

Hypno Mistress commands the ultimate submission

## Description

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Mistress uncrossed her legs and planted both boots on the floor. The posture was deliberate. Masculine. It made something flutter in the pit of my stomach.

“We’re going to try something new tonight.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“This is Marcus,” she’d said. “You will address him with respect.”

Marcus stood at attention.

“Ten sucks,” she said.

My jaw slackened. I began to lean forward.

“Not yet. Listen first. This is not the usual training, Victoria. Tonight we’re installing something permanent. You’re going to count each stroke. On the tenth stroke of your mouth on his cock, you will drop into a state of sissy hypnosis. You will drop deeper than you have ever dropped before. The part of you that is still clinging to whatever sad masculine identity you imagined yourself to be will simply let go.”

“You may begin.”

I leaned forward. Marcus’s hot hard cock bumped my cheek. My tongue met the underside of his shaft and I heard myself make a sound, a whimper.

“One.”

The word vibrated around Marcus’s head. I pulled back, let my lips drag along the ridge of the glans, then sank forward again until the tip pressed the soft palate at the back of my throat.

“Two.”

My eyes started to water. The eyeliner Mistress had applied began to smudge.

“Three.”

Mistress began speaking, quietly but deliberately. hypnotically

“You’re a brainless mindless slut good for nothing apart from taking cock good for nothing apart from taking cock.”

As Marcus’s hips gave a subtle roll. He was getting into it now. Somewhere above me, I heard his breathing shift from measured to something looser, more indulgent.

“Four.”

Mistress continued

“You’re a brainless mindless slut good for nothing apart from taking cock good for nothing apart from taking cock!”

I felt my self dropping deeper into a blissful state of feminisation as my tongue worked the underside of Marcus’s shaft – the ridge, the vein, the slight give of the velvet tip under pressure.

“Five.”





Youâ??ve thought about it. for weeks, maybe years. The stockings. The heels. The surrender of it all.

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1. Uncategorized

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