

**Disclaimer:** Do not read at work AND realize that some people are so narrow minded they are unable to see the beauty and magic of love wherever it exists whether it is between to women or not.

**Special thanks:** We finally found a beta for this and are so happy that she was an excellent choice. Thanks a lot beta person.

**\*\*\*NOTE: Consensual BDSM Involved in this PWP\*\*\*\*\***

Please send feedback to [arynsen@yahoo.com](mailto:arynsen@yahoo.com) and [jl nickymaster@aol.com](mailto:jl nickymaster@aol.com)

## The Interview

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Joey Bazintine sat down in the plush luxury of the leather chair and regarded the contents of the sunken den around her. Her sharp eye caught two original paintings by masters and 3 possibly faux Ming vases filled with fresh flowers, although she didn't think they were replicas. Her gaze quickly returned to her subjects, Mistress Marcella and her lover Miss Victoria. She watched the two women as they reclined on the love seat nearby. Their obvious connection had the smaller of them curled under the arm of the taller as they made themselves comfortable.

Mistress Marcella's strawberry blonde shag cut framed her diamond shaped face and enhanced the bright green eyes, thinly arched eyebrows and aristocratic features. She had Joey swallowing at the beauty of her perfection. Joey was slightly uncomfortable with the magnetic allure of attraction she felt as she looked over at the beauty. Her sharply defined high cheekbones and prominent full lips caught and held Joey's attention, forcing her to blink at the immediate magnetism. Marcella's tall willowy body was strong and well cared for. The tan arm wrapped around the smaller woman flexed minutely with muscularity as they adjusted to lying near each other. Overall, she exuded a wholly primal animalistic grace that stated power and control.

Joey pulled her drawn gaze from the one woman over to inspect the other. The darker half of the duo was physically smaller but no less beautiful. Her long dark locks of thick flowing hair had been swept up into a twisted clip behind her head. A single Chinese hair stick had been run through the thickest part of the bun holding the wavy mass in place. The dark cap was drawn back off the delicate, pale features of the younger woman. Set wide apart was her darkly blue, expressive eyes framed by long thick lashes and ebony dark eyebrows. A small pert nose, sprinkled lightly by freckles, sat above a half smiling set of soft rose-colored lips. The perfection of her face without being enhanced by makeup made Joey realize the second half of this duo was as strikingly beautiful as the other; total opposites yet highly attractive in each instance. Joey eyed the large

royal blue orbs that looked upward at the tall lover holding her in her grasp. Their inner depths seemed to hold a burning flame of passion solely for her mate. Joey bit her lip at the sensuality of the exchanged glance between the two women.

Joey was aware of the unobtrusive mannerisms Victoria displayed around strangers and acquaintances. However, as she watched Victoria, she began to notice the subtle yet intense change that Victoria underwent whenever Marcella was near. By herself Victoria was friendly and easy going, but to Joey it seemed as if Victoria began to radiate a carnal intensity that was focused solely on Marcella whenever the Mistress was near.

Joey did not question any of it, neither the power held over Victoria by Mistress Marcella nor the submissive creature Victoria became around her lover. As a reporter, she was not here to judge them. She wanted only to relay their account of the understandings and intricacies between them.

The wild idea for her magazine's portrayal of the growing field of bdsm was to portray one couple's fascinating growth from beginning to the current time. The particular couples being interviewed to be included in the article were of a variety of interests. Joey had sent a letter to Marcella requesting permission to conduct the interview. She had eventually been granted this interview after they had heard her viewpoint and acceptance of their relationship. Joey only hoped she would manage not to miss a particular detail in the interviewing of the two dynamic women, possibly due to an indecent arousal on her side. She was well aware of the sexual content they may cover and had instructed her image in the mirror just that morning to breathe deep and take a lot of breaks. She adjusted her own stocky, muscular frame more comfortably in the chair and tried to organize her first questions.

A silent and beautiful brunette woman dressed in a skimpy and erotic maid's costume carried in a fresh large serving of hot tea in a silver tea set with china cups for three. Joey noted the two women across from her having separate reactions to the service. The taller woman simply grinned in a smirking manner at the cheekiness of the other woman while the smaller of the two squinted her eyes in something that resembled frustration or slight anger. Sitting side by side, obviously at ease and radiating a familiarity between them, their attuned reactions stated their extreme comfort levels with each other. Joey felt a moment of jealousy at their boundless fusion as she observed them watch the third woman put on a display of saucy and sarcastic service to themselves and their guest.

"That's enough Tomi. We are able to serve ourselves. You are dismissed." Marcella's voice cut firmly through the quiet of the room. The quick dancing hands preparing the small china cups trembled slightly on hearing the deadpanned voice. She glanced up at the taller woman to see her expression but was met with the decidedly angry countenance of the smaller woman.

“You are not needed here. Your room needs cleaning. I suggest you go clean it!” Victoria’s surprisingly calm voice spoke clearly and firmly to the suddenly tense maid. Her pale skin seemed to blush red as she backed away from the duo. Victoria leaned slightly into the reclined chest of her mate and stared at the maid as she left the room. Victoria blew out a puff of air to move a wispy lock of her bangs away from her darkened eyes. She glanced at her companion with some sort of disquiet look then blushed at the high arching eyebrow above those sea green eyes looking back at her.

Victoria bowed her head and tensed. She seemed to be struggling with an internal dialogue with her self. Marcella raised her fingers to lift the smaller woman’s chin back upward. Their eyes met again. Joey practically groaned as her clit pulsed with arousal. The sudden heat between the two women was indescribable.

“She may need more instruction from you, my dear. She seems to really like your direct attention. We will deal with her later.” Victoria blushed a deeper red and licked her lips as she gazed at her Mistress. Marcella’s eyes turned forest green as they watched the pink tongue race swiftly across the surface of the rose red lips of her lover.

The moment passed and Joey managed to breathe deeply, as imperceptibly as possible. Mistress Marcella removed her arm to allow Victoria to prepare the tea for each of them. Joey watched the refined precision and economy of movement the serving ritual held. Victoria performed it flawlessly as she mixed the sugar and honey into two cups and slowly poured the steaming tea over the ingredients. Joey noted the subtle deference to Marcella as Victoria handed her the china cup and bowed her eyes at the service. Joey received a similar deference yet was able to meet the darkened orbs of Victoria’s gaze as she accepted the cup.

As the three women sipped at their Indian brew, Marcella raised an almost unnoticeable ash eyebrow as Joey took a few prominent pieces of equipment out of the backpack she had carried in.

A full cassette player with ten blank cassettes was laid out on the small square table beside the tea set. Two pads of paper and five pencils with a small handheld battery operated pencil sharpener were presented.

Without realizing it, Mistress Marcella began to stroke her lover’s dark hair. The younger woman reached up and casually pulled the Chinese hair stick out of her hair. The flowing, wavy mass of her darker hair tumbled down. Marcella continued to watch Joey prep her gear while weaving her fingers throughout the locks without conscious thought.

At a quick look toward them, Joey threw Marcella a questioning glance asking if they were ready to start the interview. Marcella looked at the woman curled against her side and was met with a shy smile. She tilted her head in acceptance toward Joey.

Joey took a deep breath and paused to phrase her questions properly. She pushed the record button and stated the date and her subjects' names.

Looking over at the two women, she pursed her lips and began a serious interrogation of their lifestyle.

"Mistress Marcella and Miss Victoria. Thank you for allowing me to do this interview. I, once again, want to explain to the readers that Marcella and Victoria are celebrating their ten-year anniversary. This interview will be focused on the fantastic aspect of your loving techniques within the bondage domination sadomasochistic environment.

I am trying to explain this lifestyle and I feel that by interviewing you, the rest of the world will be given a glimpse into the strong relationship you share. You will also be given the chance to explain the largely mysterious nature of your relationship that revolves around dominant and submissive rolls.

To clarify, Mistress Marcella is primarily the dominant role player and Victoria is the submissive. Is this correct, Mistress Marcella?" the reporter inquired professionally, urging Marcella to respond. Marcella responded vocally.

"Yes, this is our lifestyle."

Joey nodded, acknowledging the clarity and sound were sufficient.

"And you Victoria? Would you agree to this description of your current roles?" Joey gestured for the dark haired woman to respond.

"I would not say that our relationship revolves strictly around dominance and submission," Victoria responded calmly yet firmly.

"We are lovers and our relationship revolves around that love. Dominance and submission, however, expand our love and enhance the sexual stimulation we share."

Joey noted that on her notepad and thought about how intimate she really wanted to have this interview become right at the beginning as she delved slightly deeper into the two women's romance.

"Can you tell me how your rolls manifest themselves?" Joey asked, wanting to hear their take on themselves.

Mistress Marcella arched an eyebrow and gave a half smile as she replied.

“I am what the bdsm culture call in slang a Top or Dom and Victoria is what they call a Bottom or Sub, although those clear cut titles have long since been altered, expanded, and redefined to allow us to grow with each other. However, that is how others would relate to us in our ‘manifesting roles’.”

Joey nodded, knowing that was a very straight-laced view of what bdsm was about. Roles and role-playing could remain very restricted if the two parties involved wanted it to be that way. However, anyone that had read about dominance understood there was more advanced role-playing. Some members could actively switch roles during a scene to experience what each role might give or receive. There were hundreds of variations. The subtle flavor was totally controlled by the players involved.

“Victoria? Can you tell me how the two of you met?” Victoria, with a sly grin on her face replied, glancing up at her lover’s green eyes.

“I remember it well. There was a private party I had been asked to attend.” Her dark blue eyes seemed to sparkle with flecks of electricity as she returned to that memory in time.

“It was at a private ‘play’ party. That’s a party where Dom’s are invited to play with different equipment and experience the vendor’s wares. The sales were made at the party and realistic scenes were set up to allow the dungeon-like atmosphere to be shared. A scene is any moment of sexual play between two or more lovers that has a theme to it, such as bondage or punishment or something of that nature.

A friend of mine, Mr. Anthony, had asked me to attend and volunteer for the Dom’s to play with. I was set up as a whipping target for them to practice their talents on.” Her dark eyes sparkled. Joey noticed the scarf-like material of her wrap around sari showed her hardening nipples clearly.

“At that time in my life, I was not attached to or with anyone on a permanent basis. I was still exploring my submissive nature. I had experienced moments in that role with other willing partners but none that I really wanted to join with,” she explained vaguely as she tensed at the memory unfolding.

“I had been tied up, standing, with my hands over my head. I was wearing a skimpy brown bikini and thong. The majority of the sales taking place were for the more experienced whip handlers. They did not need to practice. I was more like eye candy for them to imagine the situation.” Victoria smirked as she felt her partner adjust slightly with her own tension.

“That changed when a larger group of Masters and Doms arrived. I shivered at the excitement that one or more of them might pleasure me with their experience. I watched them wandering around, looking at various equipment and I mentally was begging to have some attention paid to me. One of them must have realized that as he gave me only a brief grin before walking behind me and cracking a long vicious whip against the floor. I had one snap of warning before he lashed me. Fortunately, part of the excitement is in the unknown factor of whom and when. Another part is the skill and control both people have. I was skilled enough to understand these elements and now that he had begun, I realized he was skilled in his experience too. I felt a notch of relief knowing he would not be clumsy or hurt me. The whip struck me across my back and I was feeling the pain fade to be replaced by the warmth of a sunburn sinking into my skin. He lashed me four more times. I felt myself becoming wet with the heated pleasure. His buddies yelled for him to come look at another device and with just a light press of his body to mine, he kissed my cheek, running his warm hand over the raised welts on my back. I arched forward in response. He growled and then turned to leave. I watched him walk away only to have my aroused eyes lock with another.”

As she said this, she looked up into the dark forest green eyes of her lover sitting beside her and smiled a very delicious smile. For a moment, they ignored Joey and relived the obviously exciting moment. Joey experienced a flash of arousal, possibly similar to the moment that had once struck the other two when green had met blue and the rush of sudden desire had spread within their bodies.

Victoria continued, feeling the hand woven through her hair flexing and caressing her neck.

“She was tall and blonde and totally devastating to look at.” Victoria shared a conspirator-like smile with Joey. Joey smiled her agreement. Victoria reached over and rested her hand on the strong thigh of Mistress Marcella.

“She was standing in a white silk, button down dress shirt and black slacks. She wore heeled boots. Her feminine features offset her slightly butch wannabe look. It was too charming. The striking contrast of the dark dungeon with her blonde hair had me blinking at the clarity of my vision. I mentally begged her to take up the whip and finish what the other Dom had started. I was so hot and excited.

“I watched her cross the room to stand in front of me. She ran her long, elegant fingers from my abdomen up between my breasts to tilt my chin to her now heated gaze. She quickly moved behind me and ran her hand from the swell of my butt cheek up to the small of my back and then further over the welted ridges where the other Dom had marked me. I heard her draw in a deep breath of pleasure as she moved closer and pressed the front of her white silk shirt against my burning back. I could feel the lack of bra as her pointed nipples pressed up against me.

“Her hips pressed into my ass and a whispered caress spoke into my ear. ‘Do you want me to finish what he left behind?’ I felt a shiver run through my body and my wetness grew.”

“*Yes Mistress* I whispered, hoping she would ease my need. She leaned into me harder and lightly bit my ear with her teeth.

“‘Safe word?’ She asked me in a hiss of desire. I let her know mine as she pulled me tightly against her.

“*I shall finish the job for you my sweet!*” She said softly.

“She immediately let go of me and stepped back out of view. Her voice broke through the quiet of murmured voices in the room as she loudly ordered me to spread my legs wider. She asked me to hold perfect form for her or else...the hint of extreme consequence had me squirming with the trickle of my juices soaking into my thong and starting to run through the material.

“Spreading my legs as wide as I was able, I turned slightly to glance over my shoulder at her. I watched her unhook a small leather whip from her belt. I bit my lip in disappointment. The small whip seemed so ineffectual as compared to the larger whip the previous Master in-passing had used. I really wanted to feel her weapon of arousal. Even in my limited experience, I was already used to much heavier equipment being used upon my person. Her bright green eyes held me captive for a moment as a glint of carnal delight crossed her features.

“With the first strike, I knew that I was in the very capable hands of a master whip wielder. She struck me in such a way that with a subtle flick of her wrist, I felt both the heavy fullness of the lash and the sharp sting of its end as it slowly lay across my skin to flick me with its tip. I had never been struck like this before and I gasped, leaning forward, losing my pose and arching from the pain.

“Instantly she was at my side.

“‘I told you, perfect form.’ Her hand pressed against my stomach as she pushed and positioned my feet again, legs spread wide. Letting her hand brush downward, she stroked her fingers against the wet patch of the brown thong between my legs. I moaned and thrust my hips forward. She smiled. She stepped back again after repositioning my body to her satisfaction. I settled back but felt the lash strike my back before I could prepare. I controlled my elemental response of jerking forward by sheer will. The heat that permeated from the smaller whip’s attention was fierce. I bit my lip often as she continued her moments of domination. She performed so artfully that not a spot of my back was missed. The heat was overwhelming, yet not an inch of skin was broken. I felt so wet I could feel my juices running down the inside of my thighs.

“As she treated me with her special technique, I could occasionally hear voices in the room encouraging her to do certain things or change tactics. She took her time and thoroughly bathed me in her pleasure. Some time had passed but I was in a sexual haze and had lost any coherent thought other than sexual completion. My hips twitched with each tightening of my thighs. I felt her step to my side as she began to thoroughly lash the back of my thighs. The lash she used on my thighs was much smaller than the whip she had used on my back. She struck me repeatedly as, from the front, her free hand held the juncture between my legs in her firm grip. The free hand pressing against me, holding me still, occasionally stroked across the now damp juncture of my thong. A strong finger would attempt to penetrate every time I arched forward from a lash. The growling voice near my ear insured me she was enjoying giving out the pain. Verbal cries began to spring from my throat. I could hold them back no longer. I knew that the back of my legs would be a blood red rose color if I were to see them from being whipped. That single thought had me nearly climaxing as she brought me higher and higher. The only part of my lower torso still untouched was the soft round globes of my ass. I knew it wouldn't remain that way for long.

“Suddenly, the lashing stopped. I felt her move again to press her chest and hips against me from behind. Even though the silk shirt she wore was cool against my enflamed back, it caused no small discomfort as it rubbed the welts that were left there by the whip. She reached around me from behind and began to stroke her hand over my belly. She came so tantalizingly close to my pussy so many times but would always pull back. I moaned and arched my back into her, grinding my ass into her hips. She still would not touch me.

“Her response was to move her hands up my body and rip off the skimpy top I had been asked to wear. She began to play with my nipples. She soon had them rock hard and straining forward to be pinched and plundered as her treasures. One hand left my breast and, while distracted by the hand still pleasing me, I felt a cold metal pinch my hardened nipple that had recently been abandoned. As I groaned at the painful pressure of the sensitive tip, I felt a similar pinching sensation on the other nipple. I realized that she had deftly put a pair of nipple clamps on me before I could even resist. She tightened them until I winced and my breath caught. Then she stepped back away from me and I realized what was to happen. The growing crowd cheered as she made it clear she was going to whip my ass. Their encouragement faded in the face of the single presence of the aggressive lover dominating me. She was fantastic.

“My body, highly aroused, and sitting on the edge of an intense orgasm, was attuned to the simple brush of air moving around the room. I felt the disturbance of air near my ass and saw in my mind's eye the whip rushing to crash down on the plump round cheeks I had already tensed. Crash down on my ass it did! Soon, my ass was more than a rose color. It was flaming red and felt on fire.

She continued for some time until I finally broke 'form'. Up until that moment, I had not realized I was still in the stance she had asked me to pose in.

"She stopped instantly the minute my feet moved and there was a slight pause as she again moved behind me.

"I felt her right hand roam over my belly as it slid down into my thong and caressed my pussy, lightly stroking over my clit. I was beyond excitement and reason at this point. I begged her for release.

"She paused in her strokes for a second as I felt movement behind me. A sudden snick of a knife blade and my thong dropped to the floor. Before I could even imagine the danger a knife presented, I felt something press against my pussy's opening. My eyes grew wide with instant knowledge that my Dom was wearing a strap on. Before I knew it, she had entered my pussy with one firm and sure stroke. My eyes closed with its thick fullness as she began to thrust in and out of my body. She moved slowly and deliberately as she controlled the power between her legs. I begged her again to give me release.

"She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me into her thrusts. She groaned her reply.

"Of course, my dear.' Her strokes sped up and the hand gripping my hip moved to play with my pussy again. She found my turgid clit and began to press against it in earnest.

"I cried out. I was on fire in so many places. The sensations were overwhelming. She held onto me as I flexed and twisted in her arms. The chains holding me upright clinked and rattled with our dance. Her arm brushed against the clamps on my nipples. The constant ache from the clamps was renewed. My back, thighs and ass burned. Nothing was more immense or erogenous than the sensations in my pussy. I felt spread wide and completely filled with her penetrating extension. My whole body was on fire, as she seemed to touch me everywhere at once. My body vibrated with the beginning of one of the strongest orgasms I had ever felt building in my body. Right as I thought I might pass out from the myriad of sensations, I cried out to her.

"Yes Mistress' I shouted as I came repeatedly. I couldn't stop as long as she kept pumping into my body.

"I felt her thrust against me a few more times as I continued to spasm. She pressed firmly against my body and, with a shudder; I felt her release as well. I swooned with knowing I had caused that. We both stood there for several minutes in a collapsed state holding onto each other. With my arms bound above my head, her dildo still in me, we leaned into each other.

"I finally felt her stand and pull out of me. I felt bereft. My bent head fell further. She leaned into me slightly and carefully removed the nipple clamps. I gave a strangled gasp as my body surged at the sensation. I sagged back into her. She moved in front of me and clasped my chin in her hand. Tilting my face upward, she leaned in and kissed me. Her soft lips licked mine as she caressed me. I felt her silk shirt rubbing over my sensitive nipples.

"'Will you come home with me?' she asked in a husky voice, her sea green eyes asking more than the simple request she had made. She was asking me to join with her. I knew it as surely as if she had handed me a ring and leaned down on one knee. I locked my eyes with hers and knew she was the one I had been searching for.

"'Yes Mistress,' I replied committing myself to her side.

"She slowly reached up to release me from my wrist cuffs."

Victoria shivered at the heated gaze her Mistress was giving her. Although she did not look up to meet the storm-filled gaze, she felt the heat. She looked over at Joey and smiled as their eyes met. Joey had her mouth opened and her breath was shallow as she looked at the two women. Victoria casually leaned over the tea set and poured another cup.

"More tea, Mistress?" She asked, a small smile gracing her red lips. Marcella nodded, choosing not to speak and communicate her strongly aroused state. They both turned to the dazed Joey and waited for the next question.

Joey leaned back into the deep cushions of her chair, hoping some cool breeze would suddenly pass through the large room. Her heart rate was rapidly beating a rhythm straight down to her pussy. She felt her juices gathering in her pantsuit. She gulped down the now tepid tea in her half empty cup. Setting it down on the table with a slight tremble of her hands, she ran the empty hand through her short hair. Glancing down at the list of questions she had prepared in advance, she asked Mistress Marcella the next one in a slightly shaky voice.

"Mistress Marcella. I understand you teasingly describe the initial months of your relationship with Victoria as a time of 'training'. Can you describe a few of the 'training' fundamentals that needed to be addressed between the two of you?"

Marcella raised an eyebrow at the wavering tones of her interviewer and noted the flushed features of the woman sitting across from them. Her lips twitched with amusement as she calmly let her hand slide down the back of her lover to curl around and rest against the side of Victoria's breast. Victoria moved slightly to allow more access.

Marcella thought about the many pleasure-filled hours they had spent exploring each other initially. In the beginning they had learned each other's body slowly and with careful purpose. She looked over at the now bent head resting against her arm and thought back to the early months following the initial meeting.

Taking a moment to choose her words, she recognized the fluttering excitement inside that had grown from listening to the honeyed tones of her lover. She allowed the stimulation to simmer as she gathered her thoughts. Marcella sat partially blanketed with the curled up form of her ultimate arousal and tried to speak of a time that would not only answer the question but also please and stimulate her lover.

She thought of all the various tools and equipment they had explored, specific essentials they had focused on in those early months. Suddenly, she remembered a time when they had needed to perform extensive training in a deficient area of Victoria's knowledge. Her velvet tones began to tell of one moment of their educational endeavors.

"Victoria was unable to sustain her pleasure in our early months. She was always trying to achieve climax extremely fast. Given that I should be the only one controlling this aspect, I was highly perturbed on more than one occasion when she crossed the line and caused herself to come. Grinding into any available element could do this. My hip, the mattress, her not telling me she was close...that is required of her now...these things were causes of her failure to hold out. I finally reached a point of such dissatisfaction I decided to put her through endurance training." Marcella looked down at the now tense figure beside her. Her smile widened as she relished telling of their mutual education that evolved during the training.

"During this particular training, we spent many hours building up her tolerance to endure prolonged rigors of both bondage and sexual arousal." Mistress Marcella let her fingers stroke over the side of the full breast. Victoria shifted uncomfortably as she obviously remembered details from this lesson.

"Our first training session in this subject began with Victoria waking naked and cuffed to our bed, her spread eagle position stretched outward and her limbs fully extended. It is an extremely susceptible position to learn about the pleasure and agony of sexual tension." Mistress Marcella's eyes danced with brilliant sparks of light as she felt her lover stiffen in her embrace. She looked over at the extremely curious expression Joey had on her face.

"She again uttered her safe word and accepted her restraint, aware that she might be held for a longer length of time than normal. As this training session was going to take a very long time, I didn't hesitate to start quickly and get her to the edge fast. Right up to that point she craved to be released from. I retrieved a vibrator from my toy chest and began to stimulate her immediately on her clit.

She bucked at the directness and became instantly wet. She has always been so extremely responsive.” Marcella’s fingers brushed over the hardened tip of Victoria’s breast feeling her jerk slightly. Marcella caught the focused eyes of the reporter staring at her hand that once again stroked the hard nipple of her lover. She feigned not seeing the shivered response from the reporter and continued with her interpretation of the past event.

“In no time at all Victoria was attempting to thrust her hips upward to meet the caressing vibrator. I realized she was close and instantly pulled back. She writhed in her bonds moaning with her frustration.

“After a few minutes, she had begun to calm down. I inserted a bullet vibrator into her moist pussy and watched as she struggled to understand what was happening. Her gasps of pleasure rose sharply as I turned on the device. She again tried pushing her hips upward. Her tightened bonds allowed minimal movement. I couldn’t resist leaning over and caressing her rigid nipples with my tongue. She had just begun to approach her orgasmic state when the vibrator suddenly shut off. I swiftly pulled back from her breasts and told her that the vibrator had a timer on it. Her growing realization of the tortured pleasure she could and would endure had her dark eyes a deep purple in fearful fascination. I explained the device would turn on every four minutes and stay on for one minute. This, hopefully, was just enough to keep her at the razor sharp edge of an orgasm but not allow her to cum. Stiffly standing up I felt my juices start to drip as I walked over to the door. I clicked the house wide intercom switch near the small speaker and told her with my excited eyes and wide smile that I would be listening in case she needed my services.

“I lovingly said ‘have fun’ as I opened the door, hearing the hum of the vibrator as it clicked back on. Victoria began to moan as I walked out.

“Hours later, I returned to the room to feed and caress the exhausted Victoria. I had listened to her moans and whimpers for the last two hours mentally excited at her continuously aroused state. When I first walked in, I noticed a beautiful, wonderful sheen of sweat covering her body. Her concentration had her frowning; her brow wrinkled thoroughly, her eyes shut tight. Her toned thighs could not stop flexing and relaxing. I heard the vibrator shut off its ministrations so I reached over to pull it out of her. Her eyes flew open, part in relief and part in anguish. I know I also saw anger but I ignored this for now. She began to speak to me, begging me actually, for the release she so craved. I grabbed a nipple and pinched it hard, reminding her of my instruction not to speak unless given permission. She usually had this under control, even in the early years. This particular prolonged training had her willing to beg and possibly be punished. I explained I would have no problem gagging her if she wished it to be. She subsided but still her eyes pleaded with me for release. I noticed, however, she never spoke her safe word. I couldn’t help but smile down at her. She would not be finding relief anytime soon.

"I spent a half hour feeding her and caressing her body as she accepted spoonful after spoonful of my liquid lunch. It wouldn't do for her to dehydrate during the training, you see," Mistress Marcella commented to Joey who seemed to be wiggling just as much as Victoria at this point.

"After she finished every drop, I wanted her back to that ever present aroused state. I undid her cuffs and ordered her to roll onto her stomach. Reattaching the wrist cuffs to the headboard, I pushed her knees up under her until she was partially kneeling on the bed. She was informed not to cum or dire consequences would occur. Taking a hand paddle from my toy chest I began to spank her until her ass was a rosy red and I could feel the heat rising off its surface. She was so beautiful with her blistered ass in the air, her panting, and her jerking body pulsing with need.

"She watched me rise from the bed and retrieve my harness and dildo. Her eyes widened at the picture I made standing near her rubbing my penis with a lubricant. I climbed back onto the bed behind her and carefully reached under her belly as I began to rub around her pussy lips with my hand. I rubbed everywhere but over her turgid clit. She tried to move, to have me touch her. I grasped her hair in my free hand and jerked her head upward. I pressed my cock against the cleft of her ass, still massaging the slick folds below, and said 'No' to her seeking hips. With her head held tightly in my grip, I continued with my ministrations. In seconds she was moaning again, pushing her heated ass back towards me. She was so close to the edge I knew if I even touched her clit once she would come.

"I pulled my hand away and rested it lightly on one of her burning ass cheeks. She groaned. I thought for sure, at that moment, my lover would break her silence. She remained disciplined and did not speak. I was both proud and highly disappointed by her strength. There is just something unique and exciting about a subject who has been gagged or blindfolded.

"I adjusted my harness and package and pulled closer to her entrance. She could not see me as I still grasped her hair in my fist. She jerked in her bonds as I entered her from behind with the dildo. Her moan matched the strength of my own. The strap on I wore pressed against my clit. Every time I drew back and reentered her, I was brought closer and closer to my own orgasm. However, this state was not the same for her. I filled her completely each time, using long powerful thrusts, over and over. Pulling her head backward arched her back into a tight bow. This did not allow her clit to be rubbed inward as the dildo entered her cunt. The friction was only internal and not enough to send her over. She could not cum, much to her dismay I am sure. She began to struggle against my restriction in her search for relief. I instantly pulled her tighter with my hand and with one final thrust I pressed my body into hers and came.

“Moments later, pulling out of her, I tugged her legs back and down so she lay flat on her stomach across the bed. She began to grind her wet center into the mattress, desperately trying to find a reprieve. With a firm verbal ‘No’ and a sharp slap to her ass, I told her to stop. Her body stilled but I could still hear the small gasps for air that signaled her arousal. Taking a moment to loosen the length of her cuffed wrists she was allowed to bend her arms more comfortably yet remain bound to the bed. Pulling the covers up over both of us I laid down next to her overheated body to try and sleep. Her small whimpers eventually faded as we slept.

“The next morning, I awoke to my submissive lover sniffing at her still aroused state. After un-cuffing her from the bed, I rubbed her arms and shoulders and guided her to take a long shower with me. Re-chaining her to the overhead bar above the tub I bathed her carefully. I took a moment to caress her breasts and kiss her neckline before explaining we had another long day ahead of us. After drying her body, I cuffed her hands behind her back and had her lead me to the basement. Prior to our meeting, I had started building a dungeon filled with special furniture and elements to enhance my happiness.”

As Marcella explained this to Joey, she noted a fine sheen of perspiration and an extreme tenseness to her body language.

“Are you OK?” She asked fully realizing she had begun pinching the stiff nipple of her lover’s body long ago.

Joey tried to nod that she was calm but had to shake her head instead.

“No! I need...a little break here!” She managed to spit out while trying not to touch herself. Standing suddenly, she felt the itching, irritating tightness of her very nice polyester pantsuit. She twisted her head to one side then the other, hearing a slight pop of realignment in her highly aroused body. She felt as if she had gone three rounds in the kickboxing ring she often frequented. Mistress Marcella nodded in agreement. Her lover was fired up with arousal and practically having her own melt down. Marcella realized she could smell the aroma of more than one person. She clenched her own pussy muscles in excitement knowing her lover’s scent was mixing with the reporter’s. She wondered how she might arrange a scene that was floating around vaguely in her mind.

She looked at the seemingly calm reporter and thought of something. Casually unwrapping her arm from the kitten she held, she slid her hand between the clenched thighs beside her. Leaning forward she set the china teacup onto the table surface.

“I have an idea, Joey. How would you like a tour of our little dungeon? Would that be a sufficient break from our lusty stories?” Mistress Marcella slid her hand

higher between the tense thighs and almost hissed at the apparent heat resting between Victoria's legs. Maybe she might be able to show this reporter some techniques of the Dom/Sub world to take the edge off their growing excitement. She mentally chuckled at the thought of something like that actually releasing tension.

Joey paused and then nodded vigorously. She was highly curious to see the newly mentioned dungeon. She was even more relieved to be walking around and taking off some of the edge to her growing heat.

Marcella casually slid her fingers tightly against her lover's clit and massaged it roughly, standing to cover her hand movement. She heard a slight whimper and then a groan of frustration as she pulled her hand free. Joey was none the wiser at their play.

Mistress Marcella held out her hand to her submissive lover and held her hand over the right shoulder of Victoria's neckline. Joey realized two things. One, Mistress Marcella was very tall compared to her lover, who looked to be Joey's own height. The other surprise was the way Marcella seemed to guide the smaller woman toward the dungeon's direction. Obviously, there was some sort of ritual involved there. Joey quickly grabbed her tape recorder and followed the pair.

As they neared a large door, a light switch was flipped and Victoria grabbed the stack of towels resting on the chair beside the door. Again, Joey noted the automatic movements. Mistress Marcella's hand never left the smaller woman even as she bent to retrieve the towels. They descended the stairway beyond the door. A short tunnel led to another door. Joey realized they were truly entering into an underground cave. It was a true dungeon for her captured love interest.

Mistress Marcella started to describe the history of her playroom.

"I added this room on many years ago, intending to build a true pleasure palace for a variety of lovers. At the time I had no idea I might meet a woman who encapsulated my every wish," she stated as she ran her fingers over the blushing cheek of her dark-haired beauty.

"So I gathered some equipment and few pieces of furniture to my own tastes. That was until Victoria started filling the gaps in my collection. She has quite expanded my little collection into something truly breathtaking." Marcella pushed open the door and, led by her submissive, once again entered into the dungeon. Joey followed, amazed at what she took in.

The room was fairly large. Joey eyed the amazingly realistic gray, rough-hewn, stone walls. Numerous chain and rope restraints at various heights, were bolted

into the surrounding stone and hung unused just waiting for a prisoner to be pinned. Softer flickering light fixtures gave the chamber an ambiance of having dimmed yet adequate lighting at intervals around the room. The special effect of the lighting was to spotlight various intervals where the lighting overlapped. At these junctures, Joey noticed special equipment had been arranged. She saw the double tall rack and cabinet side by side. The rack held a wicked assortment of various sized whips, paddles and crops. The glass cabinet held many different sized dildos and assorted pleasuring devices. Another spotlight lit up the arena of an intricate sling. Joey had read about them in her research. It was a suspended device that allowed one lover to hang in such a position and angle to achieve a more powerful penetration or superior climax. Joey shivered at the obviously erotic nature of the saddle equipment pedestal that stood at a low height in the next spotlight. The saddle had an inserted dildo sticking upward out of the sunken crevice of the concave seat. The pommel shaped into a smaller ridged cock waited to be sat upon. Joey realized whoever was to ride the saddle could ride backward and enjoy both the anal and vaginal penetration. She instantly imagined her two companions sitting astride the saddle, the smaller facing backward as they rode to orgasm. Her eyes flickered to the single crop resting alongside the saddle as she wiped the damp sweat trickling down her forehead away.

She turned to encounter the direct gaze her host was giving her. She flushed in anxiety. She couldn't help but become aroused. All this sex talk was killing her. Maybe if they continued, she could hurry up and go home.

"Feel free to explore and I'll just finish my story of Victoria's training." Mistress Marcella must have read Joey's mind. Joey nodded and walked hesitatingly further into the room.

"Though the training of my lover's sexual patience needed to continue I also felt it was now time to train her to endure a more strict bondage session. I had Victoria lead me down into the dungeon."

Marcella explained the ritual to Joey.

"That little action is in fact a mindset I have trained in her, developed to show her a dominating action. If she is in front of me, she will not have a chance to escape. It's a controlling element that truly has evolved into a sacred promise between us now. I have never preceded her entering this area. I hope I never do. It would ruin a deep part of our relationship."

"On that day, in the past, I urged her over to a single rope hanging from the ceiling. Bending her over at the waist, I attached the hook to the ring in her handcuffs that were fastened behind her back. I slowly pulled the rope tighter until her arms began to rise from her back into the air above her. At one point the pressure was too great and Victoria moved her feet together to stand taller."

As she tried to close her legs to release the tension, I stopped pulling. Backing off the tension by a few inches. I re-spread her feet apart and bent down to place a light steel bar between her ankles. Attaching the ankle cuff around her ankles and hooking them to the ends of this bar effectively prevented her from closing her legs. I now had her arms stretched behind her and she could hardly move in this strict bondage.

“I moved over to the cabinet and dressed in my harness and a thick-ridged penis. The position she held would make my penetration easy and still have her strain to maintain her pose. I practically growled my desire needing to take care of my overheated body. Last night’s orgasm had barely touched my fire. I rubbed some lube onto the thick cock and walked over to her bent figure. I wanted her to understand this moment. She was bound and fully vulnerable to my actions. I lifted her head by her hair and showed her the thick dildo I was about to use on her.

“I walked around the bent form, seeing my shadow rest over her. Leaning over her, I entered slowly. I felt her stretching to accommodate the width. After full impalement and allowing her to experience the fullness, I withdrew and quickly reentered to begin fucking her with a climbing fervor. She never uttered anything but exhaled grunts as I pushed inward with each stroke. I came, knowing there was little she could do to achieve her own satisfaction. When I reached orgasm, I trembled as I stood behind her taunt frame. I pressed against her, my sweat slicked body dripping over her pale skin. I became aroused at the image. Victoria’s hands clenched breaking my haze. Un-strapping, carefully, I left the thick dildo inside her pussy. Her bent form tried to expel it with clenching pressure but the width prevented it. Reaching up, I slowly lowered the tension of her arms. She groaned with relief as I lowered her arms and unlaced the joined cuffs. I moved her hands around to the front of her body and quickly joined the cuffs, tied them to the rope and raised her arms again. Her sweat drenched brow and equally pale features were still flushed with a raging fire she held inside.

“Walking to the cabinet, I grabbed a thin belt kit. As I placed it around her waist, a single strap hung down, covering the crack of her ass. I pulled the strap forward between her legs. Before fastening it near her waist and pulling it tight, I placed a small vibrator directly on her clit. Cinching up the strap tightly, I ran my hands over the small device and the protruding dildo inside her. Both were positioned snugly.

“Setting the vibration to an extremely low setting I clicked it on. The tiny vibrator was silent in our cave. Her arching hips and clenched jaw told me the pleasure she was receiving. Moving behind her I took a small braided whip from the wall and began to lightly whip her. I started on her back and worked down to her thighs. I covered her completely. The strokes warmed her skin without the intensity of pain. It was an ache she could not appease as I worked her into a frenzy, squirming and twitching, in her bonds. She became more and more

excited. Guessing at her pending climax, I stopped the whip and turned off the vibrator. She cried out in frustration.

“She was so hot. Her passion-filled whimpers had my clit twitching. I could not resist the powerful waves of arousal my body had as I watched her twist and thrash in her sex-craved state. Lowering the rope that held her wrists in the air, I untied the joined cuffs, then attached each cuff to a D ring on the side of the belt. This left her hands tantalizingly close to her pussy but unable to touch herself. Pushing her down to her knees, I sank onto the padded bench near us. The ankle bar refused to allow her legs to close. I pulled her head to my pussy. She dove inward like a starving beast. She began to lick and suck my juices. Her own need to come so badly created desperation in her actions as she attempted to please me and show exactly what she craved. I knew her plight but needed to remind her who was Dom here. I played with the vibrator while she ate me. Turning it on, I watched her writhe while she pleased me. After a few moments had passed I would click it off. Her tongue was a miniature whip in its quest. I arched into my orgasm as she sucked me into her wet mouth. She looked up at me with eyes that begged for release.

“The hours had past and we were both hungry, she more for release than food. I was slightly weak from my endeavors. I had to admit I was impressed with her discipline and newly found stamina. Helping her to stand up, I undid the strap that ran between her legs. With her wrists still attached to the belt around her waist I removed the clitoral vibrator. I helped her lie down on her stomach on the padded bench. Grasping the ankle-spreading bar I pulled upward and with a quick loop I had her effectively hogtied to the belt at her waist. Her widely spread legs and dildo filled pussy stared at me.

“I reached over and began moving the dildo in and out of her pussy. The friction was intense. Reaching behind me I grabbed the mini vibrator and carefully pressed it to her clit. Victoria gasped at the touch against her tortured clit. She began to push her hips towards the vibrator as much as possible before it had even been turned on. The way she was tied she could move very little but what movement she had she took full advantage of. I could tell she was quite desperate to orgasm. With one hand pushing and pulling the dildo in and out, I turned the low setting to high and flipped the switch.

“‘Come for me, my love!’ I ordered as I felt her tense. She exploded. Her ass muscles clenched showing dimples in each cheek as she froze. Moaning loudly, her whole body was an arched bow. Rock hard, she suddenly collapsed then tensed again. After two days of being denied sexual release, her orgasm crashed over her repeatedly. Before I knew it, she had come two more times before she finally began to moan in pitiful whimpers. I turned off the vibrator and slowly removed the dildo.

“After she had been untied and laid over the Cleopatra style reclining bench, I realized the unlimited possibilities this woman offered to me. I felt my clit begin to throb again. Stepping over her reclined figure, resting on her stomach, I lifted her head and pressed her lips to my cunt. She enthusiastically licked me until I came again.”

Joey turned her sexual haze-filled eyes to look over at the tall woman who now held her sub up against a wall. She was calmly cuffing the smaller dark-haired woman with bolted cuffs on the stone surface. Joey’s eyes opened wide. Mistress Marcella glanced at the stocky reporter and noticed her tension.

“You don’t want a demonstration? Victoria is very willing to show you some of her immediate likes and dislikes,” Marcella commented as she finished cuffing the smaller woman and roughly ripped the double wrapped sari from the gorgeous sexy kitten who was now bound. Victoria arched with pleasure and expectation. Her dark eyes heavily lidded with desire as she stared at her Mistress.

Marcella ran a hand over the smooth skin of her lover, her hand running upward to cup the full breast and pinch the nipple slightly.

“I had never really had a partner excite me so terribly much before. Victoria is completely enticing and exhilarating. I knew then and I know now...there is still so much more for us to explore.” Mistress Marcella leaned down and captured the red lips of her now panting lover. She lightly bit on lips as she kissed. Severing the kiss she stood tall. Turning to leave her submissive lover behind, she moved near the reporter and casually began inspecting some whips and canes on a rack.

Joey practically swallowed her tongue at the offer to observe a session between the two. Her pad and pencil clutched in her hand seemed to be the only defense between the magnetic pull as the two women pulled her into their desire. Until this moment she had not really understood the attraction of bondage or its sister compliments of discipline and sadomasochism. As arousing as the stories the two women had told, the idea of actually seeing a demonstration into their passion was ten times as exciting. Joey already felt close to the edge of an orgasm. It took all her will to not switch her stance over and over to allow the pantsuit seam to rub against her clit.

Mistress Marcella motioned to a long bench running across the far wall.

“You can observe from over there or stand here and ask questions. I am up for giving my lover a delicious treat. She seems to like having you watch. She is already wet. Would you like to see?”

Joey paled as the last remaining blood in her system rushed straight to her cunt. She stood, feet planted, hoping not to fall down.

Marcella shrugged at the mute reporter.

“I will begin and if you have any questions you can interrupt at your leisure. Feel free to disrobe and be comfortable.” With this final message she undraped the silk cover from her shoulder unclipping it quickly. The long dress she wore fell to the ground. Joey looked at the dominating creature before her and sucked in a moaning breath of air.

Marcella turned back toward her watching lover who remained chained against the wall. Unknowingly, she showed her powerful flexing gluts and strong broad shoulders to the trembling reporter behind her. Joey watched Marcella run a large strong hand over the captive figure before her. Fingers followed an invisible trail that led from the delicate collarbone of the dark haired woman down over her right nipple. The instant hardening of the rosy tip as it tightened caused both women watching to hiss with excitement. Marcella opened her closed hand and showed the emerald eyes watching her the contents she held. Green eyes widened and seemed to turn darker as they watched the larger companion lean in and attach a nipple clamp over the tight nipple. A small chain was strung between the now attached other nipple clamp dangling between the full breasts. Marcella walked over to the nearby cabinet and grabbed a small device. She returned to begin moving the device over the exposed skin of her prisoner. Victoria’s eyes shut as she enjoyed the sensations.

Marcella turned with eyebrow raised and looked at Joey in a questioning gaze.

“Do you wish to participate?” Her cultured tones ask Joey while she continued to graze the miniature vibrator over obviously sensitive areas of Victoria’s body. Joey watched in fascination and knew she would keep staring in hypnotic fashion as long as she was allowed. The entire mesmerizing adventure was driving her wild with lust.

Marcella took a moment to move back from her lover’s body and grab a nearby black silk scarf from its hanging position on a cuff chain. The scarf was gently placed over the eyes of the passion filled Victoria and firmly tied.

Marcella turned to look at Joey and without hesitation walked over and pulled her closer to Victoria’s now bound and blinded figure.

“She is very responsive to touch. See?” Marcella explained as she took Joey’s hand, fingers out stretched, and guided them over the soft surface of Victoria’s stomach. The clenching abdominal muscles showed a firmly cut six-pack on the smaller woman. Joey felt her panties drench in wetness. Marcella guided her

fingers slowly up toward the chained and clamped nipples. She ran Joey's hand around Victoria's breasts. Joey couldn't breathe as she swayed in excitement.

"The one thing she will not know that will drive her crazy with excitement..." Marcella said as she continued running Joey's hand all over the full breasts that rose and fell rapidly "...is which of us will be touching her." She guided the searching digits back down toward the glistening black, curling, pubic hairs at the juncture of Victoria's legs. Marcella's voice fell silent as she slowly ran Joey's trembling fingers into the damp slit at its juncture. Victoria and Joey both hissed with pleasure.

"The unknown can add an extra element of pleasure as I'm sure you're aware." Marcella swallowed to clear the thickened accumulation of saliva in her throat. "It can actually be quite pleasurable for all involved." She drew out the digits, separated one, and returned it to push inward into the vaginal opening. Joey moaned as her finger entered the pulsing walls of Victoria's body. The small woman chained to the wall instantly thrust her hips outward. The restraining chains at her ankles allowed very little movement yet Victoria impaled herself even further on the index finger Marcella had maneuvered inward for Joey.

Joey drew in a breath of pure arousal, as she smelled the rising body scents floating around her. The sheen of perspiration over Victoria's body was matched with her own drenched form. It wasn't every day Joey had a captive lover that she could finger fuck while chained to the wall. Victoria's nostrils flared wide as she breathed. The silence from the smaller woman was amazingly erotic. Joey could hear her own pounding heartbeat and tried not to gasp as she expelled her breath and drew in more air. She recognized years of control in that one small element.

Victoria continued to thrust her hips outward with what little bit of control she could manage as Joey watched with amazement as her own finger was being drawn repeatedly into the inner depths of the drenching wet pussy. Marcella continued with the vibrator ministrations making Victoria tense and clench at counter odds to the pleasure Joey seemed to be giving her. Joey closed her eyes to the magnificent sight but could not stop her brain from telling her hand to push deeper into the wet heat her finger explored.

Her chocolate colored eyes jerked open with flustered panic as she felt a larger presence step behind her. The taller naked physique of Mistress Marcella leaned forward into the stockier form of the reporter as they stood before the bound Victoria. As Joey swallowed rapidly she felt the large hands she had been watching earlier drop to her waist. For a long moment, the only thing that Joey knew was the delicious sensation of the two women before and after. Marcella did nothing but stand close against her. Victoria thrust forward and guided Joey to touch her. The mental adjustment happened easily as did the physical minutes later.

Within the next five minutes, Joey was stripped of her clothing and pressed upon by the taller woman. As Marcella pressed from behind, Joey was forced to lean forward and push into the bound woman.

“It is such a fantastic pleasure for the body to enjoy...touching another. Is it not?” Marcella whispered to both the women she practically held against the wall. Joey just absorbed the multiple feelings and groaned.

Marcella ran a calming hand down the trembling back of the stockier reporter as she stepped to the side once again. She moved to un-cuff the bound woman from the wall. The nerve-wracking element of being naked disappeared as Joey surmised Marcella’s warm gaze and relaxed posture in acknowledgement of being a friend. She felt a warmth of some unknown element fill her soul as she began to explore the, until now, unknown feelings of sexual freedom.

When Marcella had pressed them together, Joey had stopped pleasuring Victoria in order to fully feel the smaller woman against her entire body. The taller woman leaning her taunt stomach against the rounded hips of the reporter had also pressed her smaller breasts into her upper back. The world had narrowed to those fused bodies for Joey. She had somehow formed a bond between them without even trying.

She watched Marcella for half a second before moving to help. They carefully unhooked the cuffs at Victoria’s arms and her ankles. Marcella guided her lover across the room to a small sitting area. Victoria was positioned bent over on top of some red silk cushions covering the floor. Her arms were crossed, her head lowered to rest in their cradle. Her naked ass remained up in the air and her legs were splayed widely open. Joey could see the swollen tissues and aroused juices gathered in the depths there. It was the ultimate vision for a lover to enjoy. Marcella motioned to Joey to sit directly in front of the totally submissive woman’s widely spread backside. Marcella quickly took up a position immediately behind Joey’s suddenly tense naked body. As the taller woman slid into contact, her powerful thighs slid along side Joey’s own and their bodies meshed together.

“Calm down, my friend. We will not do anything you do not wish. I just want to see my lover as perfectly as you can.” Marcella leaned her naked torso into Joey’s back as she whispered husky tones into Joey’s ear. The clenching thighs tightened around Joey sensually. The moment of hesitation flew out the window as Marcella leaned them both forward with her strength and ran a single finger through the flowing wetness of Victoria’s swollen pussy. An arching movement had Victoria thrusting her ass higher.

“See?” Marcella chuckled with relish. “She loves the feel and control we have provided.” Joey shivered at the double sensations of Marcella’s touch and Victoria’s stimulation.

Marcella adjusted her position slightly and Joey could now feel the stiff crinkling hairs of the stronger woman's pussy press against the upper edge of her ass crack. She refused to squirm as Marcella pressed harder. A single hand rested on her left thigh. Joey felt her body overheating.

"Touch her while I watch. She will beg you for more and never make a sound." Marcella's bewitching tones instructed Joey to reach over and slide her fingers down into the silken folds of Victoria's core. Joey could not control her response as she shuddered from the grazing set of fingernails lightly scratching over her abdomen from the woman behind her and from feeling her fingers embraced into the fiery warmth Victoria provided. She leaned further forward and began to piston two strong fingers into the now riding body Victoria thrust backward over and over.

Marcella suddenly reached over and slapped the moving woman's ass with a solid spank. At the same shocking moment she reached up and pinched the rock hard nipple of her seatmate. Joey felt the cream between her legs gush outward. She felt the delicious painful pleasure surge through her breast and she knew she wanted more. Marcella had begun to grind her pussy into the back of her captured reporter.

The moaning and twitching submissive creature below them continued to thrust onto Joey's hand. Marcella spanked Victoria's ass as the three women moved together. Occasionally, she would reach up and cup the full breast of the reporter and pinch her nipples.

"She will have a hard time coming from just your penetrating hand, love," Marcella commented with slightly panting breath. Joey could barely hear her over the gasping she could not stop releasing as Marcella's expert hands roamed over her body, caressing and applying moments of pleasurable pain. It was like nothing she had ever experienced before.

With the much longer stretch of her arms, Marcella reached over and positioned Joey's free hand, which had been holding Victoria's hip, above the glistening entrance of her asshole. Joey shuddered with carnal delight. She moved her thumb over the clenching and unclenching sphincter, as she pressed inward while still thrusting into the sopping entrance below.

The sudden increase in volume of the moans below were proof of the pleasure Victoria received. Marcella's hiss of 'Yes' into Joey's ear had Joey pressing harder and watching as her thumb was pulled inward into the pulsing anus.

"She is about to explode. Feel her tighten around you. Watch her body grind into your hands." Marcella eyed the dark haired woman writhing on the floor in front of them and knew only too well the climax that was rising within. Joey felt

the fluttering muscles surrounding her fingers tighten as she watched wave after wave of pleasure cause Victoria's body to stiffen in a taunt frozen moment. Joey thrust once, then once more feeling Victoria's orgasm from within. Marcella reached over and stopped the reporter from prolonging the experience.

Joey practically collapsed back onto Marcella as much as Victoria collapsed down onto the cushions holding her upward. Joey felt caressing hands running the length of her tortured, aroused body but they never touched the one place she desired. She whimpered at her need.

"Shhhhh, love. Victoria will see to all you need." Marcella rose upward and slowly removed herself from the warmth of Joey's body. She stretched her long length upward and sat down across from Joey onto the other matching chair. Leaning down, she slapped the naked bottom of her collapsed lover.

"Victoria. We need you." Marcella spoke softly and closed her eyes in pleasure as the vixen below moved instantly to her lover's spread knees. Joey watched, groaning in agony, as Victoria lowered her tongue to caress the obviously wet center of her Mistress. She completely burrowed her mouth over the pulsing slit and made Marcella arch in ecstasy. The reporter panted at the overwhelming need she felt and had just made the decision to pleasure herself when she was jerked back into watching Marcella explode with a smile across her features.

Joey clenched in sympathy. She slid her hand over to touch her heat and felt it blocked. Looking down she locked gazes with those dark blue orbs gleaming upward in satisfaction. Joey groaned as Victoria spread her knees wider and slid her hands closer to part the wetness above.

Arching slightly, Joey watched as Victoria leaned down and slowly licked through her drenched folds. She closed her eyes at the feeling and thrust her hips forward. Victoria took no time to tease her pleasuring benefactor as she latched onto the hardened clit embedded between the wet lips and flicked over it with her talented tongue. Joey gasped, moaned, arched, and thrust as each caress and suction was delivered. Within a few moments, she felt the rising orgasm she had withheld grow to escaping proportions.

Joey tightened her thighs around the dark haired nymph and rode her passionate tongue until the waves crested. She froze at the edge then fell, plummeting downward with successive waves crashing over her as she road along in ecstasy.

She collapsed with continual twitching motions until Victoria pulled away and returned to her other lover's side. Marcella wrapped the dark haired woman into a loving embrace and they lay cuddling together as Joey watched through satisfied eyes.

“It is all a matter of trust and love,” Marcella stated in her rich warm voice. Joey nodded her understanding. Victoria moved up to whisper something into Marcella’s ear in private. Joey watched as Mistress Marcella broke into rich sensual laughter. She gave the smaller woman a quick hug and light kiss on the cheek.

“Yes, my love. Joey can help us take care of Tomi, if she would like,” Marcella remarked looking over at the totally drained figure resting comfortably on the other chair. Joey looked back with a confused smile across her face.

“It seems our little maid is not sufficiently trained yet to perform her submissive duties for me to my love’s satisfaction,” Marcella explained to Joey. Joey vaguely remembered the stunning brunette that brought out the tea set. She wondered at the angry stare Victoria had given the saucy maid.

“Victoria has taken it upon herself to show Tomi just exactly how to provide satisfaction to a Dominant partner. Victoria, however, thinks Tomi needs much more guidance and she thinks you may be able to provide that for her.”

Joey felt her heart rate increase at the thought. She swung her shocked gaze over to the royal blue eyes regarding her with their slightly hooded stare and felt her body tense in excitement. Victoria was aroused again. Joey looked back at Marcella and with a slightly panicked glance, she had the Mistress laughing harder and longer. Blushing at her sudden breath of shyness with both of them, she was instantly put at ease as Marcella stopped laughing and leaned down to her lover.

“We can give you both what you need. Yes...” She whispered as she ran a finger over the cheekbone of her smaller love. “...I think Joey and I can take care of you both.” Joey felt her body shudder with excitement as she began to breath deeply again.

The End.