

Sissy samurai serves Mistress

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My head was bowed, the pristine white of my samurai robes a stark contrast to the blood staining my honor.

The battle was lost. I was humiliated and Before me, Mistress stood. Her gaze cold, calculated. Amused.

“You have two choices. The blade or the blush.”

The blade; Seppuku. The honorable death. A clean end to my shame.

“Or you may choose the blush.” She said.

“You may live but you will shed this warrior’s shell and become something useful.

You will serve. You will become a geisha. For me, and for my honored guests.”

My stomach clenched. Dishonor was a poison, but this was a slow, exquisite degradation. To trade my sword for a fan, my armor for silks

But something stirred within me, a sense that I was finally discovering my true purpose.

Beyond the steel of the samurai’s blade. That I should serve... My mistress, and whomever she ordered me to serve.

“I choose the brush.” I said without much hesitation.

“An excellent choice.” But first we wash away the warrior,” Mistress said.

The attendants knelt beside me. Their hands sponging my skin with perfumed water. They washed my hair. Every touch was blissful warm, jasmine scented erasure. They oiled my skin, making it soft and feminine, Their fingers lingered, on my shoulders, on my back and when the washing was done, the attendants dressed me.

First, the tiny delicate silk pink panties then they padded my hips and my chest and placed a dark wig on my head, then a thin, pink silk underskirt was tied around my waist. Then, a heavier, embroidered kimono in shades of blush pink and ivory was fastened in place. Then my face was powdered and delicate red lips drawn onto where mine once were and when they had finished I stood, transformed.

The weight of the silks so alien. The way they draped and moved felt elegant and so sensual.

Mistress stepped close again. “Now,” she whispered, “The first lesson. A geisha does not stand like a soldier. She flows and a geisha’s primary art is pleasure.”

She gestured to one of the other attendants whose delicate hand found the opening of my kimono and slipped through the layers of silk, and delved beneath the underskirt. The fingers closed around my cock, which was now fully, hard. I cried out a short, sharp sound of pure shock.

“This,” Mistress hissed, “is your new weapon. Your new Katana.”

The assistant began stroking, her movements slow, teasing, and expert. The silks rustled around her moving arm. The sensation was unbearable. her touch was smooth, knowing, and utterly controlling. It was humiliation distilled into pure, physical ecstasy.



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Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created

April 28, 2026

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