Indian Mistress London

Description

Wrote a story about becoming the host of a new sissy humiliation task show â?? Assmaster

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The studio lights blazed hot enough to make anyone sweat, but the three contestants standing on the circular stage had been sweating long before the cameras started rolling. An all female audience filled the tiers facing the stage, their murmured anticipation building like static electricity in the air.

â??Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the season finale of Assmaster!.. The final stretch ! â??

The crowd erupted into applause as the host emerged to take her place on the hosts golden throne

Mistress Psyche strode onto the stage her thigh-high leather stiletto boots clicked sharply against the polished surface Her black latex catsuit hugged every curve of her athletic frame.

Her voice resonated with practiced authority. â??For those of you new to our little competition, let me explain the rules. Three self-proclaimed sissy losers will compete to be winners; for the title of The ultimate Assmaster. . They will face three rounds of increasingly challenging butt plugs.

Mistress Psyche snapped her fingers, and two assistants rolled out a table covered in toys of varying sizes. Gasps and ripples of predatory applause rippled through the all female audience.

â??Contestant number one, step forward.â?•

I stepped forward A petite blonde in a pink latex maidâ??s dress. My name tag read â??Candyâ??

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â??Tell the audience your name and why you think you deserve to be the Ultimate Assmaster champion.â?• Said Mistress.

I cleared my throat.

â??Iâ??m Candy, and I enjoy having my ass filled so much I thought I might as well get paid for it.â?•

The audience laughter gave a me burst of confidenceâ?¦

â??Iâ??m called candy because Iâ??m sweet andâ?•â?¦

Fortified by adrenaline and the audience reaction I pulled my skirt up and revealed my snugly fitting chastity cage.. â??And hardâ?•

I added, coquettishly. Expecting an even bigger reaction butâ?¦ nothing

Just a humbling silence.

I felt a flush of embarrassment rise up my neck as my cock pulsed harder in its now partially obscured pink metal cage.

Mistress placed one hand on her hip.

â??I didnâ??t ask you WHY you were called Candyâ?¦ Now turn around. Show the audience what I have to work with.â?•

I turned. I lifted the back of my dress, revealing a lacy thong that barely covered anything. The cheeks both on my face and my ass burned with an even hotter shade of bright pink as the cameras zoomed in as the audience, prompted by Mistress, the Assmaster audience erupted into a chorus of wolf whistles and applause.


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