

Sissy Victoria puts on her stockings

Description

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Mistress Psyche stood before me, a statuesque vision in a black shiny corset, her eyes holding a command I could never refuse.

“Strip,” she said,

My fingers trembled as I undressed, Mistress watched, and when I stood naked before her, she gestured to the bag

“Your true feminine identity awaits.”

I moved to the bag. A cascade of soft, blush-pink satin and black lace. First, the stockings. I slid them up my legs, the sheer nylon whispering against my skin so utterly feminine, so sensual, so arousing.

Next, the panties—a delicate lace thong that hugged my hips, a constant, arousing reminder of my new state. The bra was a push-up, cups padded, creating a soft, rounded shape where before there had been none.

Finally, the wig. It was long, silky, a cascade of honey-blonde waves. Mistress adjusted the curls her touch lingering on my scalp. The weight of the hair, the way it framed my face—it was a transformation not just of appearance, but of self.

She turned me toward the mirror.

My breath caught.

The person staring back was delicate, blushing. Pink from the neck down. Flushed cheeks—from shame? Or from excitement, I couldn't tell.

The wig softened my jawline. The lingerie sculpted a new silhouette. I looked pretty and felt so feminine and liberated and so completely and utterly exposed.

“Now, you will perform for the men.”

She led me not to a stage. Plush couches lined the walls. Three men were already seated, clients of Mistress

Soft, rhythmic music began to pulse from the speakers.

“Move for them,” she instructed. “Make them want you.”

The first touch of my own hands on my new body was electric. I started to move, a sway of hips. The stockings made my legs feel sleek, sensitive. I ran my palms down my thighs, over the pink nylon, feeling the clients' eyes follow the path. Their gaze was a physical heat, warming the fabric.

I turned, arching my back, letting the push-up bra accentuate my curves. I cupped my breasts through the satin, a gasp escaping my lips as the pressure sent a shock of sensation straight to my core. I was performing, but the act was awakening something deep inside me—a thrill of submission, a hunger for approval.

I approached the first client. He sat, legs slightly apart. I lowered myself, grinding my lace-covered pelvis, my clit rubbing against his thigh in a slow, circular movement. The friction was exquisite. The rough texture of his suit pants against the thin, dampening lace of my pantiesâ against my hard clit I could feel myself beginning to leak, a warm, wetness seeping into the black lace.

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1. Uncategorized

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