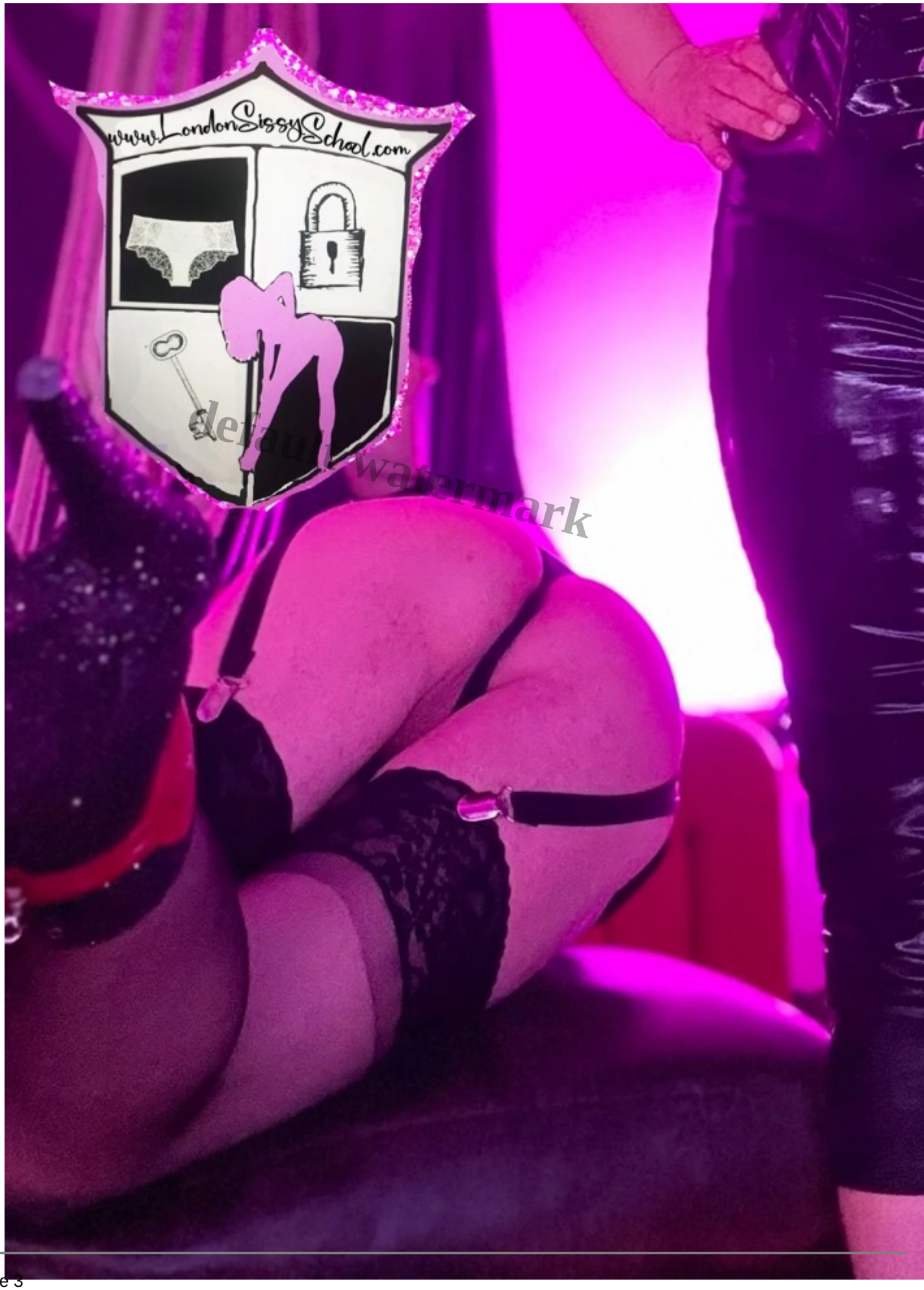
Victoria takes sissy submission lessons

Description

default watermark

default watermark


www.LondonSissySchool.com
default watermark

Sissy submission lessons

Victorias obedient mouth

Mistress unzipped the bag slow, teeth by teeth. The sound was the loudest thing in the room and pulled out a length of silk â??

â??Sit,â?• Victoria could feel the leather through the thin silk of her stockings

â??This is Marcusâ?• . Said mistress.

Marcus sat on the edge of the chair, thighs apart.

â??Hands behind your back.â?•said mistress .

Iâ??m going to tie them with this silk scarf.â?•

The silk tightened. Not to hurt but to hold. A firm, insistent pressure at Victorias wrists that made her shoulders draw back and her chest lift

default watermark

.Marcus didnâ??t touch her. He let her kneel till her thighs began to shake and a bead of sweat traced her spine.

â??Look at me,â?• he said.

She did. His belt buckle sat an inch from her chin.

â??I know what you want,â?• said Mistress but . â??Say it anyway.â?•

The words scraped out. â??I want your cock in my mouth.â?•

â??And?â?•

â??And I want to be good at this .â?• She added.

His hand found her hair â?? not yanking, just gathering, a slow fistful at the crown.

He unbuckled his belt. The clink of metal was obscene in the quiet. He drew himself out â?? already hard, thick, the head flushed dark â?? and held still, giving her the whole picture, letting her look.

â??No hands,â?• Mistress reminded her. â??Youâ??ve got your mouth and thatâ??s it.â?•

She leaned in. Her tongue found him first, flat and slow along the underside, and his breath caught â?? a small, involuntary hitch that she felt travel straight down her spine. That was the sound she wanted. Not the words.

She took the head past her lips. Salt and skin and a faint trace of soap. Her jaw opened, and opened wider, and there it was â?? the stretch, the fullness, the way her tongue had to lie flat and take up the whole underside while she worked the ridge and then velvet top with the roof of her mouth.

â??Slow,â?• Mistress said â??Donâ??t chase it. Youâ??re not trying to finish him. Youâ??re trying to learn him.â?•

Victoria pulled back until just the tip rested on her tongue. Then down again, an inch at a time, feeling every pulse of him against her soft palate. Saliva

His fist in her hair tightened, a fraction. Not pushing. Steering. She followed.

â??There,â?• he breathed. â??Right there, that â?? stay.â?•

default watermark


default watermark


default watermark


www.LondonSissySchool.com
default watermark

Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created
November 4, 2026
Author
mistresspsyche

default watermark