

Menage a Tess – an Excerpt

As Lady Isabella glided through the doorway, Tessa thought her heart was going to thud free of her ribcage. She was anxious about seeing her Master again after the disaster of their last meeting, and of course she was even more keen to please Him than she had ever been before. Shakily stepping on the polished wooden floor, she kept her eyes lowered and stood awaiting instructions. She could sense His gaze on her – it was unmistakable, electric, and her skin prickled under the intensity of His scrutiny. *He must be checking to see if I have followed His instructions*, she thought as she stood and waited. He had required her to wear the black tube dress He had bought her some months ago, extremely short and figure-hugging, and He had also said she was not to wear any underwear. There was to be no doubt to anyone who saw her that she was completely naked except for the thin material clinging to her ample frame. She was also to wear her Benwa balls for two hours previously, and to leave them in for their meeting to ensure she was completely ready for any eventuality. To finish the outfit, she was to wear her lace topped stockings with her usual garter belt, and her five and a half inch strappy sandals. She was to wear no jewelry or adornments aside from her four leather ankle and wrist cuffs. Unlike any normal meeting with her Master, she was to ensure these were buckled tightly in place before arrival, as He would not be placing them on her for this particular scene. This had felt the strangest request of all of them as it was almost like a ritual for Him to place the symbols of her submission on her. But then maybe that was the test: to make her uneasy, to take her out of her comfort zone.

“You look beautiful, Tessa, such a good girl for following my instructions to the letter; you are a delight and a credit to me. Come, kneel for me,” He said, and gestured for her to kneel on the floor to the right of His feet. Not daring to look up at Him, she walked quickly to His side, and noted He had placed a pillow on the floor in the area He had indicated for her to sit. Bracing herself on the arm of the chair, she steadied herself as she dropped to her knees on the cushion provided. Once she had knelt, He entwined His right hand in her hair and pulled her toward Him so she now sat on the pillow and her head was against His thigh. “Relax, my sweet, rest a while,” He said quietly to her as she allowed herself to be guided by Him; He was obviously pleased with her. The delight in His voice sent shivers through her, reminiscent of how they used to be together, all those months before. “This is a new situation for you my Tess, and so, although you need no safeword with me, since you gave it to me so long ago; I would like you to have a safe word for any others you play with, namely my dear Isabella here. Oh, and of course Johnny boy. For this purpose, I have chosen the word ‘Rioja’ – blood red Rioja, seems appropriate do you think? And for when you are unable to speak, you will treasure this red ball.” He handed her a bright red soft rubber ball

which she squeezed easily between her fingers as she took it from him. Staring at it, puzzled, he continued. "When you are gagged, you must hold this in your hand and you will drop this, should you wish the scene to stop. Same rules apply as before, if you drop the ball, the scene, the training, everything finishes. Do you understand Tessa?" Charles placed His index finger underneath her chin and lifted her face to look directly into His eyes. Trembling with the enormity of having a method of safety back in her life, she could only manage two words – which were more than sufficient in response.

"Yes Master" Holding her gaze for a few moments longer, He removed His hand from her and turned to the Lady.

"So you were saying about the stables, Isabella? When do you hope to have them up and running?" Master asked the Lady, obviously continuing a conversation they were having before she arrived. To Tessa this whole situation was strange but exciting – these two powerful people were discussing business as though she wasn't present, and her Master was continually pulling and stroking her hair throughout the entire discourse. At one point, Isabella handed Him a champagne saucer full of what Tessa could only assume was fine champagne, and He placed it on the floor next to her, releasing her hair and nodding that she should drink it. Isabella had moved a finely turned old dining chair with a red velvet seat to the other side of her, so as they talked, they were effectively talking over Tessa's head. Their conversation, low and assured, was almost hypnotic as she tried to focus on steadying her stuttering heart. As she sat up a little so she could take the delicate glass with both hands, even though they were both still mid-conversation, she felt her Master slide a finger into the back of her dress and glide it back and forth across her back, the sensation both calming and exciting all wrapped in one tingling bundle of energy. As suddenly as He had started caressing her, He pulled the dress down to her waist in one swift movement, exposing her breasts for them. But much to Tessa's shock, neither of them mentioned or even acknowledged that she was sitting there half naked before them. She was completely confused by the situation; it was definitely like nothing she had ever felt before. She felt on display, a plaything for the privileged and powerful. She shamefully admitted to herself that she loved how it felt. Taking a large sip of champagne, she felt her Master's hand snake its way along her spine up to the nape of her neck, where He firmly grasped her steadily in place. Pulling her upright and back onto her knees so that her posture was straighter, it had the effect that her breasts were now standing proud from her rib cage. Her breathing quickened and she gasped quietly as she felt Lady Isabella's hands on her naked flesh for the first time. Master held her firmly still as the Domme cupped her breasts in turn, still sipping Her glass of Rioja in Her left hand, caressing so gently, exploring, until eventually She pinched her nipple between Her thumb and forefinger and rolled and pulled it, teasing it

with such skill that it was all Tessa could do not to drop the fine crystal she cradled in her hands.

Her head was spinning; this was really happening. The business conversation continued in earnest above her head, but there was no way she could concentrate now – there were too many sensations flowing through her. Eventually Lady Isabella ceased Her attentions on her breast momentarily, and Tessa took the opportunity to set the glass safely on the floor, not before taking a large swig for good measure. No sooner did she swallow that the attention commenced on her other nipple, her Master's grip on her neck holding her steady, as strong as ever. Her nipples tingled as both were made erect by the continued attentions, and eventually, although she couldn't turn her head, she heard a light clink of metal which made her shiver to wonder what it might be. Lady Isabella took her wrist and attached something to her cuff, and then pulled it to connect to her other wrist, her arms now secured behind her, pushing her breasts even farther out for display. It was then Tessa found out what the metallic sounds were. The blonde Domme had started massaging her breasts again. Before she knew what was happening, Tessa felt a sharp pinch on one nipple, followed by another sharp pinch on her left, the pressure becoming increasingly painful by the second. Straining to look down she could just see out of the corner of her eye that there were two silver clips applied to her nipples, connected by a fine silver chain in the middle. It was all she could do not to whimper or moan in pain as the crushing intensified. She was desperately repeating her new safe word over and over in her head, but she didn't want to use it so quickly, she implicitly trusted the two Dominants who held her in their control. Still gripping her neck firmly, her Master reached around her, and with His spare hand tugged gently on the connecting chain. Unable to control herself any longer, she screamed, but it wasn't that which shocked her the most. It was how much the sensation was arousing her; she could feel the insides of her thighs becoming slick with her excitement. The dull ache in her core burned like a raging fire of need. Her self-control had evaporated, leaving only instinct. Every scent, sound and taste suddenly heightened. She became aware that not only could she smell the champagne and Rioja mingled together, the pure and the rich, but also her own scent and a new one. A deliciously musky scent – which was unmistakably Lady Isabella. It seemed that as well as pleasing her Master, she was appealing to the beautiful Lady also. Tessa closed her eyes and moaned as the pressure on her nipples became more bearable, and she could re-focus on the fingers being dragged lightly across her skin by both her Master and Isabella. Their caresses were driving her even crazier than before – the infernal torture of her breasts seeming to have heightened every other nerve-ending in her body. Eventually they stopped, and Master released her neck. Slumping slightly, she tried to hold herself proud as before, but it wasn't for long as Lady Isabella helped her gently to her feet, then took the chain and tugged gently for her to follow. Yelping more out of fear than

pain, she tottered forward, arms still bound, legs like jelly from the sensual torture she had just been subjected to. Halting in front of the huge polished wood dining table, Isabella moved behind her and pushed her gently to bend at the waist. Tessa pressed her cheek to the mahogany first, then the tinkling of metal drifted to her ears as the chain and clamps touched the table. Fresh pain bloomed as her nipples brushed the cold surface, but faded just as quickly. Tessa jumped a little when she felt Isabella's hands on either side of her hips, rubbing her full thighs and buttocks, tracing the outline of the garter belt, savoring the feeling. She rolled up the tiny dress so she was completely exposed, top and bottom. She gasped as she felt Isabella's hand slide between her legs, gently parting her lips, dipping momentarily into her dripping core alongside the Benwa, and then pulled gently at her labia. Removing her hand, she commanded quietly, "Spread your legs, my dear... that's it, a little wider..." She encouraged her so her entire upper body was now resting on the table and her pussy was on display to both her Master and Lady Isabella.

"Now, Charles, what was it you said about spanking again?"

Charles noted with satisfaction that Tessa was noticeably panting with fear. Isabella was a real delight, effortlessly gaining trust with her gentle manner. She'd taken to Tess with the same enthusiasm as he had, and the ease with which she'd sent his girl into her subspace so quickly and without much of his help had pleased him. His perfect foil. This entire scene was something she had planned herself after he'd recounted some of their previous sessions, and she'd taken great interest in the spanking he had dealt.

When Charles had first described Tessa's punishments, Isabella had shaken her head and sighed. "Charles, darling, you can't do that to a new sub; she'll be terrified of spanking now, and from what you tell me, your little girl would grow to love that particular activity too. All the sensual hand prints, semi-permanent marking, lasting sensation memories, and yet such tolerable torture for one such as her. Mark my words, she would be a natural to this. I haven't seen her, but I would even be willing to place a wager on it. We do things my way for this first scene, and I guarantee she'll climax from the spanking I give her. Fifty pounds a fair stake?"

He'd considered her words, and he definitely loved a good bet, so he upped the stakes. "Oh no, Izzy dearest, that's no wager. If you're so damned confident you know my sub better than I, then you'd better well put your money where your mouth is. If you don't make her orgasm through spanking alone, then you will kneel for me, and you will deep throat me until I come. That, my dear, is a bet. If you do, of course, then watching the scene unfold is reward and chastisement enough for me. But no cheating. No clit stimulation nor buzzy things. Anything else is fair game, but definitely no buzzy things."

And so he'd thrown down the gauntlet. He knew Isabella was more than capable of fulfilling her boast, but he couldn't resist threatening her with potential Domination. He knew she'd hate that – and he did enjoy watching her pout in annoyance. He wasn't that interested in spanking, but it was a specialty of Isabella's, so he thought the girls could have some fun. There was no denying he was also going to immensely enjoy watching. So Isabella had asked that Tessa wear her cuffs when she arrived to give her some familiar comforts, and more importantly, the Benwa. They would be driving her crazy by now anyway, and of course, when the spanking commenced, the angle at which she was currently resting meant any jiggling would put pressure on her G-spot, and the insistent massaging would make it inevitable that she would come hard if she let herself go sufficiently. With that thought, he intently watched the scene unfold before him.

“Now, now, Tessa, my dear,” he heard Isabella say to her in her characteristic low, calming voice. “There is nothing to fear here, I am simply going to show you how a proper spanking should be carried out.” She gave him a challenging sideways glance, half smiling through her words. “Trust me – it is as important to me as it is to you that you enjoy what we do here today.” All of the time she was speaking to Tessa, Charles noted she had been running her hands over his submissive girl’s beautiful rump. He smiled as he considered that it wasn’t too much of a different technique from that used to calm panicking horses. Interestingly, it also seemed to have the same effect on humans. Her body had stopped shaking and her breathing had returned to a level rhythm. “Now, breathe deeply – focus for me, Tessa, and allow the sensation of my hands to sink into you. I promise I will not bring you to harm – you have your safeword; my only objective is to bring you pleasure.” She continued caressing to the insides of Tessa’s thighs, one hand sliding up between her labia, a finger slipping inside. Charles suspected to check whether the Benwa were in the correct position. Judging by the loud sigh Tessa made as Isabella smiled, he concluded they were indeed.

“Count them out loud!” Isabella commanded firmly as she stood back and raised her hand. What followed next was nothing short of beautiful in Charles’s mind. The grace with which her hand flew through the air and met Tessa’s derriere was akin to art. The sound of her hand making contact with bare flesh was stimulating to say the least, and the gradual reddening of Tessa’s bottom was uniform, indicating she was being careful not to strike the same place too many times. He watched, mesmerized, as Isabella’s whole body became involved in administering her delight, a flush rising in her cheeks as she was clearly enjoying imparting the “punishment.” Shifting his attention from the exquisite performance, he focused on Tessa’s reactions. She had turned her face toward him as she half lay on the table, her eyes tightly shut. Counting each blow out loud, he watched her lips form “fourteen, fifteen, sixteen,” her voice heavy with lust, and he could tell from her body relaxing gradually with each consecutive blow that she was indeed nearing orgasm. A pure delight to see such skill at work.

He reached for his wine as he continued to watch; he’d dreamed of giving his Tess to another and watching the results for a long time – it felt like the ultimate power play. She couldn’t refuse, and it was so simple. To please him, she must please the other. At this particular moment in time, there was no doubt in his mind both she and Isabella were having the time of their lives, and of course this pleased Charles immensely. Sipping the spicy Rioja, he watched Tessa’s features change and contort as pain battled with pleasure, and as she reached twenty-three, her eyes flew open and locked with his. He steadily returned her gaze and continued to drink, appearing indifferent to her curiosity, and to add a little “something else” he lifted his cigar to his lips, breathing in the velvet smoke as though he

was watching the news. He knew that action would drive her close to the edge, with his apparent boredom to her plight. Perhaps a little cruel, but judging by her eyes, she was completely lost in her ecstasy, and her desire to please him would make her orgasm very shortly. As twenty-five was reached, he heard a faltering cry break from her throat and held his breath as he saw her visibly stiffen. At twenty-six, her entire body shuddered and after a few seconds more, she closed her eyes, slumping limp over the table. Charles flicked his gaze to Isabella who was standing there victorious, her chest heaving with labored breathing, glowing with obvious triumph.

Setting down his wine, Charles stood and moved over to them, resting a hand on Tessa's bottom. She mewled a little as he gently rubbed, he reached with his right hand for the string of the Benwa still buried within her. She wriggled against him, moaning freely now. He firmly took hold and quickly pulled them out in one fluid movement. Tessa screamed as the sensation caused her hips to buck wildly as she climaxed again, the visible twitching of her pussy causing his shaft to ache painfully with the desire to take her there and then. But this wasn't his scene – it was Isabella's, and he had no doubt she was aching to taste her as much as he was at the moment – and she'd done most of the work, after all. Holding the dripping Benwa in front of Tessa's glazed eyes, Charles looked up at Isabella with a satisfied nod, clucked his tongue and imparted an extremely hard slap on Tessa's behind as he turned back to his chair. Sitting back down, he crossed his legs and re-lit his cigar. It didn't matter how good the quality of a cigar was, they did have a nasty habit of going out if they were left untended. Charles considered that he could happily watch this type of performance for hours, and he'd a feeling that although the scene might not last quite that long, there were many more aural and visual delights to come. Watching his hand print develop amongst the redness of her left buttock, he contemplated that he simply couldn't get enough of hearing his girl's gasps and moans when she was submitting to him, and there was something equally as delicious watching her submit to another. His Tessa was submitting to Isabella to please him. Yes, she may be enjoying her first true bisexual experience, but her loyalty to him was not in question. There was no doubt that his girl was making him proud today. But despite his pride and calm satisfaction, the tumultuous feelings he'd been trying to keep buried for so many months bubbled to the surface. Charles couldn't deny his heart. He wanted this woman to be his: to use, to train, to love.

Tessa stared at the Benwa in disbelief. Rational thought eluded her as she mulled over what had just happened. She knew she'd come a long way in regard to tolerating pain, and in some cases, even finding it somewhat pleasurable, but this was way beyond anything she'd ever experienced. The beads hanging just inches from her nose certainly had a bit to do with the experience, but it was still undeniable: She had climaxed through spanking, the skilled spanking from an alluring woman – and she wanted more. Weak from her orgasm, she lay limp across the table, waiting for the next experience, craving more from the beautiful woman she had met only a short time before. Then there was her Master. She could see Him watching her, but the curious thing was, although He observed her, she could also see His gaze lingering on Isabella from time to time. They didn't say anything to each other, but she could see Him watching her intently and smiling. That disconcerted her; even from subspace she felt uneasy. She didn't want her Master to have a close bond with anyone but her. But it was no matter. She could tell that He was pleased with her, and she would endure whatever Isabella had in mind, if for no other reason than to make Him proud.

After a short respite, she felt Isabella wrap her hands around her upper arms and gently coax her to stand up. Tessa was turned around and she looked down into the blonde's sultry gaze, shivering as the power of it hit her, every bit as mesmerizing as her Master's. Isabella held her face between both of her hands and ran her thumb across her lower lip, leaning in slowly, and planting an unhurried kiss on her mouth. As Tessa's eyelids drooped and she moaned softly, she was harshly dragged out of her euphoria when the Domme removed both clamps from her tortured nipples. A scream forced its way from deep within her as the blood rushed back to her sensitive peaks; the burning pain was so excruciating she feared she might pass out. Feeling suddenly light-headed, she tried to concentrate on Isabella's hands massaging her gently, seeming to ease the pain, hoping the agony would dissipate soon before she lost her senses. Eventually, she slipped into a numb reverie, hardly noticing as Isabella lightly kissed each nipple, pulling her tube dress from her so she was completely naked now but for her stockings, suspender belt and shoes. Unclasping her wrists from behind her back, she led her across the room to a comfortable looking leather chaise lounge, facing her Master. Isabella sat first, and then guided Tessa into her lap, eventually holding her gently in her arms.

Tessa slumped gratefully against the chest of the petite woman – for one so small, she had a strong, assured hold; she felt safe, cared for, and unbelievably still aroused. Listening to Lady Isabella's heartbeat was hypnotic, lulling her to the edge of sleep. Eventually she

became aware of the low murmuring of voices – Isabella and her Master were deep in conversation.

“I told you, Charles, she’s a natural to it. She didn’t even flinch toward the end; she was shifting toward my hands, she wanted more... You saw it. Your loss – you can’t say you don’t want to give those beautiful cheeks a good cropping.”

“Izzy my dearest, you are quite insufferable when you’re right, aren’t you? But you know me – spanking was never my thing; I’ll leave all of that corporal stuff to the experts. If I feel she needs a good spanking I’ll bring her ’round to you and enjoy the show. You do serve up the finest wine around; I don’t see why I’d need to trouble myself if it isn’t necessary.”

She saw Him take a large draught of wine and look over at them both. He was the most relaxed she had seen Him in a long time, which should have pleased her, but it didn’t. Instead she felt uneasy, awkward, anxious, and more. Jealous. It wasn’t her bravery today that was making Him happy – her Master was relaxed and happy because of the blonde Domme cradling her like a baby in her arms. Tessa might as well not exist. They were talking about her, over her head like she was some plaything for the pleasure of them both. Not the precious pet He cared for when it was just them together. As she tried to figure out why she thought this, she heard something that made her blood run cold.

“I will have you kneel for me one day, Isabella Cavendish. Whether you like it or not. You’re not going to have a choice.”

Tessa snapped sharply out of her daze. He’d said He wanted her – this Domme – to kneel for Him. Not His girl. This woman. Did she really mean so little to Him that He could talk over her head as though she didn’t exist? Her heart beat heavily within her chest. Any feelings He might have had for her were clearly gone now. She was just a plaything, a fuck toy. Nothing more than a piece of meat for the rich and privileged of the world. Yet she had no choice. She needed Him. She needed the freedom that only He could give her, and she loved Him. Hopelessly. Despite everything that had passed before, He’d never abandoned her, and that must stand for something. She clung desperately to the vain hope that it must mean something – she must mean something to Him. Isabella must have sensed her change in mental state, and slid her hand along her naked spine and up into the hair at the back of her neck. Grasping tightly, she turned her head toward her and looked deep into her eyes.

“I think our little pet has surfaced sufficiently to carry on, Charles. Maybe it’s your turn to show me how you do your thing?”

Tessa watched as Isabella flicked her eyes to the side to look at Him, a look of softness and deep emotion blatantly written across her features. Despair gripped her heart tighter as she felt any remaining meaningful connection with her Master slip away in the powerful

woman's cerulean stare. She watched helplessly as she saw a smile play across her lips, and then she returned her attention to Tessa.

“So my dear, are you ready for a little more?” Leaning in, she kissed her deeply, the soft but firm caress of her lips tantalizing. Her sensual tongue explored, and her free hand dipped between her thighs, indicating for her to spread her legs and allow full view of her intimacy for her Master. Tessa was a pet now, a possession to be used however they saw fit. As she lay further back over the arm of the chair, she didn't need to look to know when her Master's hands were on her – her body responded through pure instinct to His touch.