Mistress MCâ??s a sissy wrestling match

Description

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Screenshot

Samanthaâ??s knees ached against the thin gym mat. Across from her, Victoria crouched in an identical pose, wobbling in her slightly oversized, pink heels lace-trimmed panties stretched tight over the little steel curve of a chastity cage.

Mistress circled them The remote dangled from her wrist.

â??You know the terms,â?• she said. â??A proper wrestling match. First one to pin the other for a count of three earns the right to use the loser. However she wants.â?•

Samanthaâ??s tongue darted across her lip gloss. Sable saw her own nervousness mirrored there. Neither of them had any upper-body strength. Theyâ??d been chosen precisely for that.

â??Begin.â?•

Samantha lunged firstâ??a pathetic, stumbling charge. Her shoulder bumped Victorias collarbone, and Samanthaâ??s hands came up to grip Victorias waist and the edge of the pink top that said â??good girl â?? across it. Their legs tangled. They dropped to the mat in a single graceless heap.

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A knee jabbed Samanthaâ??s thigh and made her catch her breath . She smelled vanilla lotion and felt the metal of Victorias cage against her . It made hers twitch, in excitement.

Their fingers slipped against each otherâ??s skin, searching for a hold that neither knew how to execute. Victoria got one hand around the back of Samanthaâ??s neck and pushed downward. Victorias cheek pressed into the mat, and for one breathless second Victoria thought, Iâ??m doing it.

Then Mistress clicked the button.

The plug inside Victoria â??a neat, silicone bulb sheâ??d almost forgotten aboutâ??came alive. A deep, rumbling vibration radiated through her pelvis. Every thought not directly related to that buzz dissolved. Her hand loosened. Her hips gave an involuntary little tilt. She heard herself make a sound: a reedy, open-mouthed exhale as she dropped to the mat,

Samantha wriggled free instantly. Victoria could only watch as the world narrowed to the pulse sitting just behind her perineum. It hammered a steady, insistent rhythm against her prostate. Not enough to push her anywhere near releaseâ??but enough to turn her into a pathetic heap.

â??Pathetic,â?• Mistress murmured. â??You had her, Victoria . Look at you now.â?•

Victorias thighs squeezed together. The cage kept her clit trapped, the swollen flesh pressed uselessly against steel, and the plug kept vibrating. A bead of clear fluid rolled down the slit at the tip and dripped onto the mat.

Samantha , emboldened, crawled toward her. She tried to twist Victorias arm behind her back. The maneuver was clumsy, more a suggestion of a wristlock than the real thing, but Victoriaâ??still whose butt plug was still buzzing â??just let it happen.

Victorias fingers wrapped around Samanthaâ??s wrist and tugged upward.

Mistress clicked the remote a second time.

Victoria froze. Her whole body seemed to hiccup. The device inside her must have switched to a different pattern, something that made her eyes flutter and her grip fall apart. She slumped forward, forehead landing in the curve of Samanthaâ??s shoulder. A shudder traveled the length of her spine.

â??Oh,â?• Victoria breathed. â??Oh, god.â?•

Samantha could feel Laceyâ??s cage pressing against her hip, a small hard ridge. Victorias hips movedâ??just a tiny, helpless circleâ??before she caught herself and stopped.

Mistress laughed.â??Youâ??re both ridiculous. Try again.â?•

What followed was not wrestling. It was something closer to a slow, desperate negotiation. They rolled across the mat in a tangle of limbs, skin flushing pink, cages bumping, the silicone bulbs inside them switching on and off seemingly at random. Samantha would manage to hook her leg over Victorias thigh and the vibration would spike, forcing a whimper from her throat. Her leg would go slack. Victoria would try to climb on top, and the same thing would happen to herâ??a sudden buzz that made her collapse, panting into Samanthaâ??s neck.

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Then Mistress said, â??Letâ??s see how you handle this.â?•

Both plugs activated at once.

The sensation wasnâ??t doubled. It was squared. Samanthaâ??s back arched without her permission. A noise clawed up from her chest Victoria was already gone, toppling sideways with both hands pressed flat to the mat as if she could steady herself against the earthquake rumbling through her insides.

Samantha watched, vision blurring, as Victorias hips began to rock. No pretense of wrestling now. Victorias back curved, her spine dipping into a deep arch, the lace of her panties darkening with dampness. She was grinding against nothing, the cage preventing any real friction, and the frustration tightened every muscle in her face. She could feel her own wetness slicking the inside of the cage, could feel the ache of unspent pressure building low in her belly.

Mistressâ??s heels clicked as she stepped onto the mat. She nudged Samathas thigh with the toe of her boot.

â??Iâ??ve seen enough,â?• Mistress said. She clicked the remote once more and the vibrations died.

â??Youâ??re both losers. The match is over. Neither of you deserves to top.â?•

Samatha lifted her head, mascara smudged into dark crescents under her eyes. Her lip gloss was smeared. Her cage was beaded with moisture. â??Butâ?? Mistressâ??â?•

Mistress reached for the front of her leather pants, working the button free . Underneath, a harness. Black straps framing a silicone cockâ??deep purple, smooth, and thick enough that Sableâ??s throat went tight just looking at it. â??Since both of you are such losers, Iâ??ll be doing the topping tonight.â?•

A fresh trickle of arousal slid down Samathas inner thigh. Her brain supplied an imageâ??Mistress behind her, that cock pushing in, while Victoria watchedâ??and the image short-circuited every scrap of rational thought.

Mistress knelt beside Victoria first. She slid a hand under Victorias chin and tipped her face up. â??Youâ??re going to stay right here on your hands and knees and watch. If youâ??re good, I might unlock you afterward. If youâ??re notâ?¦â?• She let the threat hang.

â??Get on all fours. And donâ??t you dare move,â?• Mistress said, â??until I say so.â?•

Samantha bit her lip. Her heart pounded. The tip of the cock sat exactly where she needed it, motionless, and she could feel Victorias gaze on her and it fired the coil in her belly as she submitted to pure surrender unfiltered pleasure

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Screenshot

Category

1. Uncategorized

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