



THE LADIES OF HERA 16 **THE SCIENTIST**

C L NORTHBRIDGE

**The Ladies of Hera XVI – The
Scientist
By C.L. Northbridge**

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Contents

[The Scientist](#)

[New Job](#)

[A Mistake](#)

[Benefits of slavery](#)

[An unusual request](#)

[A new regime](#)

[Something extra](#)

[New Owner](#)

[Harmony](#)

[Author contact](#)

The Scientist

New Job

Antianara, 162/1/3

Anders looked at the letters adorning the main entrance to his new work place.

“Antianara Research Institute” it read.

The most prestigious employer in Antianara and the leading institution for applied physics on Hera.

With some excitement, Anders put his wrist unit to the scanner outside the door, and it immediately opened. A message from the building computer system played on his earpiece.

-“Welcome. You may proceed to auditorium A on the second floor. Please follow directions given on your wrist

unit.”

Anders entered the building and found himself in an entrance hall decorated with a statue of the Greek goddess Athena and wall pictures of various luminaries of the institute. It was devoid of people, apart from a man in a white lab coat hurrying into one of the corridors on the sidewalls of the hall. He noticed Anders, however, and gave him a smile and a nod before continuing to his business.

Anders was too absorbed with getting to where he was supposed to be to respond, however. He studied the building map displayed on his wrist unit, and then

found the stairs behind the Athena statue that would take him to the second floor.

A minute later, Anders entered the auditorium. It was a spacious room with at least fifty seats, and a podium at the front. On the podium, a regal looking woman was apparently waiting for the remaining meeting participants to arrive. She wore a blue pencil office dress and wavy blond hair flowed down on her shoulders.

-“Do come in and have a seat,” she said with a pleasant voice to Anders as he stood in the door. She gestured for him to sit next to the others in the room – six young men who sat on the first row of

seats in front of the podium.

Anders did as she said. The other men looked much like Anders himself, wearing formal trousers in grey or blue and shirts in pale colours. None of them said anything, and they appeared slightly nervous – like Anders himself.

As Anders sat down, another man entered the auditorium, and the woman in front told him to sit down as well.

-“And you must be our last new arrival. Come in and take a seat, so we can begin.”

She waited for the man to take his seat

next Anders, and then began speaking.

-“Welcome to Antianara Research Institute. My name is Aiden Savage, and I am the director of this venerable institution, to which you now belong. As director I am thus in charge of you, and you may address me as Mistress Aiden.”

-“I am conscious that with your arrival, our institution and myself have taken on a great responsibility. You are all among the most valuable slaves on this planet. You possess some of the very best male minds on Hera, which you have proven through your stellar academic records. It is therefore my job to see that the asset you represent is managed and developed

to the best of Hera and the Empress. Your intellect and creativity can and will make an important contribution to the progress of womankind.”

-“As is the practice in the universities you until recently attended, you will work under a relaxed slave management regime at the Institute. Rigid discipline is counter productive for the creative work in which you will engage, and you will therefore have as much freedom as any male can be allowed. We expect you to be smart enough to manage your freedom responsibly.”

-“For the Institute to thrive, it both needs to produce ideas and challenge those

ideas. So we expect you to speak your mind in a professional context even if it is contradicting your superiors, and you can do so without fear of consequences as long as you remain courteous and respectful of the superior sex.”

-“With your backgrounds I am confident you will adapt to the culture of the Institute and contribute productively to its mission.”

She smiled briefly and then continued.

-“My personal assistant, Evan, will now show you your dormitories and take you through the off-duty practicalities before you report to the divisions to which you have been assigned.”

Evan, a lightly built man sitting at the far end of the first seat row stood up, so all could see him.

-“Any questions before you proceed with your program?” Aiden asked the men in front of her.”

Nobody said anything.

-“Very well. If you have any concerns you’d like to discuss, you may take them up with your division heads, or you can seek an audience with me through Evan.”

-“Then Evan will show you,” she said and walked out of the room.

The welcome from the Institute director confirmed that Anders and the other men in the room (bar Evan) were members of a privileged elite who enjoyed more freedom than any other males on the planet. Males with exceptional results in schools were allowed to pursue education and careers suited to their abilities.

Whereas most boys were given vocational courses and sent to work soon after finishing school at age 30 [15.5 EY], Anders had, as a top 1% performer, been allowed to attend university, like girls of his age.

Anders had attended the university in Eden, the first university on Hera, as part of a class with seven other male and hundred and fifty female colleagues. As university students, Anders and his male colleagues were exempted from the strict slave regime that nearly all other males on Hera were subjected to, including the dreaded slave induction program that school graduates had to attend. Top performing male students were allowed more freedom to help them reach their intellectual potential.

But they were far from equal to their female colleagues. The males slept in a common dormitory in the university building basement, and were not allowed

outside the small university campus. They had to prepare and consume all meals in a small kitchen next to the dormitory, and were seldom given anything more interesting than the bland but nutritional porridge known as slave fodder.

The females on the other hand, stayed in their own apartments outside the campus, where they enjoyed the services of their personal slaves, and could buy meals from nearby restaurants or enjoy their slaves' home cooking.

Both the all-female faculty and the female students looked down upon the male students as members of the inferior sex, though not as much as was the case of other male slaves. The male students'

intellectual prowess was to a degree respected. Even if Heran genetic programs had made women on average more intelligent than men, being in the top 1% of men was still on par with the top 10% of women in terms of intelligence.

The effect of this environment had been an isolated life for Anders and his male peers. Barred from leaving the university premises, the boys could not participate in the social activities organised by the female students (assuming the girls would have invited them.) It also left them with no contact with the rest of male population of Hera, apart from the odd encounter with the building maintenance staff or personal assistants of academic

staff.

The isolation made the male students a very tight-knit group with limited contact with others outside the formal settings of studies and research tasks. That group had however been broken up now, with each of his colleagues having been sent to different work places, and Anders was thus in new territory in more than one sense.

He had been unsure of what to expect before he came to Antianara. The Institute Director's introduction gave some answers, but he would know more once work started properly.

Anders had just been shown where he was to live while working at Antianara Research Institute. Like in university, it was a dormitory in the basement of the building, though the standard was better. It allowed more privacy with separate rooms for each, and more space overall. So far, so good.

Anders was now navigating his way through the corridors of the vast building to find the Weapons Division – the institute division to which he had been assigned. He had been allowed to apply for assignment according to his own preferences, and was happy to learn his

first choice had been accepted. At university he had written a thesis on magnetic acceleration technologies, and he knew that could have interesting weapon applications. The Weapons Division was probably the best place to continue his research of magnetic technologies.

Anders crossed an atrium that seemed to function as a break area. A few tables surrounded by chairs were distributed across the room. Two of the chairs were occupied by a pair of women absorbed in conversation, and they did not notice Anders as he passed. He was now, according to the map on his wrist unit, in the Weapons Division's part of the

building.

The map directed him onwards, and he soon found himself outside an office door that read “Cassandra de Winter, head of Weapons Division”. Next to the door was a desk, and behind the desk sat a handsome-looking man wearing a white shirt and formal trousers. As he noticed Anders, he got to his feet and approached him with his hand stretched out.

-“Hi! You must be Anders – the new guy. I am Max, Mistress Cassandra’s personal assistant.”

Anders shook Max’ hand.

-“Yes, that’s me. I am here to see

Mistress Cassandra de Winter, head of Weapons.”

-“Excellent,” replied Max. “She is expecting you. You can go right in to see her.”

Anders opened the office door and walked in. It was a large and spacious office, dominated by a large desk that supported three screens and a significant amount of paper.

Behind the desk sat a woman Anders instantly thought he recognised. Wearing a black satin blouse, a burgundy leather skirt and black knee high leather boots she had a classy style. Long red hair

flowed down on the sides of her beautiful face with wine coloured lips.

She looked exactly like Mistress Corinne, the woman who had given him the hardest punishments of his life. While it was almost 20 years ago [10 EY], Anders still remembered his encounters with her vividly. Anders was well aware that he had had an easier life in terms of painful punishments than most males on this planet, and maybe that was why he remembered so well the punishments he did receive. And those were mostly the work of Mistress Corinne, the strictest teacher in Anders' school.

In particular, there was one incident

Anders remembered. He was 30 [15 EY], and it was near the end of his last year in school. Anders had been spending a break between lessons in rowdy conversation with a few of his classmates. In a typical adolescent boy manner, they were pushing each other around physically to the annoyance of those around them.

At some point Mistress Corinne came across them, wearing her trademark leather skirt.

-“Stop that nonsense immediately, boys!” she barked at them. “You need to start behaving like adults. You will soon go to your slave inductions, and I can assure you they will never tolerate that kind of

behaviour.”

That was when Anders made his mistake. Cocky from having recently learned his academic results qualified him for university, he decided let Mistress Corinne know slave induction was not for him.

-“Not me. With my grades I can misbehave.”

The tall teacher immediately grabbed his ear and pulled it so he was forced to look into her attractive yet scary face.

-“NEVER talk back to a woman!” she shouted at him. After letting that message sink in for a few seconds, she continued.

-“And since you think you will avoid slave induction, I will do you the favour of giving you a lesson in proper respect and submissiveness that you will otherwise miss.”

She pulled him towards the center of the break area between the classrooms, and told Anders to drop his pants and bend over. As Anders, shaking with fear and humiliation complied with her order, she went into the nearest classroom to pick up a cane. She then came out to find Anders in the standard punishment position, bent over, with his hands touching his knees.

Mistress Corinne then proceeded to give

Anders the worst thrashing of his life in front of his classmates. She gave him thirty searing cane strokes. Anders was convinced they were as hard as the strokes delivered to grown males – they were certainly harder than any strokes he had received earlier. He hardly heard Mistress Corinne berating him for his behaviour as he was crying with pain and humiliation. Afterwards she ordered him to kiss her boots and beg forgiveness for his behaviour.

As well as leaving him unable to sit comfortably for a week afterwards, the trauma of the experience had burned onto Anders' mind. When he was now faced with someone who looked almost exactly

like his school years' tormentress, he immediately felt nervous. But the lady now facing him smiled, which put him more to ease. And the reassurance of hearing her presenting herself with a name other than Corinne helped too.

The woman stood up from the desk and approached Anders.

-“Welcome! I am Mistress Cassandra, head of the Weapons Division here at the institute.”

-“I am Anders,” replied Anders with a slight stutter and fell to his knees to kiss Cassandras boots. That was the proper way to greet a lady, and the safest move when meeting a new woman.

-“Nice to see you have good manners,” said Cassandra as Anders looked up at her after the greeting. “So you are the whiz-kid I have been hearing so much about. I was very pleased when I heard you had applied to my division. I think your skills and background will be a really good fit in my team.”

She gestured for him to stand up. He did, and noticed she still towered some 10 cm over his 185 cm height. She was probably of the same height, but her heels gave her an extra boost.

-“I hope I can contribute, and I really look forward to serve you and the

institute.”

-“I am sure you will do fine. But let’s have you meet the team. As I am sure you have been told, we work without hierarchy here at the Institute, so you can expect to cooperate with everyone here at some point, both women and slaves.”

Cassandra pressed her wrist unit a few times, presumably to notify her team.

-“Come on,” she told Anders, and he followed her out of her office and over to a sofa section in a large workspace area. Over the next two minutes they were joined by the other members of the Weapons Division: Eight men and ten

women, as well as Cassandra's personal assistant Max.

-“Team, meet Anders, the whiz-kid from Eden U. He will join us from today. Anders, meet the team.

Cassandra nodded to the team member standing closest, an unusually tall and sturdily built woman dressed in jeans and a sweater. She was well over two meters, which made her stand out, even on Hera.

-“Hi. I am Celeste, and work on personal protection technologies,” she said.

Anders fell to his knees to kiss her shoes, but was stopped by Cassandra before he

came that far.

-“We appreciate your manners, but formal greetings will not be necessary here. If you greet all the ladies here every time you see them, we won’t have much time for work.”

Anders got up on his feet and instead lowered his head, the greeting he had used in university.

-“Pleased to meet you,” he said.

Fifteen minutes later, Anders had been introduced to all the team members and relayed some of his own background and interests. His previous research in

university on improvements to magnetic accelerators seemed to be of high interest to the other team members, and Cassandra asked him to prepare a presentation on the subject for the team – his first task in the new job. All in all a promising start, thought Anders.

A Mistake

Antianara, 162/2/3

A month later, Anders found himself in Cassandra's office for a one-on-one conversation to cover his settling into the new work place and his future development.

Anders relayed to his boss the truth. From his perspective, it had gone beyond his expectation. Working conditions were excellent. He was free to pursue his academic interests, and felt free to speak his mind. He was surrounded by smart people – which was very helpful when bouncing ideas and looking for new solutions. And he felt he could do so on a relatively equal basis also with the female part of the team, something which

was not the case in university.

The social semi-isolation he had experienced there did not exist to the same degree here. The ladies would have lunch with the males and even engage in banter.

-“I am really happy you feel this way,” said Cassandra with a smile. “And it corresponds with my observations. You work well with the rest of the team, and your contribution to the Excalibur project is very important.”

-“But I have to admit I was less sure the first few days,” Cassandra added. “You seemed very nervous and reluctant to engage.”

-“I was,” replied Anders. “I was scared of you.”

-“Really?” Cassandra had a bemused smile. “How come?”

-“You look exactly like a teacher I had back in school. She thrashed the hell out of me – and the other boys there on various occasions.”

Anders relayed the story of the thrashing he had received shortly before his graduation.

-“Which school did you attend?” asked Cassandra.

-“Eden’s 4th Boys.”

-“Ah, in that case I believe you have met my mother,” said Cassandra. “Her name is Corinne.”

Anders nodded.

“That makes sense,” said Cassandra.

“She teaches boys in Eden and frequently emphasise the importance of keeping them in line.”

-“And I have always been told how much I look like her,” she continued. “So that explains why you saw her in me. With the longevity tech she can almost compete with my beauty,” she said with a wink.

-“You are both very beautiful, Mistress” replied Anders blushing.

-“Thank you. Anyway, I hope you have realised you have little to fear from me. As long as you behave as you have so far, you will be spared of the rod.”

Antianara, 162/2/6

Later that week Anders was in the break area in the atrium eating a snack together with five of his colleagues: His boss Cassandra, Akira who collaborated with Anders on developing a new type of magnetic rifle, as well as Jack, Ben and Celeste, who were all on a project developing a new armor suit for the Femdom Guard.

The armour suit project had recently had

a breakthrough, which looked to confirm it as a success, and with the friendly rivalry that existed between the project teams, it set the stage for the banter of the day.

After a begrudging congratulation from Akira and Anders, Ben took a dig at the rifle project.

-“Good at least some of us are making progress. Too bad it is making your work obsolete. The tiny particles from your pea shooters would hardly make a dent in proper armour. You will need something a lot bigger.”

-“Just you wait. Give us half a year, and I bet we can launch whatever heavy object

you can see in this room. Even Celeste, if we could magnetise her, “Anders shot back.

Anders realised it did not come out right the moment he had pronounced the words. It was not funny, and a few moments of awkward silence followed until Akira brought up another subject.

While the conversation picked up again, Anders noticed the exchange of looks between Celeste and Cassandra, followed by a nod from the latter. Anders could only guess he was the subject of their unarticulated communication.

Shortly after the snack break, Cassandra came over to Anders' desk.

-“Come with me to my office,” she told him in a neutral tone, and turned around, walking back towards her office.

Nervously, Anders scrambled to his feet to follow her. He feared he was in for a less than pleasant conversation. He caught up with Cassandra and followed at a three steps distance past Max' desk and into her office.

After Anders had entered, she closed the door behind him. Anders strongly suspected she would confront him with

his careless words at the snack break and tried to pre-empt her.

-“About what I said in the...”

He did not manage to finish his sentence. Cassandra grabbed his throat and pushed him forcefully towards the wall next to the door.

-“What you said was absolutely unacceptable,” she told him with a calm, voice, dripping with scorn. She pushed up closer to him as she held him against the wall. Wearing heels, she looked down upon him.

-“You NEVER disrespect a woman like that in either words or deeds,” she

continued. “Even if we allow you more freedom than the other slaves, it does not mean you are our equal. Never forget that. You are still just a male, and you will respect your superiors accordingly.”

-“I-I am s-sorry Mistress,” Anders stuttered

He felt the same fear as he had felt back in school when Mistress Corinne had chastised him. Mistress Cassandra wore a black blouse and a burgundy skirt - the same outfit as she had the first day Anders met her. Both her looks and her demeanour was frighteningly similar to that of her mother.

-“Oh, you will be sorry,” Cassandra told

him. “Strip off your clothes. All of them.”
-“Please, Mistress. I didn’t mean to...”

Cassandra cut him off.

-“Shut up and do as I say! You need to be punished, and that is what I will do. The only words I want to hear from you now is ‘Yes Mistress’! Is that understood?”

-“Yes Mistress,” Anders replied meekly and started taking off his shoes and trousers.

While he undressed, Cassandra went to her desk, opened a drawer and produced a meter-long crop. She then placed her hands on her hips and watched disdainfully as she waited for Anders to finish undressing and folding his clothes.

-“Hurry up,” she growled. “Put your clothes on the floor next to my desk, and then bend over it.”

Anders did as ordered. He put his folded clothes on top of his shoes next to the desk. Then he gingerly bent over it. But not fast enough for Mistress Cassandra. He felt her hand grab his neck and push it down forcefully, making his face slam down on the top of the desk. Half a second later, he felt a searing pain as her crop impacted his bottom. Anders groaned.

-“This is what happens when you step out of line,” she told him and hit his arse a

second time.

Cassandra delivered another three strokes. The agony Anders felt on his backside increased fast, and he let out a howl of pain.

-“It seems my mother was right. You need to be taught your place from time to time.”

Another trio of hard strokes followed, and it was too painful for Anders to hold still. He wriggled as amid his groans, but with Cassandra’s firm hand on his neck, he could only shift the position of his backside.

Not enough to throw off Cassandra's aim, though. Another barrage of lashes followed, impacting all across Anders' buttocks and thighs.

-“This is to teach you the value of respect!” Cassandra almost shouted over Anders' cries and howls, and continued the beating.

The pain on Anders' backside was excruciating. Every stroke of Cassandra's crop was hard enough to raise a welt, and he was ever sorer.

-“Please, Mistress. I will never do it again,” he sobbed. “I can't take this.”

<WHACK>

A particularly hard stroke followed.

-“But you will. You need to feel the consequences of stepping over the line. And I will make sure you do.”

Cassandra continued her relentless beating, and Anders was reduced to sobbing as he desperately wanted it to end, but could do nothing to that effect.



Finally, after what must have been at least a hundred strokes, Cassandra finally let up. She grabbed Anders by the hair, and threw him down on the floor, where he collapsed, still sobbing.

-“I hope you learned from this,” she spat at him, while taking a seat on top of the desk she had just used for his punishment.

-“Now you can kiss my boots and thank me for this lesson.”

Anders, desperate to placate her, did exactly as she instructed. He crawled over to her and started kissing her pointy-toed black leather boot.

-“Thank you for correcting me, Mistress,” he said amid sobs.

Cassandra ignored him, being more concerned tapping her wrist unit.

After a few seconds, she spoke into it.

-“Hi Celeste. Would you please come to my office?Thanks.”

Anders looked up at Cassandra for a brief moment, but went back to kissing her boot when she told him “I did not tell you to stop!”

A minute later, the office door opened, and Celeste entered. Wearing her long dark hair in a bun, she came dressed in blue jeans and a pink sweater. Her towering presence filled Anders with dread. If she was here to beat him up too, he doubted he would escape serious injury.

Anders continued kissing Cassandra's boots.

-“I have just had a chat with Anders,” Cassandra said to Celeste, still ignoring the man beneath her feet. “And I have emphasised the importance of respect for women. I think he is ready to apologise to you now.”

With Anders naked and covered in marks of Cassandra's crop, there was no misunderstanding in what Cassandra meant by 'chat'.

-“I see. Thank you, Cassandra,” replied Celeste.

Cassandra pushed Anders face away from her boot with a little kick.

-“You have something to say to Celeste, don’t you,” she said scornfully to the naked man on the floor.”

No longer sobbing, Anders crawled over to Celeste’s feet. He then kissed her flat office shoes, and meekly uttered, “I am sorry for disrespecting you, Mistress. Please forgive me. I will never do it again.”

He kissed her shoes again.

-“Very well, slave,” she replied. “But never again!”

Her authoritative voice cut through the air.

-“Never again,” repeated Anders. “Thank you Mistress.”

Celeste exchanged a look with Cassandra and then exited the office.

-“Good,” said Cassandra in a slightly more friendly voice. “You can put on your clothes again.”

Anders got up on his feet again, feeling the ache of growing welts on his buttocks as he did so, and went over to the desk to pick up his clothes. He started dressing.

-“I hope you learned from this lesson,” said Cassandra in a neutral voice. “We try to keep discipline and punishment to a

minimum here at the Institute. When it is necessary, we take it behind closed doors, as we now just did. You stepped over the line, and now you know what happens when you do. Show proper respect and this will not happen again.”

-“Sorry Mistress. I promise it won’t happen again,” Anders said sincerely. He noticed with relief Cassandra was back to the approachable mode with which he was familiar, and wanted to keep it that way.

-“Good,” replied Cassandra.

-“Well, now that my crop is out, I might as well finish my disciplinary tasks. Would you please send in Max when you

go back?”

-“Of course, Mistress,” replied Anders and tightened his belt.

-“Thank you, Mistress,” he said to Cassandra, who was still sitting on top of her desk flexing her crop, and exited her office.

Outside, Max was sitting at his desk, staring at the screen.

-“Mistress Cassandra would like you to come into her office,” Anders told him.

-“Ok,” replied Max, and got to his feet, with a slight hesitation.

He probably knew what he was in for, thought Anders. For a brief moment he wondered what Max had done to deserve Mistress Cassandra's crop, but then he remembered Max was not part of the scientific staff. As such, he was not excepted from the regular Heran slave management practices, and this meant he received regular discipline beatings from the mistresses under whom he served.

Max entered Cassandra's office and closed the door behind him. A second later, Anders heard Cassandra's somewhat muffled voice from inside.

-“I want you naked, kneeling on the floor. NOW!”

With a mix of fear and strangely, excitement, Anders decided to linger outside for a little while. He was curious about what was happening inside the office, and how it compared to what he had just experienced.

He heard Cassandra's voice again.
-“Bend over!”

It was shortly followed by the distinctive whack of a crop impacting flesh. Soon it was followed by many more. Cassandra was giving her assistant a thrashing similar to the one she had just given Anders. The main difference was that Max kept quiet. His tolerance for this treatment was probably far greater than

Anders', due to years of service under a regular slave management regime.

But Max did not hold out forever. After a minute or two, Anders heard the sounds of male groans amid the whacking sound of the crop. Max was getting it hard. That much was certain.

Anders lingered for another minute before he went back to his desk, with the image of the crop wielding Mistress Cassandra etched on his mind.

Benefits of slavery

Antianara, 162/3/28

Anders had now been at the Antianara Research Institute for almost three months, and he had settled into a routine he found comfortable. It was a lot of work, but the work was interesting and it was progressing.

Most nights, Anders and his male colleagues stayed up late working. They were sometimes joined by some of their female colleagues, but as they wanted to enjoy the company of their girl-friends or slaves at home, they tended to finish work earlier.

Anders did not mind, and he was fully aware it would not matter if he did. He

and his male peers were slaves and existed to serve the women. It was only natural that the men did more of the work.

He was also careful to show the women the respect they deserved. There had been no repeat of the banter episode two months earlier or any similar misstep, and the incident was forgotten by his colleagues. He had thus not seen more of Mistress Cassandra's strict side. But he was about to receive a reminder of its existence.

Late in the afternoon, Anders had completed a series of simulations of a new miniaturised accelerator. It was very much a success – and the prospects for

making an improved magnetic rifle were now very promising. He hurried towards Cassandra's office to deliver the news. She followed Anders' project with great interest, and Anders was eager to relay the successful test results.

Outside her office, Anders saw Max' desk empty and the door to Cassandra's office closed. He was about to go over to the door and knock when he heard muffled sounds from the other side.

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“Aaaahh”

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“Oouuhh”

That was the sound of discipline. It appeared Max was getting his weekly lesson.

Anders stopped and listened to the sounds of strokes and groans. He visualised what went on behind the door: Max kneeling on the floor naked, with Cassandra standing behind him, vigorously beating him with a cane. Her tight leather skirt accentuating her perfect curves, and her blouse not quite concealing her ample bosom. Scary as she was when in her assertive mode, Anders wished he could see her, but he knew better than to enter.

Instead he stood outside, listening as

Cassandra finished the disciplinary beating. Max was groaning intensely as Cassandra delivered her ten final full force blows.

-“Now, thank me for your discipline!” Cassandra said in a sharp tone. Anders heard nothing, but he assumed Max was kissing her boots.

Anders was surprised to find himself wishing he could swap places with Max. There was a certain intimacy in the punishment situation he craved. Yes, he dreaded the pain. But it allowed one-on-one intimacy with a gorgeous woman. Something Anders experienced very little of as a male scientist.

After a little while, Anders heard Cassandra again. She sounded less stern now.

-“Fuck! Disciplining you makes me wet. Down on the floor, face up!”

Not long after, the sounds of feminine moans emanated from the office. Only interrupted by what sounded like the occasional whack of a crop, Cassandra's moans of pleasure continued for at least ten minutes.

Anders knew well what was happening. She was riding her slave. How he envied Max. Harsh discipline was certainly worth it if the reward was being allowed

to pleasure a gorgeous woman like Mistress Cassandra. This was a form of intimacy Anders had rarely been allowed so far in his life. Only once, at university, had he been used for pleasure by a woman. Mistress Felicity, a female classmate had told him to come with her to an empty office, where she had pulled down her panties and ordered him to lick her pussy. For Anders it had started as a heavenly experience. Feeling the softness and the scent of a beautiful girl had overwhelmed him with desire, and he had eagerly worked her with his tongue.

But it was clear Anders had liked the experience more than Felicity. After a few minutes, she pushed his head away,

pulled up her panties and left the room, muttering she would stick to properly trained slaves in the future.

Since then he had craved a chance to do better. But he knew well, that on Hera, it was not his place as a male to ask. Eventually, Mistress Cassandra reached her climax. A long, high pitched moan announced it. Max, that lucky bastard, had done his job it appeared.

Anders was about to go back to his place in order not to be seen outside the office, when he remembered why he was there. He had news to deliver. He decided to wait until someone came out of the office and pretend he had just arrived.

Two minutes later the office door opened and Max came out.

-“Is Mistress Cassandra in?” asked Anders.

-“Yes,” replied Max, gingerly taking his seat behind his desk. “But she does not want to be disturbed right now. Suggest you come back in half an hour.”

“Thanks,” said Anders, not meaning it, and walked back to his own desk.

Was he really envying Max, Anders questioned himself on the way back. After all, Anders had a lot more freedom

than Max. He could run his own life as long as he performed at work. He could himself influence or even decide which tasks he would be doing. He could go through life almost without pain. He could even masturbate, a privilege that was severely restricted for most males after their school years. Many, if not most, mistresses believed pent-up slaves were more motivated to serve, and therefore rationed any sexual release for their chattel. But the Institute trusted their science slaves to manage this issue themselves. Anders doubted Max had the same privilege.

Yet, for all his privileges, Anders was not sure. Max was the one who could intimately submit to and serve his

Mistress.

An unusual request

Antianara, 162/6/1

Anders had been in Antianara for 5 months – almost a year [A Heran Year is 6 months], and his life was as usual dominated by his work. The Exalibur project was nearing a successful completion. Nearly all major challenges had been solved, tested and verified, and they had working prototypes of a new weapon. Remaining work could be described as fine-tuning, which did something to dampen Anders' enthusiasm. He preferred to break new ground, and he would rather start a new project.

But there was also another thing

contributing to Anders' impatience. He wanted to break his feeling of loneliness and isolation. Over the weeks and months he had been here, he received a reminder of what he was missing out on every time he saw Max move or sit cautiously after his weekly discipline sessions. He envied the slave assistant. Max might receive a lot of pain, but he also experienced true closeness to Mistress Cassandra, that goddess among women.

Max had what Anders craved but could not have. Whenever work did not fully absorb Anders' mind, this sense of unfulfillment bothered him.

This evening was just one of those when

his sense of discontent weighed heavy on his mind. He was monitoring a rerun of computer simulations of the new rifle, and he had plenty of time to let his mind wander.

He had analysed this many times over in his mind. Anders knew that any rational person would say he had a better deal than Max. Yet hormones made Anders come to another conclusion, whenever stimulation brought them forth. And that was pretty much every time he was near Mistress Cassandra.

Anders knew he might have to give up many of his privileges, were he to seek what he was craving. But it was a chance he was increasingly willing to take. He

could not really enjoy those privileges if all he did was to crave what he had not.

It was quite late, and Akira had gone home to her slaves, but Cassandra was still in the office. Anders decided to act. He had to do something, even if he knew he might regret it.

He paused the simulation, left his workspace, and made his way to Cassandra's office. Outside the office, Max was standing next to his desk, turning off the screen. He appeared to be about to leave.

-“Can I see her?” Anders asked Max.

-“If you go in now. I think she too will be on her way soon.”

Anders knocked quickly on the office door twice, and while he waited for an answer, he waved goodnight to Max, who was on his way out of the building.

-“Come in!” was the reply from inside.

Max opened the door and entered Mistress Cassandra’s office. She was sitting behind her desk, working on one of the screens on there. She looked up and into Anders’ eyes.

-“Hi, Anders. What’s brings you here this late?”

Anders hesitated before answering.

-“There is something with my work situation that is...not quite working.”

-“Is there an issue with the simulations?”

-“No, Mistress, it is about me.”

Anders could feel the heat of his own blushing. Cassandra just looked at him with her piercing blue-green eyes, waiting for him to continue.

-“I...I want you to discipline me, Mistress,” he finally said.

-“I see,” said Cassandra with a neutral expression. “Have you done anything in particular that warrants a punishment?”

-“No,” replied Anders. “I just think I will be more at peace with myself and perform better if I can be guided by your regular discipline.”

-“Interesting,” said Cassandra and leaned forward across her desk. “So you feel you have too much freedom?”

-“Well, I should not be too surprised,” she said not waiting for Anders’ reply. “Males do need structure and discipline to perform well, and that some of the smarter among you figured out that fact on your own only makes sense.”

Cassandra stared at Anders for a few long seconds while she made up her

mind.

-“I am not going to discipline you right now,” she said. “But since we are talking about a measure that might help your productivity, I think we can find an arrangement that will give you what you ask for. I will let you know soon.”

-“Thank you, Mistress.”

-“Now go back to work. I need to go now, but I will get back to you on this.”

Anders thanked Mistress Cassandra again and went back to his workstation.

A new regime

Antianara, 162/6/3

Early in the workday, two days later, Anders was at his desk when he heard his wrist unit signal an incoming message. It was from Mistress Cassandra. “Come to my office,” it read.

Anders paused his work and made his way to her office. He nodded to Max at the desk outside, then opened the office door and stepped inside.

Mistress Cassandra was standing in front of her desk, waiting for him. She was wearing a white blouse, a black leather skirt and knee high boots, and in her hand she held a crop. Her long hair was in a pony tail. Her cherry red lips were fixed

in a slight frown and she gave Anders an icy stare.

-“Close the door behind you and remove all your clothes,” she ordered him with an authoritative voice. “And be quick about it!”

Taken aback by her strict, domineering demeanour, Anders hurried to comply. As Anders was undressing, Cassandra issued her next order.

-“Fold your clothes, and put them next to my desk! Then you kneel in the middle of the floor!”

Anders did as she instructed, but not fast

enough for Cassandra's satisfaction.

-“Faster!” she shouted and whacked his arse with her crop as he placed his clothes on the floor, and once again as he positioned himself at the middle of the space in front of her desk.

Anders knelt on the floor with his hands behind his back, and looked nervously at Mistress Cassandra, as she started pacing slowly and deliberately around him.

-“Eyes straight!” she snarled when his head moved to follow her. Anders twitched and fixed his stare at the desk in front of him.



-“I have discussed your case with Mistress Aiden,” Cassandra declared. “And we have concluded you will benefit from a stricter disciplinary regime than what you have been used to until now. You need the guidance of a firm female

hand.”

She paused for a second, then continued.
-“Starting from today, you will receive weekly disciplinary beatings to remind you of your duty to serve women. You will report to me every Thursday morning for this purpose. If I am not available, I will delegate the task of disciplining you to other female staff.”

Cassandra stopped in front of him and flexed her crop.

-“Is that understood?”

-”Y-yes Mistress,” Anders replied slightly quivering, fearing he would regret having asked for this.

-“Good! Then bend over my desk.
NOW!”

Anders felt the sting of her crop on his back as she shouted the last word. He scrambled to obey, leaning over the part of Cassandra’s desk that was not covered by screens. As he did, he noticed three canes were laid out next to him.

With Anders bending over the desk, Cassandra replaced her crop with one of the canes on the desk, which she flexed a little.

-“Since you are not used to proper discipline yet, I will go easy on you this

time. You will have 40 strokes of the cane. I want you to count them and you will thank me for them afterwards.”

Anders quivered when he heard it. 40 strokes was more than he had from Mistress Corinne.

-“What do you say, slave?” demanded Cassandra.

-“Y-yes Mistress. Thank you Mistress,” Anders hurried to say.

-“Then we will begin.”

<SWISH...CRACK>

Anders closed his eyes as the pain of the

impact shot through his body.

-“One,” he managed to say.

-“That would be ‘one, Mistress’,”
Cassandra responded coolly. “We will
start again.”

<SWISH...CRACK>

The stroke hit a little below the first, and
was more painful.

-“One, Mistress.” Anders whimpered.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The next stroke followed immediately,
and was even more painful.

-“Two, Mistress,” he said after taking a deep gasp.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Cassandra gave him no respite.

-“Three, Mistress,” he managed to utter, his voice cracking.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The cane hit directly on top of the previous stroke, which made it infinitely more painful. Anders howled with agony.

-“Four, Mistress,” he whimpered when he managed to collect himself.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Cassandra stuck him again immediately, and Anders screamed again.

-“Pathetic pain tolerance,” Cassandra commented. “We will have to correct that.”

-“Five, Mistress,” Anders finally managed to pronounce.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Anders screamed again, and he felt tears in his eyes. He wondered why he had asked for this.

-“Six, Mistress.

Two minutes later, Cassandra delivered the fortieth and final stroke. Amid sobbing, Anders manage to whimper “Forty, Mistress.”

It had been continuous agony for Anders, who had needed all his strength and concentration to keep the count for Mistress Cassandra. He was somewhat surprised he had managed.

-“Now you will thank me for disciplining you,” Cassandra told him. “Get down on the floor!”

Anders sank down from the desk into a kneeling position, and turned around. Two meters behind him, on the middle of the floor, Mistress Cassandra stood in an

arrogant pose, with one hand on her hip, and the other nonchalantly holding the cane with which she had just beaten him.

Anders crawled towards her and kissed the toe of her boot.

-“Thank you for disciplining me,” he snivelled, still with tears in his eyes.

“Thank, you, Mistress.”

He continued to kiss her other boot, and briefly looked up at her as she disdainfully looked down on him.

Shocked by the thrashing she had just given him, Anders felt completely subjugated by the woman towering over him. While his body ached, and he was terrified at the prospect of more strokes,

he felt a sense of satisfaction. He felt an intense need to please Cassandra, to serve her and show his devotion to her. He passionately kissed and licked her boots.

-“I hope that served as an appropriate reminder of what you are, slave”

Cassandra said after a minute or two.

“But now it is time for you to serve me through your work. Put your clothes back on.”

-“Yes, Mistress,” replied Anders and hurried over to his clothes, eager to obey.

As he put his clothes on, Cassandra commented:

-“Considering how little discipline you have received from before, you didn’t take this session too badly. But I warn you, you will have to take more next week.”

A chill went through Anders’ spine. He could not possibly take anything harder than he had just received. If that was the way it was heading, he had bitten off more than he could chew.

-“Please, Mistress. I don’t think I can take it harder. I think milder discipline will work better.”

Cassandra just gave him another disdainful look.

-“You will take the discipline I see fit to

give you, and you will do so without any question. Is that understood?”

She let her cane run through her hand to underline her point.

-“Yes, Mistress,” answered Anders, afraid he might attract another round with the cane. It was clear that there was no turning back.

In the afternoon that day, Anders was at a workstation next to the magnetic accelerators that were used for physical testing of the new technology. The time was nearing for the final tests of the

improved weapon, and Anders was fine tuning the settings.

He was standing next to the screen with which the equipment was operated, as he had found it was rather painful to sit after what he had experienced this morning.

A check in the mirror in the bathroom had revealed his bottom was covered in red welts, on their way to turning purple.

Anders felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned. It was Cassandra. She gave him a quick smile, and a feeling of warmth went through Anders' body.

-“How is it going? Will you be ready to

test the weapon tomorrow?” she asked.

-“Very well, Mistress. We will be ready tomorrow.”

-“Good. Keep up the good work....slave,” she said with a sly smile.

-“Yes, Mistress!” replied Anders as Cassandra walked away, heading towards the Pridwen armour suit project area.

He felt a surge of motivation as he studied her elegant movement across the office floor. Her tight skirt showed off the curvature of her perfect thighs. She was the image of female perfection and

superiority. Anders wanted to intensely to serve her, which he would by performing a successful final test tomorrow.

Something extra

Antianara, 162/6/17

Anders stood outside Cassandra's office. It was Thursday, and it was time for his third disciplinary session. He was nervous. He knew the next minutes would be excruciatingly painful, but he also knew it would give him a sense of fulfilment to submit to Mistress Cassandra. The last two weeks had been very good for Anders. He felt a stronger sense of purpose than he had before in his work. The work had become an effort to serve Mistress Cassandra, and that somehow made his existence feel harmonious. And that was a reward for which the pain he was about to receive was an acceptable price.

-“You can enter. She is waiting for you,” Max said with a sympathetic look. It was clear that Max knew well why Anders was there and what would happen to him inside the office. Being her personal assistant, Max knew Cassandra’s schedule in and out. But he seemed to be unaware that Anders had voluntarily given up his exemptions from discipline, and Max would probably think Anders was stupid beyond belief if he knew that was the case.

-“Thank you,” said Anders and entered the office, closing the door behind him.

In front of him stood Mistress Cassandra

with crossed arms. She wore brown boots, a dark blue miniskirt and beige blouse. She wore her hair loose, and the long red locks framed her beautiful but stern looking face.

Anders fell to his feet, and greeted her by kissing her boots – one kiss on each. Cassandra pushed him away with a kick.

-“Enough!” she said. “I want you naked and on your knees now!”

Anders stripped as fast as he could, folded his clothes next to her desk and knelt in front of her. She was flexing a cane she had just picked up.

-“It is time for your discipline,”
Cassandra told him and stared into his eyes. Anders felt an urge to look down, and yielded to it.

Cassandra grabbed his hair and pulled Anders’ head in between her thighs, and locked it in with a powerful squeeze. She had him fixed, with his arse up in the air, presenting a perfect target.

-“You do not have to count this time,”
said Cassandra. I will cane you until I deem you had enough. Then you will thank me.”

-“Yes Mistress!”

Seconds later, Anders heard the swish of the cane, followed by a loud crack and a searing pain across his buttocks.

Then another stroke, and another. Cassandra launched a vicious barrage of cane strokes on Anders unprotected back end. It was unbelievably painful, and Anders was soon howling and crying with agony.

But however much he tried, he could do nothing to avert it. Cassandra had him tightly fixed between her legs. He could only wiggle, but not enough to avoid Cassandra's cruel strokes.

As usual, she soon had him reduced to a

sobbing mess, but she continued for several long minutes to inflict upon Anders the hardest beating he had until now received. Worse than anything so far.

But finally, she stopped. She was breathing heavily – she too had exerted herself.

-“This is what you need,” she said and let Anders’ head loose from between her thighs. He collapsed on the floor at her boots.

-“Now thank me,” she ordered. Exhausted and weakened from the beating, Anders nevertheless complied. He cautiously started kissing her boots,

meekly thanking her.

While he worshiped Mistress Cassandra's boots, his strength gradually returned, and with it, the fulfilling feeling of being completely under the power of the strong Mistress.

Anders heard a soft moan from Cassandra, and looked up. Cassandra had lifted her skirt and was massaging her sex through her panties with two fingers.

Cassandra looked back at Anders, and Anders lowered his eyes and went back to kissing her boots again.

Cassandra moaned a few times more. Then she said with a voice full of lust:

-“I am horny, slave. Down on your back.”

Anders complied right away. His excitement surged. He realised he was about to serve Mistress Cassandra in the most intimate way. It was what he had dreamed about.

Cassandra removed her black panties, picked up a crop and squatted on top of Anders' chest. Then she leaned forward, placing her pussy right above Anders' mouth.

-“Lick it well,” she ordered.

Anders put his tongue out and started licking her pussy greedily. Suddenly he

felt a sting on his thigh. Cassandra had hit him with the crop.

-“Tenderly!” she ordered. “This is for MY pleasure.”

Anders slowed down his pace, and tried to do it more tenderly. But it did not take long before he felt Cassandra’s crop again.

<WHACK>

<WHACK>

<WHACK>

-“Stop it!” she said angrily. “I forget that you are not a properly trained slave. Just lie completely still and stick your tongue

out, and I will do the work my self.”

Anders did as Cassandra instructed. Soon after, his field of vision went black as Cassandra sat down on his face, and started grinding her pussy against his tongue and nose in slow, rhythmic motions.

Her wetness was all over Anders’ face, and he was intoxicated by her scent, as he enjoyed the ride. Cassandra began moaning. Soft, feminine moans, barely audible to Anders with his ears squeezed between her thighs, but enough to raise his excitement to new heights.

Grinding him for many minutes,

Cassandra built up her own climax, and finally got her release.

-“Fuck, Yeesss!” she screamed, panting heavily. After her body had absorbed the last convulsions of her orgasm, she sat back on Anders’ chest for a minute, recovering. Anders was drenched in her moisture and fully erect.

-“Mmmmmhhh...that was good,” Cassandra purred.

-“But you were fucking useless,” she added and looked down on Anders scornfully. “A mistress should never be forced to work like that!”

She stood up, and whacked him on his

side with her crop.

-“Get on all four.”

Devastated she disapproved of his performance, Anders obeyed her and assumed the required position.

A barrage of crop strokes against his arse followed. Already having taken a savage beating with the cane, the agony of the assault was unbearable.

Anders howled and collapsed on the floor.

-“This is what you get for not pleasing your Mistress,” she shot at him.

-“I am sorry Mistress. Please,” Anders

pleaded, but Cassandra continued beating him.

-“I promise to improve Mistress. Please.”

-“You better,” Cassandra barked at him.
“Or there will more of this.”
She kicked him in the side.

-“We are done. Get your clothes on!”

Anders crawled over to his clothes, and started dressing – cautiously due to his many cane and crop marks. Meanwhile, Cassandra put her panties back on and adjusted the rest of her outfit.

When they were both close to ready,

Anders begged Cassandra meekly.

-“I want to improve, Mistress. Please teach me how to please you.”

He was snivelling. The shame of his failure and the put-down she had given him had brought him to tears

Cassandra replied in a voice somewhat milder than she had used so far.

-“I am not going to invest time in teaching a slave I don’t own. There are many trained slaves I can use instead. You have to figure on your own.”

-“Please buy me, then, Mistress,” Anders pleaded in desperation.

Cassandra turned her head and looked at

Anders for several seconds.

-“That is a possible option,” she said pensively. “But would you be able to handle that?”

-“I would, Mistress. I will do anything for you.”

-“If I buy you, you will be under a far stricter regime in my house than you are here at the institute. I expect perfect service – no exception. And I don’t spare the rod on my private slaves.”

“And,” she continued, “you need to perform at the same level here at the institute. If you don’t, your market value will plummet, and that would make your Mistress very unhappy. And that is

something you should really avoid.”
The threat in her last sentence was unmistakable.

-“Are you sure you want this?”

Anders hesitated for a second only.

-“Yes Mistress. I want to be *your* slave.”

-“I will think about it, slave. Now, get out of my office, and get back to work!”

New Owner

Antianara, 163/1/2

Two weeks later Anders stood in the office of Mistress Aiden, the director of Antianara Research Institute. She was seated behind her desk, wearing a red business dress and leaning back in her chair. Anders was standing in front of her desk, wearing his usual shirt and trousers.

Aiden spoke to Anders in a formal tone.
-“As I am sure you know, Mistress Cassandra de Winter, the head of your division, has in her private capacity made a request to purchase you from the Institute.”

Anders nodded, and Aiden continued.

-“As Institute Director, I will not allow the loss or degradation of our scientific resources, and I am therefore sceptical of any sale of our top scientific slaves.”

-“However,” she went on, “We do want to comply with Empire and Queendom policy of increasing the share of slaves under private ownership. So we do have a program that allows upstanding ladies to buy our male staff provided the labour of said staff is leased back to the institute for a duration of at least 20 years [10 EY].”

She made a short pause.

-“And Mistress Cassandra is certainly a Lady I trust, so I am inclined to let this

purchase go ahead. But before I approve the deal, there is something I need to know.”

Aiden looked Anders straight in the eyes. -“Do *you* have any objection to the Institute selling you to Mistress Cassandra? Will you be able to maintain your value to the Institute while simultaneously being in her service?”

Anders replied immediately. -“I have no objections, Mistress. I believe Mistress Cassandra’s discipline and guidance will increase my value to the Institute.”

-“Very well,” said Aiden. “Then I will

approve the purchase. It is unusual to put any weight on the opinions of a male for such decisions, but here at the Institute we do in cases like this. If the slave in question will not be able to maintain performance, it will not be good for any party.”

-“Thank you, Mistress.”

-“We are done here. You can return to work. I will inform Mistress Cassandra of my decision.”

Anders again thanked Mistress Aiden, and departed her office barely able to conceal his joy.

Antianara, 163/1/5

It had gone three days since his conversation with Mistress Aiden, and Anders was impatiently waiting to learn what happened with his sale. He had hoped something would have happened by now, but Cassandra had not told him anything so far.

When Cassandra sent him a message late in the afternoon telling him to get in her office, he felt a surge of excitement. He hurried over to her office, not even looking at Max as he passed him outside.

Cassandra was waiting for him in front of her desk. Wearing a pink halter top, black wet-look leggings and high heeled sandals, she looked less formal the usual,

but no less impressive.

-“You can get down on your knees and greet me,” said Cassandra as Anders closed the door behind him. “For I am now your new owner.”

Elated, Anders fell on his knees and kissed her well-pedicured feet.

-“The purchase was effectuated today. That means you are my property.”

-“Thank you, Mistress,” said Anders amid the kisses he showered on her feet.

Cassandra let Anders worship her feet for another ten seconds before stopping

him.

-“That’s enough. Back on your knees!”

Anders sat up on his knees, and looked up at Cassandra’s face.

-“I will leave the office now, and you will come with me,” she said in a matter-of-fact tone. “And remember, the moment we are outside this building, the liberties you have here at the office will no longer apply. I, and every other woman for that matter, will treat you just like any other male. You will not speak unless spoken to, and you will never contradict a woman. Only here at the office can you do such things. Is that understood?”

-“Yes, Mistress!”

-“To mark your new status as my slave, you will wear this when I take you home.” Cassandra picked up collar with a leash attached from her desk. She started fixing the collar around Anders’ neck. “You will at all times walk two steps behind me as I lead you. Is that clear?”

-“Yes Mistress.”

-“Then let’s go,” said Cassandra and tugged the leash, forcing Anders to follow her out the door.

-“I will be taking my new slave home now,” said Cassandra to a surprised-

looking Max as they exited the office.
“You will finish preparing the tasks I gave you before lunch, then you can go home.”

-“Yes, Mistress, replied Max.

Fifteen minutes later, after navigating through the streets of the domed city of Antianara, Cassandra and Anders arrived at a fancy-looking five-storey apartment building, with large balconies on all floors.

Inside, Cassandra tugged Anders into an elevator, which took them to the third floor. In the third floor hallway, there

were only two doors, Anders noticed, meaning the apartments must be huge.

When Cassandra opened one of the doors, this suspicion was confirmed. From the entrance section, there was free view into a huge and well-decorated living room and onwards out on the almost equally big balcony.

Immediately beyond the entrance section, a slave waited on his knees. He was naked save a jockstrap. He went down and kissed her sandals as she entered.

-“Welcome home, Mistress. Your dinner is waiting.”

-“Thank you, Matt,” said Cassandra,

barely looking at him. She tugged the leash in which she held Anders, such that he was forced to lower his head.

-“This is my new slave, Anders. Feed him and get him properly outfitted while I eat.”

-“Afterwards there will be discipline. I need to break in the new slave, and I will move the discipline session for all of you up for that purpose.”

-“Yes, Mistress,” replied Matt.

Cassandra tugged Anders’ leash again, this time causing him to tumble down on the floor.

-“Matt will show you the ropes she said,” before heading further into the

living room.

Forty-five minutes later, Anders was waiting on his knees in what Matt had termed ‘The play room’ alongside Matt and Hugh, another slave of Cassandra’s. They all wore nothing but cock cages hidden under black jockstraps. According to Matt, Mistress Cassandra did not allow her slaves unsupervised access to their manhood, and this was thus how she preferred her slaves to be dressed when in her apartment.

Before they came they came to the playroom, Matt had served Anders with a

meal of slave fodder and provided his current outfit. They had also exchanged a few words about their backgrounds and roles. From this, Anders had learned that Matt was Cassandras first slave. She had acquired him just after she finished her Mistress course almost 40 years [20 EY] earlier, and had kept him since as her house slave and personal attendant. Matt's main tasks were to keep her apartment in perfect shape and to cook her meals.

Hugh had been bought by Cassandra 15 years [8 EY] ago, and spent some of his time assisting Matt with the housework. But for the most part he was rented out to the Duchess of Antianara's office, where

he worked as a secretary.

Now they were waiting for their Mistress to arrive. What Matt had called the Playroom looked mostly like a torture chamber, with fetters hanging from the ceiling, various restraining devices spread on the floor, and punishment implements hanging on the walls.

Mistress Cassandra would have all she needed to make her slaves suffer here. Anders knew he would be in for a hard time. But hopefully not too hard. Anders noticed that the two other slaves had whip marks on their backs and cane marks on their thighs, but they did not look fresh, and had almost faded.

Suddenly, the slaves heard the heels of Cassandra's boots clicking outside, and they all straightened their backs.

Seconds later, Cassandra entered the room. She had changed from the outfit she wore for work, and was now sporting a black latex bikini with matching opera gloves and thigh high boots. Her hair was in a tight pony tail, and dramatic make-up, including black lipstick emphasised her stern expression.

Striking a pose that displayed her authority, with legs wide apart and hands resting on her hips, she gave her order.
-“Worship your Mistress!”

Matt and Hugh crawled over to her and started licking and kissing her boots. Taking their cue, Anders joined in the demonstration of their submission to her.

After half a minute of boot worship, Cassandra stopped it by grabbing Hugh and Anders by the hair.

-“That’s enough boys,” she told them.
“Matt! Get in the frame!”

Matt crawled towards a frame-like device in the middle of the room, while Cassandra forcefully pulled the slaves she had by their hair towards two cages standing alongside one of the walls.

-“Get in,” she ordered them. “You will

enjoy the show from here, knowing it will be you next.”

Hugh and Anders crawled into each their cubic meter sized cage, and Cassandra locked them in. Then she went over to the frame where Matt was waiting. She ordered him to stand, after which she attached fetters from the top of the frame to his wrist, and then, fetters from the bottom of the frame to his ankles. A few taps on her wrist unit made the fetters tighten, and Matt was soon suspended in the middle of the frame, unable to move in any significant way.

-“It is time for a reminder,” she said as she picked up a thick, meter long single

tail whip from a rack on the wall. “A reminder of who rules you, and of your duty to submit.”

She slowly circled the frame in which Matt was suspended, caressing the whip in her hand. Then, as she passed behind him, she stopped and she suddenly lashed his arse with a full force blow.

Matt let out a cry of pain and surprise.

It was the start of a sustained assault on his backside. Cassandra rained down her lashes on him for minutes, forcing groans and then howls out of her slave.

Then, as suddenly as she started, she

stopped. She put the whip down on a nearby spanking bench and approached her suspended slave from behind. She caressed his back with her hand, exploring the welts she had just raised.

-“Looks good,” she purred.

Then she tapped her wrist unit, and Matt was immediately released from his fetters. He fell down on the floor.

Matt needed two seconds to collect himself, but knew what to do. He turned to face Cassandra, who had placed her right foot in front of the other for him to access. Matt kissed her boot.

-“Thank you for disciplining me,

Mistress,” he said meekly.

He kissed it a few times more, before she grabbed him by the hair and forced him towards the cages.

-“Your turn to watch,” she stated.

Cassandra opened Hugh’s cage.

-“Out! On the frame!” she instructed him.

Hugh hurried to comply, and as soon as he was out of the cage, Cassandra encouraged Matt to enter the cage with a kick. Then she locked him in it.

Hugh was fixed to the frame the same way as Matt had been, and then given the same treatment. Three minutes of hard

whipping with Cassandra's short single tail, then released to collapse on the floor and thank his Mistress for the discipline by kissing her boot.

As he watched, Anders could feel his own anxiousness building. He knew he would be next, and he could see Cassandra did not hold back. Both her other slaves had been whipped at least as bad as anything he had himself received. He feared the pain that was coming. But he could also not stop himself from admiring his Mistress as she whipped her inferiors. Strong, beautiful and sexy. The irresistible female power she exuded. He wanted to please her. He wanted to take it for her.

It was Anders' turn. Cassandra opened his cage and gave her curt orders.

-“Out! On the frame.”

Anders obeyed like the other two slaves before him, and Cassandra locked Hugh in the cage Anders had just vacated.

Anders closed his eyes as Cassandra came up close to fix him to the fetters of the frame. He relished feeling her breasts rubbing against his back and the sweet scent of her perfume. She was the Mistress of his dreams, his ultimate ambition.

<CRACK>

Anders was brutally ripped out of his

nirvana when the whip impacted his back. Pain shot through his body, and he gasped.

Then the second lash followed, and the third and the fourth. Cassandra went no easier on Anders than on the others. He screamed out with agony.

It only drew a contemptuous response from Cassandra.

-“You better get used to this. I like to whip my slaves often...and hard.”

The last word was emphasised by an extra hard lash.



But it was only the beginning. Cassandra whipped Anders for what seemed to him to be an eternity. He was howling and crying, then snivelling and whimpering.

His infatuation with Mistress Cassandra was fully displaced in his mind by the feeling of pure agony. He was desperate to escape, but could not. Not until Cassandra finally released him from the fetters, and he collapsed on the floor.

He lay stunned on the floor for seconds, until prompted to action by the mocking voice of Cassandra.

-“I am waiting!”

Anders realised what he had to do. He crawled over to her and started kissing the boot she presented for him.

-“Thank you, Mistress. Thank you for disciplining me,” he said with a

trembling voice, motivated more by fear than of admiration of his mistress. But as he continued kissing her boot, and the pain and trauma of the whipping she had just inflicted upon him subsided, his motivation was increasingly driven by adoration.

-“Good... You are learning your place,” said Cassandra with satisfaction. “But you can stop for now.”

She stopped him by kicking Anders’ face away.

-“Stay where you are,” Cassandra ordered Anders, and turned to the cages containing Matt and Hugh. She opened the cages.

-“Get out, boys. Take your recovery pills then get back to your chores,” she told them.

As she spoke, it dawned on Anders, that the mild markings on the other slaves before this session did not necessarily signify long time since their last beatings. It was more likely due to recovery pills, which would make them heal far quicker. Anders had never had to take such pills before, due to his privileged position as a scientific slave. Though that might change, he realised – and hoped.

Cassandra continued to inform the males in the room.

-“I will now continue with an extra

lesson for Anders. He will need some extra education in how to serve me before he is allowed his pill.”

Anders was unsure what this meant for him. It could be good or bad. Cassandra went on.

-“When we are done, you will show him how to do house chores, Matt. You will have his assistance for one to two hours of house work each evening when I don’t need him. The rest of the time he will spend at the Institute earning back the fuckload of credits I spent on him. You got that?”

-“Yes, Mistress,” was the immediate answer from Matt, and he and Hugh left the room.

Cassandra turned to Anders.

-“Then it is time for your education,” she said with a mischievous smile.

-“Get on the bed!” She pointed to a bed on the far wall, with fetters attached to each of its four bedposts. “Face up!”

Anders crawled over to the bed, and gingerly placed himself on his back in the middle of the bed. His backside ached badly as it made contact with the mattress.

Meanwhile, Cassandra removed her bikini under and picked up a crop from a wall rack. She climbed up on the bed, and squatted over Anders, sitting down

on his chest. She was flexing her crop menacingly while looking down on the slave pinned between her legs.

-“You know, it makes me really horny when I beat a man until he is crying,” she said lustfully. “And that is a great starting point for the lesson I will now provide you – to please me properly.”

Harmony

Antianara, 163/4/13

The Weapons Division staff was gathered in the Atrium break area.

Cassandra stood up on a chair to address them all.

-“Listen up everyone! We have two successes to celebrate today. Projects Excalibur and Pridwen are both in their final phases. Test batches of both the Excalibur rifle and the Pridwen armour suit are now in production, and trials with the Femdom Guard will commence soon after. We have done our part – now it is up to the guardesses to learn how to use them. Let us all give a hand to the teams behind these successes!”

The people in the atrium all clapped and cheered.

-“And a special thanks to Akira and Celeste, who lead the effort on the two projects,” Cassandra added as the clapping died down.

-“And to Anders,” added Akira, who stood next to Cassandra. “Without his contributions, Excalibur would still be on the drawing board.”

Another round of applause followed, and Anders smiled, pleased that his contribution was noted and appreciated. But more pleased that he had contributed to the success and prestige of Cassandra,

his Mistress.

And what Anders was really longing for, was going home with her, and to receive her appraisal of him one-on-one.

Later that evening, Anders was in a cage in Cassandra's playroom. It was discipline night, and Anders had just witness Cassandra savagely thrash Matt with a dressage whip. She was now leading the chastised Matt towards Anders' cage.

She opened the cage and ordered Anders out, and Matt in before she locked it.

Grabbing Anders by the hair, she forced him towards a spanking bench and ordered Anders to mount it. As she fastened buckles to keep him fixed to the bench, she said in a not too harsh voice: -“You have done well lately, slave. You really have.”

-“But we must not let that get to your head, so proper discipline is doubly important,” she continued. “You are nothing but a slave, and you must always remember that.”

Then, the swish of the dressage whip followed, and vicious, stinging pain in Anders’ upper thighs. Cassandra was a harsh Mistress, but Anders would not

trade his submission to her for anything in the universe.

Author contact

If you have any comments on the books in this series, questions about the Ladies of Hera universe or even requests for particular parts of this universe to be explored in future books, please contact the author on
clnorthbridge@protonmail.com