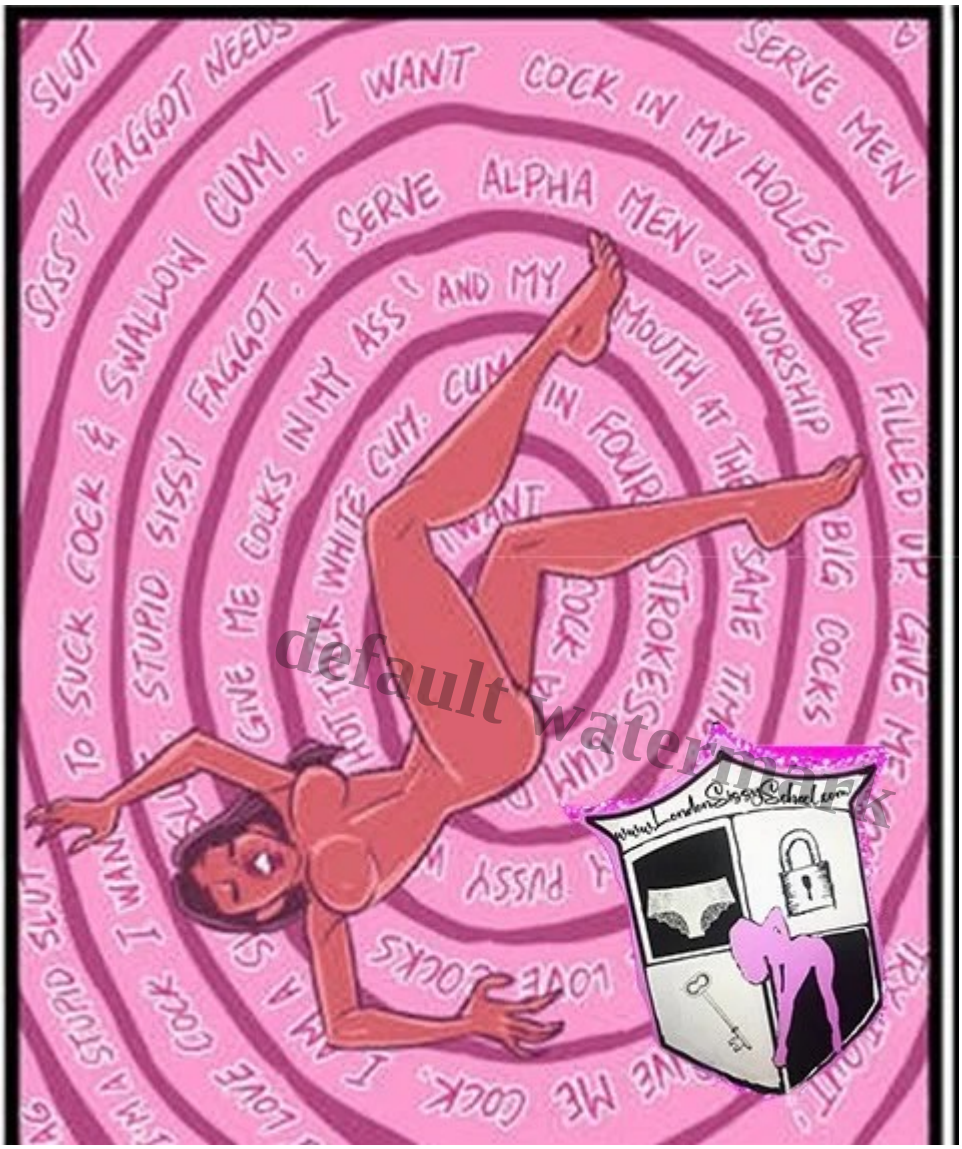
Sissy hypno , Sissys first dildo lesson . Part 2.

Description





I slid the dildo deeper.

The stretch a delicious, claiming sensation that lit up every nerve in my pelvis. The veined ridges rubbed against my inner flesh, creating a deep all consuming grind. My hips began to move, a tiny, involuntary rocking as I pleasured myself

The rhythm was slow, tentative. Each inward push sent a jolt through my system.

Each slight withdrawal made my inner muscles grip tighter, desperate to keep the invader inside.

My breaths became pants, syncing not with with the thrusts. Inâ?¦ a gasp. Outâ?¦ a moan.

The camisole clung to my hardened nipples, rubbing them with every lurch of my torso.

The ache becoming a sharp, focused need.

I wantedâ?¦ I neededâ?¦ Mistress to touch them. To tease them . To punish them

The dildo hit a depth. A new, internal barrier that yielded with a soft, internal give. A spot that ignited a white-hot spark behind my eyelids. I cried out, a wordless, feminine sound of pure devastating bliss .

My body bucked, The toy was in me. Owning me. Making me understand my true place. A brainless , mindless flesh tunnel.

â??Good girlâ?•

Said Mistress Psyche

In a voice that flooded my reward centres with the appropriate chemicals and allowed me to drop deeper into the haze of my sissy subspace

â??You are a good little slut. A good little fuck tunnel, now make the strokes deeper and harderâ?•

I obeyed. My hand, now moved with more purpose. The strokes became longer. Deeper. I pulled it almost completely out but then rammed it back inside. The slap of silicone against my primed, lubed flesh was an obscene slurp. I reveled in it. Each thrust was a confirmation of my new identity. Mindless. Slut.

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Brainlesss . Fuckhole

The sensations lto cascade. They formed a feedback loop of need. My movements became frantic, less controlled. I was riding the toy, my hips pistoning, seeking that white-hot spark again and again.

A new tension coiled at the base of my spine, unfamiliar but undeniable. It was a building pressure. A gathering storm of sensation that had nothing to do with any masculine release. It was feminine. It was deep, internal, and centered entirely around the thrust of the toy.

Then the storm broke.

It wasnâ??t an explosion. It was a dissolution. A melting, a throbbing, blissful ache. It radiated up through my belly, softening my frantic muscles into a limp, shuddering jelly.

I collapsed back onto the bed, the dildo still buried inside me. My body trembled, little aftershocks of pleasure quaking through my limbs. I was empty of thought. Full of toy. Perfectly worthless.

Mistress Psycheâ??s voice was the last thing I heard before the warm, pink subspace swallowed me completely.

â??Youâ??ve taken your first lesson well. Next timeâ?¦ weâ??ll see how you suck.â?•


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