

High protocol training- London

Description

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Mistress trains her sissy Maid.

The first jolt seized me the moment the antique porcelain teacup rattled against its saucer. A sharp, electric buzz shot straight from the core of the remote-controlled toy nestled deep inside me . I froze, a tiny gasp escaping my lips as the hot Earl Grey trembled, and spilt onto the pristine carpet .

â??A spill. Already?â?•

Said Mistress Psyche.

â??You know the protocol.â?• That is not the standard of behaviour I expect from my maid.

â??Bend over. And pull up your skirtâ?•

I bent over and hitched up my little black skirt exposing my milky white thighs and stocking tops.

Mistress â?? guests looked on at the unfolding scene silently.

I felt a prickle of arousal electrify the group as I bent over and exposed my soft buttocks to Mistress.

â??Thwackâ??

The school cane came down kissing the exposed flesh and leaving a hot red whelt .

The stinging tingled and and a warm tingle swelled my clit causing the crotch of my tiny white to visibly moisten .

â??Thank you Mistressâ?? I blushed and began pulling down my skirt before I continued to serve the guests.

I served a lady, a stunning brunette without incident. But as I moved on Mistressâ??s voice stopped me again.

â??The service is not yet complete. Our guests have expressedâ?¦ a desire for more personal attentionsâ?• â?¦

She held up a small, sleek black remote, her thumb resting casually on a button. â??You will serve them. And you will continue to be mindful of your composure. Every lapseâ?¦ earns a reminder.â?•

One of the guests. The stunning brunette ordered me over. â??Kneel here.â?• She said.

I obeyed, shuffling on my knees across the mirrored floor to her side. The reflections multiplied, showing me from a dozen angles. She reached out, her fingers deftly unbuttoning the high collar of my dress, then the front placket. The cool air of the sitting room kissed my exposed skin. She peeled the uniform open, revealing my breasts that felt heavy, sensitive, the nipples tightening instantly.

â??Lovely,â?• she purred, and her hand closed over one, her thumb circling the peak. A moan tried to escape my throat. I choked it back, focusing on the floor, on my own wide eyes staring back from below.

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BZZZT

The shock came, not from a spill, but from the sharp, delicious clench of my own muscles as she pinched my nipple. I jerked, a full-body spasm.

â??Gratitudeâ?• â?¦ Mistress Psyche prompted

â??Iâ?¦ I am grateful for the correction,â?• I panted, the echoes of the vibration still rippling through me. â??Itâ?¦ it heightens the sensation.â?• And it did. The pain was a bright line that fused with the pleasure, making every touch feel magnified, electric.

A male guest moved behind me. I felt his presence, then his hands on my hips, pulling me back until I was resting against his legs.

His fingers traced the line of my spine through the dress.His hand slipped under my skirt, palming the curve of my rear. I could see it all in the mirrorâ??his large hand on the white lace of my underwear, my own expression of stunned arousal.

He found the dampness soaking through the lace . The toy, pressed against my most sensitive spot from within, seemed to pulse in time with my heartbeat. He hooked his fingers in the fabric and pulled it aside. The cool air on my exposed flesh was a shock in itself. Then his finger was there, tracing my wet folds, circling the tight, lips and slipping back to live my the sensitive ring between the cheeks of my ass


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mistresspsyche

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