to be free, you know?”

“I know what you mean, but I also know there's nothing more freeing than being set for life” Brandi stated before sipping her mimosa.

“Set for life? What do you mean?”

“Once Madam Snow knows a woman is reliable, they start getting shots at the *big gigs*. Premium clients who pay a premium price for premium service. Sometimes you're even commissioned for an exclusive gig. They can turn into long contracts and huge money if the client likes you.”

“Really? How come I haven't heard about this yet?”

“Six months is the benchmark for entry. You need to have the right skills, too, but I'm sure you've already impressed her in that regard. Stick around a little longer and I have no doubt Madam Snow will promote you to the big leagues.”

* * * * *

“MMMMPPPGGHHHHH! ARRGGHHHHH!!! MMMGGGMMLLLPPPPP!!!!”

Ana pounded his bound, helpless form. The determined Domina shoved ten inches of thick, shiny black cock into his stretched-wide pucker with each thrust. She gripped his hips fiercely and shafted him with vigor, the giant rubber scrotum of her massive strapon pummeling Jake's tortured ball-sack painfully.

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP SHLORK SHLORK SHLURP SHLURP

Her eager slave was bent over a leather sofa. His cock remained caged but his predicament had grown more severe. His balls were now sandwiched between a brutally tight *humbler* below. It was a cruel device of wood and iron that clamped down on the flesh between the scrotum and penis. His sack had turned a light purple color as blood rushed to it but was unable to escape. Each time Ana speared him with her enormous rubber schlong, a bolt of agony surged through his lower body and up his spine.

“Hmmpfh! You love this too much, slave. A true cock whore and pain slut! Isn't that right?”

“YEFFF MIFFREFF!!! MMMPPPGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Anastasia scoffed and slammed her hips into him even harder. His body jolted against the couch as his arms remained tightly bound behind him. She'd not only fastened his wrist cuffs together behind his back, but run a chain through their D-rings and secured it to his collar. His arms were pulled up and behind his back achingly, his limbs getting more sore by the moment.

Each aggressive plunge into his ass caused his locked arms to yank on his collar, tightening it around his throat. His legs were held wide-open by force, ensuring his asshole remained an easy target. Jake's ankles were locked into the heavy steel spreader bar on the ground. He could do nothing but grumble and moan into the ball-gag, drooling spittle all over the glossy leather sofa as she assaulted his defenseless rear.

It still wasn't enough. He was enjoying it far too much.

SCHHHLLOORRRRPPP

She extracted her Goddess cock from his brutalized bottom and took a step back. Ana admired her work: a beaten, bruised and thoroughly violated ass. A smile crossed her lips as she watched it drool lubricant, perspiration and frothy filth. Ass-fucking men was, by far, her greatest pleasure. Her favorite aspect of the career she'd chosen. But she liked it even better when the intensity was dialed up beyond what they expected. When she pushed their limits. When the fact that it wasn't just about what **they** wanted was driven home with excruciating clarity.

Her heels struck the hardwood floor and her steps echoed through the room. Ana strode to her bag of goodies, pondering what she should use to spice things up.

“I think it's time for one of my *special lubes*. What will it be today...”

“RRGGGHHHHHMMMM!!! MMWWPPHHMMMMLLMMMM!!!”

The metal of his bindings rattled as Jake squirmed on the couch. He knew he was *in for it*. Ana's throaty laugh filled the room as she rifled through her supplies. She found the small bottle of Tabasco sauce and pulled it free.

“Ah, yes. This will do nicely.”

She wouldn't tell him what he was about to get. Not until the last second. The anticipation was the best part. Or the worst, depending on which end you were. All he could do was quiver and mumble as she stalked back to him, her giant phallus bobbing before her and dripping lube on the floor. She removed the cap from the red bottle and tossed it aside as she came to a stop at his prone form.

Anastasia tipped the bottle and carefully drizzled the fiery red contents all over her latex weapon. She didn't stop until the tiny bottle was empty and every drop of liquid hot pepper was coating her fat length. The bottle hit the floor with a clang and rolled into the distance. Ana grasped her strapon and glided her hand up and down. She made sure both the top and bottom of her weighty cock was slathered in spicy goo.

She hunched down and prepared to re-enter his sodomized sphincter. The tip of her Tabasco-drenched python paused at his entrance as the tension built. Jake's breathing was heavy and his metal bonds clinked and rattled as his nerves shot through the roof.

“It's time to *heat things up*, **BITCH!**”

She plowed the dripping strapon through the stretchy ring of his pucker and Jake's eyes flew open to their widest circumference. Ana went balls deep in one smooth motion and began gliding in and out of his anal walls. She entered a steady rutting rhythm and the searing fire spread quickly. It didn't take long for the acetic acid and blistering capsaicin to register in his sensitive anatomy. Brutal heat began building up on his mucous membranes as Ana dug her fingers into his flesh and fucked him like a back alley whore.

“**MMRMMRRRRARRRGGGHHH!!! ARRRRGGHHHMMMPGGHHHMMPPPHHH!!!!**”

PLAP PLOP SCHLOPP SCHLOPPP SHLURRPP PLUP PLAP PLAP

The hot sauce dripped down from her pumping strapon. It glistened on the floor and ran from the edges of his tortured pucker all over his balls and shackled dicklet. The burning sensation became overwhelming and Jake saw stars. His vision began to go hazy as his eyes watered and he felt the scorching sauce-slick cock ram into his asshole and batter his inflamed balls over and over again.

“**RRRRVVVVGGLLLMMMPPPP!!!! RRRRMMMMMMGGGGHHHHHHPPPPHHHHH!!!!**”

Ana's haughty cackle filled the room as she filled him with blistering cock repeatedly. Jake sobbed and screamed around his rubber gag, his metal bondage clinking and snapping as she throttled him endlessly. Her eyes grew wild as she watched him flail below, her hips slamming into his bound, struggling form as fast as she could manage. Her latex-wrapped body glowed with a pleasure that was even greater than orgasm. It was a bliss that pitiful *vanillas* could never comprehend.

She hated this loathsome sack of refuse. Ana hated his stupid, bald head. She hated Jake's lazy right eye. His annoying, dorky voice. She hated the fact that on some level, even though his anus was on fire, he was still enjoying this. She hated everything about him. Or perhaps... No, that wasn't right. She didn't hate him. Not personally. In fact, she pitied him. It was what he represented that she hated.

Jake was the pinnacle of patriarchy, greed and cruel, utilitarian exploitation. He had reached the top in a system designed for men of his ilk to succeed. A world controlled by sociopaths just like him. He harvested the sweat and blood of millions, stepping on their bodies to reach his perch.

The established order forcefully and frequently proclaimed he'd *earned* every penny of his billions. That he'd built a company that was slowly eating the world with nothing but gumption, hard work and some bright ideas. He was responsible for it all and therefore deserved it all. That was the narrative the company, the media and existing political institutions crafted and reinforced.

There was just one problem. It was fucking bullshit and he knew it. They all knew it. Every one of these disgusting swine, slurping at the trough of unearned wealth, knew it at their core. Every meal they ate was stolen. Every comfort they enjoyed, robbed. They pretended to be dragons, jealously guarding and forever adding to their mountains of gold. They were vultures, one and all, and deep down they knew the truth.

That was the real reason wealthy men of influence hired women like her to torture their bodies. To flay their backs, drill their asses, kick their cocks and beat their balls. It wasn't just the rush and the dopamine high that followed a session of crippling pain that they were after. The thrill of subspace was not their greatest desire. They wanted, no, **needed**, atonement. And what they needed would not be found in any church or temple. They could only receive it from those they had wronged the most. Nothing else would suffice.

In the deepest part of their psyche, beyond conscious thought, they understood it was the suffering and drudgery of countless people that made their empires possible. That their luxury was built on human misery. That their industries were destroying the planet to make their stock prices go up at every opportunity. That the workers who made their profits possible were abused, belittled and shortchanged every day of their lives.

They knew, also, that women around the world performed endless unpaid labor. That their efforts were just as, if not more, important to the functioning of society. But in thousands of years of human history they had been excluded from most decision making, blocked from leadership, shunned, mocked, ignored, berated, beaten, raped, kept as chattel and tossed into the gutter on a whim.

How much personal suffering would ever balance out those scales? It was this system, going all the way back to the beginning, that made Jake possible. But ignoring that, how much suffering would balance out *his* scales? How would an accounting be reached for *his* crimes? For the misery just the CEO of Athena Corp had unleashed on the world? There was no amount of pain that would ever be enough and this pathetic, bald **bitch-boy** knew it.

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP SCHLURRRP SCHLURRP SCHLORRRP SCHLORRP

“UUURRRMMMMGGGPPHHH!!!RLLLLMMMMAAAAARRRGHHHGGGGLLLLMMMM!!!”

“BURN YOU SORRY SCUMFUCK!!! TAKE IT!!!!”

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SIX MONTHS BEFORE THE FALL

Jake stared at his memo pad, reviewing the notes for the women he'd interviewed so far. It had been a long morning and he hadn't yet come close to finding the right candidate. There'd been many beautiful women brought before him, but none with the right disposition. Many of these girls were good at faking it. At seeming harsher, more mysterious or more intense than they actually were. But the eyes didn't lie. Jake looked into those hollowed windows and perceived the truth within each time.

He'd been with many Domes in his day and knew exactly what he wanted. Jake was going to a lot of trouble to find a needle in the haystack, but he knew it would be worth it in the end. He wanted his next Mistress to be long term and the agency he hired promised discretion, skill and passion. It was the latter that seemed to be lacking so far.

Jake heard footsteps in the distance and looked up. He was about to launch into his introductory spiel when he realized it was his assistant, Jacqueline.

“Are you ready for a break yet? Miss Snow says we can adjourn for a while whenever you'd like.”

“No, I'd like to get in a few more before lunch. Send in the next candidate, Jackie.”

“Right away, Mr. Telos.”

Her heels clacked into the distance and Jake looked out the window. From the view of his towering office, cars skittered about like ants below. The streets were veins pumping with the blood of human capital. The people on the sidewalks weren't even ants. They were specks barely perceptible to the human eye. Carriers of nutrients to the greater organs. Most would never be anything more.

Louder footfalls entered the office and Jake turned to find a tall, buxom blonde approaching. She looked just over six feet in her high-heeled boots. Subtracting three or four inches, Jake guessed she was five nine or ten. As she strode further into the dimly lit room, her features became more clear.

A fit body and generous D-cup breasts filled out her full, leather attire. Not an inch of her below the neck wasn't covered in gleaming black. Wonderfully thick thighs, barely contained by leather pants, stretched down into shiny thigh-highs. Jake had seen much fetish attire that morning, but no one wore it quite as well this stunning beauty.

She hadn't bothered with any accessories. No officer's cap or crop in her hands. Just a pair of ornate, silver earrings dangling from her lobes that drew you in like tractor beams. Her beautiful face and stormy eyes did the rest. The frames of her glasses were the same color as her crimson lips. Her gaze was cold and the frigid stare of this ice queen was real. Jake could already tell there was no act being performed here. His pulse quickened.

“Please, have a...” He was about to indicate one of the chairs in front of his desk but she sat down before he could get the words out. “Right” he finished before extracting the next profile from the folder Madam Snow had given him. The stunning blonde crossed her legs. Her leather creaked as she took a casual, relaxed pose and leaned back in the seat.

Ana's piercing gaze traced him up and down. He felt like an animal in the wild. Prey that was about to lunged upon and torn to shreds. Jake relished the feeling. He looked down and gave the document outlining the applicant in front of him a quick study.

“Pleasure to meet you, Anastasia Dominique... Sins?”

“I'm sure it is.”

“That's quite a name! Is it authentic? Or a professional one?”

“I changed my last name when I got into the business. The rest is my original name.”

“Ah. Yes, I can see how that might draw more inter--”

“That's not why I did it.” She cut him off. “I took the name because I like it.”

Jake held up his hands in surrender. “Fair enough. I suppose I don't need to introduce myself.”

“I doubt there's a man, woman or child in this nation who hasn't seen your picture or at least heard your name.”

“Now, now! Flattery will get you nowhere.”

“That wasn't flattery.” Her gaze was stony. Fixed. Jake could practically feel her grip tightening on him.

“It says here you got a BA in Psychology from Whitman. Good school! What made you want to be a psych major?”

“I enjoy getting in people's heads. Deconstructing them. Understanding what makes them tick. It's the ultimate advantage.”

Jake nodded as he jotted down some notes. Her profile listed every kink he'd ever had an interest in and some he'd never imagined trying. Every hair on his body was standing on edge.

“Know thyself and know thy enemy and in one hundred battles thou shall never be in peril” Ana quoted Sun Tzu as her gaze shifted to the window.

His eyebrows shot upward as he studied the leather Goddess in front of him. Beautiful. Intelligent. If she was half the sadist her vibe was giving off, she just might be the one.

“That's great. I certainly appreciate insightful women.”

Her stare turned back to him. “I doubt that.” Ana's steely gray eyes bore into his. They contained the slightest highlights of teal blue. Jacob discovered in them a hurricane waiting to be unleashed.

He chuckled and leaned back in his chair. Jake hunched in the shadows while she sparkled in the light. Jake wished there was a skilled photographer or painter on hand to capture the moment forever. It had that rare energy that signaled the beginning of something momentous.

“Tell me, Miss Sins. Do you enjoy your work?”

“Of course. If I didn't, I wouldn't do it.”

“And what is it you like about it?”

“Putting men in their place and giving them exactly what they deserve.”

“What is a man's place? And what does he deserve?”

“It depends on the man.”

“True” Jake said with a nod. “I hope it's not presumptuous to ask, since we barely know each other, but please humor me.” He paused before asking the pointed question. “What do you think I deserve?”

She didn't flinch. Her eyes burrowed deeper into his soul. “Hard to say before I strip you of that ego and tear down every barrier you've built. But based on what I know of you, you deserve... **a lot.**”

Ana had no need for lengthy descriptions of how fiercely she would deal with him. Her gaze, posture and every tiny gesture said a million words. Jacob was entranced. Moments passed and only the ticking of the grandfather clock on the wall marked the passage of time in the otherwise chilling silence.

“I think that's all I need.” Jake rose from his chair and extended his hand across the desk. “Thank you very much for coming in tod--”

Anastasia stood, turned and stalked toward the door. Her boot heels struck the floor sharply as she showed herself out. Jake could only watch the tight leather shine and squeeze around her amazing curves as she strode out of his office. He waited until the door had closed to sit back down and reach for the intercom.

“Jackie.”

“Yes, Mr. Telos?”

“Send the rest home. We're done here.”

* * * * *

SCHWAAAPP SCHWAAAPP SCHWAAAPP

The thin rattan cane bit into Jacob's back with sizzling intensity. Fresh welts of anguish appeared on his quivering body every time she flailed his flesh. Jacob was on the floor, quivering as his limbs and joints

ached. He was free of restraints now, but he'd been ordered into a planking position by his Mistress. His body sweated profusely and wobbled as his strength threatened to give way. He knew he couldn't hold it much longer, but he didn't want her luscious lashes to end. The delicious slap of hardened stem on skin echoed through the room with each mighty blow.

SCHWAAAPP SCHWAAAPP SCHWAAAPP SCHWAAAPP SCHWAAAPP SCHWAAAPP

Jake cried out in pain and exhaustion as he crumbled to the floor. He gasped, breathing hard as his dripping body splayed before his Goddess. Ana tossed her crop on the bondage table.

“We're done for today.”

Jake fought through his blurred senses, still high on endorphins and the burning euphoria of fresh bruises. “Wait, don't we still have a half hour?”

She stalked around to his front, looking down at her broken slut. “Shut up, slave. I said we're done. You've had enough.”

He groaned and pushed himself into a kneeling position. Jake raised his head and gazed up at his glorious Domina. “It's never enough. We both know that.”

She stared at him with stone-cold eyes, her arms crossed below her breasts. She let her gaze linger a few moments before turning and strutting back to her bag. Ana spoke to him over her shoulder as she retrieved the key that would unlock her future. “Our contract is over, as of next week.”

“I'll get in touch with Madam Snow immediately. We'll--”

“No.” The word cut the air like folded steel. She retrieved a leather binder from her things before straightening her body and walking back to her thirsty submissive. The ceiling lights beamed off her latex form, creating a radiant glow around her curves. She tossed the binder in front of Jacob.

KER-FLAP

“As of next week, I no longer work for Madam Snow. If you wish to continue seeing me, it will be on my terms.”

“What?!?”

“You heard me.”

“Then this is...”

“Our new contract. Do have a look.”

Time stood still as Jacob pulled back the cover and the binder slowly creaked open. He scanned the page quickly, his eyes growing wider with each sentence. By the time he reached the end of the page, he was dizzy again. His heart palpitated. All his pain and pleasure faded away as the reality of what she was demanding hit him like a semi-truck. It was everything he wanted. Everything he couldn't do. It was impossible.

“You can't be serious...”

She closed the distance to him a bit further, her clacking heels coming to a stop only three feet away. Ana placed her hands on her hips. “Sign it.”

“Even if I wanted to, the board of directors would never... It doesn't work that way!”

“You **do** want to, Jacob. And you own the largest share of the company. Don't lie to me. More importantly, stop lying to yourself. When was the last time you didn't get something you wanted? You can do whatever the fuck you want. And that's the problem.”

Jake scoffed and slumped to the side, reeling from the psychological assault as much as the physical.

“Sign it.”

“You know this isn't legally binding, right?”

SMACK

Her palm lit up his face with the force of a baseball bat and Jake's head swiveled.

“**NO SHIT IT'S NOT LEGAL!** That doesn't fucking matter, Jake, because you're going to sign it! And once you have, you **WILL** abide by it, because if you don't, you will **NEVER. SEE ME. AGAIN.**”

Her eyes were furious. His were panicked.

“No... No no no... that's not fair!” His groveling form bowed before her and his head touched the floor. “Please, Mistress... I need you. I love you.” He reached out and grasped one of her boots, his sweaty hands caressing the leather gently.

“Fair...? Love...?” Anastasia's cruelest laugh belted out and filled the emptiness of the studio. Her cackling continued as Jacob shivered at her feet, on the verge of sobbing. “When **the fuck** have you ever cared about fairness? And *love*? You think a scum-fuck like you is capable of **LOVE?!?**”

Another gale of laughter ruptured the room and tore into Jacob's psyche. Her breasts heaved as Ana's body shook with howls of incredulity.

“**Maybe** if you spend the rest of your sad existence beneath my heel, where you belong... **MAYBE** I'll beat some empathy into you before you die. **MAYBE** I can make you a whole human being again. But I wouldn't hold your breath, worm.”

When Jacob was at his lowest point, she jerked her foot away from his hands. Ana swept her boot under his arms and sent his face careening into the floor. She kicked the binder at him and the metal corner stabbed his forehead, drawing a trickle of blood. The pen shook loose from its curled hostler and rattled to a stop just beside him.

**“SIGN IT YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT! SIGN IT AND LET ME FIX THE WORLD!!!
SIGN IT AND END THE MISERY YOU'VE CREATED FOR YOURSELF AND EVERYONE**

ELSE IN THIS FAILURE OF A PATRIARCHY! You know you want to! You know you'll be happier! You know you want this charade to end! SIGN IT AND UNBURDEN YOURSELF! SIGN IT AND GIVE IT ALL TO ME! DO SOMETHING RIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR PATHETIC, WORTHLESS, SHAMEFUL EXISTENCE! SIGN IT!!!”

Jake sat up, awestruck, gazing at her through blood stained eyelids. He bore witness to the truth as she screamed and called his bluff. Her eyes were sparks of beautiful madness. Her elegant curves heaved in latex. Her breathing was heavy as she berated him and stared down at him contemptuously.

She was right. It was all a charade. His life, until now, including this conversation. He **did** want it to end. He wanted to be free, just like her. For him, that meant relinquishing all control. For Anastasia, it meant assuming all control. In that fateful moment it became crystal clear to Jacob. The outcome was never in doubt.

He reached a weary arm to the side and took up the fountain pen. He re-positioned the binder in front of him and quickly scrawled his name along the line. Just like that, it was done. Truthfully, as he set the pen aside, Jake was sure he'd never felt better in his life. A millstone the weight of entire planets was lifted from his heart and mind.

Jacob looked up anew and saw a treasure greater than all the riches the world could supply. A thin, amused, but utterly genuine smile had spread across his Domina's lips. She was the Mona Lisa in latex and her eyes had grown serenely calm.

Ana stepped forward and took his smooth head in her shiny, gloved hands. She pulled his kneeling form to her body, his face pressed against her rubbery pelvis. Anastasia stroked him gently as the tension evacuated the room.

“Very good, slave. Our pact is made.”

All that Jake was, all that he had and all that he would ever be was now in Anastasia's hands. His submission was complete and she would relieve him of his every worry.

As his mind blanked and Jake entered the sublime solace of total surrender to a Goddess' will, Ana's mind exploded with endless new possibilities. Soon she would have the power, the resources and the organization to shape the future. She would plan carefully, strike swiftly and begin to correct the countless injustices of history. She would use the machinery man had built against him until old paradigms crumbled and civilization could begin to meet its true potential.

Ana's good fortune would not be hoarded. Her life would not be spent in the pursuit of more, but better, for everyone. It was not enough for her and Jake to be free. In her mind, all women and men should be afforded the same freedom that they now enjoyed. That was the ambitious benchmark by which she would judge her life from this point on.

Jake Telos was but one individual, yet the yielding of his entire life and fortune to Anastasia Dominique Sins represented so much more. This was the day a new future was made possible. This was the fall of man.

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