Sissy alien abduction

Description



Light. Cold. A pressure on my wrists that wasnâ??t rope.

My back pressed into something that gave like firm gel, warm where my shoulder blades dug in. Legs spread. Ankles fixed.

My heart thumped against my ribs. I could feel the lace edge of my panties still hugging my hips, the fishnet stockings still gripping my thighs that Iâ??d been wearing whilst lying on my bed but â?¦

This isnâ??t my bedroom. I thought

Just then another voice bloomed inside my skull â??Subject presents anomalous phenotype. Phallic structure present, although smaller than standard size yet secondary characteristics register as feminine. Curious.â?•

I twisted against the invisible restraints, but my sissy clitâ??already half-swollen as it had been on my beneath the soft feminine satinâ??twitched at being catalogued with such clinical humiliation .

â??We will map your pleasure architecture,â?• the voice purred directly into my nervous system. â??Your receptivity will determine your utility in the breeding matrixâ?•

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A mechanical tendril, sleek and silver, emerged from the slab beneath me. It curled upward, tip glistening with a bead of clear gel. Another arm extended from above, terminating in a soft suction cup that lowered towards my right nipple, bared because my chemise had slipped down. When the cool silicone sealed over the pink bud, my back arched on its own. A slow, rhythmic pull beganâ??wet, gentle, then insistent as my left nipple then, almost simultaneously received the same treatment.

A whimper leaked out. I could feel my panties growing damp.

The tendril ignored it, sliding lower, tracing the ridge of my pubic bone through the satin, then gliding between my spread thighs to press against the seam of my sack.

â??You respond to peripheral stimulation with heightened arousal. Neural pathways suggest feminized erogenous mapping,â?• the voice observed. â??Proceeding to internal calibration.â?•

The pressure on my panty-clad rear increased. The fabric, already moist, stretched. The tendril retracted only to be replaced by a thicker probe, bulbous and iridescent, material flowing like mercury. It nudged my hole through the lace. A second tendril slid my panties to mid-thigh slowly, almost seductively

I was exposed now. Slick. Quivering.

â??Please,â?• I breathed. Not knowing whether I wanted them to stop or continue.

The probe pressed. Not inâ??not yetâ??just a firm, cool kiss against my rim. The gel was alive; it tingled, it spread, making the tight pucker soften, twitch with desire . A low hum started deep in the device, vibrating through my perineum, and I felt my sissy clit leak a string of pre onto my belly.

â??Begin bio-adaptive insertion.â?•

The bulb pushed inward. I gasped, eyes rolling, as it stretched me past the first ring of resistance. The initial fill was smooth, a polished stone nudging my prostate just so. Then it changed.

A pulse. Warmth. The mercury-stuff inside me suddenly grew contoursâ??ridges that spiraled, thickened, aligned themselves along every hidden fold. The plug began to breathe, expanding with a low liquid throb that matched my heartbeat exactly. I could feel ridges pressing right against that spongy center, not moving, just being, a steady, full-mouthed kiss on the most ravenous part of my insides.

The screen shimmered into existence above me. A holographic female silhouette, sleek and alien, displayed a progress bar: Sensory mapping Progress: 8%.

â??Your arousal is keying the bio-matrix. The plugâ??s thermal ridges will map you for optimised pleasure.

My mouth opened, but no sound came. Warmth bloomed, bloomed, from my core. Every time my walls fluttered, the ridges answered with an undulating squeeze that sent electricity down my thighs. I was being milked open from the inside, not by thrusting, but by a patient, pulsing possession that knew exactly when my body tried to tighten and coaxed it back into soft submission.

The nipple suckers redoubled, alternating nowâ??left, right, pause, bothâ??in a pattern that made my chest feel heavy, nipples stiffening to aching points. A distant part of me realized my breasts looked fuller than they had this morning. The screen flickered: 11%.

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A cold helmet descended. No warning. It slid over my crown and sealed at my temples with a faint click. Neural lace. I could feel it reading the lightning storm in my brain, cataloguing each spike of pleasure before it reached a climax.



Category

1. Uncategorized

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