

Sissy German soldier serves his Russian Mistress

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The air in the ruined tailor's shop was thick with dust and defeat. I stood, swaying on legs that felt as thin and brittle. My uniform—the proud, field-grey of a German soldier—was gone. In its place was this.

A delicate, silk blouse that rubbed my nipples with the shame of surrender. And the stockings. Sheer black nylon; A luxury from a world that no longer existed. They were pulled taut up my legs, secured by a ribbon of lace and fastened with a dead SS officer's death's head pin. The silk felt alien against my skin, a gentle caress that was so out of place in this bleak and blasted place.

"Walk," Mistress Psyche said, leaning against a crumbling brick wall, her own uniform crisp and authoritative. "Show me what the Reich has become."

I took a step, and winced as the rumble nipped my stockinged feet.
"You do not wince. You glide. Let me see you enjoy your humiliation."

There, on the floor before Mistress's boots, lay my medals. The Iron Cross. The Eastern Front Medal. Pieces of tin and ribbon that had once been my pride, my proof of manhood. They were scattered like the trash they were.

She watched me complete my trembling circuit. Then, without a word, she stepped forward. Her boot—solid, polished leather—crushed down onto the Iron Cross.

The sound was a dreadful dull, crunch.

A tear that I couldn't stop welled in my eye.
"You see?" she said. "Symbols. Nothing more. Your strength was a lie. This!" she gestured to my clothed form. "This is your truth now Fritzella."

She lifted her foot and placed it squarely on the Eastern Front Medal. The crunch was louder. I flinched.

"Kneel." She said on these broken pieces of junk.

I dropped down to my knees the pieces of ironcross bit into them , bringing tears to my eyes, that burned all the more fiercely as every dig reminded me of the collective failure of the the once great seventh army.

•Look up at me. •

•Now, • she said, her voice thick with authority. •You will understand your new identity. And repurpose yourself , embracing the humiliation and ruin, you have brought upon yourself and that is entirely of your making

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mistresspsyche

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