

Sissy ballerina , Caged in Pink

Description



The floor-to-ceiling mirrors in the studio multiplied me into a dozen trembling ballerinas, each one more exposed than the last.

I stood in first position, toes turned out, watching my reflection breathe.

The tights came first. Ballet pink, semi-opaque, whispering up my shaved legs with a friction that made my breath catch at the back of my throat. I rolled them carefully, the way I'd been taught, gathering the nylon into a doughnut and guiding it over my foot, my ankle, my calf. By the time I reached mid-thigh, my cage gave a sympathetic twitch, pressing against its confines with a dull, sweet ache.

Then the leotard. Shell-pink satin that slipped over my shoulders like a second skin, gently hugging my torso.

It dipped low in the back, so low I could feel the air conditioning kiss the base of my spine.

Then the shoes.

Satin ribbons the color of ballet-slipper pink started at the toe box and wound upward in a ladder of precise X-crosses, hugging my arch, my ankle, my calf, my knee, and finally the nylon covered flesh of my inner thigh. The satin was deceptively soft. It pulled taut with every micro-movement, and as a final flourish Mistess had added another two ribbons — that ran up, from the here they were tied, beneath each knee and looped around the base of my shaved balls, cinching them tight behind the cage.

Every step I took in those shoes was a negotiation.

“First position?”

Said Mistress.

I snapped my heels together, toes winging outward, and the ribbon tugged. Not painfully — but insistently. A little pull that traveled up through the satin, into the knot around my balls, and straight to the base of the cage where my cock strained uselessly against pink silicone. My reflection bit its lip.

“Better.”

The riding crop tapped my left hip. Just a tap — leather-wrapped rattan kissing the satin with a soft thwip — but I jolted anyway. The motion made the ribbon yank, and the yank made me gasp.

“Did I say you could make noise?”

“No, Mistress.”

“Then don’t.”

She circled me slowly. Her heels — stilettos — clicked against the sprung floor. The riding crop rested against her thigh like an extension of her arm.

“PliŒ,” she commanded.

I bent my knees, arms rising to second position, back straight, chin lifted. The tights stretched over my thighs. The cage pressed upward, trapped and aching, and the ribbon around my balls pulled down just enough to remind me it was there.

“Hold.”

Then she produced the feather tickler. The tickler was a liar. It promised softness and delivered torment.

Madame Psyche traced the feather along my inner thigh.

My leg buckled.

“Tsk.” The riding crop smacked my calf—not hard, but sharp enough to straighten my knee instantly.

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”

“Sorry is a word for people who intend to repeat their mistakes. Are you planning to repeat your mistake?”

“No, Madame.”

The feather moved higher. It flirted with the edge of my leotard’s leg line, tracing the boundary between fabric and flesh. The satin ribbons pulled. The cage throbbed. I held my breath like my life depended on it.

“Good girl,” she breathed, and the words landed somewhere deep in my sternum, glowing and as I looked over, still holding my deep squat I saw mistress’s hand reach for something. It was the remote control. For my vibrating butt plug.

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A close-up photograph of a person's legs, wearing a dark, form-fitting dress and high heels. The image is oriented vertically. A diagonal watermark text is overlaid across the center of the image.

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1. Uncategorized

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Author

mistresspsyche