

A sissy in Tibet ; Llama Mistress seduces sissy.

Description

Edited version

default watermark



WordPress was playing up and saved the unedited version of this post. This is the edited version x

On my online meandering late yesterday, looking for something relaxing to watch that wasn't endless war and other uncollared male stupidity I watched a charming documentary about Tibetan Buddhism

As a result I have decided (until I decide something else) I am reincarnated from a Tibetan lama. A holy one. Not the one that spits at you if you disgust them

Although I might be reincarnated from one of those, too

Tibetan Buddhists, are very advanced in many ways, for example they had 4 different gender types long, long before westerner thought they invented the idea

The four are

♂Male, (Purisa)

♀Female, (Itthi)

⚧Intersex (Ubhatobyañjanaka)

And (to make a long story short) ♀.

♂Miscellaneous WTF♂.

Although the Tibetans who are a very elegant and reserved people use more polite terminology; (Padanka)

The padanka are classified as a group as they are not allowed to become monks because they don't have the correct temperament as it is perceived that they can't be trusted with celibacy.

Tibetan Buddhism also includes narratives of spontaneous, often karmically driven, gender transformation, tonight's story is about that

Llama Mistress seduces sissy

He no, she stood before the Mistress llama in the quiet, lamplit chamber, her monastic robe, brushed against breasts that had, over the last moon cycle, swollen. The fabric whispered against nipples that had hardened into sensitive buds, a constant, low-grade thrill that distracted her from every chant, every meditation.

“The community is troubled,” Mistress llama said, her voice a river of calm. “They see a change in your form. They speak of confusion, of broken vows.”

“I have not broken my vow of celibacy. This transformation came unbidden. During my solitary vigils, my body altered.”

“Mischievous glinted in her eyes. You will be reordained tomorrow as a female. As a Bhikkhuni Sunyata.

You will retain your status in the order. But first there is an opportunity. In this liminal space to learn about the ways of tantric wisdom

Mistress’s touch was electric. It shot down the acolyte’s spine, causing the muscles of her pussy to tighten in expectation

Mistress’s thumb brushed her breast.

She gasped. The sensation was immense. It wasn’t just touch. It was pure chi energy

Mistress pushed her coarse robe, to the side of her newly-rounded breast. The pressure was light, but her nipple sprang to attention beneath the fabric and when Mistress’s hand moved again this time slipping inside the open fold of her robe the rough cloth fell away and the cool air—and Mistress’s gaze—hit her bare skin.

Her breasts were full and pale, with nipples dark and erect. The acolyte looked down, her serene smile fixed, but her eyes, her new eyes with a feminine demure gaze, blazed with a focused, hot arousal



default watermark



<http://www.thelondonsissyschool.com/contact>

default watermark

Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created

April 12, 2026

Author

mistresspsyche