

CINDY'S SISSY



BEA



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# Cindy's Sissy

By Bea

My appointment with Ms Sands was at nine o'clock and, punctual as always, I walked through the warren of typical bureaucratic offices at five minutes to the hour, only having to make the occasional request for directions. I was puzzled by the fact that I saw no men, not one. The whole place seemed to be staffed by young women – with a few that I saw dressed peculiarly and walking outrageously. I mean, how often do you see women in an office building wearing ridiculously tight skirts and a few even wearing hats with veils? Though, by the look of it, everyone I passed seemed to be surprised to see me as if it was ME that was something totally unexpected.

When I finally entered her secretary's office, a large blonde wearing a green silk jumpsuit was sitting behind the desk talking into the telephone. Nevertheless, her eyes widened in a delighted fashion and her mouth actually dropped open in wonder. "Talk to you later!" she said quickly into the mouthpiece and hung up the phone.

She took a deep breath and flashed her large white teeth. "Hi, you little cutie! What can I do for you?"

"I have a nine o'clock appointment with Ms. Sands," I said stiffly.

"You're Michelle Barack? You can't be!" She laughed. "You're the new Parole officer?"

"Yes, I'm the new P.O. And my name is Michael – not Michelle!" I snapped. "Whatever put that silly notion in your head – you stupid bimbo!"

Her eyes grew cold immediately. "My! You might be a little cutie, but I wouldn't play on it too much if I were you. Call me a bimbo again and I'll beat the shit outta you!"

"I'm not used to being talked to in that manner by clerical personnel!" I replied quickly, then seeing that she was rising from her chair, hurriedly added. "Perhaps I overreacted by calling you a bimbo. If I did? Please accept my apologies, Miss.

My attempt at an apology just seemed to have riled her more. Her face became a deep and angry shade of red. "You little shit! Who're you calling 'Miss'?" she snarled and continued to get up out of her chair, this time in an even more threatening manner.

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I think I was saved from a violent, physical, confrontation by the door to Ms. Sand's office opening and her walking out. "What in hells name is going on out here?" she snapped. "Sam! What's got into you? Sit down!"

Breathing heavily through distended nostrils the secretary sat back down in her chair, but keeping her eyes fixed on my face, she replied. "This little shit called me a stupid bimbo – then?" she drew herself up in her chair, her face a picture of outrage. "He called me MISS!"

"Oh Jesus!" Ms. Sands said and let out a huge sigh. Spoke to me. "Obviously you didn't attend the briefing session that was made available to you when you volunteered to come here."

"Hey! What's to learn? I've been a parole officer for almost five years now," I said confidently. "This is supposed to be a tough assignment area. So what? I've never had ONE promotion and I figured that volunteering for an area like this would give my career a boost. So it's a tough area. Am I supposed to be impressed? Come ON! Big deal!"

"Ah well. Why don't we discuss this inside my office? Sam, hold my calls for the time being, would you?" she said.

As the secretary nodded grimly, I was ushered into Ms. Sands office and told to sit in a chair facing her desk. She sat down behind the desk then leaned back in her chair, thought for a second or so, then sat upright to face me once more. "Michael? You're in a world of shit here, do you know that? I'm making the strongest possible recommendation that you to decline the assignment and report back into the main office for re-assignment."

"Can't do that." I answered simply.

"Why not?"

"Bought a condo here. It's taken about every dime I have. I've not even moved in yet. And you're telling me to leave?"

Her eyes widened. "You bought a condo? Here? Already? Where?"

"Place called the Amazon Complex. Seemed one of the best around."

She looked at me, her face reflecting what looked like horror mixed with a kind of hilarity. She shook her head. "Michael? Are you deliberately making things as bad as possible for yourself? You actually bought a condo in the Amazon complex?"

"It looked like a nice place. Checked everything out on the Internet. Seemed like a good investment to me." I said defensively.

Her lips clenched together and I could have sworn she was trying to keep from laughing. She licked her lips, and shook her head. "Dear? When you came through this building, did you notice anything unusual?"

"Not really. Though I did notice that there seemed to be very few men?"

"Very few? Did you see any? Even one?"

I didn't have to think very long. "Now that you mention it? No."

She nodded. "Perfectly reasonable. You see there's no men in this whole area. None at all. See, the woman's prison is the major industry around here."

I laughed. "You're kidding, right?"

"No, I'm not. Don't ask me how the demographics came about, but this place became a haven for large women who had done jail time. All of the large ones you see . . ."

"Like your secretary?" I interrupted.

"Exactly. They prefer to be called 'guys', which is why you pissed her off. You called her a bimbo, then Miss. Both of these have feminine connotations . . ."

"But, she IS a woman!" I argued.

"Better learn this right now! You see a big woman? Treat her just as you would a guy. You're too small to piss off these women. Trust me – they'll eat you for lunch if you do."

I digested this for a few moments. "But you're a woman. I'm not offending you by saying that, am I?"

She smiled. "Not at all. Look! You should get this into your head. There are basically three gender groups here."

"But you just said there were no guys around. How can there possibly be three groups?"

"Easy." She started ticking off her fingers. "One – women. Two – guys – the big women I told you about. Three? Sissies."

"Sissies? Are you talking women or men?"

"Good question, but here a sissy is always a man – a woman can be as feminine as she wants without being called a sissy. The male sissies, however, are made to dress and act extremely feminine. They are very popular with the guys – it's a status symbol for them to have a little sissy dancing attendance on them in a dress and makeup. That's why I'm recommending that you get your ass out of here – and as soon as possible. You're far too small and dainty to be walking around this place. Some guy is gonna snatch you up real quick – and if this happens, your options will become VERY limited. Trust me." She snorted. "Trust me, your ass is precious around here – and the guys will enlarge it given the slightest opportunity!"

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I smiled, trying my best to humor this madwoman. "Look. I'll understand if you have some favorite you want to give my job to, but truthfully? It all sounds a little . . . well, you know . . . hard to believe."

Her eyes went round, and she barked out a short laugh. "You obviously don't believe me," she said. "But let me try this one more time. Okay?"

I nodded agreeably.

She inhaled noisily, then started to speak again. "Just imagine a situation where a young defenseless girl takes a job in a town where there are practically no inhabitants other than male rapists who have served their prison sentences and now live there. They control the housing, the jobs, and the police force. Can you imagine – can you possibly imagine what is going to happen to her?"

I sighed. "I'm sorry Ms. Sands. I sense that you are trying to convince me that a parallel exists between some frail, helpless female and myself, but?" I smiled. "I'm a male. Not helpless and I have the power of the state to back me up. I'm used to dealing with ex cons and they don't scare me – not one little bit!"

She sighed. "Don't know why – think I'm wasting my time. But this was a normal heterosexual town at one time. But once the big gals- guys- started to get released? They got together. Bribery, political maneuvering, and whatnot – I don't know. But within a few years, they controlled just about everything. Started freezing out all the straight men. Now?" She shrugged. "We're the way we are."

I simply stared at her. Did she think she was scaring me off with this bullshit?

She leant back in her chair. "Okay. I suppose that's it." She said with a tone of finality and looked at her calendar. "Today's Wednesday. Is the condo you bought furnished?"

"Mostly." I replied. "Though I'll need to get some items of furniture – a mattress, chairs and suchlike."

"Fine. Why don't you report to me here next Monday. That should give you a chance to get settled."

"Thanks Ms. Sands," I said. "Is that it then?"

"Almost. You're obviously not believing what I've told you, but I'm going to give you one more piece of advice. Sam, my secretary is a very powerful person in this office. She's an ex-con herself, and she can keep all the other guys in check – but only if she wants to. I'd suggest that you apologize to her before you go. Believe me, if you don't, she'll make your life extremely difficult – you'll find that your case load will contain the worst of all the cons to deal with – and you'll probably have the biggest caseload in the office. What do you think? Gonna listen to reason?" She had an amused look on her face

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"That's not an unusual situation," I said, "where the boss's secretary wields a lot of the power. I still don't think I did anything that bad, but what you're suggesting does make a lot of sense. Sure, I'll tell her I'm sorry."

"Thank goodness for small mercies," she said in a sarcastic tone. "You may not have a pleasant experience with her, but trust me. Convince her that you mean your apology. For Christ's sake don't be acting as flippant and cocky as you have been with me. She'll MAKE you sorry. Trust me!"

I sat a little straighter in my chair and glared at this reprimand, but she ignored this and got up from her chair. "I'll send her in and leave you two alone for a while," she said.

I simply had to laugh. "Hell! I'm going to say I'm sorry, that's all. Not grovel for any length of time."

She nodded, shook her head, opened the door and left me alone. A few seconds later, Samantha appeared in the office, slowly closing the door behind her. "Hiya cutie. Gonna say you're sorry to this little ole stupid bimbo are you?"

Despite her apparently friendly tone, there was something decidedly ominous about her. I was suddenly frightened of this large woman, even considered calling for Ms. Sands on some pretext but discarded the idea quickly – it would make my cowardice all too apparent. "Sam? It IS alright if I call you Sam?" I started. Used my friendliest tone.

She nodded, a strange, sleepy expression in her eyes. "Yeah sweetie. That would be a good start," she purred and then, before I knew it, she was beside me and had a large meaty hand firmly around one of my upper arms, pulling me up out of my chair with no apparent effort. "Why don't we just go sit in Sandy's chair?" she suggested, taking me along with her.

"Yes. Yes! That might be a good idea!" I realized then just how scared I actually was and started babbling. "But where am I going to sit?"

"Why, on my lap you silly little thing. Where else?"

"Oh. I didn't think of that! But wouldn't you prefer me to sit somewhere else?" I said desperately, as she sat down on the chair and pulled me down on to her lap. It was then she put a handbag down on top of Ms. Sands desk.

I'd been aware of it all along, but desperately thought to get some sort of conversation going. "Ha Ha! I thought you were a guy!" I said jocularly.

"I am. What makes you think differently?" she asked, a puzzled look in her eyes.

"The handbag. I wasn't aware that guys like you carried one," I answered in a tone that carried favor as an arm snaked about my shoulder, pulling me into her.

"I just borrowed it from Sandy for a little while," she said, taking it from the desk and putting it on my lap. "Why don't you open it, see what's inside?"

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"Oh, I don't think . . . OW!" I yelped as she used her free hand to flick my ear with a large meaty forefinger and laughed throatily. "HEY! That HURT!"

"Then open the handbag sweetie, and see what's inside. Come on now!" Her voice was now insistent and I knew better than refuse. The clasps made a metallic click as I worked the top of the handbag to open it..

"There's a clever little sissy! Just look at all the pretty things inside!" she tormented me a little.

"Please Sam? I'm not a sissy. Please don't call me that." I said, but softly, very mindful of her arm around me.

"I'm sorry!" she said, but I doubted her sincerity as she added "But didn't you call me a bimbo? And aren't bimbo's kinda stupid? Don't always know what they're doing? Don't always pick the right word?"

"I said I was sorry Sam. Honest. I'm sorry." I said, hating the pleading tone in my voice.

She squeezed me so hard, my bones creaked. "That's okay sweetie! Now isn't that the sweetest little compact? Why don't you open it up and have a look at yourself in the mirror?"

It was a reasonable enough request I thought, so pulled the circular metallic thing out of a velvet sleeve, and opened it up. As expected, there was a mirror on the upper half. I held it up and saw my frightened face reflected in the mirror.

"Oh! Doesn't my little sissy look nice! Checking himself in his compact! But know what? I think your nose is just a little bit shiny! Why don't you put a little dab of powder on it? Want to like nice for old Sam? Maybe even smell a little sweet?"

"Oh, come ON Sam!" I protested, then whimpered as her forefinger flicked my ear painfully again. Then I carefully took the soft applicator in my hand and went to dab at my nose with it.

"You have to put a little powder on it silly!" she whispered. "Do it right! I'll tell you when to stop!"

So, for the next minute or thereabouts, I sat on a large woman's lap, peering into a compact mirror, daintily powdering my nose, very conscious of the perfumed scent of the powder.

"THAT'S a good little sissy!," she enthused. "But don't you think your pretty lips could use some lipstick?" She was gloating now, supremely confident in her total command of the situation.

"I'm not very good at this," I whispered, after I had uncapped the lipstick tube and advanced the dark red phallic-shaped cosmetic.