

Dynastic Dominance

Were we friends? No, not that. Partners? Definitely not. Acquaintances? No, we were more than that. Rivals? Not that either, the word 'rival' didn't quite capture the relationship *he* and *I* had. Enemies? Perhaps, though that also felt wrong.

We were... competitors.

Both born into affluent families, the sons and heirs to our respective family fortunes. Both possessing a keen mind for business and natural intellect – though, of course, *he* was the lesser of us in that regard. We both owned numerous businesses from across a wide spectrum of industries. And we committed to the game we played. The *challenge*.

Everything, or nothing.

I looked at my *competitor* over the small table, taking in the sight of him – the smugness in his expression, the assumed victory in his eyes. His suit and tie were black, just like my own. Neat, expensive, elegant.

In many ways, we mirrored each other. Two men, getting on in age. Hair greying, joints slowly losing their vigour. Minds sharper than ever.

The room we were in was empty except for the two of us. A rented room in a building neither of us owned. Neutral ground. Save for the table we sat at and the chairs we sat on, there were no furnishings in the room. Dimly lit, with no windows to show off the cityscape outside.

My counterpart's smirk widened as his eyes fell on the drink I'd brought to our monthly negotiations. A bottle of the finest scotch money could buy – costing more than the garish sports-car *he'd* driven to this meeting, certainly. Without saying a word, he reached for the bottle on his side of the table – a bottle from the Volkavi Vineyard and Winery.

A business that he – Mr Holska Volkavi – owned.

None of my wineries even *compared* with the product that came out of Volkavi's place. Him bringing that bottle to our meeting was a simple reminder of that. A subtle mockery of my failure and his success.

He poured himself a glass, offered some to me.

I politely declined.

Asshole.

The scotch I drank was, in terms of value, far more prestigious than his wine. And, in theory, I could buy the company that produced the scotch – tout myself as owning the superior affluent beverage manufacturing business. But doing so would still be a victory for *him*. Our *competition* wasn't about who owned the most profitable businesses, or who bought what company. It was about who was *better* at *building* a company up.

We'd both entered the winery business at the same time, and we'd both built the best vineyards and wineries we could. And *he'd* come out on top. I was man enough to admit that.

Holska Volkavi could have his winery victory.

Let him bathe in his arrogance, get cocky and self-sure. It'd be all the sweeter when I took a greater victory from him later.

Once we were done with the ritual pleasantries, both he and I set stacks of documents – all legally binding if signed – onto the table between us. Offers and deals and potential sales and acquisitions. And traps. Many, many traps.

"Well then," I smiled. "Shall we begin?"

We sold and bought to each other – shares, companies, properties, art and items of cultural significance. We chatted casually about our rival businesses, keeping an air of politeness around us as we silently tried to stab each other in the back.

He wanted to buy my shares in a waste disposal business. Was he trying to expand

his portfolio in that direction, planning on making money in the waste disposal industry? Or was he, figuratively speaking, taking the shit? Was this a legitimate business he was interested in, or was it somehow a dig at me for owning shares in shit-collection?

Did he know something I didn't? Was this a trick? A trap?

The longer I deliberated on making the deal, the more Volkavi smirked.

"Acceptable," I said, leaning down and signing the document.

Decisiveness was key. We both knew it. The longer a man spent thinking about something, the more he'd *over-think* it.

And, just like that, my shares in the waste disposal business I'd never heard of now belonged to him – and I'd gained a modest boost to one of my many bank accounts. Volkavi could have his shit collecting company, I'd just buy out a different one – out-compete him.

Or maybe that was his ploy. Getting me to waste my money on buying a different waste disposal business – only to find out that the one he'd just secured from me had been immediately sold off elsewhere.

"Ah, yes," I said, presenting an offer of my own. "You own a *failing* charity named Save The Squids. I'd like to buy this charity outright. Since its creation, it's never been able to break seven-digits in terms of fundraising. I believe I can surpass that figure – using the exact same resources the charity possesses right now – within three months."

I didn't need to goad him. Simply making the offer was challenge enough.

"With the same means at my disposal, I can make this charity succeed where it was failing under you."

Even though he'd probably never heard of the charity before – it was rather new, and something he'd have signed off on without thinking – and one he'd certainly never even *tried* to make work, a challenge was a challenge.

The contract was rather simple and standard. Volkavi would get a reasonable sum of money, and I'd get the charity. Everyone who worked at the charity would still work there, they'd simply switch from being Volkavi's people to being mine.

Would he see the trap? Would he *notice*?

He didn't think on it for long. Too much deliberation and too little decisiveness on his part would be practically admitting defeat and inferiority to me. He gave the contract a single read-through, considered for a moment, then nodded his head.

"Deal," he said confidently, signed the contract with a flourish.

And, just like that, I'd snared my prize.

"Say," I smiled over at him, "what's that spicy latina import of yours doing these days?"

The 'spicy latina import' was Volkavi's recently obtained trophy wife. One, I'd heard, he was particularly fond of.

His eyes narrowed at me, then widened in realisation.

He stared down at the contract he'd signed, at the terms of the deal.

Likely, right before this moment, he hadn't even known his wife *worked* a job. Probably, she didn't – just sat there ordering staff around like she owned the place. Except, of course, she didn't own the place. And now, neither did her husband.

I did.

And, by extension, I owned her.

For all our differences – I was a far better businessman, possessed a far superior mind – me and Volkavi had one vital trait in common. Both of us were absolutists. We both saw the world in a very simple, straight-forward way.

If you owned something, you *owned* it.

Completely.

No half-measures. None of that 'free will' bullshit. When his spicy wife signed those

marriage papers, she agreed to a very specific contract. She signed herself over, as property, to him. A slave in everything but name, her diamond-laden wedding ring was nothing more than a collar – marking to the world that her cunt was owned.

When my monthly meeting with Volkavi was concluded, both of us having bought and sold everything we wanted to, I left the building smiling.

For all his incompetent decision making, Volkavi *did* have good taste in gold-diggers.

The latina woman – named Jari Volkavi – was a prize, to be sure. Arm candy and then some. Tanned skin and exotic eyes, hair long and raven. Her figure was immaculate, slender and athletic and flawless. Round, bouncy ass. Slim waist. Tits so huge they might as well have been mountains with dark-tipped peaks.

She knew the deal. Couldn't have resisted it even if she wanted to.

By the time I arrived at the charity's headquarters, a large rented office in a building Volkavi owned, the woman had already been updated on the situation. She knew that her ownership had been traded away, knew who to. So, when I let myself into the large office as its new owner, the tanned beauty was waiting there to meet me.

She wasn't happy. That much was obvious in her eyes.

But then, I didn't trick Volkavi into selling her in order to make her happy. I'd *bought* her to *fuck* her and, in doing so, remind my competitor which of us was truly superior.

One night with this slut was all I needed.

Not that I'd stop there, mind. It'd be another month before Volkavi could try to buy his wife back. I intended to make *full* use of that time. Fuck her every night, have her serve me every day. As was my right and privilege. And when Volkavi bought her back next month for far more than he'd accidentally sold her for, when he tried to bed her and discovered how *small* he truly was, he'd *know* my superiority.

I smiled at the woman nodded to her private office room within the larger office floor.

"Lead the way then, Mrs Volkavi," I said, unable to keep the glee and victory from my voice. "Time for you to show me your *books*."

The woman stood defiantly, back straight and eyes hard, somehow trying to look down her nose at me despite the fact I was a good foot taller than her. Yet, defiant as she may be, she didn't resist my command. Her master's command. She turned, led me to her office and let me inside – closed and locked the door behind me, pulled down the blinds so no-one else in the larger office area would see what happened next.

That only made me smile all the wider.

Even if her underlings didn't *see* what I was about to do to their boss and her exotic pussy, they were certainly going to *hear* it.

Afterwards, I snapped a quick picture of Mrs Volkavi.

Sprawled out on her desk, wearing nothing but her wedding band and my cum. Her legs spread wide, pussy twitching. Hair a mess, eyes dazed and distant. Sweat coated her body. The scents and smells of sex filled the office room.

With a self-satisfied smirk, I sent the picture to Mr Volkavi.

"I'm texting your husband," I said aloud. "Do you have anything you want me to tell him for you?"

Never hurts to be polite.

"Fuck," the woman breathed. "You."

"You just did, darling. But, if you're up for it, we can go again if you'd like. I'll just tell him you said 'hi' then."

I typed it and sent the message.

"He'll buy me back," Mrs Volkavi said softly, a tiny whisper. Was she trying to tell me that, or convince herself of it? "He buy me back, you'll see."

"Yes," I agreed. "He will. And for quite a large sum of money too."

The woman closed her eyes, smiled.

Was that *love* on her face? Did she actually *love* Volkavi? Just the notion of that being true almost made me burst out laughing. So much for her being nothing more than a gold-digger.

Yes, Volkavi would buy the idiot back.

But not because of something as silly as '*love*'.

He'd been beaten, humiliated. I'd scarred his ego with my successful ploy against him. He, just as I'd do in his situation, would rectify the error he'd made. He'd buy back this love-struck cunt-with-legs not out of '*love*', but because that's how our game was played.

I'd challenged him and he'd lost. Now he'd have to pay up to make things even between us again.

And pay up he did.

One month later, he bought back his wife for ten times the price he'd unintentionally sold her for. A hefty profit on my part, especially when considering the month's worth of 'benefits' I'd acquired from the deal.

And, once that first sale was concluded, on we went – selling and buying and bartering.

I bought a team of high-skilled chefs from him, he bought a high-rise condo from me. I bought a run-down warehouse from him, he bought a failing business from me.

Soon enough we were bartering on the final deal of the day – he wanted to buy my portion of tech company that neither of us fully owned. Essentially, if I sold – which I was more than happy to do – he'd effectively acquire the company in its entirety.

We haggled for a few minutes but, eventually, my competitor sighed and relented – went with my utterly unfair offer.

Right as I finished signing the document, however, Volkavi smiled.

"My friend," the man said, eyeing the newly-signed document. "Your youngest daughter is going off to college soon, isn't she? Has she decided which one she wants to go to?"

I narrowed my eyes. I'd walked into a trap somehow. But where?

"I hear she's quite the rebellious one," Volkavi continued. "Refused to let you buy her way into college. Admirable, really, that she decided to go the scholarship route. Making her way through hard work and such. Tell me, what industry does she want to work in again?"

I froze, thinking.

Tech. She wanted a job in modern tech. Won a scholarship from some tech firm that...

I stared down at the document I'd just signed.

Shit.