

Sissy puts on her Mary Janeâ??s for Mistress

Description

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The glossy black patent leather shone under the soft bedroom lamp as I adjusted the strap.

Iâ??d practiced this walk in secret for weeksâ??the delicate, heel-to-toe click of the Mary Janes on the hardwood, the way they made my hips sway just a little more than usual. The stockings Iâ??d pulled up my thighs whispered against my skin as I stood. I smoothed down the hem of my short, pleated skirtâ??The shoes anchored me in a new identity, Good girl. Thatâ??s what I wanted to hear. Thatâ??s all I wanted.

I walked.

Each step sent a jolt up my spine, a mix of fear and thrilling exposure.

Then the door opened . It was Mistress Psyche.

She stood, a silhouette of cool authority. She was taller than me, dressed in simple black leggings and a tight-fitting tank top. Her gaze, traveled down, slowly, over my trembling form, past the skirt, down my stockinged legs, and settled on my feet.

On the shoes.

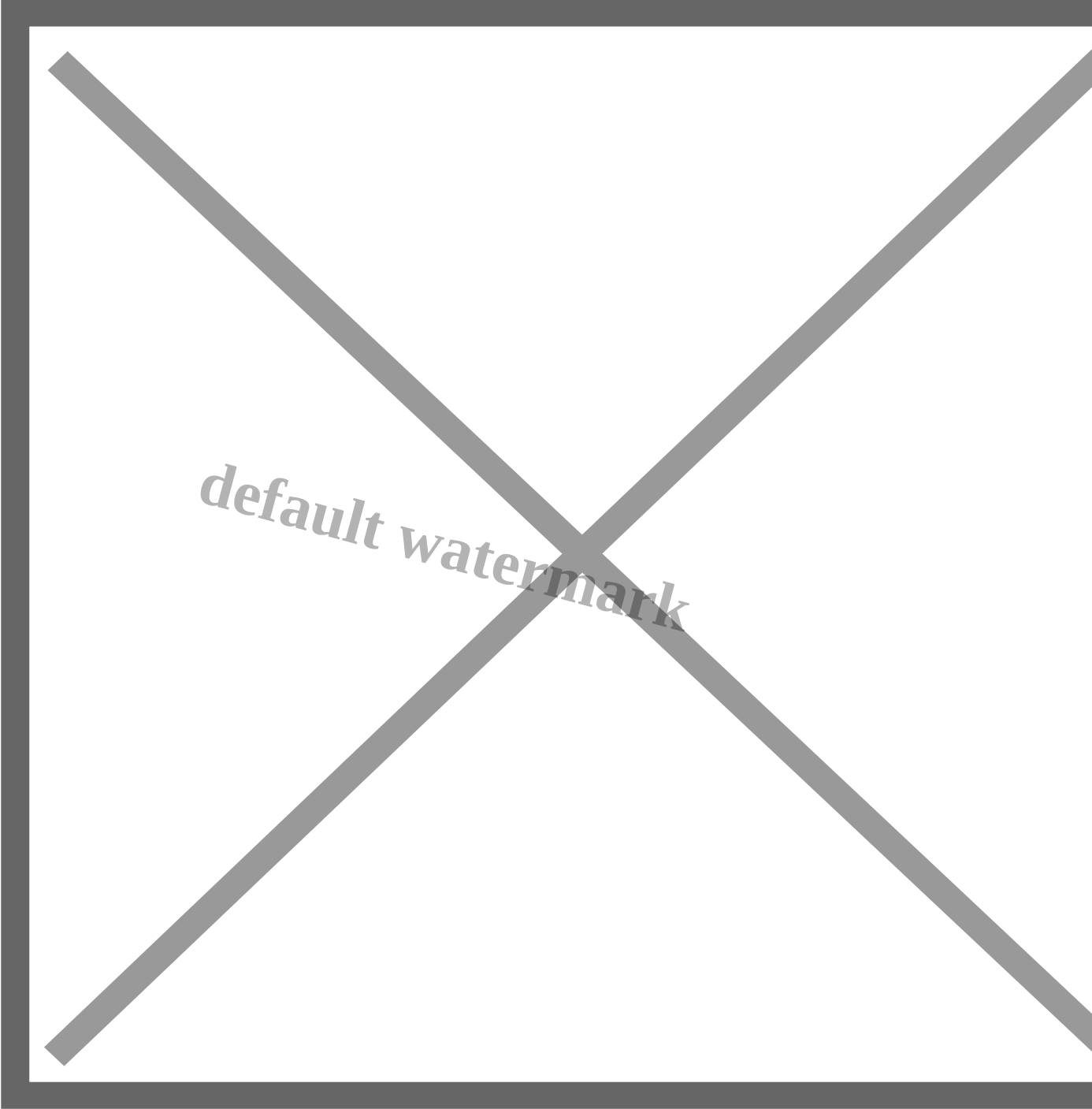
She closed the door and circled me, her eyes never leaving the Mary Janes. â??Turn around,â?• she instructed. I did a slow, careful pivot, letting her see the full effect. The shiny buckle.

â??You put these on for me,â?• she stated.

â??Yes, Mistress,â?• I whispered, the words barely audible.

â??Because you want to be my good girl?â?•

â??Yes Mistress. â?? and gazed down at my feet looking up at me, reflected in the shiny patent leather my blushing face stared back



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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