Mistress Medusa and her Sissy maid

Description

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Mistress Medusa runs a lap dancing club: Medusaâ??s a high end but edgy establishment popular with Zionist arms dealers, hence the nickname, The Gaza Strip.

Mistress Medusa takes a deep inhale from her cigarette and as she exhales the smoke irritates the snakes sleeping on her head and they stir and hiss, before returning to their dreams of Eden. Mistress Medusa wears sunglasses, constantly, even when indoors, a cynical wry look on her face and very little else.

Mistress has big, heavy breasts, prefect as a tear shed in the ecstasy of grief and her figure is more shapely than father times hour glass. Or deathâ??s as it is known in some cultures

â??Deathâ?• she said. He comes in here all the timeâ?¦ Iâ??ve lap-danced with deathâ?¦. .You must be our new maidâ?¦. Veronica. â??

Veronica, the pathetic sissy maid stood, weakly to attention. Presenting herself to Mistress for inspection

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She was wearing her best black patent high heeled shoes as she wanted to make a good impression and white stockings with lacy white tops that were tight against her milky white thighs

Her black skirt had ridden up under her crisp white apron and her caged sissy clit was showing slightly underneath although it was hidden, a little, by the white lace of her panties

â??You look less competent than our usual cleaner, Veronicaâ?• Said Mistress.

â??I wonder if you will be up to the jobâ?¦ and be a good girl for Mistressâ?¦. but looking at the state of you I doubt it. â??

â??I will try my best, Mistressâ?• said Veronica. Looking up at the beautiful intimidating snake haired Mistress and blushing

â??You will show me how you clean the lap dancing pole Veronica and make sure you do it to standard, and with gusto and impress our guest â?¦â?•

Veronica noticed a man sitting in the darkness in a corner. He was looking at her.

Veronica felt excited by the mans attention, his gaze objectifying her. Turning her into the worthless slut she longer to be.

All she wanted to do was to please her Mistress and please the men in the club. She began cleaning the pole and as she rubbed she felt the metal of her cage clink against the shiny cold metal of the pole.

The vibration of metal against metal felt so exciting she couldnâ??t help but rub herself up against the pole. She couldnt resist the urge to grind her pathetic sissy clit against the pole as she cleaned it. To please the man as that would please Mistress. And lastly because she wanted to please herself

Veronica understood her place in the pegging order.

She rubbed up and down against the pole with increasing excitement and as she rubbed she could see the man getting noticeably excited as he watched her pathetic attempts to hump and grind and relieve her mounting excitement. Her sissy clit connecting against the cold of the pole. The coldness of the metal and the manâ??s gaze making her blush with excitement.

She struggled to concentrate on cleaning. She was becoming so distracted as she slipped deeper and deeper into the delerium of a brainless slutified haze that she began to forget the simple task assigned to her.

She just wanted the man to use her whilst Mistress watched and Mistress was watching .

â??Youâ??ve dropped your duster , Veronica â?¦ pick it up and when you pick it up , make sure my client in the corner there gets a good view up your skirt. Bend over with your ass towards him and pull your your panties aside as you get up. I need him to get a good view of the mechanise.

Veronica. Intoxicated by sissy subspace and the expectation of what was to come and the overwhelming desire to be a good girl for her Mistress and did exactly what she was told

Be a good girl for Mistressâ?¦..

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mistresspsyche