I slip on the stockings for Mistress

Description

default watermark

default watermark


default watermark

â??Open the package.â?•

The voice was a command, woven into the hypnotic, rhythmic pulse of the hypnotic bass that ebbed from the speaker. Her words melted into the throb of the electronic beat and Mistressâ?? voice was the only anchor in the swirling suggestive sea of sound

My hand, reached for the small box on my bed.

Inside, nestled on tissue paper, were a pair of sheer, seemed black silk stockings.

â??Look at them,â?• Mistressâ??s said â??Theyâ??re for your beautiful, smooth legs.â?•

I had shaved earlier. As per Mistressâ?? instruction. Every stroke of the razor had been a ritual removal of my masculine identity. The perfumed shower afterwards was indulgent bliss and the lotion Iâ??d applied made me feel truly feminine

My legs were now smooth. Vulnerable. Ready.

default watermark

I lifted one stocking from the box. The silk was so fine it felt like a whisper against my palm. I felt a chill of anticipation, of taboo excitement, rise up my spine.

â??Put them on, â?? Mistress instructed, â??Slowly. Feel every inch of that silk caressing your skin.â?•

I sat on the edge of the bed. I rolled the delicate fabric down, revealing the sheer leg. and began to draw the stocking up.

The sensation was instant release. A cool, slick glide hugged my calf. It was unlike anything Iâ??d ever worn. The silk whispered over my shaved skin, as I pulled it higher, over my knee and up my thigh. As I pulled gently, easing the soft delicate fabric with my fingers the feeling intensified. It wasnâ??t just wearing something; it was being embraced by something luxurious, femininеâ?¦ secret.

I fastened the tiny clasp of the vintage-style suspender belt Iâ??d put on earlier â??and the stocking snapped into place, held taut against my thigh. The slight pressure was delicious.

I did the same with the second one. Now both my legs were sheathed in sleek, black silk. I stood up, looking down. My reflection in the dark window showed two elegant, dark columns. They lookedâ?¦ beautiful and elegant.

Elegant. The word echoed in my head, fed by the hypnotic soundtrack. My legs werenâ??t mine anymore. They were hers. A canvas for her elegance. I was owned by Mistress Psyche



Youâ??ve thought about it. for weeks, maybe years. The stockings. The heels. The surrender of it all.

Every session is tailored to you, whether youâ??re a nervous first-timer or an experienced slut ready for Mistressâ?? to push your limits and lead you into the sissy rabbit hole,
Dressing, training, discipline, and transformation:
In-person sessions in London. Online sessions available worldwide.
This is your enrolment notice. Will you be a good girl and obey â?¦

http://www.londonsissyschool.com//contact

Subscribe Sissy!

Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created
May 9, 2026
Author
mistresspsyche

default watermark