

Sissification school special â?!. Sissy spun for worship.

Description

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The marble steps beneath my bare feet were cold, but everything else about the Temple of Dionysus burned with an intoxicating warmth.

I had come seeking transformation. A sissy yearning to surrender completely to something greater than herself. The rumors had whispered through certain circles: a mystery cult that didn't merely accept sissies but elevated us. Revered us. Made us sacred vessels for divine pleasure.

The heavy bronze doors closed.

"You've arrived."

A woman's voice said as she emerged from between marble columns, her tanned, curvy body draped in nothing but swirling grape leaves and vines and the lips, on her face stained dark with wine.

"The initiate."

She said. Her gaze swept over me over my smooth, hairless body I'd carefully prepared for this moment, over my soft curves and the delicate lace panties I'd chosen especially. My small clit twitched beneath the fabric.

"Yes, Priestess."

She laughed. The sound wrapped around me like warm honey.

"No titles tonight. We are all equals before Dionysus. I will prepare you as the offering."

She extended her hand. I took it.

Her touch sent electricity cascading through my skin as she led me deeper into the temple. We passed alcoves where men and women and women and women alike lounged on velvet cushions, their bodies intertwined in various states of undress and pleasure. Some watched me with hungry eyes. Others continued their carnal worship without pause, moans and gasps echoing off frescoed ceilings depicting the god's many and varied conquests.

My pulse quickened. Heat rose in my belly making my sissy clit twitch.

"The Gods demands complete surrender."

Mistress explained gently, guiding me into a candlelit chamber dominated by golden chains hanging from the ceiling. "You will be bound. Offered. Used by any devotee who wishes to use you. Do you consent?"

I swallowed hard. "Yes! Yes. I consent."

She smiled and began undressing me with practiced efficiency. My lacy panties fell away, exposing my smooth, shaved crotch my tiny, limp clit already beginning to swell with anticipation despite myself. She clicked her tongue.

"Ah. That won't do."

From a carved wooden box, she withdrew living ivy vines that seemed to writhe in her grip.

"These are blessed by Dionysus. Their self. They will remind you of your purpose."

She wound the cool vines around the base of my sissy clit, binding it tight against my body. The pressure was exquisite. Restricted. My clit swelled against its bonds, the leaves tickling my shaved skin.

The golden shackles came next. She guided my wrists into the cold metal cuffs that were suspended from the ceiling, adjusting the chains and adding an expertly latticed support work of vines until I was held, in a kneeling position in the centre of an indented area in the room my arms tied behind my back. My body completely vulnerable and exposed. And my face, positioned at crotch level with the devotees in the room .

“The worshippers will take turns with you,” Mistress explained .

“You will face whoever claims your mouth. You will worship them with everything you have. Your pleasure comes only from service. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

Voices gathered outside the chamber as bodies pressed into the doorway and sounds of flutes filled the room.

Mistress addressed the revellers.

“The initiate offers herself to Dionysus, a deity born both of man and woman. Dionysus. Primary deity of bisexuality, wildness and most importantly wine. Take what you will. Dionysus watches and communicates their pleasure.”

The first worshipper stepped forward—a tall beautiful woman, cast like a bronze statue with bronze skin and heavy breasts tipped with dark nipples. She cradled my face in her hands.

“Pretty little thing?” Open.

I obeyed.

Her fingers tightened in my hair as she pulled my face to her wet pussy lips and I tasted her with a deep, consuming hunger, then, all too soon, she pulled back and began spinning me slowly by the shoulders. The chains creaked overhead. The room blurred into swirls of firelight and naked flesh.

When I stopped, I faced a muscular man who stepped closer, guiding himself toward my lips.

“Suck,” he commanded.

I took him into my mouth without hesitation and groans mixed with the growing symphony of pleasure surrounding us before I span again.

A different woman this time, her cunt already wet and ready as she pressed her shaved mound against my mouth. I licked and sucked at her, as with two fingers she held herself open finding her clit and circling it with devoted precision. She ground against my face, using me for her pleasure, and my bound clit throbbed uselessly in response as another woman stroked my body in anticipation of using it as a vessel for her pleasure.

They spun me again. The golden chains on an ornate golden swivel overhead sang with each rotation. Women after woman after man—I worshipped them all. My entire being existed only to serve.

And then, through the haze of pleasure and satyrs flutes and firelight, Mistress's voice cut through:

“Enough. Dionysus is satisfied. For now.”

The worshippers stepped back. I hung from my shackles, panting, elated, still wanting more.

The Mistress approached with a golden chalice filled with dark wine.

“Drink. Complete your offering.”

She pressed the rim to my lips. I drank deeply, the wine flooded me with warmth and something else—a spark of divine madness that made my vision swim and my bound clit pulse.

“The night has only begun, initiate.”

Mistress whispered against my ear.

And Great Dionysus himself, hasn't had their turn with you, yet.”



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