Sissy soldier is taken up Hadrians wall

Description

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You like that, slut? The feel of Roman steel against your pretty skin?â?•

The voice was a growl, hot against my ear, the Latin words thick with lust.

I couldnâ??t answer. My mouth was full, stretched wide around the thick, salty cock of the first soldier, Severus.

All I could manage was a choked, guttural moan that vibrated around his shaft. The sound was swallowed by the howling wind that whipped across the stone parapet of Hadrianâ??s Wall.

Behind me, the second soldier, Decimus, chuckled. His hands, calloused and strong, gripped my hips, his armoured body a wall of heat and stale leather against my back.

I was bent forward, my own small, caged sissy clit swelled against polished bronzeâ??clinking softly against the segmented plates of Severusâ??s lorica segmentata with every deep thrust Decimus made into me.

Gods, how did I get here?

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Iâ??d watched them for daysâ??Severus, the centurion with a commanding glare, and Decimus, his brutish optio. Their easy brutality, their raw, unapologetic masculinity, it stirred something in me Iâ??d spent a lifetime trying to run from. A deep, shameful need to be used by that kind of strength.

And it finally caught up with me.

Last night, in the dim light of the barracks, drunk on cheap wine Iâ??d revealed my desires and now, on the deserted walkway under a sliver of moon, in this far flung and almost forgotten outpost of the Roman Empire, they were using me. Using me as their Roman sissy slut

Severus cock was deep in my throat. He was a vision of masculine magnificence. His own hard cock jutting proudly from the open flaps of his leather tunic . Decimus chose that moment to sink deeper, a brutal, claiming stroke his hot hard cock thrusted deeper and deeperâ?¦ a hypnotic sensation that was overwhelming, and deeply pleasurable , a brutal fullness that sent jolts of pleasure up my spine.

Severus watched my struggle. With his free hand, he unbuckled the leather belt from his waist. He gestured as if he were going to strike me qnd laughed as I flinched, a momentum that caused my sissy pussy to clench on Decimusâ?? cock that was so pleasurably lubed with precum.

Severus then took the belt and effortlessly looped it around my torso, just above my hips, and pulled.

Oh.

The leather bit, cinching my waist, compressing my breath.

It wasnâ??t just restraint; it was a transformation. It forced a feminine curve into my form, making me feel smaller, more vulnerable, more theirs.

My gasps became shallow as I slipped deeper and deeper into a sissy subspace.

My muffled gasps of pleasure echoed off the undulating foreboding hill the sounds signalling their submission to Roman superiority

Good girl , Severus purred, his cock deep deep my throat , the taste of him, the burn of the belt, the relentless, bullying stroke behind me that I didnâ??t want to end.

Decimusâ?? balls slapped against my caged ones. â??Iâ??m going to split you in two little one,â?• he whispered. Then cast your entrails to the savages.

And with a final, deep thrust, like a broadsword impaling itself deep into the guts of a belligerent enemy Decimus stilled, buried to the hilt.

I cried out, as a new sensation began as his fingers began to stretch me wider, pulling me open. I could feel his hot oiled fingers probing . I could feel the cool night air on parts of me that had never known it, could feel the impossible width he was demanding I accommodate as I submitted to his superior masculine power.

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His thumbs worked me open with a hot and terrifying intimacy. â??You will take me slut. Every last inch. And you will thank me for the privilege.â?•

The pressure was monumental, a stretching, blossoming feeling of absolute fullness. I was panting, my vision spotting, held in that excruciatingly pleasurable threshold. His oiled calloused thumbs, still hooked inside me, pulled my rim taut as a drumhead

The bronze cage, full of my own, swollen pathetic clit gave a weak clink against his armored manly groin.

He had conquered me.

He seized the belt still cinched around my waist. He gave it a sharp, vicious tug.

The leather bit deep, stealing what little breath

â??Itâ??s swallowing me wholeâ?•.

Severus coldly observed.

â??Sheâ??s a greedy little thing. â??

The obscene observation sent a fresh wave of shame through meâ??a shame that pooled hot my belly, feeding my need to be humiliated.

Severus released the belt slightly, letting me drag in a, breath before cinching it tight.

And then he pulled out suddenly

The withdrawal was a loss so profound I cried out. I felt empty, gaping, wrong. But Severus was already moving. He flipped me onto my stomach.

â??Your turnâ?• he said to Decimus . â??Iâ??ll watch and wankâ?•â??

Decimus didnâ??t enter me gently. He slammed home in one powerful, claiming stroke, burying himself in the wet, loose heat Decimus had left behind.

â??Mine,â?• he growled into my ear, his body a cage of armor and muscle over mine.

His fucking was different. Where Decimus was raw power, Severus was controlled, sadistic. He set a deep, rhythmic pace, each stroke grinding against that spot inside me that sparked lightning. He used the belt like a rein, pulling it to arch my back, to force my ass higher for his penetration.

â??This is your purpose,â?• he panted, his breath hot on my neck. â??To be a hole for your betters. A warm, tight flesh tunnel,

I could only moan, The clink-clink-clink of my cage against the stone beneath me marked his tempo. I was nothing but a collection of sensations: the burn of the belt, the deep, internal thrust of his cock, the abrasive chill of the wind on my face and the metallic taste of blood where Iâ??d bitten my lip.

He pulled out suddenly, leaving me shuddering. â??Decimus. Again. Heâ??s loose enough now.

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Hands, big and brutal, gripped me. Decimus pulled me up and back against his armored chest. I was facing out over the dark expanse of the frontier, held upright against him. Before I could process it, he was thrusting away inside from behind, my body accepting him with a wet, slutty ease that made me burn with humiliation.

He wrapped one massive arm across my chest, pinning me, his other hand splaying over my belly as he fucked up into me.

â??Feel that?â?• he grunted, pressing down. â??Feel me stretching you?

Gods, if I thrust any deeper youâ??ll be able to deep throat me without my cock being between your lipsâ?¦ unless I thrust particularly hard â?•

I could feel the impossible bulge, the internal shape of him. My knees buckled, but he held me firm.

Then Severus was in front of me. He grabbed my hair, forcing my head up. The tip of his cock pressed against my lips. â??Clean it,â?• he ordered. â??Clean your centurion before he fucks your filthy mouth.â?•

I opened my mouth, taking him in, tasting the mixed salt of our sweat and my own submission. As Decimus pounded into my ass, I serviced Severusâ??s cock with a desperate, eager hunger I didnâ??t recognize in myself. The duality destroyed meâ??the brutal taking from behind, the forced worship in front. I was a thing being used at both ends, my mind fragmenting into pure, animal sensation.

They found a rhythm, a brutal, alternating cadence. Decimus would thrust, driving me forward onto Severusâ??s cock, making me gag. Severus would then fist my hair and fuck my mouth in counterpoint, holding me still for Decimusâ??s next deep plunge. The stone wall was the only cold unyielding constant

I was so close to some edge, my caged flesh throbbing with a need it could never fulfill. The pain, the fullness, the humiliationâ??it had all twisted together into a cord of pure, undeniable pleasure,

Severus felt my body begin to tremble uncontrollably. He pulled from my mouth with a wet pop, his own breathing harsh. He looked over my head at Decimus, whose thrusts were becoming ragged, sloppy.

â??Heâ??s ready,â?• Severus said, a dark promise in his voice. â??Nowâ?¦ we finish this..â?•

Severusâ??s command hung in the cold air, a promise of finality. Decimusâ??s rhythm, already ragged, stuttered for a heartbeat before he gave a sharp, guttural grunt of understanding. The arm across my chest tightened like a vice. I was held immobile between them, a living, trembling conduit for their release.

And suddenly I heard the shrill distinctive peep of the centurions bronze whistle:

cutting the through the black unfriendly night effortlessly like Roman steel through Gaulish neck

Both Decimus and Serverus stopped their thrusts and turned their heads in the direction of the sound. It was Mistress. Her black stiletto heels clacked distinctively across the cobbles, the rhythmical hypnotic clack increasing in intensity as she drew nearer.

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Decimus and Serverus, with their cocks still buried, hilt deep inside me stood to attention

â??Evening gentlemenâ?•

Said Centurion Psyche standing resplendent in her black leather boots, that seemed to reach to the heavens and fitted black leather tunic that hugged her firm but generous curves.

The dark plumage on her centurions helmet seemed to tickle the pin pricks of stars that were the only thing distinguishing the tapestry of the night sky from the dark impenetrable shroud of death

She looked down at me. Inspecting me and Decimus ans Serverus and our pathetic presentation

Backs straight , gentleman. She purred .

I tried to do as I was told but the weight of Decimus and Severus kept me crumpled like the tragic bit of used Kleenex that I am

She ignored me and looked at Decimus

â??And wipe whatever that is off your tunicâ?•

â??yes Mistress â?? he responded. The authority he had presented in the previous scene draining away to nothing â??

â??As you were Gentlemen â?• She said. â??As she turned to walk away â?¦.. Carry on as you wereâ?• â??


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Date Created
March 23, 2026
Author
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