

Sissy slut vs Kali's teeth

Description

Who will emerge victorious?

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The leather cuffs were cool against my wrists. They weren't tight, not cruel, but their presence was absolute. I could flex my fingers, but the metal buckles held firm, securing me to the sturdy steel frame of the bed. This is where she wants me.

She stood by the dresser, her silhouette framed by the soft glow of the lamp. Mistress Lena. Her heels were a sharp, commanding sound on the hardwood floor. She didn't speak as she approached. Her fingers traced the satin of the black basque I wore, the corset-like garment hugging my torso, pushing my chest up in a way that made my breath shallow. The stockings were sheer, black, held up by delicate lace-top suspenders attached to the basque. She ran a nail along the inside of my thigh, over the stocking, and I shivered.

"Beautiful," she whispered, her voice a low, velvety command. "But not complete."

From the drawer, she produced the small, sinister device. The Kali's Teeth chastity cage. It was a ring of polished steel, but inside, a series of tiny, precise, inward-facing spikes like teeth circled the interior. The sight alone made my trapped cock, already straining against the satin of my panties, ache with a mixture of fear and desperate need.

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1. Uncategorized

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Author

mistresspsyche

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