

The Training of Tess

Part 1 – The Gift

Chapter 1

Tessa fidgeted nervously as she smoothed the wrinkles from her figure hugging pencil skirt. Shifting her gaze from the countryside rushing by, she glanced impatiently at her phone again; nothing. The last words she had read that morning from Him had been *today is the day Tessa*. She had scrolled up and down the list of messages she had received from Him countless times as she had sat there, double-checking and triple checking to ensure that she would fulfill His instructions exactly. *You will catch the 10.13 train to London Victoria and alight when I tell you. You will then go to the front of the station and take the nearest taxi. Tell him to take you to Court Road. When you arrive there you will see two post boxes. Get out of the car, pay him and await instructions.*

An involuntary shiver ran the full length of her spine as she sat on the train, waiting, anxiously waiting for that message. She perched on the edge of the seat, waiting for each stop, knowing she might have to dash for the door to make sure she didn't miss the stop, and then her phone vibrated in her trembling hand. *Now* it said and with that Tessa stood and moved to the door. She appraised her reflection in the glass of the door – green satin blouse, black cardigan, black pencil skirt, sheer black nylons and her comfortable black slip on patent heels. He had requested she wear her turquoise underwear for their meeting, so Tessa had thought that accessorizing her flame red hair with a forest green blouse would also please Him. She had an insatiable need to please this man like nothing she had ever felt before.

He had crashed headlong into her life some three weeks earlier. Tessa had always been fascinated with the Dominant submissive lifestyle, and she was – she felt, a very submissive person. In her real life people knew her as a feisty, headstrong and passionate woman; no one would ever have described her as submissive. But then she had learned over time that being submissive didn't mean she had to be a doormat, it meant to her that she wanted to hand over her control, her welfare, her safety, to someone else. Throughout her life she had maintained an iron grip on her personal control, organized to the extreme in her work and home life, highly respected in her profession as a Personal Assistant, so used to controlling others to ensure success. But what she truly wanted deep down inside, was a man who could take her to that special place of freedom she had heard and read so much about. To experience true freedom within her mind...

She had signed up to a lifestyle website to learn more about what it was to attain this 'sub-space' she had heard about. Peppering her profile with photographs she felt were 'artistic', and writing a personal passage about who she was had attracted plenty of admirers, but no one she had particularly connected with. She wasn't looking to find a soul mate, or even a play mate, just someone to discuss her thoughts and passions and desires with. It was out of the blue that a message had dropped into her inbox. He handled each conversation they had with courtesy and interest, drawing more and more information out of her without her even realizing. Or maybe she did and she was already walking towards this man instinctively, already feeling the urge to please Him in any way He desired. She couldn't place when her thoughts turned to Him entirely- it wasn't long after they had started talking. He had even managed to find out where she worked, and after a few days of messaging back and forth, He called her anonymously at her desk. He had used a fake name to convince reception to pass Him through to her, and when He spoke, He had teased her with His low voice pressed to her ear. "Imagine this voice Tessa, speaking in your ear in person, knowing that whatever I say next, you must submit without question..." At that point Tessa felt the intense pangs of fear and panic that she had been hunted down so easily, what else did this man know about her in but a few days? She did not even know His name...

Two days later she met Him for the first time. She had just had a difficult meeting in the city and had been dropped off at the local car pool to collect her car when she had been pressed firmly against her door from behind...

"Hello Tessa" He had breathed in her ear, "I suggest you get in my car." Near paralyzed with fear she turned slowly and looked straight into intense sparkling brown eyes, flecked with green, there was no way she would deny Him, all of her life-long fantasies were coming true. They had gone to a local park, where He had run His hands over her shaking body, entwined His fingers in her hair and pulled her to His lips where they kissed deeply and passionately, her body melting further with each kiss and caress. His hands were so gentle, but firm enough to know that there really was no escape. He worked over her clothed body, gradually relaxing her until He slipped His hand under her top and slid His fingers inside the lacy material of her bra, slowly releasing her right breast. Her heaving chest betrayed her fear and lust, a deep red flush creeping across her as He leaned in and sucked her nipple deep into His mouth. She moaned loudly, eyes closing and arching her back to push into Him, taking her so close to the edge of climax then instinctively stopping His exploration of her body. Pulling away from her, He held her gaze, fingers once more tightly wrapped in her hair.

“I am going to enjoy you,” He uttered as she gasped to regain her composure. Every word He spoke to her was like a lightning bolt straight to her sex. Deep and powerful, she had to know more about Him whatever the cost...

And so here she was, sitting in the back of a taxi, wondering what she was heading towards. He had asked her many questions and taken note of everything she had said and done since their meeting; of this she was completely sure. He seemed to instinctively know everything that made her tick, the right things to say to her, the right comments to make her squirm and moan with need, freeing her mind to soar with thoughts of losing control. She paid the driver and stepped out of the taxi, glancing at her phone. Looking around warily, she took in her surroundings. She was standing in the middle of an industrial complex with low level office blocks all around, some apparently abandoned. As soon as the taxi moved away her phone started ringing. Tessa jumped out of her skin and picked up the call

“He-hello?” She stammered.

“Face the post boxes, turn to your right, walk forward until I tell you to stop and keep your eyes *down*.’ Tessa did just this without question and walked until His voice told her to stop. “You will now see a door just to your right – go inside, shut it behind you and walk to the bottom of the stairs”

Tessa looked at the ordinary, red-framed metal door in front of her, reached out and gingerly pulled it toward her. Entering the building as instructed. Her shaking increased significantly when she realized she was entering a long abandoned building. There were broken tiles on the floor, and a musty damp smell in the air. It looked like no one had been here in a long time... just what was going to happen? Her breathing came quickly now as His voice directed her to two doors, and instructed her to enter the left door, drop her bag and coat on the right hand wall and stand on the mat provided. She did as commanded and opened the indicated door. She was greeted by an empty room, no windows, a single bright fluorescent tube light, white porcelain tiles on the floor and walls and a shabby suspended polystyrene tiled ceiling. It was distinctly colder inside, which didn't help with her nervous trembling. She dropped her bag and her coat and removed her shoes as commanded and stood on the mat. She was panting now, her breathing ragged and her whole body trembling visibly as she faced the wall. Then she heard the door open, followed by a loud clunk as the door was locked firmly behind them.

Chapter 2

Tessa's mind started to race now. He was obviously standing behind her, but He had not touched her, spoken to her or acknowledged her presence. Her mind flicked to the bag of 'toys' that He had instructed her to bring. He had asked that she bring four of her favorite sex toys with her, and a fifth one she had never used, to be set apart from the others tied with a colorful ribbon. It had struck her as strange as such a request would usually shock her, but He had asked in such a way that she felt compelled to comply without even thinking, just responding to His words. Her thoughts settled on the fifth item. She had smiled when she had tied a blue ribbon around it to match the color of the item inside. She loved pretty things, often accessorizing her clothes and hair with bright flowers, brooches, bracelets etc, so the ribbon seemed so personal to her. She wondered if He had known that a simple ribbon would ground her and make her feel safe. But how could He? She had known Him for barely three weeks and now she was fearfully starting to regret that fifth item she had never used...

Her mind snapped back to reality as she felt His lips close to her left ear "Are you ready to be mine?" He whispered and ran His hands down her trembling arms, lingering on her hands, almost re-assuring her that it would all be ok. He then started stroking her hair, so gentle, so soft, carefully removing hair clips and the forest green hair flower she had chosen to match her blouse. The sensations coursing through her body caused her to whimper as He stroked her hair more firmly and then suddenly stopped. Tessa's stomach knotted tightly as she wondered what He was going to do next – and then she heard a light ripping sound, causing the hairs on her neck to rise, her trembling becoming uncontrollable once more. She was convinced that her knees would give way and then He spoke. "Bye bye" He chuckled cheerily and firmly wrapped material over her eyes, tightly encasing her in pitch black.

She let out another whimper of fear that was tinged with pleasure. She couldn't deny that she was getting more turned on by the minute, being an object to be used by this man she hardly knew, compellingly intelligent, charming, a hypnotic smile that made her helpless to His commands and now, He gently inserted ear plugs and taped them in place. She was now left with only the sound of her own pulse thumping in her ears, and her heavy breathing rushing in and out – *light headed* she thought. She felt something plastic pushed between her lips and then a stream of cool water pouring into her mouth. She gulped greedily - her panting had caused her mouth to become incredibly dry, *such kindness. He really has thought of everything...* she mused. He pulled the bottle away and a rivulet of water ran down her chin, Tessa moaned as His fingers gently brushed the water away, lingering perhaps longer than necessary on her bottom lip, sending shivers through her body.

Then Tessa's Gift, the Gift of her submission to Him commenced. She felt His arms wrap around her body, starting to unbutton her cardigan and then her blouse, His hands and fingers gently but firmly unwrapping her as she stood there awaiting each sensation, gasping as His fingers first brushed her naked stomach, trailing down her sides, tracing the curve of her waist. His hands then moved down, unzipping her skirt and letting it fall to the floor, then oh so slowly peeling her tights down to her ankles. She quivered as she felt His breath on the back of her thighs, her mind starting to soar with the pleasure of His caress, becoming completely exposed to Him. Tessa felt she should be ashamed or embarrassed standing there in this abandoned building, blindfolded, in her bra and panties, but with each layer He removed, the more free she became.

She felt His breath on the back of her neck, was He blowing on her, making her shiver? And then she felt His hands on her once more, slowly sliding the straps off her shoulders, left shoulder, then right, a hand moving around to gently pinch her already erect nipples, one by one. Tessa dropped her head back, arching her body against His hands, she wanted to beg Him to remove her bra now, but she knew better than to speak without permission. She nervously licked her lips, trying to moisten them, biting her bottom lip to control the sensations as He finally unhooked the back and released her firm breasts, standing proud from her rib cage. He squeezed each breast in turn, and then slid His hands down to her panties; the final item of clothing before she stood before Him ready for His use.

He slid His thumbs inside her waistband and continued to pull them down. Tessa was completely naked now but her trembling had subsided. Surely she should be more terrified now? What if someone had found them there? She would be completely helpless, shamed, it didn't bear thinking about, but He had promised her that couldn't happen and she trusted Him. Shouldn't she be more afraid that when He had used her, He could quite easily leave her for dead? Again, she trusted Him. Completely. She had now given herself to Him, He would use her and if she pleased Him, He would complete His ownership of her. Such thoughts used to be crazy to her, they should be crazy to her, but they didn't feel that way now, standing there naked and free. She was starting to drift in her mind, she had lost control now, whatever would happen to her she had no choice.

Alone in her reverie Tessa suddenly became aware that He had not touched her in a while - how long though? With no sight or hearing, she was strangely calm, but had no sense of time. She jumped as His attentions began on her body again. He grasped her right wrist and she felt something wrapped and tightened in place. She gasped loudly as she realized that one of the items from her bag was being used on her, one of four leather wrist and ankle restraints she had packed. He continued to secure one on each limb, tugging at them firmly

to test their strength. Tessa quivered as a smile spread across her lips – the feeling of these cuffs on her, her only garment, now took her arousal to new levels. Her skin tingled, her sex so moist that she could feel her inner thighs becoming wet; something that she knew would not avoid His notice.

He took her right hand, His left arm wrapped around her waist, and led her across the room. He then raised both her arms high above her head and fastened them so that her arms were stretched with very little movement. Tessa panicked frantically, she truly was helpless there was no way she could escape. She could perhaps try and kick, but she knew she couldn't take her entire weight on her wrists and would only end up hurting herself. What was more, she was insanely ticklish, and in this position, her armpits were fully exposed for His use. He pulled her roughly to Him as she felt something tightly secured above the top of her breasts. She wasn't sure, but she thought that she felt something trailing between her breasts and down her torso. As she struggled and tested her bindings, she felt it shimmering across her sensitized skin, tickling feelings shooting through her from top to toe. Even just standing there she was moaning and gasping, her head thrashing from side to side, panting, until she had to rest her forehead against her left upper arm, trying to regain some self-control for what was to come.