Always the Sissy bridesmaid

Description

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â??Remember what we discussed.â?•

Claireâ??s voice hardened around the edges.

â??You agreed to this. You begged for this.â?•

I had begged. On my knees in her apartment, three weeks after sheâ??d left me, while she explained that she loved me but couldnâ??t marry a man.

She needed a wife, sheâ??d said , someone who was

â??More of a man than youâ??ll ever be.â??

Sobbing, I told her Iâ??d do anything to stay in her life.

She looked at me with pity in her eye which shifted to a mischievous glint.

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â??Well there is something you can do â??

I looked at her imploringly

â??Anythingâ?•

Iâ??d said.

She paused, for dramatic effect and then said

â??You can be my bridesmaid.. at mine and Vanessaâ??s wedding. â??

Vanessa pulled me to my feet. The pink faux satin robe slipped off one shoulder.

Underneath, I wore the dress Claire and Vanessa had chosen for me.

Soft bridal pink and puffy with a taffeta skirt that tickled my thighs and chaffed a little against my bridal pink cock that was semi hard and twitching pathetically under my equally pink bridal pink panties as Claire circled me.

Her heels clicked on the hardwood. Click. Click. Click.

â??The padding in the bust needs adjusting. Vanessaâ??â?•

â??Already handled.â?• Said Vanessa, as she adjusted my bust. The woman Claire had left me for reached into my bodice and tugged something forward. Foam inserts. I hadnâ??t even felt them go in.

â??Now the final piece.â?•

Vanessa produced a velvet pouch from her makeup case. The drawstring parted, and her fingers emerged holding something silicone that tapered to the size of my thumb.

Vanessa uncapped a bottle of lubricant.

â??Bend over.â?•

My legs carried me before my brain caught up. Silk pooled around my ankles. Cool air kissed the backs of my thighs, then higher. Vanessaâ??s hand pressed between my shoulder blades, folding me forward until my palms flattened against the vanity and I could see my face staring pathetically back at me from the mirror.

Vanessa yanked my panties down and then I felt cold, lube and then Vanessa teasing my arsehole with something soft and silicone.

â??Thatâ??s it,â?•

She murmured.

â??Let it happen.â?•

Then pressure and thenâ?¦ in it popped

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as I watched my mouth open to a perfect pink lipsticked O in the mirror.

My pathetic semi hard cock twitched again

â?? Good girl.â?•

Vanessa said, as her thumb pressed the flared base of the bridal pink butt plug that Vanessa and Claire had picked out for me to wear especially for this occasion .

â??Good girlâ?•

Those words made my clit twitch again

How does that feel?

â??Fullâ?•. Iâ??d said. Diplomatically .

The answer was full. And humiliated.

And aroused. Every shift of my hips sent awareness rippling radiating outward and made my knees weak.

Claire crouched beside me. Her gloved hand cupped my chin.

â??Youâ??re my best bridesmaid. My very best bridesmaid Do you know that?â?•

I nodded. The plug shifted with the motion.

â??Say it.â?•

â??Iâ??m your best bridesmaid.â?•

My cock twitched again.

The chapel smelled of lilies and old wood.

I processed down the aisle next to Vanessa. Holding a Bouquet of flowers of which the centre piece was Vanessa and Claireâ??s bridal pink double ended dildo

The pews blurredâ??faces turning, staring. I heard a man whisper,

â??Is that aâ??â?•

Before his wife shushed him.

We took our places. Vanessa to the brideâ??s left. Me to her right.

The organ struck its first chord.

Claire floated down the aisle on her fatherâ??s arm, radiant,

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The priest began. I focused on breathing. On standing still. On not thinking about the silicone nestled inside me.

Then Vanessaâ??s hand slipped into her pocket retrieving the remote.

Her thumb pressed a button.

The plug hummed to life.

The vibration was subtle at first. A low frequency that resonated turning my pelvis into a tuning fork. I locked my knees.

Clamped my jaw. The bouquet in my hands shook violently it began to come apart, revealing the big pink dildo to the assembled congregation as a petal drifted to the floor.

Vanessa clicked again.

Higher.

The second setting rolled through me like a wave that didnâ??t break. My thighs clenched beneath the chiffon. Heat buzzed at the base of my spine and spread outward, climbing my vertebrae one by one. The padding in my bodice suddenly felt too tight against nipples that had drawn hard as pebbles.

â??Do you take this woman ,â?•

The priest intoned.

â??To be your lawfully wedded wife?â?•

â??I do.â?•

Vanessa clicked a third time.

My vision whited out at the edges.

My cockâ?? nestling in the beautiful bridal pink panties Claire had chosen for meâ??stirred again . Thickening and pulsing against its restraints.

Nobody was watching Claire and Vanessa exchange rings.

Every face in the front had turned toward me. The trembling bridesmaid with sweat beading at her temple. The rose chiffon shaking like leaves before a storm.

Vanessa leaned close, her lips brushing my ear.

â??Donâ??t you dare cumâ?¦ â?•

She whispered.

â??â?¦ Until we finish our vows â?•

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â??Good girl,â?• said Mistress. A warm sense of pride and purpose flooded my chest.

Youâ??ve thought about it. for weeks, maybe years. The stockings. The heels. The surrender of it all.

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1. Uncategorized

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mistresspsyche

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