

Tessa's Dilemma by Tessa Wanton

Part One – Every Breath You Take

Chapter One

The first few months of being with Master had been a complete fantasy whirlwind for Tessa. As she sat curled up on her sofa, she mulled over the experiences that had impacted her life with such force that it had changed her so powerfully. Deep within, she was stronger, more confident, more calm even. She finally felt that intimate connection with someone that she had always craved. Laughing harshly to herself, she might have found the perfect man *but*, and wasn't there always a *but*? He was married. Happily for all intents and purposes, and however much she wished, she knew that they would never be together permanently. Or ever. Tessa had struggled with this revelation, but she had been captivated by Him, and as she was single, she never considered that it would hurt quite so much if she had fallen for Him, but it shocked her that she felt so strongly already. Furthermore, His relationship with His wife was none of her business, He was in an open relationship, and she had absolutely no doubt that He treated her with courtesy and respect too.

"You have to compartmentalize things," he had explained when she asked how He dealt with feelings of guilt and trust. "If you are thinking of things other than the person you are with at the time, then that is more of a betrayal of their trust than being a hundred percent open with someone, and perhaps engaging in activities which society frowns upon." She knew He was right. He was the most intelligent person she had ever met, so she mulled over and over how she could embrace this point of view too. It wasn't like she had problems concentrating only on Him when they were together; it was almost like she was hypnotized by Him. What she was finding difficult was their time apart. She was addicted. She dreamed of His smile, His eyes, His hands, His voice, the touch of Him on her quivering skin. Absently, she grazed her fingertips slowly across her bare chest, shivering as she wished so deeply that it was His hand on her body.

Tessa sighed. He had warned her that she would become addicted to the feeling of submission, and He was right. Again. "Remember the Lanchester Strategy," he would say, "complete focus on the goal in hand. Devote all of your effort and concentration at that time on the one thing you desire most. You can have many goals, but pick your battles wisely. Don't juggle many different things at once because you're only attending to each issue with part of you. If you are with me, you are one hundred percent with me. No thought beyond me. When you are away from me, concentrate one hundred percent on whatever else you are doing. When I am with you, you and your safety are my only concern, and when I am

with my wife, she gets one hundred percent of me. She understands this, and I am sure you understand this also my girl.” He had then cradled her face in His hands and fixed her fiercely with his gaze. “You – are my most precious possession girl. You are no pet to me, no animal, no creature; you are Mine in any way I see fit; I own you. You gave everything you are to me and I didn’t accept you lightly. Never forget that I am your Master; I control everything in your life now. You will never be alone ever again; I will protect and care for you until my last breath.”

Savoring the heady aroma of her floral Falanghina wine, she swirled the straw colored liquid absentmindedly, almost as if the tiny eddies were her thoughts swirling repeatedly around her synapses. She was completely preoccupied, that was the certain truth of the matter. Her thoughts permanently resided in that deserted building, her body reacting involuntarily as she remembered with distinct clarity the many experiences that had changed her world forever. Shifting luxuriously, she allowed her knees to drop apart and let her free hand wander down over her stomach pulling up the hem of her dress. She would never be alone again; but surely she would? They would never live together, but would any man as a boyfriend, vanilla or not, accept that she had a Master? A Master she was totally in love with? Moving lower, she slid a finger between her swollen folds. Closing her eyes she moaned in frustration and need and oh... she needed so very desperately.

Chapter Two

Standing casually with his hands in his trouser pockets, he looked reflectively out his office window. She had finally called him Master, but then they all did in the end. His mind skipped over previous submissives whom he had tested, but none intrigued him the way that she did, and by the time they had called him “Master” he had mostly lost interest. There was just something different about Tessa. They’d had a number of encounters and yet she still held such intrigue for him. How she reacted to his tests delighted his senses; her responses had been instinctively sensual, animalistic in some ways, so completely open – perhaps it was innocence? He couldn’t quite put his finger on it, weren’t all first time submissives innocent? No. Her submission was different, the inquisitive intelligence behind her eyes, her fear, her trembling body, her delicious gasps – all for him. She would definitely continue to fascinate him, and he was constantly imagining more ways in which to test her.

Distractedly watching the heavy central London traffic in the street a few stories below, images of her alabaster skin flushed with desire, memories of her cries filled his mind and a smile crept across his lips. He chuckled quietly to himself. After all he had said about Lanchester and compartmentalizing his life and her life, his mind was wandering to Tessa yet again. It was becoming all too familiar, allowing his focus to center on her more frequently than was good for him. But it was no matter. He was enjoying himself, and what harm could remembering better times do?

From his gentle testing she had decried that she hated pain, but her response to his belt, his slaps, the nipple torture, had revealed that in fact there was more depth to her arousal when she had dropped deeply into subspace. Pondering these thoughts he turned and sat at his desk. An ordinary desk, nothing flashy like many of his colleagues in similar positions of power, neat stacks of paperwork and a steaming cup of strong coffee graced its surface. Set apart from his staff, but not in a separate office, he liked to keep watch on what went on in his business, and that meant hearing every conversation, noting every change of dynamic and spotting crises before they even arose. He was very good at that; he prided himself on his observation skills and always being one step ahead of the game – always in complete control. He hadn’t become successful by being distant from his clients and staff, but by being accessible, affable, friendly yet direct. There was never any doubt where you stood with Charles Black. The Master.

His proclivities were well hidden from all but the few submissives he had found over the years. He had come late to Domination, discovering the delights and pleasures in his early forties when a rather nubile twenty-something had been drunkenly locked out of her hotel room and prevailed upon his protective nature for a bed for the night. It had not been long before she had made her move and begged him on her knees to spank her and discipline

her for being such a forgetful girl. Having intently studied such things for a number of years, he had weighed the situation and decided it was as good a time as any and played out her wishes – and fuelled his own desires. He had never looked back, learning, planning, researching and testing were all things that made him feel alive, the very core of being a Dominant Master. He was born to this lifestyle, he felt it in every fiber, yet it had taken nigh on fifteen years to find his delectable Tessa, and he did not want to push her too hard too quickly... yet...

Tenting his fingers and tilting his head to rest his index fingers against his nose, he peered over the top of his glasses scanning the room. It was a particularly quiet day and everyone seemed content and working hard as usual. Flicking his eyes to the mobile resting next to the coffee mug, he could see a message blinking for attention. He knew it would be her. She always replied immediately to his texts whether she was at work or not, which was just another thing that pleased him immensely. Forever at his beck and call, a sign that her mind was completely his. Picking up his phone he scrolled to the menu and opened the message “i am ready for you Master. I have prepared as You require me to. I await Your instructions.” Her words always delighted him, always so proper, her intellect and respect for him shining through her carefully chosen words. What delighted him more was that she would never use his proper name. She had said when she had found out his name that it suited him, but to her he would only ever be Master. If he was agreeable, that is all she would ever call him, perhaps she would utter *Sir* in public, just to avoid any raised eyebrows, but never his given name.

He had worried that when he had told her about his marriage that she would end the relationship – not that she had the right to do so anymore, but he was not in the business of forcing people against their will. Well, not that she would have noticed now that he had complete control of her mind, but he was not evil, and he could sense if she was unhappy. She was confused yes, but then it was his duty to ensure that she understood, that she was happy, that she was safe. More than anything he wanted her to be happy – the connection that they had worked both ways, and if he didn’t care about her then it would definitely be over. There would be no point. So yes, that he cared for her was undeniable, but it wasn’t just fascination and intrigue; he felt more.

Tearing himself away from this troubling line of thought, he quickly tapped a response. “Today Master will treat you to a bed. Dress for me as if you were attending a job interview, drive to the Sofitel Hotel at Gatwick Airport, go to the sixth floor and turn left. The room door will be left ajar. When you enter, lay your chosen toys on the table and kneel before the bed. Remember girl, you must bring one item you have never used before.” Smiling, he hit the *send* button and felt a wave of arousal flood through his body. He was going to use her today, test her further than ever before. She would not fail him; he knew that. He hadn’t

spent all this effort training her for her to fail; that would do no good for either of them. Closing his eyes, Charles imagined looking down at her, her glazed eyes fixed adoringly on his indicating deep subspace, the scent of her sex strong in his nostrils. Inhaling deeply, he imagined his hand wrapped around her soft throat, her frightened gasps, her look of confusion, fleeting doubt - but never succumbing to that fear, trusting her life with his every action. "Yes..." he thought, and his eyes snapped open. That was it. That was the next test.

Chapter Three

As she walked through the foyer, Tessa was convinced everyone was staring at her, that they knew what she was carrying in her smart grey leather handbag. She had picked this particular bag as she was hoping no one would think it was anything but a work bag. Dressed in a smart, unassuming grey suit, she had picked her clothing to blend in also. Not that Tessa could ever really blend in with her flame colored hair and Amazonian physique, but she had thought carefully about how to look smart and businesslike, yet do her utmost not to draw attention. Her black satin blouse was high necked and although her suit was tailored well and enhanced her figure, she knew she must look smart and like any other voluptuous business woman. Holding her head high, she strutted across the polished marble floor, confident in her high black patent heels, trying her best to hide her abject terror as each step carried her closer to Him.

Sighing with relief she stepped into the elevator, hit 6 on the control and swallowed nervously. She caught a quick glance of herself in the mirror to her right; she was flushed, her eyes bright and wide with excitement and fear. "Calm down." she muttered brusquely, frowning her brow in exasperation; how could she let herself get into this state? They had been together frequently and had many of these sessions, so why did she always get this worked up? It was no good; getting annoyed wasn't helping in the slightest, and now she was trembling too. What would he think of her? Gulping down two large breaths, she stepped out of the elevator and turned left, following the corridor around and eyeing each door as she passed to see if any had been left cracked open. Eventually she found one which had been propped open with a cardboard shower cap packet. Gingerly placing her hand on the door, Tessa steeled herself and entered the room, clumsily nudging the packet out of the way with her left foot as she walked in and the door swung shut behind her. Her heart lurched wildly in her chest as soon as she saw Him. Staring straight at her. He was seated in the corner with both hands resting lightly on the arms of the chair, His left leg crossed over his right. He said nothing as He watched her, His eyes boring into her with her every movement. She ripped her gaze from Him, looking down, feeling like a blushing school girl as she covered the last few paces toward His feet. Falling to her knees she fumbled in her bag, hurriedly pulling out the items and laying them on the table next to Him. Her leather ankle and wrist cuffs, three vibrators, and most importantly, the item she had never used. A "pussy pump." Tessa had purchased this item a considerable time ago as she had read that using it would increase sensitivity in the area; she was fascinated with what that might feel like. The only problem was that every time she pulled out the hot pink plastic accessory, she couldn't help but think it looked horrifying and terribly tacky and simply used other means for

pleasure. But the thought of what it might be able to provide still compelled her, and when He asked for an item she had never used, it was obvious what she must bring. She knelt there for what seemed like an eternity, her head hung, but she could feel His gaze still locked on her, scrutinizing every hair on her head. His respiration was calm and even but she couldn't determine His emotions or intentions. Did the sight of her kneeling there waiting for Him, offering herself to Him arouse Him at all? Thoughts started to cloud her judgment, the longer she waited for a movement, a sign – anything, the more fear and doubt crowded her mind. Had she displeased Him in some way? As suddenly as she felt the fear, she felt the searing pain as He grasped a handful of her hair and pulled her head up to His. Mere inches from Him now, her heart hammered against her rib cage as she felt His breath wash over her face, the faint scent of smoke arousing her senses. Locked in this embrace for quite several moments Tessa started to feel lightheaded, anxious again; she must have done something to anger Him. “Stand and look at yourself in the mirror,” He commanded. “Tell me out loud. What... do you see? Tell me.”

Releasing her hair He sat back in His seat and watched her once more. Struggling to her feet despite her aching knees, she backed away from Him, unnerved by this request. Running her hand along the table to steady herself she looked up into the mirror and saw her terrified visage staring straight back. “What do you see?” He repeated once more. “Fear,” she blurted out, desperately trying to find the words, hoping that one or any of the words she found was what he wanted to hear.

“Yes girl, fear, very good – and what else?”

“Excitement...” Tessa's realization when she uttered her second chosen word was a tingling sensation; she knew she was excited, but, hadn't noticed quite how distinctly it was displayed across her features. As she stood staring into her own eyes, she licked her lips, her normally pale pink rose-bud lips, which were now deep red, and were they swollen? Larger than she had ever seen them before? Was she imagining it?

“Another” His voice snapped.

“Beautiful” she whispered as she realized that though she thought of herself as ordinary, this woman looking back at her was truly beautiful. The emotions crashing across her face – her face, made her beautiful. Something shone in her eyes that she couldn't describe, and then she realized that it was all of this Master saw, all of this He wanted, because all of this was for Him and Him alone.