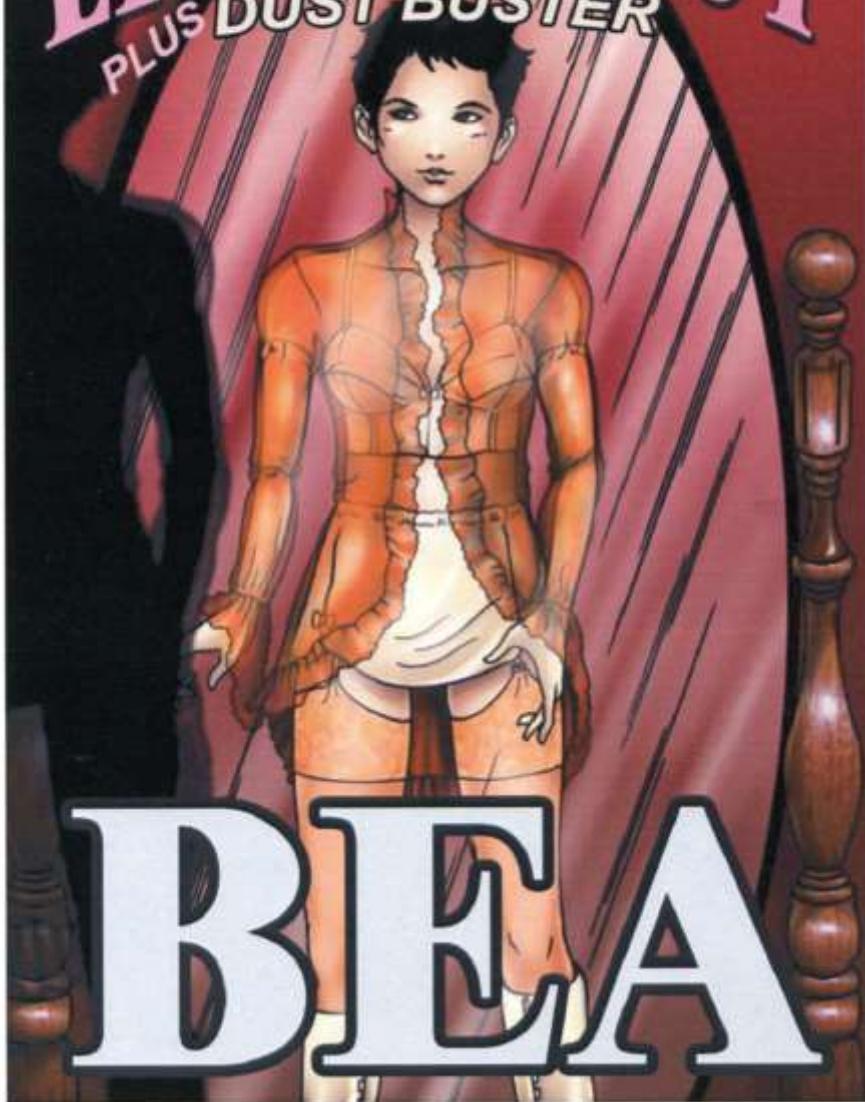


# LITTLE SISSY

PLUS DUST BUSTER



# BEA



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## And a Little Sissy Shall Lead Them!

By Bea

The war was over. By the use of clean bombs hardly any damage had been done. That is, that you don't count the damage to the civilian population of course. Other than a few cripples, men had practically disappeared. Boys were left, and not a great many of them. My mother having had some status in our small town, being married to one of the honchos, had protected me. He had returned from the war to discover that most of the power now lay in the hands of the black marketers – mostly women at that. He was a smart man, but unable to accept that women had a LOT of power now. He had grudgingly accepted them, but not the conquerors. He disappeared about a year before this action. Before the war our women had known their place. Now things were different. I'm not sure he ever accepted that.

“David?” My mom said. “We have to talk dear.”

I love my mom dearly, but she is a bit of a dither – women, you know. “Mom?” I tried to be as nice as I could. “It's just about time for soccer practice.”

She sighed. “We need to talk darling. This is serious.”

There was something in her face and in her eyes. Truthfully, I think I knew something about what she was going to say – and it terrified me. Okay, I wasn't that old, but was the man in the family. It almost didn't seem fair after all – that so much responsibility should rest on my shoulders. Almost tried to ignore her, but finally knew that it WAS time. I still didn't give in entirely though. “All right mom!” I said in a bored tone, but sat at the kitchen table. She sat across from me and took my hands in hers. Some tears stood in her eyes. “We're almost broke David.”

I had to say it. “Well mom? I know that the real estate market sucks since the war is over, but this is still a...”

She was shaking her head. “I've borrowed everything I can on this house. There's nothing left – in fact we could get thrown out by the bank any day.”

It was my turn to be astonished. “But I'd no idea, mom!”

“You have now. I don't even know if I can keep you playing soccer.”

I tried to hide my astonishment but had a hard time. "But it's only a pittance to play mom! And I'm one of the better players!"

She shook her head. "That may be son, but it's a pittance we don't have any more. You may as well face this, if it wasn't for the potatoes we get three times a week? We'd probably starve!"

I looked at her in awe. Starvation was not unknown at that time. I myself knew some kids who had starved almost. The only thing available to them was to sell themselves into slavery. Poor girls – but that was life – and what were girls good for, huh? I had looked down on some of these kids myself – was it possible that the same thing might happen to me? Mom saw my recoil. Shook her head. "Dear? I don't know what the future holds. Mrs. Wilk herself has professed an interest in hiring me..."

"But she used to be YOUR maid mom!" I blurted. "Used to do even what I told her. If it wasn't for the black market during the war, she'd still be a servant! And those rotten kids of hers!" Then mom quieted down immediately. There were rumors, right or wrong that the Wilks were related in some way to the enemy. No one knew for sure, but why take the chance on disappearing some night?

I had a flush of resentment ride up my neck. Before the war there had been two teams – the boys and the girls. Naturally, the boys looked down on the girls. Nowadays, although soccer was still very popular there really wasn't enough boys – many of the men and boys having been killed. Now we just had two teams with girls predominant in the senior team, although there were no boys in the second, just girls. Greta the eldest Wilk girl now played on the First team beside me. She was a bully who simply held her place because of her mother's power. It was sickening how many people cowered before her. I must admit that I steered clear of her as well. In the old days, with my father being a big noise in the town, I was the recognized leader. Now, it was her that led. I was realist enough to realize that adult position had something to do with this, but it still rankled.

Then her younger sister Frances was nearly as bad although she didn't get in the way quite as much. She basically headed up the cheerleaders – nothing but a group of gossiping girls, but again with the shift, they held a lot of power – and she was the leader of that bunch of gossips. Before the war the boys hadn't paid any attention to the cheerleaders but with so many slots of the football being filled by the girls now, they all sucked up to Frances and her gang, just in case. She wanted to be like her sister but was held in check by her position in the family hierarchy. This bugged her I think – but what are little sisters to do when competing with their big ones?

Their mother was BIG – let's face it. They weren't, but both of them had athletic builds and the family blonde hair and the cold blue eyes, Greta was older than me, so had the right to be bigger. Frances was a little

younger, but still had a tendency to be bigger than me. Both of them had that same, unfathomable, stare. Could make one feel VERY uncomfortable.

I brought my mind back to the present, looked at my distraught mom. “I don't know how to help you mom. Is there anything I can do?” Sighed, a little resentfully. Hey! It was her place to look after ME!

She shook her head. “I can't think of anything either.” She sighed. “Maybe it's just as well if you DO go to practice. At least one of us can take our minds off of this terrible fix we're in. I may have an appointment with Mrs. Wilks, so if I'm not home, I'll try and leave something for you to eat. God knows what it'll be, but we'll manage I guess.” Tears were in her eyes as she spoke but she was the adult I figured. Sure, I had some responsibility, but I couldn't see anything I could do. Plus? I had a soccer practice to go to.

At practice the changing rooms had taken on a new flavor I noticed. A single room didn't provide what was needed now, but we all did in the one. They hadn't changed anything that I could see, but now, with more girls than boys the whole place had a different ambience. I really can't say I'd noticed it before, but the girls seemed to have this kind of swagger to them while the boys seemed shy and diffident – at least I felt that way.

You see, for some reason both Greta and Frances seemed to feel the same. They'd pass smiling, private, glances between each other. Then Greta especially seemed to find some reason to hug me. Nothing much, mind you – but I still felt kinda out of things. I probably would have reacted differently but what mom had said before practice got to me. Found myself suffering their cold embraces quite nicely. Didn't know quite what to say, just stood there as they mockingly put arms around me. I didn't play too well at practice. Must have had something on my mind. Had no real reason to complain as Greta lambasted me in front of everyone. Just stood there and took it. Both sisters gave me hugs later – but there was something condescending about them, if you know what I mean.

When I got home, mom was waiting for me. She had a worried look on her face. “We have plenty of time for Mrs. Wilks, but she wants you to come along as well. Said something about interviewing the whole family. I don't know what she meant David. But you don't mind, do you?”

“I guess not mom,” I said although I felt nervous for some reason. Naturally, I'd showered but mom wasn't satisfied until I had a fresh pair of shorts (It didn't seem formal enough for long pants) ankle socks and a clean sports shirt.

Again I had this funny prescience when we arrived – almost as if the girls were licking their chops. A rather pretty young maid met us at the door and smiled at us as she led us into the sitting room where the sisters and

mother awaited us. I'd met the mother before of course, but she seemed huge sitting there in the couch. Didn't get up to greet us I noticed. Then, with a pleasant enough smile on her face, although I detected signs of a sneer, she had mom stand in front of her to be interviewed, while I was waved negligently to a sofa between the two girls. A feeling of claustrophobia immediately came over me. For some reason the girls seemed to be very close and strangely, I felt lessened by all this. Almost as if I were in their clutches?

I shook this silly feeling off. I was surprised at the presence of us young folks in that room, but hid it. Right away though, it was obvious that Mrs. Wilk was conducting an interview. She was pleasant enough but made a few comments that had mom stand almost at attention with her hands crossed over her lap. With a slight smile the room was reminded that the positions had been reversed some years ago – and how unfortunate mom had been to be undergoing this right now – a maid for goodness sake! Nevertheless questions and stuff had to be asked, wasn't that right? Nervously, mom swallowed and nodded frequently – and obsequiously – as Mrs. Wilk continued.

To my surprise she made it clear that she was well informed of our poor circumstances and even added something I hadn't been informed of. Mom and I were to be evicted any day now. At this point, mom was almost in tears and, to tell the truth, I wasn't very far behind her.

“Very well Monica!” Mrs. Wilk said with some authority to mom. “I can give you a short trial tonight serving dinner. Would that be all right?”

“Oh yes ma'am” my mom said, and I had the morbid pleasure of seeing her curtsy before someone else for the first time. But I was a guy. What did women's shame have to do with me?

Mrs. Wilk nodded regally. “Very good Monica! Off you go with Sally and get dressed for serving us our dinner while I go over a few things with David.”

Mom licked her lips. “He really IS a very nice boy ma'am. But a boy nonetheless.”

“Very good Monica,” Mrs. Wilk said coldly. “When I want your opinion? I'll ask for it! Now off you go! David? Come over here to me, would you?”

My mom reddened but Sally the other maid showed as if from nowhere and my mom curtsied again, and thanked ma'am, as I got up from my sofa. She left the room, leaving me feel VERY nervous. “Where shall I come ma'am? In front of you?” I asked tremulously.

“NOT at all dear! I want you and me – and my daughters to be the very BEST of friends. Why don't you come sit on my lap, huh?”

“Your LAP ma'am?”

She waved me to her with a waggle of her big fingers. “David dear? I remember that you were a little stand offish in the old days. You're not that way anymore, are you?”

“No ma'am. I don't think I was that way.” I heard the cowardice in my voice. This woman was SO big!

“So? You have no objection to being friendly now, do you? Come and sit on Ethel's lap – like a good little boy!”

She took me onto her lap, where I was made to feel immediately tiny. Spoke to the girls. “If you don't stop that sniggering? I'll send you away. Is that what you want?”

“No mama dear!” they said in unison. “Pleeeese let us stay? We want to watch!” There was a gleeful tone to their voices now.

“Only if you behave! You don't mind if they stay – do you David?”

She only had one arm around me, but I was totally powerless. “No ma'am?” I said with a shake in my voice – because her free hand had found its way onto my penis! She stroked me gently, then kissed me!

“Ommhh” I gasped.

Then she lifted her lips. “Oh, I'm SO terrible! I just remembered that as a young male you were insufferable.” She stroked me again, while the two brats giggled. “But you're not that way anymore. Are you?”

“No,” I whispered helplessly. “Please don't”

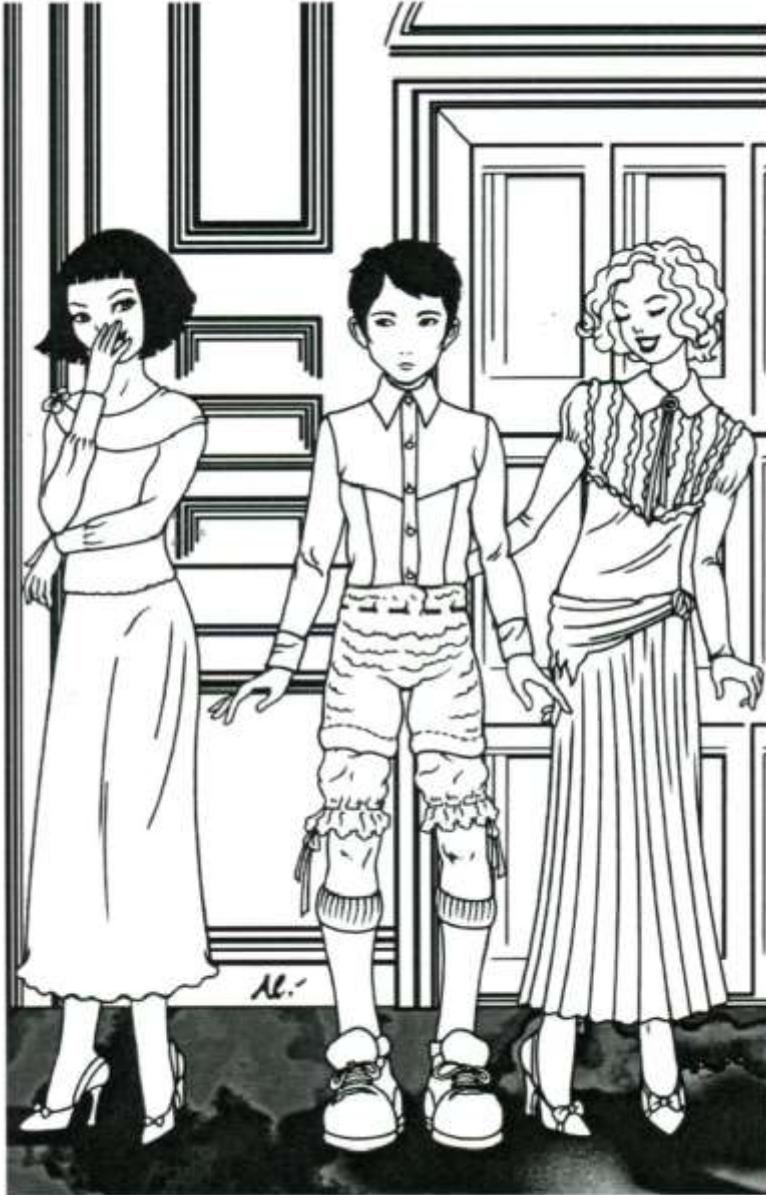
“Aw! I just wanted to get your reaction,” she said. “A brutal, masculine, male living amongst all of us helpless females! Promise you won't take advantage of us?” Her words made sense, but the tone was mocking to say the least!

Her strokes were feather light now and all I could do was look helplessly into her blue eyes as I settled comfortably into her strong arms. Then Greta and Frances were close up, their faces devilish with delight as I succumbed to their mother. They let out delighted oohs and aahs as, whimpering, I came all over my shorts and under shorts, the stain being very evident within moments.

“Oh Yech!” said Ethel. “I thought you'd have more self-control than that! And here, your mother will be serving us up dinner in a little while!” She shook her head in an aggravated fashion. “You can't go home and change – it's too far!”

“I've got shorts and under shorts he can use mama,” Greta said happily. “Come along with me, David! We'll get you out of those sopping wet things!” She led me away.

I was exhausted, but still managed to complain a little. I was shut up by Greta offering to get Mrs. Wilk back in – if I wanted? Accordingly, I was very embarrassed to appear in front of Ethel in Raspberry pink shorts – with bright yellow lacy bloomers underneath. The unfortunate thing was



that the bloomers were just a little long for the shorts, so that the yellow lace edgings showed nicely. Ethel assured me that my outfit was adorable! Had me sit on her lap when my mother – now in a maid's uniform – was paraded in front of us. I saw mom's eyes! She was humiliated, but said nothing.