

Sissy fairy fantasy part 2 Away with the fairies.

Description

default watermark

default watermark



One full year of denial. No release. No spending. Just a pause, and I could feel her smile shimmering, being kept on edge.

I was at the mercy of queen Mab and her fairy court

They had dressed me in delicate silks, sheer and shimmering like dragonfly wings which clung like a beautiful simple ephemeral slip.

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.

Inside me, the jade beads shifted.

They'd been thrumming for hours now, ever since the handmaidens had inserted them three smooth spheres nestled deep, enchanted to pulse at irregular intervals. A low vibration would build, then fade, then build again, never long enough to crest into anything meaningful. Just enough to keep everything below my navel drawn tight and aching.

The Queen's bare feet appeared in my field of vision. Silver rings on every toe.

She held a chalice in each hand.

Behind her, sprites darted through the air, their bodies no bigger than hummingbirds, trailing lavender light that dissolved like sugar on the tongue.

The game is simple. One of these will grant you release. The other will double your sentence. A century of denial, give or take.

My throat went dry.

Choose poorly, and your body will learn what it feels like to hover on the edge for another hundred years. The beads will grow more sensitive And you will thank me for it, every night.

The sprites whirled closer, their lavender glow reflecting in the Queen's dark eyes.

But choose correctly! You may spend. Once. But thoroughly . I'll even be generous! I won't stop you until you're completely empty.

A sound escaped my throat. Something akin to a whimper.

You may not use your eyes, she said. The sprites will blindfold you. You'll taste each chalice, one after the other, and you'll tell me which one holds your freedom.

How am I supposed to know? I said.

That's the game Mab responded.

Two sprites broke from the orbiting cloud Their wings brushed my temples simultaneously, and a ribbon of lavender silkâ??spun from nothing, conjured from the air itselfâ??wound tight across my eyes.

â??First taste,â?• Said the Queen.

The jade beads pulsed.

My hips jerked before I could stop them. The vibration inside me sharpened to a frequency that made my thighs tremble

The beads werenâ??t just thrumming nowâ??they were singing, a high crystalline note that resonated up through my belly, my spine, the base of my skull.

The chalice withdrew.

Moments passed. The beads settled back to their low, intermittent thrum. My breathing steadied.

Second taste. Said the queen.

The jade beads responded instantlyâ??their vibration spiked so hard I nearly buckled forward, only the organza ribbons holding my wrists keeping me upright.

The Queen laughed, low and delighted.

My sissy clitâ??untouched for a year, ignored through every teasing session and every long nightâ??suddenly ached , ringing with its own sharp ache.

â??Which one?â?• the Queen asked. â??Which one gives you release, and which one binds you for another century?â?•

My mind raced.

â??Iâ??m waiting.â?•

The blindfold tightened slightly, a spriteâ??s doing. Somewhere behind me, another sprite giggled.

â??The first one,â?• I said .

â??Thatâ??s the release.â?•

Silence.

â??Drink both,â?• the Queen said. â??And weâ??ll find out together.â?•

My stomach dropped.

â??What?â?•

“I’ve decided to modify the game. You’ll swallow the remainder of both chalices—one after the other.

“Please, I heard myself say.

The Queen’s voice came from very close, directly at my ear. “Please what?”

“Please let me know which one I chose.”



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

Every session is tailored to you, whether you’re a nervous first-timer or an experienced slut ready for Mistress 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 ?

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

Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created

May 21, 2026

Author

mistresspsyche

default watermark