sissyfication fantasy

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The pink heels were a cruel joke, slick Each time Sissywuss strained, they threatened to slide out from under her. The boulder was heavy . Her puny arms, trembled lost in the tiny sleeves of her â??fuck me daddyâ?? shirt, her pink-striped stockings hanging slack

around her stick-thin thighs.

A laugh cut through the mountain air, with the surgical precision; on 18th century butcher through a wounded sailors flesh.

It was the laugh of her Goddess

â??Patheticâ?• Said Goddess. Before she appeared a few feet away, a vision in sleek black contempt.

She watched Sissywuss crumple against the rock.

â??Please, Goddess,â?• Sissywuss whimpered, â??Itâ??sâ?¦ itâ??s too heavy.â?•

Goddess stepped forward, She began circling the fallen, crumpled, trembling sissy.

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â??Such a waste of space and pretty packaging.â?•

Mistress gestured to the the flimsy pink lacy panties.

â??I think youâ??ve forefitted the right to the dignity wearing panties has afforded you . Take them off â??

Sissywuss obliged. The humiliation made

her flush a weak shade of pink, a shade as weak as the colour of her little frilly knickers that now lay discarded in the dust.


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