Victoria is a cock sucking slut

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Victoria knelt on the cold wooden floor she could feel through the black lace of her stockings

Her makeup, meticulously applied under Mistress â?? critical eye, felt like a mask. The glossy pink lips, the heavy false eyelashes, the delicate blush. A disguise that, paradoxically, revealed her truest self.

Mistress before her, a vision of cool, controlled power. Her black catsuit hugged her curves like a second skin, the hem just brushing the tops of her own thigh-high boots.

â??You have begged for this,â?•

â??Close your eyes. And open your mouth.â?•

Then Seleneâ??s hands moved. Not to herself, but to the sides of Victoriaâ??s head. Her fingers, cool and strong, slid into Victoriaâ??s meticulously styled blonde wig, gripping her head firmly. It was not a caress. It was a taking of possession.

â??Now,â?• Said Mistress

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â??You will not use your hands.Your only purpose is to receive. To serve. To pleasure him. Do you understand?â?•

â??Yes, Mistress,â?• Victoria breathed

Mistress guided her head forward,

She guided Victoriaâ??s mouth forward until her lips, parted and trembling, brushed against the tip of the firm warm shaft

â??Kiss it.â?•

Victoria pressed her lips against the tip, a soft, kiss that left lipsick marks she would taste forever in her daydreams

â??Now. Open wider. Take the tip inside.â?•

Victoria obeyed, letting her jaw relax, opening her mouth as wide as she could.

The rounded head of the cock slipped past her lips, resting on the flat of her tongue.

Victoriaâ??s tongue moved instinctively ..

â??now suck,â?• Mistess commanded.

Victoria enthusiastically did as she was told, creating a vacuum around the tip. She felt the warm firmness against the soft roof of her mouth. She heard the man moan, a soft approving sigh

The man began to move. A shallow, testing thrust, sliding the cock maybe an inch deeper into Victoriaâ??s mouth before withdrawing almost completely. Victoria kept her lips sealed, her suction constant. The rhythm was established instantly: the manâ??s slow, controlled push, Victoriaâ??s eager, accepting pull.

â??More,â?• said Mistress after a minute. â??Take more.â?•

On the next push, the man didnâ??t stop. She fed the cock deeper into Victoriaâ??s mouth.

The head pressed past the point of comfort, nudging the back of Victoriaâ??s throat. She gagged, a slight, reflexive choke that she stifled instantly, her eyes watering.

The manâ??s pace increased. Each thrust went deeper, each withdrawal left Victoria aching for the return. The slip-slide sound became her only focus every thrust dropping her deeper and deeper into a blissful state of submission. Every thrust made her feel more and more desirable every thrust made her feel more and more like the cock slut she had always wanted to be

Victoriaâ??s world narrowed to this: the taste, the stretch, the burning in her jaw, the overwhelming sense of being used for a manâ??s pleasure.

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1. Uncategorized

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