

Victoria; slutty sissy sucks cock

Description



“Victoria. Mistress’s voice pulled her gaze up. “This is Marcus.”

He stood a few feet behind Mistress, hands in the pockets of gray joggers. Broad shoulders under a fitted t-shirt. Clean-shaven with dark hair cropped close. The kind of handsome that didn’t need to announce itself. But what caught Victoria’s attention was the way he looked at her—Curious. Almost gentle but still predatory

“Hey,” he said. “I’ve heard a lot about you.”

Her voice came out thinner than she wanted. “Hi.”

Then the joggers came down without ceremony, boxer briefs following. Victoria kept her eyes on his face because Mistress hadn’t told her where to look, But her peripheral vision caught the shape of him, the way he was already half-hard just from watching her.

“You may look now.” Said Mistress.

She looked.

He was thick. Thicker than any of the dildos in Mistress’s collection, thicker than she’d imagined during those late nights touching herself despite being forbidden. The head glistened slightly, and Victoria felt her mouth go dry at the thought of stretching around him, even through latex.

“Roll it on,” Mistress said. “With your lips.”

Victoria moved forward on her knees.

Her nose grazed his hip as she aligned the condom with his tip. One breath. Two. Then she pressed forward, using her lips to guide the ring down, feeling the latex unroll against her tongue. He gasped above her—a sharp inhale that she felt in her chest like a medal.

Her tongue flattened against the underside of his shaft. He throbbed against her mouth, and she catalogued the sensation: heat through the barrier, the way her spit was already pooling beneath her tongue.

By the time the condom was fully on, Marcus breath was shallow and his composure was too. “Look at what you’ve done to him.” Said Mistress. And you haven’t even started; yet.”

Victoria pulled back, She looked up at Marcus. His jaw was tight, his breathing shallow, and there was something in his expression she hadn’t expected: vulnerability. He wasn’t just turned on. He was trying not to lose control.

“May I continue, Mistress?”

“You want to continue.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Victoria took just the head first, letting her lips seal around him sucking gently to test his response. He bucked—a small, involuntary movement—and his hand flew to the back of her head but didn’t

push.

She sank deeper. Her throat remembered the exercises: the breathing through her nose, the swallow at the right moment to open everything up. Her nose pressed into the coarse hair at his base, he smelt of soap, and a gentle musk and she held him there, eyes watering, throat spasming around the intrusion.

Marcus thighs trembled, she pulled back for air, then went down again. A rhythm emerged. Her jaw ached, her throat burned, and sheâ??d never felt more powerful in her life. Every twitch of his cock, every hitch in his breathing, all reward, all confirmation that she was exactly where she belonged.

â??Faster,â?• Mistress said. â??Heâ??s close. Make him come, Victoria.

Victoria grabbed his hips for leverageâ?? Her tongue pressed against the ridge of his head on every upstroke. Her throat opened on every descent. The room filled with wet sounds and Marcusâ??s breathing and the soft rustle of Mistressâ??s clothing as she watched from somewhere Victoria could no longer see.

His fingers tightened in her hair. â??Iâ??m gonnaâ?? lâ??mâ??â?•

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1. Uncategorized

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