

SISSY

IS CAUGHT ON CAMERA



And Publicly Humiliated In An Evening Of
Forced Feminization, Crossdressing And Sissification!

SCARLETT STEELE

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female domination, ballbusting and more.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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I smile and wave to my beautiful neighbor, Sicily. She is tall and lean with long sleek dark hair, and dark eyes to match. She has a beautiful set perched on her chest, and full lips I would love to see sliding over my long hard phallus. Sicily runs rings around me when it comes to her social life. She holds an MBA degree and works for a corporation in town which keeps her traveling all over the place. I imagine her going to cocktail parties, fraternizing with men wearing three-piece suits, impeccable manicures, and asking for her for the evening.

My job was a little bit boring. I work in the IT department at the bank in town, most of my days are spent fiddling with the network or fixing little issues on individual computers at the workstations dotted throughout the building. It's a degree well worth having, but it's not exciting. Not as exciting as I think hers is.

I take a bold move as I walk towards her, she and I have short visits here and there, but nothing major. I love to hang out with her. "Hey, Sicily, I'm having a few friends over Saturday evening, you know, pizza and beer, would you like to join us?" I ask.

Sicily scratches her beautiful nose. "I'm so sorry, Ben, I'm going out of town on a business trip this weekend," she says but she offers a smile at me that drips with sympathy. "Rain check?"

"You betcha, will try again another weekend," I say.

"Okay, bye!" She waves at me as she slides into her little red sports car and zooms off to the city to her job at the corporation. I imagine her sliding in bed, in between the sheets with her boss, to climb high in the company. I mean, did you see the tight body hugging skirt with the slit that nearly hit her ass in the back? And the stiletto heels, they really do something about the men she comes in contact with.

I can't help this obsession I have with her. She's such a beautiful creature I want to get to know her. I want to lay her underneath me and pierce through her soft warm folds as we have mind blowing orgasms together. It takes everything I have not to boldly go to her and kiss her luscious full lips. I have to hold myself together, and act like a decent adult and not a sex-starved schoolboy.

I hide around the corner, she comes home. She's digging in her purse and shaking her head. Perhaps she's a damsel in distress and I need to come forth and rescue her.

"Dammit, keys," she says.

She sets her purse down as she looks around making sure no one is watching. She doesn't see me I'm in the shadows peeking at her. She walks to her porch, where she has a rocker and she rocks it back, and there on her porch she has a stone that hides a spare key. She unlocks the door and goes inside setting her purse down. Coming back out she looks around again and lifts the rocker and replaces the key. My mind is spinning possibilities.

I come out of the shadows, stepping forth and waiting. "Sicily, hi, how's it going?" I ask when she steps outside.

She looks up, startled. "Oh, it's going. Considering I locked my keys in the house. Silly me. It's what I get for having my car keys on a separate ring from my house keys," she says.

"Well it looks like you got into your house anyway," I say.

"Yes, thankfully I have a spare key. How's your day going, Ben?" she asks.

I take the opportunity and walk up her steps to her. She walks inside and turns to me smiling as if she's wanting me to follow her. I walk into her house. It smells feminine. She has beautiful jewel toned decor. Sapphire blue, amethyst purple, and ruby red's, the lamps, throw pillows, and the rug underneath her otherwise cream-colored furniture.

"I don't think I've ever been here before. You have a great hand in decorating," I say.

She comes back from the kitchen. "Would you like to drink?" she asks. She throws a soda bottle at me.

"Sure," I say with a smile and take the drink from her hand.

"You never did answer my question," she says that she bends over and takes off her heels. She sits down in her wingback chair, lifting her beautiful feet to the ottoman before her. I can't help but marvel at her beautiful toes, painted a deep red to match the red blouse covering her body.

"Oh, you know, just your various network issues and computer problems that I fix all day," I say as I laugh. "I'm so sorry, you didn't even invite me and I invited myself in."

"Oh, I figured that was a foregone conclusion when I walked in and smiled that you just follow me. I'm so sorry, I've been an evasive neighbor not able to get to know better, huh?" she asks.

"Oh, that's okay. You know we've said things to each other along the way. I would like to get to know you better though because quite frankly I think you're one of the most beautiful neighbors I have," I say.

"Oh, listen to you. You are a charmer, aren't you?" she asks as she waves her hand to me.

"I don't know about that. But do you know a pretty lady when I see one," I say as I peer at her.

"You are charmer. I know about men like you," she says as she shakes her head and smiles. If she is joking? It's hard for me to tell because I don't know her that well.

"What does it take to get a pretty lady like you to go out with an IT nerd like me?" I ask. There, I said it. I came out and said it. I hold my breath as I wait for her to answer.

"You and I don't know each other that well. I think we should get to know each other before we actually date, you know what I mean?" she asks as she takes a drink of her soda.

"Yes, I do and that's why I've been inviting you over to hang out with me," I say.

"I would love to hang out with you, Ben. My schedule is so crazy right now it's hard for me to find time. My boss has me running weekend trips putting out fires for the company. It's my way of climbing the silly proverbial ladder, you know what I mean? I don't particularly care to travel all the time like this, but I'm doing it right now so that I can hopefully receive a better position in the company," she says.

Well, she didn't shoot me down completely. Though I do wonder if that's kinda what she was getting at.

"Well, maybe we should try to work around when you will be home," I say as I grin and nod . I try to keep lighthearted.

"That would be lovely. Ben, thanks for stopping by. I'm always smiling when I see you outside. I would love to get to know you better," she says as she stands.

This is my cue, I suppose. I reluctantly stand and follow her to the door. "I would love that as well," I say.

"Thanks again for stopping by. Feel free to stop by anytime I'm home," she says.

I walk out the door smiling big because she gives me an open-ended invitation. Please stop by anytime I'm home. I saunter back to my townhouse next door. The townhouses are very private, with private patios in the back and private front porches. Even when outside on my patio, I can't really see what she's doing thanks to the separating walls.

I wait two weeks for another opportunity to touch bases with her. She's a tough one to catch. Indeed, she's busy, but I can't help but hold out hope. I keep watching out the window to see her leaving or coming home. She carries a small suitcase with her and it's a Friday. I pop outside, as I'm nearly ready to head to work anyway, and just happen to say hi to her.

“Heading off on another business trip?” I ask as I nod at the bag in her hand.

“Yes, this is just an overnigher. It’s a late meeting in San Francisco. I’m coming home tomorrow,” she says as she rolls her eyes.

“At least you’ll have a day to rest,” I say meaning Sunday.

“Yeah, I wish. My best friend is having a baby shower Sunday afternoon. Never a dull moment in my life. Have a good weekend, Ben,” she says as she hops inside her sports car.

“Bye,” I say as I wave while she’s backing out of the driveway. Dammit, another lost opportunity to connect with the beauty.

I come home Friday evening with no plans for the weekend. My eyes settle on Sicily’s townhouse and her empty driveway. Sadly, I take my frozen pizza to my place and turn on the oven. It will be me, the pizza and beer, and my remote. Surely, I can find some interesting shows to watch.

After eating the pizza, I wander to the window and my eyes flit over two Sicily’s home as I step outside for some fresh air. A light illuminates the window and I chuckle. She must have her lights on timers, to ward off any unwelcome visitors. I’m ashamed of the idea that flits into my mind. Not too ashamed that I don’t stop myself from doing what I’m about to do.

I wait until dark and step outside. I whistle as if I have an audience but there’s no

one there. Everyone is inside their homes and even the street is quiet. I make my way next-door to Sicily's place, of course her driveway is empty. I climb the steps to her porch, and rock the rocker. I check the door, and of course it's locked. I rock the rocker back and see the stone that she had pulled out the other day. I move the rocker to the side slightly and remove the stone and pluck the key from underneath. I make a mental note to put it back when I leave.

Something overcomes me as I shove the key into the door lock, and open the door. I'm definitely being a naughty boy now, walking into someone's home uninvited. She doesn't have a cat or pet or anything. Of course, she's so busy with her life and traveling she wouldn't have time to take care of one. I have a nice aquarium in my home but then I'm home every evening. Even while she's gone, her home is nice and neat. Everything is in its place. I'm glad a lamp is on, the one that is on a timer that I see at the plug. I can't help myself as I wander in the house, looking around at all the lovely things she has. I find myself ascending the stairs to the bedroom. I've never seen her bedroom, and of course I'm curious.

She doesn't have a light on upstairs, but I do notice she has room darkening drapes. I flip the switch and the lamps on either side of her bed illuminate the room. Her bed linens are a dusty pink, very feminine like her. She doesn't strike me as the pink type but then women are always surprising me. The bed is piled high with decorative pillows, all in shades of pink. It's a pink overload here. Her bedroom carpet is a thick pile and white. I make sure I don't have any dirt on my shoes when I walk within. She has a white dresser and a white chest of drawers and mirrors on her closet doors. I close my eyes and can picture her preparing her body for work every day. Of course, behind my close eyes I've seen her naked many times.

I walk to her closet and open the mirrored doors. There before me spread in a neat arrangement of styles and colors are her work clothes. Of course, if her house is so neat her closet would be too. On the closet floor are the shoe racks and she has many shoes as well. I smile and pick up a pair of stilettos and

imagine her wearing it along with the teddy standing after me with a whip. I giggle as I shut the doors. My eyes fall to the dresser, and I can't help myself as I step forth to the dresser. I open the top middle drawer and see an arrangement of bras. I smile as I pick up a bra, it's silky lace and a nice sized cup. Of course, she has a nice rack in front of her. I replace it and shut the door and open the door to the left of it. Ah, yes here we go. Laid out in an array of rainbow colors are her panties. I pluck up the first pair I can see, a pink pair. I bring it to my nose and take a sniff which smells of the laundry detergent's fragrance with notes of floral.

I gleefully step out of my shoes and pull off my pants. I'm no longer thinking with the head on my shoulders but the head in my pants. I yank my jockeys off and I pull up the panties. My cock instantly grows as I shove it to the side so that it stays within the confines of the material. The stretchy silky fabric holds my cock to me and as I walk and it rubs me just right. I giggle gleefully as I step around on her floor barefoot. I come downstairs and into her living room and kitchen and dining room again. I walk back upstairs and I walk into her room while chuckling.

Her bed is very soft as I sit. I can't help but lie back on it and roll around as my hand goes to my cock. It's exceedingly hard and I can't help myself. I'm careful not to get anything on the covers itself but I look down to see my precum produced a wet spot on her nice panties. That does it. I glide my hand over my cock rubbing it and squeezing as I groan. Soon, I lurch forward as I fill her panties with my cum. I continue grunting and coming until I'm done. I keep my hand over the mess as I catch my breath.

I stand up and quickly pull out of the panties and the mess. I'm not sure if I should take them home and wash them but then I realize it wouldn't smell like her detergent. I quickly wash the pair in the bathroom and see if I can't clean it under the faucet and realize it needs to go in the washer. I hate to wash just want a pair of panties but I'll do it.

With wet panties in my hand, I run downstairs still completely naked from the waist down. Luckily, she has a small washer and dryer and it won't use too much water to wash and dry the panties. I grab the detergent and take a smell. Thankfully, it smells just like the clean pair of panties from earlier. I thrust the pair within and pour a capful of detergent on top run a quick load. While the wash is going, I race back upstairs and gather my clothes and dress. I also take the time to smooth out the covers on which I jacked off earlier. Chuckling to myself, I wander back downstairs and sit in her living room and wait for the washer to stop. After setting the dryer for 15 minutes, I relax and wait for it to stop. Sure enough a little over 10 minutes later the panties are nice and dry and smell good once again. I take the pair back upstairs and fold them just the way she had and replace it back to the same spot from which I'd plucked it up earlier.

I quietly go downstairs and I realize I'm not sure where I had done with a spare key. It wasn't on the entry hall table where I thought I put it. I gasp as I panic. I've got to find that key. I'm not about to leave her home unlocked but I'm not about to lose my way inside her house now. This is a new fun treat I've discovered. I go to the kitchen and see it on top of the bar and pluck it up. Then I leave and lock the door behind me. Looking around, I see no one as I replace the key under the stone under the rocker.

I head back to my place whistling as I do acting like nothing happened. I breathe a sigh of relief once I reach my townhouse. I can't believe the boldness with which I did what I just did. I'm certainly a naughty boy that's for sure.

After a long hot shower, I prepare myself for bed. A step outside once again to make sure she wasn't actually home. How horrible that would finish you to come in and caught me walking around that any drawers on. Or maybe, she would've been delighted and would've set out in her clothing too. I glance up, force her master bedroom window and see, with, I left the light on. A little slit of light shines through the room darkening draperies. I'm barefoot in my sleeper shorts and it's a little cool outside. I shake my head as I walk over there anyway I have to put it up. There are no cars around, the neighborhood is very quiet right now.

A few doors down I hear someone leave in a car start. I freeze when they come up the road and are standing on the porch. Surely, they can't see me as she didn't leave a light on, did she? I wonder if I turned it off? The living room light is still on. I scooped the rocker to the side that the stone and pulled the Kia. Once again I'm unlocking her house as a walk-in. I weigh my feet on her mat, dusting off the gravel side picked up on the way over. Take the steps to it at time, turn the bedroom and then I turn the light off. I hope to put everything back in its place that she would be none the wiser as to my presence in this home. And then I leave and go back on.

She comes back late the next day and I stay hidden in my home. I'm wondering if she noticed anything out of place as she walked her house. If she did she didn't say anything. I don't see her again until Tuesday, as were both arriving, the same time she smiles at me in ways.

"Hello there, Ben," she says.

I take my opportunity and I walk right to her. "Hey Sicily how was your trip?" I ask.

"Uneventful, and that's how I like it. It's nice to be home, always looking forward to it. The stinking business trips are getting to me. I'm considering finding a different company to work for so I don't have to travel all the time. Believe it or not, I'm more of a homebody," she says.

I like to hear the words. It makes me want to get to know her all the more. "Are you traveling this weekend?" I ask.

She checks her calendar and shakes her head. "No, but I do have plans. My parents are having an anniversary gathering and I'm helping with that," she says.

Oh, it would be cool for her to invite me along. She would gather me around with her family and say hey, this is my neighbor Ben. And her aunts and her sisters, if she has any, would say hey, he's cute you should keep him. I can dream, can't I?

"Oh, that sounds like fun. I hope you have a good time," I say. I know at this point it's not going to happen I don't want to take any chances. I also know what I'll be doing Saturday afternoon when she vacates her townhouse.

I wait for her to leave Saturday morning. I know her parents live a couple of hours away. She doesn't say anything about staying the night. I give it half an hour and I start to walk over. A couple of cars come up the road and one looks like her car. I stop, horrified that maybe she's going to catch me but the car drives by. I turn around and go back, and wait another hour. I'm not chancing it. If her parents are having an anniversary gathering, I'm sure she is headed that way.

The afternoon sun is sliding down in the west and I walk out my door and walk to her townhouse. The neighbors across the street have been active, but I don't act like I'm suspicious. Once I reach the porch I turn around and look and listen and wait for the car to drive by. Then I set on the rocker to the side and pull the rock away and grab the key. After thrusting the key within the lock and I step inside the home quickly. I run upstairs to get what I want again and then I plan to leave. It's a risky maneuver but I'm going to do it anyway.

Once I'm in her bathroom, I see that the clothing she had worn the previous day is still in a pile on the floor. Of course, she didn't have time to do her laundry. I

smile as I look down to see a pair of panties on top of the pile of dirty clothes. I can't help it. I go to the drawer and find another pair of panties just like it.

I shove the folded neatly into my hands. The panties need to look worn. After setting the clean pair on top of the pile of dirty clothes I thrust the dirty panties into my pocket as I stole away downstairs quickly. I don't waste time. The key quietly locks the door. I duck down just as the neighbors across the street came out the door again. Damn them, they keep coming outside. I know what they're doing. I chuckle to myself as I realize she has a giant potted plant to make the perfect hiding spot. The neighbors are visiting while standing there talking and chit chatting. But they're not paying any attention to me. I quickly push the rocking chair to the side and move the stone to replace the spare key underneath it and replace the stone under the rocking chair. I then stand at the door and knock on it as if I'd just walked up. Just for good measure. Not that the neighbors across the street paid any attention. The woman glanced my way but she didn't act like she was paying much attention.

I went back to my house with a prize inside my pocket. I'm so nervous about her coming, I don't know what to do. I keep the pennies in my pocket for most the day, just liking that there. I finally got upstairs after a long day and I took a hot shower. I came out and Pennies and took a big sniff. A smaller essence all over them, it's a lovely fragrance, one that causes my cock to grow exponentially. I gulp big as I slid on the pair and without pleasure from myself. The angst of wanting to jack off is set against the fact that I'm wearing a pair of Sicily's panties that are dirty and have been against her muff the previous day. I delight in the pair, loving the feeling of the stretchy fabric against my cock. She comes home late in the night and I wonder if she discovered her clean panties are on top of her dirty clothes. I can't imagine she'd notice such a thing.

I go to bed feeling nervous but it doesn't stop my cock from remaining hard. I had a stiffie with me all evening and I could no longer take it. My hand goes to the panties and rubs on the outside of the fabric, rubbing my hard cock,. I squeeze over the shaft and squeeze over the head and now I'm filling it with my

pre-cum. I throw my covers back and I moan and groan as my hand rubs over my cock. I bring myself almost at the point of being there and I pause, lifting my hands and then start again. I do it three or four times until I can't take it and finally rub until I come. Blasting off in the panties, I fill them full with my sticky goodness.

I peel out of the panties and I know that I can't get back to her place and wash them. The next day, she's there all day and I can't go there. I go to the store and purchase the same fabric detergent she uses just to wash her panties. After coming home I wash the pair and dry it and wait for a chance to replace it in her drawers.

I have a hard time over the next several days finding a moment when I can go inside and replace the panties. She walks out midweek carrying a bag. I rush outside again, acting as if I'm leaving.

"Are you leaving again?" I ask.

"Yes, I've got another overnigher. An early morning meeting and there isn't a flight in the morning before the meeting begins. Such is the life I live," she says as she offers me a smile.

I take my opportunity that evening to head to her place after dark. She's gone and she has other lights that are coming on. After replacing her panties and I find others. And this continues going on for two weeks. I take the opportunities when she is away on her business trips to steal her panties and to wear them for the night.

It's become routine, sneaking over to her place when she's gone. She brings her bag outside and I rush out so I can run accidentally run into her to find out where she's going off on a business trip. And on this day, she's leaving again she said for two days. I will go to her house later that evening and go upstairs. I'm rifling through her drawers when I hear the front door shut. Oh shit! I freeze in my spot because I have no clue who it is. I then hear someone coming up the stairs and nearly pass out. She rushes to the door her eyes set on me as she marches forth.

"Caught you!" She says angrily as she advances on me.

Caught me, indeed. I'm standing there with her pink pair of panties in my hand with no way of hiding it. I shake my head and I have my mouth open to speak but I can't give voice to my throat.

She pulls up a tissue box that she had on her dresser to reveal a hidden camera. "I've been noticing some things out of place and I've been wondering what's going on. Particularly I've been noticing that my panties are being messed with. Ben, my panties, really? You are my neighbor and you're supposed to be a nice guy but it doesn't seem like you are. You're a pervert that's what you are. Now the question is what should I do with you? I could call the police and turn you in," she says.

I back away from her as I shake my head. She pulls out a taser gun and holds it. Then she smiles at me. "You don't think I'd travel all over the place without something like this, do you?" she asks.

"Honestly, I won't hurt you. I'm so sorry, yes you have caught me. I don't know what to say," I say.

"I know what you need to say you need to say you're sorry but you also need to give me a chance to decide what to do. I kind of wondered if it was you by the way you're always coming around when I walk out the door. I'll tell you what, then, I'll be nice. But I'll give you two choices. Choice number one, I call the cops and let them take care of you. Or choice number two, I'll take you out on a date and you will do exactly as I say," she says.

I breathe a sigh of relief. "Of course, I'll go out with you." I can feel my heart beating in my ears. I feel like I'm about to pass out. I can't believe I've been caught.

"You will go out with me and do exactly as I say," she says. She still has a scowl on her face and she's not smiling and sweet.

I nod. "Yes, I will do exactly as you say. Please, don't call the cops on me. I have no excuse for this except that I have a big thing for you and you've not gone out with me."

"That does not excuse you for breaking into my house. Exactly how are you breaking into my house?" she asks.

I smirk. I may as well come clean now. "I saw you hide your spare key one day. I've been using it. I've always locked up behind me. I've not taken anything else. Just your panties because it really turns me on," I say. My damn cock is lengthening in my trousers right now just talking to her.

She shuts her eyes and she shakes her head.

"I want you to leave now. But you come over here at 6 o'clock Saturday night. If you don't, I will call the cops. I have this all on film I recorded it in its on the cloud," she says.

I show up at 6 o'clock on the dot to her house Saturday night. I have been shaking the entire time, wondering what she is going to do. She smiles at me as I show up and she takes my hand and leads me upstairs to her bedroom. Oh boy, am I getting lucky? But I realize I'm not when she opens her drawer and thrusts a pair of panties at me.

"Is that you so enjoyed wearing them, I want you to put them on now and then we're going out," she says.

I do as she says, and leave my jockey sitting on her bathroom countertop. We leave, and she insists she drives. We go straight to a very trendy and popular nightclub in town, called The Hop. I wonder what it is she plans to do with me. She still has a scowl on her face, but she pretends like she's smiling when others look our way. At first, she orders a drink, a beer.

"I'm a little confused, this is one of my choices you're taking me out on a date," I say.

"Oh, don't worry, your punishment is coming," she says.

I gulp on the beer, I need the buzz to take my mind off of what's coming. I have no idea. When the song changes she grabs my hand and leads me to the dance

floor.

"Time to pay the piper," she says cryptically.

I don't feel like dancing but I follow her to the dance floor anyway. The song commences and we dance together. She's a great dancer, and I'm actually having a good time. She presses her body to me, eliciting a hard on that she notices. That's when she reaches down and she grabs my cock from the outside and squeezes. I groan, loving this punishment. But then she stands back she puts her hand over her mouth and she points.

"He's actually wearing a pair of panties under those trousers. And you want to know why? Because his caucis so tiny he doesn't need to wear jockeys. Yes, you heard it from me. How do I know? Because he's wearing my panties. Yes, I caught him wearing my panties, and the man has such a small dick, he doesn't need to wear real men's underwear," she says so loudly that everyone around us stops and looks at me.

Humiliation weighs heavily on me as I can't believe what she's doing. Ridicule and humiliation is punishment. And right here in front of everyone. My eyes flits around as I know my face is turning red, the burning my cheeks is hot and I can't believe she's humiliating me like this in public. I guess I deserve it she stands back laughing at me. I close my eyes and shake my head. And then I look at her. "And punishment is served," I say as I turn around and stomp out of there.

I make my way to the door, people are getting out of my way. Never in my life have I felt so humiliated. I walk out the door and feel like throwing up. I keep walking, I'll walk all the way home it's only 8 miles or so. Doesn't matter. I need time to cool off. She runs up behind me laughing.

"Ben, wait," she says. I ignore her and I keep walking. She runs and finally catches me and grabs my arm. I spin on her.

"Like I said, punishments have been served. I'm thinking now that calling the cops would've been better," I say. I'm so mad I'm shaking.

She sucks in a deep breath and looks at me. "Ben, that was the whole point. I wanted to humiliate you like you did me. Even though you didn't do it to me in public, you still invaded my private place, you still came into my home and did nasty things in my underwear. You didn't even have the decency to go out with me before you started doing these weird fetishes. Deep down I feel like my privacy has been invaded to the point that I will no longer put my spare key outside. I'll be screwed if I ever locked my keys in my house again," she says.

I relax a little as I look down. "Okay, I am sorry I did that to you. That was very awful of me even though I do like you. I don't know what got hold of me to make me do that but I'm sorry. And I promise I'll never do it again," I say.

"Hey, let me take you home. I'm sorry I humiliated you but I still think you deserved it," she says. She steps to me and laces her fingers through mine. I allow it. She is still a beautiful and sexy creature.

On the way home, she smiles at me. Pulling off onto a dark dirt road, she parks and her hands fumble with my pants. Before I know it, she pulls out my cock and bends over on me, her luscious lips sliding over my head. It doesn't take long before I'm bucking up and down and coming in her mouth. I yell out her name in the midst of filling her throat. When she's done, she sits up and smiles.

“Now, you can come home with me and return the favor,” she says as she winks.
“And this is how we get off on a better foot.”

Hell, yeah!

THE END

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