Mistress makes sissy appear on blind date.

## Description

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The studio lights burned hot against my cheeks.

. The set of Blind Date Tonight sprawled around meâ??all pink neon hearts and chrome surfaces.

A production assistant darted past, clipboard clutched to her chest. Somewhere beyond the cameras, a floor director counted down.

â??â??four minutes to air, people. Four minutes.â?•

My hands were sweating.

Not because of the cameras. Not because of the three eligible bachelors Iâ??d supposedly be choosing from in front of a live studio audience. Then the

thing currently nestled inside me gave a faint, almost thoughtful vibration. A test pulse. My thighs clenched involuntarily.

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â??Just checking everythingâ??s turned on â??

The voice slid into my right ear through the nearly invisible earpiece, discreetly wired behind my earlobe.

The producer. Mistress Psyche . During our private pre-show meeting sheâ??d explained the arrangement.

â??Youâ??ll wear the device. Youâ??ll wear the earpiece. Youâ??ll follow my instructions precisely.â?•

I had nodded.

The plug buzzed againâ??longer this time, a low thrum that traveled up my spine. My breath caught. The sound guy adjusting my lapel mic didnâ??t notice. Didnâ??t know that beneath the flouncy skirt and the nervous smile, I was already wet and hard. Already  aching.

â??Two minutes!â?•

Mistressâ?? voice returned, softer now.â?•Youâ??re going to be a good girl for me tonight, arenâ??t you?â?•

I couldnâ??t answer. Not with people watching.

But my hips shifted. Just slightly. Just enough.

â??Iâ??ll take that as a yes.â?•

The floor director signalled. The theme music swelled. The hostâ??bounded onto the stage to thunderous applause.

â??Welcome back to Blind Date! Tonight weâ??ve got a special one for you, folks. Our lovely contestant has no idea whoâ??s behind these screensâ??but by the end of the night, sheâ??ll have found her match!â?¦ Come on out!â?•

Every step sent the plug into a subtle shift, the curved silicone pressing against that spot inside me that made my vision fuzz at the edges. I smiled. I waved. I settled onto the loveseat with the careful grace of someone who had spent years learning how to sit, how to cross my legs, how to arrange my skirt so nothing showed.

The studio audience cheered.

Three silhouettes appeared behind frosted glass panelsâ??Bachelor One, Bachelor Two, Bachelor Three. All broad-shouldered outlines, all mysteries.

â??How are you feeling?â?• Said the host.

Tell him youâ??re nervous, Mistress breathed into my ear. Tell him you hope theyâ??re strong.

â??Iâ??mâ?¦â?• My voice came out higher than intended. â??Iâ??m a little nervous, honestly. I just hope theyâ??reâ?¦ strong.â?•

The hosts eyebrows lifted. The audience whooped.

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â?• I like it. Alright,â??Ask Bachelor Number One your first question.â?•

The cue cards in my lap blurred. The pre-written questionsâ??Whatâ??s your ideal first date? Whatâ??s your spirit animal?â??felt absurd now. Mistressâ?? voice again in my ear.

Lean forward, she murmured. Let him see down your blouse. Just a little.

I leaned. The angle was subtle enough to seem accidental, but the camera caught it. The camera always caught it. Bachelor Oneâ??s silhouette shifted behind the glass.

â??Whatâ?¦ what would you do,â?• I asked, my voice trembling only slightly, â??if I told you I like being told what to do?â?•

The host  made a strangled sound that might have been a laugh. The audience ate it up.

Bachelor Oneâ??s voice, filtered through the speaker system: â??Iâ??d say youâ??ve come to the right place.â?•

More cheers. I smiled, feeling sweat trickle down the back of my neck.

And then the plug came to life.

Not a test pulse this time. A real vibration, deep and insistent, the kind that turned my insides to liquid. My fingers dug into the velvet. My lips parted.

â??You okay?â?• The host asked.

â??Mmm.â?• I swallowed. â??Yes. Justâ?¦ thinking about his answer.â?•

Good girl, Mistress purred. Now cross your legs the other way. Slowly. Let the audience see your stockings.

The plug kept buzzing as I moved. My thighs slid together, and the pressureâ??God, the pressureâ??built until I thought I might come apart right there, under the lights, in front of millionsâ?•.

Donâ??t you dare finish, Mistress said sharply. Not until I say.

I bit the inside of my cheek. The pain grounded me, pulled me back from the edge.

â??Letâ??s hear from Bachelor Number Two!â?• The host announced, clearly sensing something was happening but unable to place what.

Bachelor Twoâ??s questions blurred past. Something about romance. Something about long walks. I answered on autopilot, my voice steady even as Mistressâ?? instructions kept coming.

Tilt your head.

Now blush. Think about whatâ??s inside you. Think about who controls it.

I blushed. My cheeks burned crimson, and the audience murmured sympathetically, thinking I was just shy, just sweet, just a nervous girl on a dating show.

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Squeeze your thighs together. Tighter.

I did.

Now ask Bachelor Three if heâ??d be willing to hold your cock on the first date. Make it sound desperate.

â??Would youâ??â?• My voice cracked. â??Would you be willing to hold my little clitty? On the first date? I justâ?¦ I really need it to beâ?¦ held.â?•

Bachelor Threeâ??s silhouette leaned forward. â??Sweetheart, Iâ??d hold more than that.â?•

The audience lost it.

And Mistress laughed, low and delighted, directly into my ear. Oh, heâ??s forward. Do you like that? Do you like being called sweetheart by a man youâ??ve never met?

I couldnâ??t answer. Couldnâ??t nod. Could only sit there, plug still humming at a low frequency that kept me hovering on the edge of something catastrophic.

Answer him, Mistresd commanded. Tell him youâ??d let him hold anything he wanted.

â??Iâ??dâ?¦â?• My throat closed. I tried again. â??Iâ??d let you hold anything you wanted.â?•

The words hung in the air. The host fanned himself with his cue cards. The audience screamed.

The vibration intensified. My hips jerked. A small sound escaped my throat before I could stop it.

â?¦youâ??re going to come for me. Right there. On camera.

Panic flooded through me. Not there. Not in front of everyone. Notâ??

You will. Because I told you to. Because youâ??re my good girl. And good girls do what theyâ??re told.

The host turned to me, smile bright. â??Have you got another question ?â?•

The plug thrummed. The lights blazed. I opened my mouth but couldnâ??t speak and realised there was a pool of cum at my feet

I heard Mistressâ?? voice again. This time in the studio, warm but reassuringly confident and professional.

â??Can someone clean thatâ?¦. messâ?¦ between the contestants legs.. Then weâ??ll go againâ?•

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**Category**

1. Uncategorized

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