

Sissy cosplay fantasy

Description

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The air in the glade tasted of crushed moonlight as I stood in the center of a circle, my knees weak. Around me, the Unseelie Court moved in a rhythm that belonged to no human nation, a sinuous, winding sensual dance of hips and mischievous laughter.

I was not merely a guest here; I was a plaything.

My attire—or what remained of it—was scandalous by human standards. Silks, sheer and shimmering like dragonfly wings, clung to my frame. I was dressed not as a man, nor even fully as a woman, but as an offering to the court; a sylph-like creature of blush and humbled desire. A sissy fairy, fashioned by the Queen's capricious magic.

Queen Mab drifted toward me, Her gown was woven from twilight and shadows, clinging to a body that promised unimaginable pleasures and cruelties.

"We are weaving a spell tonight. And you are the loom." She said and from the shadows of the ancient oaks, they emerged. The sprites. They were tiny, winged creatures, no larger than my hand, They chattered amongst themselves in a language of bells and whispers, their eyes glowing with mischief.

They carried spools of gossamer, thread so fine it was invisible to the mortal eye until it caught the starlight.

"Please," I gasped, not sure if I was begging for mercy or for more. "What are they going to do?"

"Hush," Mab commanded, her tone sharpening. "Close your eyes and just feel."

The first sprite landed on my shoulder. Its touch was feather-light, tickling the sensitive skin of my neck. It buzzed, a vibration that hummed through my bones. Then another landed on my chest. Then a third at my hip.

They began to move.

I gasped, my back arching as the sprites began their work. The gossamer ribbons were an extension of their magic. I felt the first strand wrap around my wrist, pulling it gently outward, stretching me out like a canvas. Then my other wrist. I stood there, spread-eagled by invisible threads, unable to move, unable to resist even if I had wanted to.

The ribbons wound their way down my arms, across my chest, tightening just enough to be felt, constraining my breathing in a way that made me lightheaded with arousal. My cock throbbed inside the sheer silk, aching for friction, for touch, for anything to quell the desperate heat building there.

Mab laughed softly, and moved closer. She reached out, her hand hovering over the straining silk between my legs.

"Bind him," she ordered the sprites. "Bind him tight."

The sprites descended in a flurry of iridescent wings. Two of them landed on my hips, their tiny feet gripping the silk. I felt the tickle of magic, as they began to weave spierlike gossamer strands directly against my erection. The sensation was exquisite. It felt like a hundred tiny tongues lapping at me through the fabric, teasing the sensitive head, tracing the throbbing veins.

I cried out, my hips bucking forward, chasing the sensation.

“Stay still,” Mab hissed, her hand gripping my chin and forcing me to look at her. Her eyes were burning now, hungry. “If you move, they might snag. And we wouldn’t want that, would we?”

“No, Majesty,” I whimpered.

The ribbons grew tighter. They wound around the base of my cock, creating a cock-ring of pure magic that made me swell impossibly harder. Then, they began to coil the shaft, wrapping me in a lattice of shimmering light. The pressure was intense, a sweet, agonizing squeeze that held me on the very precipice of release without allowing me to fall.

My vision blurred. I could see the ribbons glowing faintly, pulsing in time with my heartbeat.

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