



Sissy has an encounter with things that go bump in the night.

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Sissy Victoria descended into basement of the old Victorian asylum. She had received a phone call from Mistress that she should arrive immediately as her services were required. In the lap dancing club, in the basement. Mistress had ghostly clients that Victoria needed to service.

The basement of the old Victorian building, that may have been an asylum or maybe a school had been converted into a low-lit, opulent lounge. Plush velvet booths lined the walls, and a single, polished brass pole stood in the centre of a small circular stage.

The air smelled of cigar smoke, expensive whiskey and sex .

Mistress emerged from a heavy velvet curtain. She was a vision of severe elegance, black corset cinching a waist Victoria could only dream of, stern obsidian eyes cut through the gloom like a switchblade through soft unsuspecting flesh.

Victoria had been summoned. And she had come. Of course she had. Since the first night Mistress had found her—and saw the potential beneath the fear.

Mistress Psyche had sculpted him into Victoria, Victoria was Mistress's creation, her living doll. And tonight, the doll was to perform for a very special clientele.

“They are remnants,” Mistress Psyche said gliding closer to adjust the strap of Victoria's negligee, to show more cleavage

“Echoes of desire that were too strong to fade with the body. You will make them feel.

A soft, collective sigh seemed to ripple through the room, though the booths were empty to Victoria's eyes.

“On the stage. Now,”

Mistress commanded

“Start slow. Let them acclimate to you.”

Victoria's approached the pole, her reflection a blurry smudge of pink in its surface.

She began to move, a simple rotation around the pole. She let the silk robe slip from one shoulder. The sigh in the room became a murmur, a vibration, that caused hot tingle to appear as a blush in her cheeks which moved to her hard nipples and spread down to her panties and into her pussy, causing the lips to swell and moisten

Then, came the first touch.

It was not a hand. It was a presence, a masculine presence that brushed up the back of her thigh, over the curve of her buttock.

Victoria gasped.

It was like an electric warm tingle affectionate but somehow endearingly needy. A second male presence joined the first, a colder caress this time, but more manly. It began as an essence . A slight smell of fresh cigars smoke and expensive brandy and cohered into a firm hard that skimmed over her collarbone, dipping into the valley between her breasts and moving sensually across her breast to her hard nipple and lingering there.

Mistress Psyches voice cut through the haze like a sharp scalpel dissecting the tendons of a corpse .
â??Theyâ??re just saying hello.â?•

Victoria continued her dance, her movements becoming more fluid, more suggestive. Curving her back, pushing her big breasts up to the cold pole rubbing the pole suggestively between them as the sensations intensified.

They became became more intense cupping her breasts , caressing the wet silk of her panties and squeezing with a pressure that was there and not there.

Her nipples became harder and her pussy wetter and wetter as another presence, cheekier than the first two slid between her legs from behind. An electric buzzing non-corporeal pressure pressed against her clit through the soaked,silk of her panties.

Victoria cried out, her knees buckling slightly. She clung to the pole for support.

From the darkness Mistress watched on . Her stern lips softened into a smile of approval .

The touch between her legs began to move, a slow, rhythmic pulse that brought her to the edge of climax . She could feel herself growing wetter and wetter the silk clinging to the pert curves of her pussy lips

The presence at her breast intensified, a mouth like sensation, a soft tongue tingling her nipple through the silk, pleasurable waves emanated from her nipple straight to her core, her head fell back, a moan of pleasure escaping her lips. This was service.

This was being of use. The psychology was simple, stripped bare: her validation, her very existence as Victoria, was measured in the reactions she could elicit, even, it seemed from the dead.

The presence between her legs grew more insistent and seemed to coalesce into the shape of a handsome Victorian gentleman. Victoria pushed back against the pole legs trembling, as her pushed inside her.

It was a fullness sometimes with human substance and sometimes, she couldnâ??t tell what it was the hot, penetrating sensation filled her. He began to move, in time with his thrusts a slow, deep, rhythm, and with each ethereal thrust, a corresponding wave of electric pleasure rolled through her. The sensations at her nipples sucked harder.

She was a vessel, being filled by whispers and echoes of desires long since forgotten.

Until now.

Her own hips began to rock, meeting the thrusts, the sensations . The room swam. The blue light seemed to pulse in time with the rhythm inside her as the coil of pleasure in her belly tightened the rhythm building to a crescendo â?| , and then a new voice, rasped from the darkest booth.

â??Enough of the tease, girl. Come here. I requireâ?| a closer inspection.â?•

The ghostly presences withdrew instantly, leaving her empty, aching, and shuddering on the stage.

Victoriaâ??s blurred vision cleared enough to see a darker shadow now occupying one of the booths. It had a shape, heavy, jowly masculine, with two pinpricks of cold light where eyes should beâ?|

Mistress stood by the booth a smile playing on her lips. â??It seems youâ??ve made an impression on the Colonel. He wishes for a private audience.â?•

She gestured to the booth. â??Go. Kneel before him. And remember your training.â?•

Legs weak, her body humming with denied release and sensual spectral fingerprints, Victoria stepped off the stage. The silk of her negligee was damp with sweat and other things.

She approached the shadowy booth, the pinprick eyes watching her every swaying step. She stopped at the edge of the table, the urge to flee warring with the deeper urge to obey, to please.

She sank to her knees on the cold floor.

The pinprick eyes bored into her from the shadowy booth. The Colonelâ??s voice, when it came, was a dry rustle, like tumbleweed in a long forgotten tomb but with a strange hypnotic gravitas .

â??Pathetic display on the stage . You are a tool, girl. A conduit. I would inspect the instrument before it is played.â?•

Victoriaâ??s throat tightened. She kept her gaze lowered, fixed on the toes of her pin stiletto heels.

â??Y-yes, sir.â?•

â??Strip. Completely. Let me see the raw material.â?•

Victoria glanced toward where she knew Mistress Psche stood. A slight, almost imperceptible nod was her only cue.

Her hands, went to the single, silken tie at the front of her pink babydoll. She pulled. The knot gave way, and the flimsy garment slid from her shoulders onto the cold stone floor.

She was painfully of the wet patch on her silk panties that moulded to the camel tie of her swollen hairless pussy lips.

â??Everything,â?• the Colonel rasped.

Victoria pushed her panties down her thighs, over her knees, past her calves. She stepped out of them with one heel, then the other, leaving her completely naked save for the lace stockings, garter belt and pink high heels.

“Adequate form?”

He said

“Flawed, but serviceable.”

The Colonel’s shadow seemed to shift. He didn’t have to.

The static hum in the room, surged into a roar and they came not one by one, but in a wave.

The sensual first touch was around her throat, collaring her. She gasped, as another masculine entity cupped both her breasts, in what felt like rough calloused hands.

It was the sensation from the stage, but multiplied, intensified.

Before she could process it, another presence, heavy, masculine and impatient, pushed against her wet pussy lips, parting them. It was the cheeky entity from before, but bolder, demanding entry. A tongue lapping hungrily at her hot wet clit.

She felt something press against her mother. She opened it and she felt hot hard cock pressing down on her tongue that began to slide and pulse a slow, shallow fucking of her mouth that forced her mouth open and made her jaw ache in a gratifying way

A third presence, found her from behind, it the cleft of her ass with a practiced precision.

But it was the fifth presence that shattered her remaining composure. It didn’t tease. It plunged.

The same penetrating, non-corporeal electric tingly and manly form from the stage speared into her pussy in one smooth, deep thrust. A thrust so firm it almost lifted her off her feet and caused her back to arch violently. It was a sensation that was even more intense than before as it thrust and pulsed with an urgent sensual rhythm which made Victorias eyes roll back and her pussy pulse.

She was packed, stretched, filled in every possible opening. Her mouth, her pussy, her ass was filled

Her breasts were cupped and her nipples caressed to a pulse all their own.

Pleasurable waves detonated along every nerve. Her body, trained to respond, to seek validation through use, caught fire. A guttural, continuous moan was forced from Her hips began to buck and writhe, trying to meet every thrust, to accommodate every impossible inch of sensation filling her

The coil that had tightened on the stage now wound again, but ten times faster, a white-hot wire of need in her belly. The different rhythms created a cascading overload—just as the ghost in her cunt hit a deep, perfect spot, the one in her ass would shift, sending a new, illicit thrill through her. The sensations on her nipples seemed directly wired to her clit, which throbbed, neglected and aching, a swollen, desperate knot of flesh.

She was a puppet strung up by threads of pleasure. Her mind dissolved into pure, animal sensation. This is it. This is what I’m for. To be full. To be used. To feel this! this everything.

The Colonel’s pinprick eyes watched, unblinking. “Increase amplitude,” he whispered to the air.

The presences obeyed.

The thrusts became harder, faster, more brutal. The fullness in her ass became a stretching, relentless invasion. The one in her cunt pounded a spot that made stars burst behind her eyelids.

Her body was no longer her own. It was a vessel resonating with desire, a conduit screaming with overloaded sensation. The pleasure was a cresting wave, a tsunami with no shore. She felt her orgasm approaching not as a peak, but as an annihilation over her swollen, aching clit.

It was the final circuit closing.

The vibration began, a high-frequency buzz that matched the pounding rhythm in her cunt. The synchronization happened. All the disparate rhythms aligned into one devastating, unified hammerblow of sensation.

Victoria's world exploded into white, silent static.

Her back arched

Her pussy clenched and cantered violently. Her ass spasmed. Her nipples felt electrified. Her hot, wet clit was pulsing.

The pleasure was total, absolute, a supernova that consumed every atom of her being. It went on and on, wave after wave of convulsing, mindless ecstasy, wringing her out completely.

As the tremors began to subside, leaving her a gasping, twitching wreck on the floor.

The Colonel's shadow leaned forward. His pinprick eyes gleamed. He turned his gaze toward Mistress

"She requires further tuning. A more focused application."



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1. Uncategorized

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