A sissy in the ruins of the Reich.

Description

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Ai

I cowered under a desk, in the rubble of what had been a Berlin bankers office.

Nineteen, with my Hitler Youth uniform hanging off me, torn and stained . My cheeks hollow, eyes wide now with empty desperation eyes that used to burn with pride. And now Iâ??d been caught, hiding in a cellar, not with a panzerfaust, but with a silk scarf pressed to my soft shaved face.

â??Please,â?• I whispered.. but my eyes were fixed not on her face, but on the small, open trunk beside her boot.

Inside, a spill of fabrics glimmered in the rubble: satin, lace the stark black lines of seamed stockings. Impossible perfection in the devastation and rubble.

Mistress leant forward, placing her leather-crop on the desk with a soft, definitive tap. She pointed my uniform tunic, then to the floor

â??little sissy devilâ?•. She said.

â??A pansy Faustâ?¦.â?•

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My fingers trembled violently I could barely undo the buttons of the coarse wool tunic, that fell aside revealing a pale, skinny torso.

A faint, traitorous flush of excitement about my immanent total surrender began to creep down my neck.

Mistress moved with a predatorâ??s grace to the trunk. She selected. A pair of sheer, black seamed stockings. A lace garter belt.

A scrap of silk that was a maidâ??s apron, a startling white against the roomâ??s decay.

She held them out as man approached, a big, warm weary Russian. He saluted Mistress.

And then his gaze predatory and hungry moved to meet mine.



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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