

Mistress prepares Victoria ready to receive her guest

Description

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“With every touch of the bridge, you feel yourself dropping deeper into a fully feminised state”

Mistress intoned hypnotically

Victoria felt her self dropping further into a state of feminised submission as the brush whispered against her cheekbone. Soft. Hypnotic. Mistress circled the bristles blending the rose pigment into Victorias cheek.

“Let me check your gloss id still applied , Victoria”

Said Mistress

Instinctively Victorias lips parted, damp from the gloss Mistress had pressed into them , they were hot and pink and being prepared for Marcus cock.

Mistress stepped back. She considered her work the way a painter might.

“Very elegant,” Mistress said.

Victoria’s throat worked around a swallow.

Elegant

. She’d been called many things before—handsome, maybe, or sharp-featured, once distinguished by a woman who meant it as a compliment—but elegant. The glow spread downward.

Now we need to do up your corset , Said Mistress

Victoria’s cream corset was long-line, with steel boning that clicked faintly when she moved .

The laces at the back hung ready to be pulled tight.

Victoria felt the cool satin kiss her ribs as Mistress’s knuckles brushed her spine as picked up the laces .

“Breathe shallow now.” said Mistress

The first pull on the laces was a suggestion. The second was a demand. Victoria felt her waist compress, she felt the architecture of her body rearrange itself to accommodate the corset’s discipline. Her shoulders drew back without permission. Her breasts lifted as though being offered to a man

“Good girl, Victoria” Said Mistress.

Victoria made a sound ; a small, throaty exhale that might have been thanks or might have been surrender. Mistress’s hands worked up her back, pulling and tightening, and with every tug the world narrowed. Her ribs complained. Her hips felt foreign, reshaped. She watched in the mirror as her silhouette transformed into something with curves. Something sculpted.

Mistress tied the knot at her lower back with two sharp motions and her eyes traveled the length of Victoria's body, pausing at the cinched waist, and then the generous breasts and then the collarbones sharp as blades beneath the vanity lights.

"Now you're stunning." Mistress said.

"Very desirable."

The word hit harder than elegant had.

Victoria's knees threatened to give.

"Thank you, Mistress."

And then a man's voice rumbled from somewhere beyond the door of the dressing room

"She's ready," Mistress said. "Come in.. Marcus."

Victoria stood frozen in her impossible shape, corseted and painted and bare, her reflection a creature of slutty pink lips and dark-rimmed eyes and a cinched feminine waist

Marcus filled the doorway.

His gaze traveled the full architecture of Victoria's form the lifted breasts, the corset's hourglass severity, the bare thighs pressed together in a stance that wasn't quite steady and he nodded approvingly

"Irresistible." He intoned, gently.

"Assume the position Victoria," said Mistress.

Victoria, barely able to stand now was relieved to drop to her knees and allow the floor to steady her as the excitement and expectation began to tighten in her belly and overwhelm her helpless feminine form





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Date Created

June 29, 2026

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