

Sissy visits an adult theatre

Description

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•Show me how much you want it.â•

The man said . His command was a low growl in the dim, sticky air of the theater booth

The man, a burly stranger in a leather jacket, gripped the back of my head and began to fuck my mouth in earnest, his hips pistoning forward.

Oh god, yes. The thought was a desperate, thrilled echo in my head. My own cock, trapped uselessly in its pink lace cage, gave a pathetic twitch.

The real pleasure came from behind, from the relentless, filling stretch of the man taking me from the rear. His hands were tight on my hips, fingers digging into the thin material of my skirt as he drove into me, each thrust making me gasp and choke around the cock in my throat.

His cock was hot and hard.

This is why I'd visited the theatre. The plan had been a fantasy for months. Dress the part. See what happened. I was aching for this exact anonymous use. I'd slipped in an hour ago, heart hammering, dressed in a tiny, tight black skirt that barely covered my ass, a black button-up blouse. Tight and displaying my ample curves, soft silk stockings, and the most humiliating, thrilling partâa pink silicone butt plug and a delicate chastity cage kept my own excitement contained, a constant, reminder of my delicious submission.

I'd chosen a booth in the back row, the projector flickering some forgotten porn onto the screen. The first man had entered maybe ten minutes later. He didn't say a word, just looked me up and down, his eyes lingering on my the gap between my skirt and my stocking tops. He gazed at that gap, and the crotch of my panties, that peaked tantalisingly from the base of my skirt. He unzipped, pulled his big hard cock out, and pointed at the floor in front of him.

Get on your knees. â

The submission was always the hottest part.



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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