Mistress instructs sissy. Sissy puts on her corset

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Sissy puts on her corset

The stockings felt like a second skin, Mistress walked back to the bag. I watched, as she drew out another item. It was folded, a complex bundle of fabric and bone. She laid it on the low table beside me. I knew what it was before she unfurled it: a corset. with rows of gleaming steel boning and a web of satin laces at the back.

My breath caught.

â??This is the next constraintâ?¦. Stand,â?• she commanded.

I obeyed,I stood before her, exposed and waiting.

Mistress picked up the corse A structured thing of purpose.

â??This is architecture. It will reshape you, your postureâ?¦ your focus. It will turn you into a ladyâ?•

I lifted my arms. She brought the corset around my torso, the cool satin touching my skin. She fastened the front hooks, one by one, firm, final click

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It not yet tightened, but already its presence was undeniableâ??a cage of beautiful feminising fabric.

â??Now, the lacing,â?• Mistress said.

I felt her fingers gather the long, satin cords. She began to pull. The first tug was gentle, a gathering of the fabric. Then she pulled properly. The corset cinched around my ribs, in a movement that literally took my breath away. She pulled again, another lace, another incremental tightening. The boning pressed into my flesh, creating a rigid column from under my breasts to my hips.

Itâ??s so tight. A restructuring of my very form. Each pull of the lace was an act of control, a symbiosis of Mistressâ?? dominance and my submission .

I could hear the soft, satin cords, the faint creak of the bones settling against my body.

She worked methodically, lacing from the bottom to the top, pulling the sides of the corset closer together until the gap at the back was nearly closed. My waist disappeared, reshaped into a sharp curve. My posture was forced upright, my spine straight. I felt contained in a new, dramatic way. The gentle pull of the garter straps was now joined by this fierce, encompassing embrace around my core.

She turned me to face a mirror sheâ??d positioned against the wall. The image was transformative. The corset created a stark, sculpted silhouette. Above it, my breasts were pushed up and framed by the rigid top edge. Below, the curve of my hips were more pronounced, flowing into the taut stockings and the delicate lattice of the garter straps and the little lace panties


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