Stalingrad Sissy

Description

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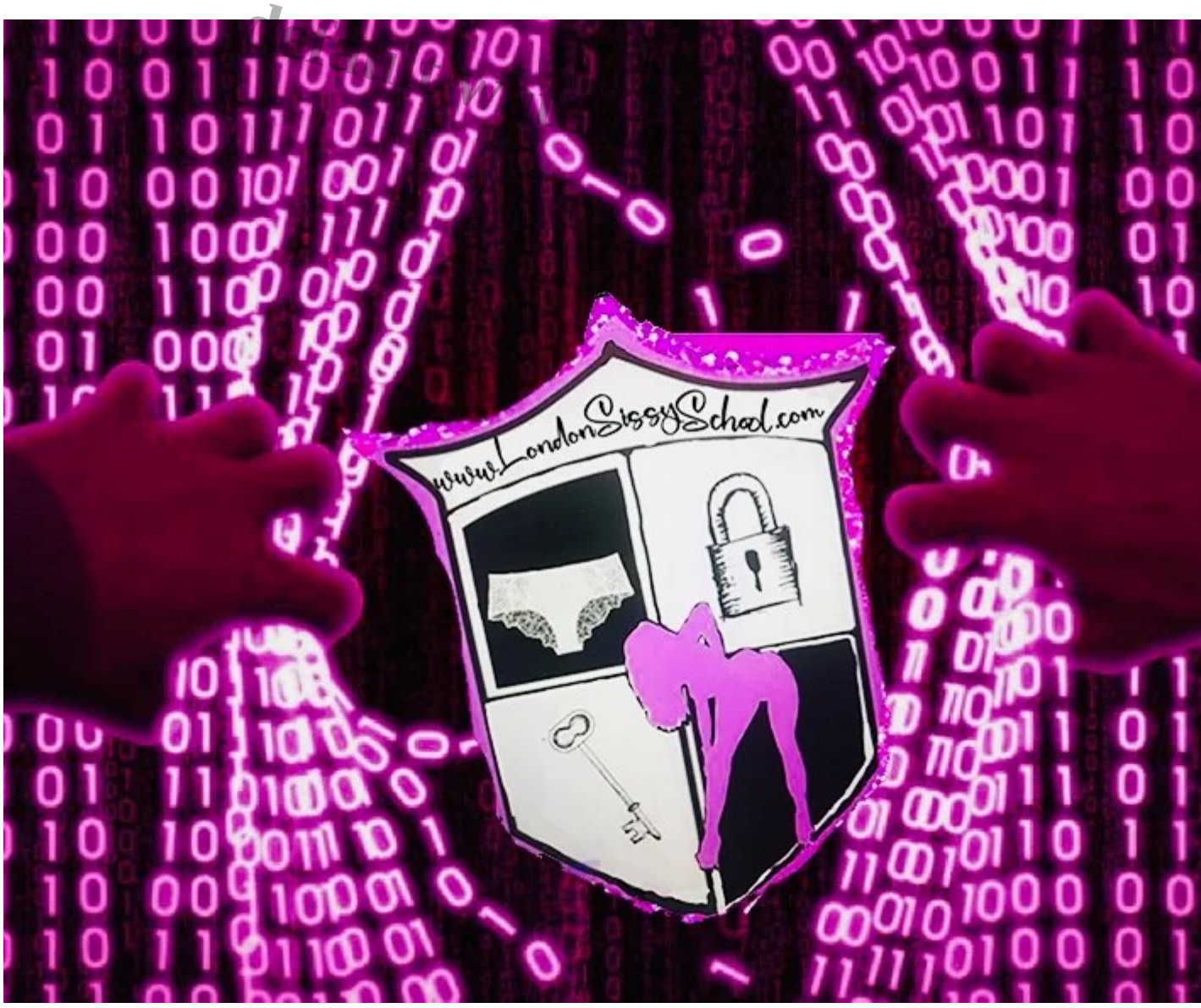

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The winter in Stalingrad didnâ??t just bite; it devoured. But in the skeletal remains of what was once a millinery shop, a different kind of hunger pulsed. I stared into broken mirror , The reflection staring back was a ghostâ??pale, wide-eyed, wrapped in the tattered lace of what had been a fine black chemise. The silk was torn across one thigh, The matching stockings is found in the ruins of the shop were laddered beyond repair, clinging to my legs by sheer, desperate hope. Me, a twenty-two-year-old boy from Hamburg whoâ??d traded his uniform for lingerie and now shivered not just from the cold but from excitement generated by this taboo thrill

A boot crunched on broken brick outside the doorway.

The She filled the broken frame, a silhouette against the grey winter light. Tall, beautiful, her greatcoat dusted with ash and snow, She didnâ??t speak at first, just looked at me. A disgrace in torn lace, A slow, predatory smile touched her lips.

Mistress.



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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