

Victoria demonstrates sissification training

Description

, Part 2 Two partners. One single focus.

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The door swung wide, shattering the intense focus on the auditorium and stopping Marcus mid thrust .

Headmistress Psyche turned about to admonish the intruder but her expression shifted.

“David.” The line of her shoulders softened—not much, but enough that I noticed even with Marcus’s cock still heavy on my tongue. “This is an unexpected visit.”

The man in the doorway filled the frame. Where Marcus was sculpted and deliberate, David was something else entirely—older, with the lean build of someone who ran marathons or climbed mountains on weekends. He wore a charcoal suit , a crisp white shirt with the top two buttons undone, and an expression of amused apology.

“Forgive me, Headmistress. The meeting in Zurich ended early. I caught an earlier flight. I’d hoped to surprise you.”

“You’ve certainly succeeded.” Mistress Psyche gestured toward the stage with her crop. “We’re in the middle of a demonstration. Victoria here is showcasing the academy’s throat training curriculum.”

David’s eyes found me.

I was still on my knees. Marcus’s hand still in my hair. My lips still parted, I didn’t move.

“Throat training,” David repeated. He walked toward the stage “I’ve heard remarkable things about your methods, Headmistress. May I?”

He stopped at the edge of the stage , hands in his pockets, looking down at me with an expression. Amusement but something hungrier beneath.

Mistress’s heels clicked as she approached him. “You wish to observe?”

“I wish to participate. If the curriculum allows for unexpected variables.”

A pause. Thorn’s crop tapped against her thigh once, twice.

“The curriculum,” she said slowly, “is designed to prepare our students for the unexpected. Isn’t that right, Victoria ?”

I nodded. A single, precise movement. Marcus’s cock bobbed against my cheek.

“Then we have an opportunity.” Mistress gestured to a student in the front row. “Fetch another cushion. Victoria will demonstrate her adaptability.”

David stepped onto the stage , he unbuttoned his suit jacket with the efficiency of a man accustomed to undressing with purpose. His belt followed.

Then his trousers.

His briefs were charcoal like Marcus’s been—Academy standard—but his cock certainly wasn’t. He was thicker than Marcus. Not longer, but broader. The head pronounced. The skin was

smooth and taut, revealing every vein, every ridge. He smelled different too—something spicier, a cologne lingering at his base, expensive and faintly woody.

I pulled back from Marcus. The loss of him in my mouth was painful.

I reached for him.

My fingers wrapped around his shaft and he was hot, skin like warm silk. He thickened further in my grip, the pulse at his base thrumming against my palm.

David exhaled. Not a groan—a controlled release of breath.

—Proceed, Victoria, Commanded Mistress

I positioned myself directly before David, Marcus now at my left.

David's cock rose before my face.

My tongue touched the ridge beneath his head. He jerked. Not his hips—his whole body, a current running from his groin to his shoulders before he caught himself.

I traced the rim of his head with the tip of my tongue, a circle so slow I saw his stomach muscles clench through his open shirt. Then I flattened my tongue and pressed it against the underside of his shaft, dragging upward in one long, wet stroke that ended with my lips closing around the head.

David's fingers found my jaw. Not gripping. Guiding. His thumb traced my cheekbone with unexpected gentleness.

I opened my throat.

The difference was immediate. Marcus had been long, filling me in a straight descent. David was thick enough that my jaw ached immediately, stretching wider, the corners of my lips pulled taut. The head of him pressed against my soft palate and I breathed through my nose—controlled inhale, four counts, the way I'd been taught—and swallowed.

He slipped deeper.

My throat constricted around him. The muscles His hand tightened on my jaw.

—There, he said, and his voice had lost its polished edge. —There?!

I pulled back until only the head remained, my tongue lashing the sensitive velvet tip beneath it, then descended again. Faster this time. My hands found his hips—and held him steady as I worked.

The wet sounds filled the auditorium again. Slicker now, my saliva mixing with his saltiness and dripping down my chin.

—Marcus, Mistress said, —step closer. Let's give Victoria a challenge.

Marcus moved beside us, his cock glistening with my earlier attentions, and confusion flickered through me. Two partners. What did sheâ??

â??Both,â?• Mistress said simply. â??Alternate. When you take one, your hand works the other.

My body understood before my brain caught up.

I pulled off David with a wet gasp and turned to Marcus, taking him into my mouth in one smooth motion while my right hand found Davidâ??s slick shaft. My fingers wrapped around him, stroking with the same rhythm my lips used on Marcus, mirroring the pace.

Then I switched.

Mouth to David, hand to Marcus. Back and forth. The rhythm became a metronome, a pendulum swing of heat and salt and the increasingly ragged breathing above me.

My jaw burned. My throat ached. Saliva and pre-come streaked my chin and dripped onto my thighs. I didnâ??t stop. I couldnâ??t have stopped if the building was burning down around me.

Davidâ??s hand found the back of my head. Marcusâ??s tangled in my hair from the other side. They were both closeâ??I could feel it in the way their hips lost rhythm, the way their stomachs hollowed, the sounds they couldnâ??t hold back anymore.

My mouth went to David. My handsâ??both handsâ??wrapped around Marcus, working him fast and tight, my thumbs pressing the underside of his hot velvet tip where I knew he was most sensitive.

Davidâ??s taste flooded my tongue. The salt of him, the heat, the slight tremor in his thighs.

His composure shattered.

â??Fuck,â?• he breathed, and his hips bucked once, twice, and he was comingâ??hot pulses against the back of my throat, his hand grasping at my hair, a groan torn from somewhere deep in his chest. I swallowed around him, milking every pulse, keeping my eyes open and fixed on his face.

Beside me, Marcus followed. My hands brought him over the edge, his release striping hot across my fingers, and into my cheek. His free hand braced on my shoulder, his grip almost bruising me.

I pulled back gently, releasing David, and knelt between them as the room collectively exhaled a sigh of satisfied relief





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Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created

June 12, 2026

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