

Sissification training

Description

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I stepped onto the stage, my heels clicking against the polished hardwood floor. Months of training at the London Sissy School for sluts had lead to this sissy showcase

I caught my reflection: waist cinched tight in a silk corset, stockings that hugged my shaved legs, a skirt so short it barely covered my panties and cage. My makeup perfect??big lashes and pink on the lips

As I stepped out in front of Mistress and her audience

Mistress Psyche, in her black, latex catsuit sat just to the side of the stage, overseeing proceedings and to her side sat several men. Invited, paying guests. I couldnâ??t see them clearly but I could feel their eyes. Assessing me. Objectifying me as I paraded in front of them. Making me an object of sexually predatory desire.

The first category in the showcase Mistress announced was cock sucking

I felt a shift in the room as the audiences attention clearly shifted focus into hungry expectation

â??You have completed the homework assignment; to learn activate that part of you that can be of service to gentleman who wish to use you in such a wayâ?•

â??Yes Mistressâ?•

The curtain parted and out stepped

Marcus was one of the Academyâ??s approved training partnersâ?? .

A ripple of predatory attention passed through the audience as Marcus presented his big hard cock to me. I leaned forward. My tongue touched the base of him firstâ??I traced upward, a single slow stroke along that prominent vein.

My lips found the head. I let my breath warm him firstâ??just the heat, just the suggestion of what was coming. The skin there was impossibly soft over the hardness beneath. I kissed it. Not a peck. But a deep kiss with attention and pressure and a slight parting of my lips and a flick of my tongue.

His hips shifted forward. Involuntarily.

My tongue pressed against that soft velvet spot, under the ridge of the head, and swept in a slow arc. Marcus made a soundâ??a low moan that caught in his chest. The kind of sound that meant his higher brain functions were beginning to cede control.

â??Take him properlyâ?•. Instructed Mistress.

I opened my throat before my lips even parted. The preparatory breath through my nose. The slight drop of my jaw.

Then I took him in.

Not just the tip. I took him halfway in one smooth motion, my lips sealing around the shaft, my tongue cradling the underside. The head of his cock pressed against the back of my palate and I swallowed around him deliberately.

Marcus's hand found my hair. Not gripping. Just resting. A man steadying himself.

Deeper, Mistress Said

I obeyed. I took him deeper.

My nose brushed the crisp hair at his base. My throat worked around him—not tensing, not fighting, but milking with the rhythmic contractions I'd taught my body to perform on command. The muscles of my throat opened and closed, opened and closed, a peristaltic wave that pulled him further in, held him tighter.

Marcus was breathing hard now. Little catches in his exhalations.

I pulled back until just the head remained between my lips. My tongue lashed the frenulum—quick, sharp flicks. Then I dropped forward again, taking him to the root, holding there, my throat fluttering.

The difference between fellatio and worship, Mistress said—is not technique. It is attention. Her attention is absolute. She has forgotten this room exists. She has forgotten her own body. There is only the cock, and the response of the man attached to it. This is the technique we teach all our advanced students at the London Sissy School. How to embrace their true destiny. To please a man

I drew back to his velvet tip and worked him with mouth and tongue—fast now, my saliva slicking the way, the wet sounds filling the auditorium.

Marcus's grip tightened in my hair.

I looked up at Mistress as his cock slid past my lips and went deep into my throat. I could feel his excitement and the excitement in the audience building in pace with Marcus thrusts



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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