Mistress tells sissy to put on her stockings

Description



Mistress moved to the bag on a low table. Her fingers opened it. Inside lay the garments Iâ??d been thinking about since the last time I saw her: a pair of seamless black stockings, sheer and impossibly delicate, and a lace-trimmed garter belt with six slender satin straps.

â??Come here,â?• she commanded, not looking at me.

I obeyed, my feet moving across the floor as if they were someone elseâ??s.

Mistress laid out the items on the table and pointed. â??Put them onâ?¦ let me watch you transform and adopt your new purpose.â?•

My hands trembled as I picked up the first stocking. The nylon was whisper-light, cool against my palms. I sat on the edge of a chair, bent my leg, and began to roll the sheer fabric up my calf. The process was so arousing and transformative. I felt the stocking cling, tightening slightly, the seamed material creating a smooth, dark sheen over my skin. Mistress watched, her eyes unblinking, When I smoothed it over my thigh, her breath seemed to catch.

â??Good,â?• she whispered. â??Now the other.â??

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I repeated the ritual, my focus narrowing to the slide of the nylon, the gentle pressure at my thigh, the faint, erotic whisper of the fabric as it settled. I was becoming something else. Something soft.

Next, the garter belt. I stood, letting Mistress see the stockings fully. Then I wrapped the lace-edged band around my waist, fastening the hook at the back. My fingers then worked the six satin straps, clipping each one to the top of the stockings. Each click was a tiny shock, a connection that drew the garmentsâ??and my bodyâ??into a single, coordinated entity. The straps pulled gently, a constant, reminding tension that connected my hips to my thighs. To my fantasy feminine self


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mistresspsyche

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