

Sissy de los Voladores

Description

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## Screenshot

The jade was cool against my skin—always cool. That was the first thing they’d told me about the serpent plug. “It will never warm to you,” Mistress said. “That’s how you know it’s working.”

I’d nodded then, too nervous to speak.

Now, standing at the base of the thirty-meter pole in nothing but my own skin and that carved serpent nestled deep inside me, I wondered if I’d made a terrible mistake.

The plaza stretched wide around the pole, ancient stones worn smooth by centuries of bare feet. Tourists clustered behind rope barriers at the edges, their cameras already raised. But the front rows—the inner circle—those were reserved for the women. They sat cross-legged on woven mats, they watched me.

Always watching.

“You’re trembling,” said Xochitl, appearing at my elbow. The rope-mistress. Her fingers, calloused from years of braiding maguey fiber, pressed against the small of my back. “Good. The serpent prefers it.”

“What happens now?” My voice came out thin.

“The storm speaks. You listen. You fly.” She gestured upward, where four men already perched on the square frame at the pole’s summit, their ropes coiled and ready. “The voladores descend for the sun and the rain. You descend for something older.”

Thunder rumbled in the distance.

The plug pulsed.

Not a vibration—nothing mechanical. This felt like a heartbeat that wasn’t my own, a deep, resonant throb that seemed to echo up through my spine and into the base of my skull. My knees buckled slightly.

Xochitl guided me towards the rope “You’re going to give them quite a show.”

One of the men atop the pole had already begun his descent—spinning slowly, his arms outstretched, the rope playing out in measured increments as he circled the pole. The flute-and-drum music that accompanied the ritual filled the air, but beneath it, I heard something else.

The women were humming.

The plug responded.

It shifted inside me—not falling out, no, the flared base prevented that—but moving with purpose, the carved serpent’s head pressing against a spot that made my vision swim. I gasped, and one of the women in the front row smiled.

“The rope,” Xochitl murmured, pressing a length of maguey fiber into my hands. “Thread it through the frame at the top. The men will guide you.”

I looked up. The pole loomed impossibly tall.

Then the rope moved.

Not in my hands—around my wrist. It slithered like something alive, wrapping once, twice, cinching snug against my pulse point. I jerked back, but Xochitl held me steady.

“Don’t fight it,” she said. “The serpent is waking. Fighting only makes it hungrier.”

Thunder cracked overhead, closer now.

The plug throbbed my cock, which had been soft from sheer nervousness, began to stiffen against my thigh. The women noticed. Of course they noticed.

One of them raised her hand, palm outward and this time the rope tugged my arm upward, forcing it above my head.

“Wait,” I started.

The second rope found my other wrist. It wound up from the coil at my feet like smoke rising, wrapping and cinching with terrifying precision. My arms were pulled apart, stretched into a V, the maguey fibers biting into my skin just enough to make my pulse race.

Thunder boomed directly overhead. The storm was on top of us.

The plug drove deeper.

I screamed—not pain, something else. The serpent’s jade snout pressed relentlessly against that spot inside me, massaging it in time with the receding thunder.

“The storm,” Xochitl whispered, her lips brushing my ear. “Is fucking you. Every bolt of lightning, every clap of sky—the serpent drinks it and gives it to you.”

The women’s chanting resumed, faster now, the call-and-response overlapping until I couldn’t tell voice from voice. Just sound. Just rhythm.

My ankles were next.

The ropes didn’t wait for permission. They wrapped and lifted, spreading my legs apart until I hung suspended, my feet leaving the ground as the ropes began their slow ascent up the pole. My weight settled into the harness—my wrists, my ankles, and that single point of pressure inside me where the jade serpent lived.

The first raindrops hit my face.

A woman in the front row stood.

“You are the vessel now,” she said. “The serpent chose you because you were already open to being filled. Your submission is not required. Only your descent.”

Lightning split the sky.

The plug didn’t just pulse this time—it thrashed, the serpent’s carved body undulating inside me as if it had come alive. I felt every scale, every curve, the tapered tip that probed deeper than anything should reach and stayed there, pressing, releasing, pressing again in a rhythm that was building toward a final *crecendo*

My cock was fully hard now, bobbing obscenely as the ropes lifted me higher. Pre-cum beaded at the tip and dripped onto the stones below.

The woman began to chant, their voices and the rope around my right wrist tightened in perfect synchrony with the first syllable. The left wrist rope answered on the second. My ankle ropes pulsed on the third and fourth, spreading me wider, tilting my hips forward until my cock pointed directly at the circle of watching women.

Presenting me.

Exhibiting me.

The plug pulsed. The ropes cinched. The women sang as I was hoisted to the top of the pole

And I began to descend.

Not falling—the ropes controlled every millimeter of movement—but spinning, slowly, my bound limbs tracing a spiral through the rain as the jade serpent inside me worked its way deeper with every clap of thunder. I could feel myself approaching something vast and irrevocable, my thoughts fragmenting into nothing but sensation and sound and the glittering eyes of women who watched me come undone.

The silver-haired woman smiled and raised her voice above the others.

“Now,” she said. “The serpent wants to hear you sing too.”

The plug found my prostate and held there, pulsing, relentless.

I opened my mouth to scream



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## Category

1. Uncategorized

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