

Under Mistressâ?? instruction, sissy Victoria sucks cock

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“Marcus,” Mistress said, not looking at him. “The condom.”

Mistress placed the foil on his palm like a gift.

“Victoria,”

Victoria felt the laminate beneath her.

The corset forced her spine into a perfect line, shoulders back, breasts offered forward. Her hands found her thighs—she didn’t know what else to do with them—and she knelt there pink glow of the studio lights, her painted lips parted, her dark-rimmed eyes lifted toward Mistress.

“Look at yourself first.”

Mistress gestured toward the mirror.

Victoria turned her head. The reflection stole her breath. The corset carved an hourglass from a frame she’d always thought of as unremarkable—a waist cinched to impossible proportions, breasts that swelled above the satin like an offering. The dark liner and eyelashes made her eyes into something smoldering. The pink lips looked wet, ready.

Marcus had moved to the sofa. His gaze moved over Victoria with a deliberateness that made her skin feel thinner, more sensitive, as though the makeup itself had nerve endings.

Victoria’s stomach tightened. The corset offered no room for the feeling, so it traveled elsewhere—up toward her throat, down between her legs. She pressed her thighs together, the friction doing nothing useful.

“Show her what you have for her,” Mistress told him.

Marcus’s hands went to his belt.

He pulled himself free.

Victoria’s lips parted further. Not a decision. A reflex.

He was thick. That was the word that surfaced through the fog of her thoughts.

Thick and uncut, the head dark and flushed, and below that, a shaft that was already half-hard, resting against his thigh. There was a vein—one prominent vein—that traced a path along the underside. Victoria found herself staring at it.

“Condom,” Mistress prompted.

Marcus tore the foil with his teeth. Victoria watched him extract the circle of latex, watched him pinch the tip and position it at the head.

His fingers were slow, precise. He rolled it down the with a practiced efficiency that suggested this was not his first time being

His scent was different from Mistress's. Not cologne—something simpler. Soap, maybe. And beneath that, the musk of skin, of heat, of what he was about to give her.

“Close your eyes,” Mistress said from somewhere behind her. “Feel him first.”

Victoria closed her eyes. The darkness sharpened everything else—the laminate under her knees, the corset's grip, the faint rise and fall of Marcus's breathing above her.

She reached up. His thighs were solid beneath the denim, muscles tensed. The heat of radiated through the fabric and into her palms.

Victoria leaned. The first contact was cool. She pressed her lips to the head. Her breath came out through her nose in a shudder.

Victoria's tongue ventured out. She could map him—the ridge of the head, the soft give of the opening, the way he twitched when her tongue found the underside.

Victoria's jaw dropped. Her lips stretched around him. She felt the head slide past her teeth, over her tongue, and then he was inside her mouth and he was heavy and warm.

The shaft filled her mouth, crowded her tongue, pressed upward against her palate. Her jaw protested. Her throat tightened. But she kept going, kept opening, kept taking him until her lips were stretched thin and her nose was nearly pressed to his abdomen.

Victoria's world reduced to sensation. The stretch of her lips. The weight on her tongue. The involuntary swallow that made her throat constrict around him and drew another sound from Marcus—this one lower, a rumble that she felt in her chest.

“Now pull back,” Said Mistress.

She withdrew, slowly.

“Again. Take him again. This time, use your tongue.”

Victoria bobbed forward. Her tongue worked against the underside, tracing that vein she'd noticed. Victoria didn't rush. She moved in a rhythm that her body discovered without consulting her mind, a pull and release, a giving and withdrawing. The corset held her steady. Her hands gripped his thighs. The room shrank until it was just the three of them—Mistress's voice, Marcus's breath, Victoria's mouth.

Her own body had become an afterthought. The ache between her legs was distant, something she'd attend to later. For now, she existed to give. To receive the weight of him on her tongue. To hear the way his breathing changed—shorter now, sharper—when she took him deep.

Victoria's lips stretched around him. She held his gaze. And she kept moving, kept working him, kept existing in the impossible shape Mistress had made of her—beautiful and obedient and absolutely, perfectly used.





Category

1. Uncategorized

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Author

mistresspsyche