Victoria fully submits at the London Sissy school

Description

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Submission lessons continue at the London sissy school

Across the room, Mistress sat on a high-backed, one leg crossed over the other. The leather of her thighs length boot creaked softly as she shifted. She hadnâ??t spoken in ten minutes. Her silence was its own language. Then she spoke

â??Youâ??re trembling, â?•

Said Mistress

Victoriaâ??s chin dipped lower. â??Yesâ?¦ Mistressâ?•

â??Marcus. Come here.â?•

He had been standing by the door, a silhouette of broad shoulders and patient stillness. Now he moved.

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He stopped beside the chair .

From her peripheral vision, Victoria could see the sharp crease of his trousers, the polished toe of his shoe. Her mouth went dry.

â??Sheâ??s ready,â?• Mistress Psyche said.

â??Yes, Mistress.â?• Said Victoria

The words barely escaped throat, tight as it was with with anticipation.

â??Show her.â?•

Marcusâ??s hand descended

â??Look at me,â?• he said.

Her eyes found his. Dark and utterly without pity. He studied her the way a collector appraises a new acquisition. The pad of his thumb brushed her lower lip, a touch so light it was almost a taunt. Then he pushed. Two fingers slid into her mouth, and the taste of salt and clean skin flooded her senses.

â??Suck,â?• Mistress commanded.

She obeyed. Her tongue curled around his knuckles, her cheeks hollowing. His fingers were thick, stretching her jaw, and she took them deeper until she gagged, a sharp, involuntary spasm that made her eyes water.

â??Enough â??. Said Mistress

Now get on the floor and on your back.â?•

Victoria unfolded her legs and lowered herself onto the floor . She stared up at the two of them, framed against the ceiling, Mistress in her chair and Marcus standing over her like a monument.

He knelt between her spread knees. His trousers were tented, the fabric straining. He unfastened his belt, and the clink of the buckle was loud. Victoriaâ??s heart hammered against her ribs.

â??Hands above your head,â?• Said Mistress .

â??Palms up.â?•

She stretched her arms over her head, wrists crossed. Mistress leaned forward, and she took a length of black rope and looped it around Victoriaâ??s wrists, not tight enough to bind, but enough to remind. Then she sat back, and Victoria was left holding nothing but the position itself.

Marcus lived himself up. He was thick, the head ruddy and slick. He didnâ??t ask. He didnâ??t need to. Victoriaâ??s thighs fell open wider, an instinct she no longer questioned. The first touch of him against her entrance was a shock, a blunt, hot pressure that made her whole body clench.

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â??Breathe,â?• Elara said from her chair. â??Donâ??t fight it.â?•

He pushed in. Slow. Relentless. Victoriaâ??s mouth opened on a silent cry. The stretch was everything, a burning fullness that pushed the air from her lungs. Her fingers curled into empty fists above her head. She could feel every inch of him, the drag of skin against skin, the impossible depth.

â??Thatâ??s it,â?• Marcus grunted. His voice was low, frayed at the edges. He pulled back and slammed home.

The force of it drove a sound from her, a broken moan that echoed off the high ceiling. He set a rhythm, hard and fast, his hips slapping against her thighs. Each thrust punched a breath from her. Her breasts bounced with the force, the nipples tight and aching. She was a vessel for his pleasure, a thing to be used, and the thought sent a bolt of heat straight to her core.

â??Look at her,â?• Mistress said, his voice strained. â??Open. Vulnerable. Nothing to hide.â?•


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Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created
November 6, 2026
Author
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