Victoria the sissy sucks cock

Description

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The silk wasnâ??t just a blindfold. It was a severance.

Mistress knotted it tight behind my head and the world dissolved into a uniform, velvety black.

My other senses rushed in to fill the void. I could hear everything: the whisper of her silk gown as she moved, the distant hum of the city through the windows and the beating of my own heart.

My wrists were bound behind me with soft, unyielding rope. Not painfully tight, but enough to remind me with every small movement that I was futile.

â??Heâ??s here,â?• Said Mistress

Her hand slid from my back. The air in the room changed, grew heavier, electric. Footsteps. A manâ??sâ?¦ confident and heavy on the laminate.

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â??Victoria?â?•

It was Marcus. His voice made my stomach clench with a strange, thrilling power. I couldnâ??t see him, but I could picture him: tall, dark hair, budge at his crotch

â??Come in, Marcus, Donâ??t be shyâ?¦. Victoria has been waiting for youâ?• said Mistress

More footsteps. He was closer now. My mouth went dry.

I strained against the ropes, a reflexive, useless gesture. The fibers bit into my wrists, a grounding pain that sharpened the focus on my other senses.

â??Sheâ??sâ?¦ blindfolded,â?• Marcus said.

â??And bound,â?• Mistress confirmed. â??Sheâ??s learning to rely on her other senses. To listen to the language of a body. Your body, specifically.â?•

I heard sound of a chair being dragged across the floor. Then, the soft settle of his weight, so close I could almost feel the heat radiating from him.

â??Now,â?• Mistressâ?? voice was right at my side again, her hand resting on my shoulder.

â??You are going to seduce himâ?•

The room went still. The silence heavy and expectant. My world was reduced to black

I leaned forward, just an inch. The ropes tightened. I could hear the soft whisper of his jeans as he shifted his weight. The sound was a map. He was right there, his knees maybe a foot from mine.

My tongue darted out to wet my lips.

I focused on him. The sound of his breathing changed. It hitched, iust a fractionâ?¦

â??Youâ??re trembling,â?• Marcus whispered.

I let a slow, deliberate smile curve my lips. It felt different, knowing he was watching.

â??Iâ??m listening,â?• I said, my voice cane out low and husky â?¦ I barely recognized as my own. It was a voice Iâ??d never used before.

I leaned closer. I could feel the heat of his body now, a faint, radiant wall in the darkness. I let my knees drift apart, the silk of my slip riding up my thighs. I heard his breath catch again, a tiny, sharp inhale. The sound went straight to my coreâ?¦

â??What do you hear?

He didnâ??t answer. He just exhaled, a long, shaky sigh. The sound was a confession. It told me everything. It told me he was already hard, that his hands were probably curled into fists on his thighs, that his eyes were devouring me.

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Mistressâ?? lesson. Use my wiles. My only wiles now were my ears, my nose, my mouth, and the promise of my bound, blind body.

I imagined my lips on his cock . The thought sent a jolt of pure, electricity through me. I wanted to feel it. I wanted to feel the velvet tip of his hot cock with the wet heat of my tongue.

â??Do you want to touch me, Marcus?â?• I whispered.

His answer was a sound. A low, guttural groan. It was the most beautiful sound I had ever heard. It was the sound of surrender.

I heard the rustle of his jeans, the sharp, distinct sound of a zipper being pulled down.

And then the soft, slick sound of his hand moving on his cock. A wet and rhythmic

My world narrowed to that sound. My mouth flooded with water.

I slid from the chair to my knees, The ropes dug into my back, but I didnâ??t care. I could feel the heat of him, inches away.

My bound hands were useless, so I leaned forward, my cheek brushing against the rough denim of his jeans. He flinched, a tiny, involuntary movement, and a fresh wave of his scent washed over me. I nuzzled against his thigh, feeling the hard muscle beneath the fabric.

â??Please,â?• he whispered, and the word was a broken, pleading thing.

I turned my face, my lips searching. I felt the hot, velvet-smooth head of his cock against my cheek.

I moaned, a low sound of pure, animal want. I opened my mouth, my tongue darting out to taste the velvety salt-slick tip.

I heard the wet, sliding sound of his hand fisting his shaft, right there, inches from my face. The smell of his arousal was intoxicating. I was drowning in it. I leaned in, my lips parting, ready to take him, to taste him, to swallow the sound of his pleasure.

Blindfolded , there was only the dark and the rich, sensory feast of his need. The singular, focused goal; drawing it from him.

I was a creature of pure instinct, my north star, his pleasure.

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1. Uncategorized

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