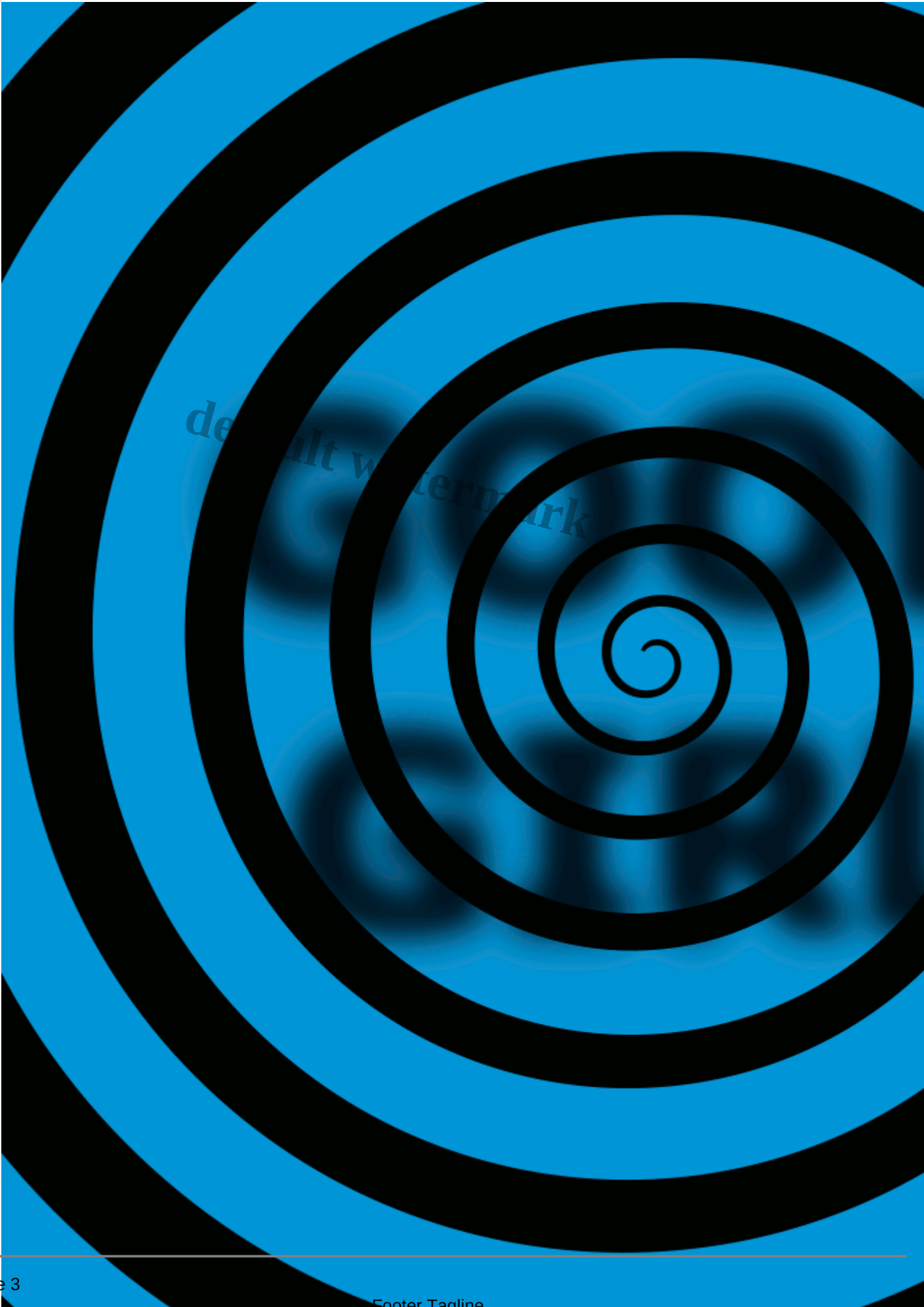


I am a good sissy slut

Description

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The spotlight was a hot white circle on the polished stage floor, I stood in its center, silk skirt brushing my freshly shaved thighs. The short pink hen trembled with every breath. The thong beneath left nothing to the imagination—a sliver of lace cupping my clitty, already half-hard from the promise of what was to come

Inside me. A silicone plug, sleek and small for now nestled its base sat flush.

A screen behind me flickered to life as the first bass note thumped. A live feed—my face, huge, pink-cheeked, embarrassed. The audience of women murmured. Fifty, sixty of them? Front row: three women, each cradling a tiny remote, their manicured fingers tapping patiently. The brunette in red smiled.

“Ladies,” the emcee’s voice boomed, “let’s welcome our little dancer with a round of applause!”

Hands clapped. A storm of approving noise.

And inside me, the plug expanded.

Not much but noticeable—the silicone bloomed a few millimetres, pressing new territory. My vision flickered. I forced a smile, but on the screen behind me, my face blushed and my pupils dilated and the women laughed.

I swayed my hips. High heels clicked. The silk skirt fluttered. Each time the applause swelled, the plug swelled with it—a slow, relentless inflation that turned the gentle fullness into something that demanded attention. My inner walls learned the shape of each new ridge, the way the silicone nudged deeper, filling a hollow I hadn’t known was empty.

The DJ dropped a grinding bassline that vibrated through my stilettos, syncing with the plug’s low hum. I sashayed left, arms raised, silk lifting to show the lace waistband. The screen caught the moment: my face flushed, mascara already smudging at the corners. I could see myself seeing myself. Shame prickled my skin, but beneath it, I felt deeply aroused.

Another wave of applause. The plug thickened, stretching me. My breath snagged. The base now pressed visibly against the thong, a subtle mound. I kept moving—a body roll that ground the swelling mass against my tender spot. My clitty twitched, a damp bloom spreading on the pink lace. They can see that, I thought, and my face on screen confirmed it: splotchy crimson, a sheen of sweat.

The brunette in the front row lifted her remote. She brought it to her glossy lips and blew me a kiss. As her hand came down to clap, she pressed the button.

The plug didn’t just expand—it lurched deeper, a sudden bulbous surge that forced a sound from my throat. A strangled yelp.

“Good girl,” she whispered, so quiet only her companions could hear.

The word hit. Good girl.

A vibration buzzed to life directly against that spot inside, the one that made my knees forget their purpose. I stumbled, catching the silver pole at center stage. The buzzing was a tight, focused pulse, fluttering right where everything was most exquisitely sensitive. My inner muscles clenched around the plug, a helpless spasm that only seated it deeper. On the screen, my mouth formed a shocked oval.



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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