



# SISSY

Pervert Is Caught Uploading Creep Shots And Is Taught A Lesson  
In An Evening Of Forced Feminization  
Crossdressing, Sissification and Ballbusting!

SCARLETT STEELE



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# Sissy Pervert Is Caught Uploading Creep Shots And Is Taught A Lesson In An Evening Of Forced Feminization, Crossdressing, Sissification and Ballbusting!

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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

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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 chuckle to myself as we lie next to each other and fall to sleep. She had gone down on me earlier, sucking me until I decided I wanted to fuck her in the ass. What she didn't realize was that I had taken pictures of her and she was completely naked. I've been doing this for about a year and half, uploading these naked pictures of her on a website. I guess you could say it's a porn site of sorts, as I find it very sexy to see other men's wives. Wives in the buff. And Luisa is a sexy woman, with large round breasts, luscious curves, and a glistening muff which has a Brazilian wax every six weeks. I love showing her off. She doesn't know that I love showing her off, but I have one of the most hit web pages on there. My name is Bus on the site. Appropriate name because my cock is so large and I'm always talking about driving the bus into Luisa's barn. If she ever found out, she'd probably chop my head off and place it on a platter. I don't know how she'd feel about it. I feel like an ass, because she trusts me not to do such things but I can't help it. It's not that I'm into looking at porn of other women. It's that

I'm into looking at her naked body on the website and knowing that hundreds, probably thousands, of other men are gawking at her as well. She has that sexy body. It gets me off knowing that other men are looking at her and getting hard and getting off too. Although if any man ever touched her I would want to kill them. But I don't mind if they want to take a gander at her beauty.

Maybe I'm getting too lax about keeping it private. There are times when Lusia and I don't make love when I come into the office and turn on my website and jack off to her pictures. I like knowing that I'm joining other men who are also jacking off to her pictures. She is so sexy. If I didn't do this, I'd be on her all the time. She would probably grow weary of me and have nothing to do with me. I jump as I hear soft feet and suddenly she graces the doorframe.

"Astor, what are you doing? It's so late, why are you on the computer?" she asks. She's wearing a thin white T-shirt that barely covers her curves. Her hard nipples poke through. I grab my phone, my hand shakes. I want to take a picture of the hard nipples. She steps to me as I reach up and push the off button quickly.

"I was just finishing up on some work I had to get done. You know how I am, I have trouble sleeping when I have a deadline looming over my head," I say.

My saving grace is I do a lot of work from home from my computer. So it's nothing for me to be in here and finishing up a project.

She steps to me and looks at the screen. And she looks at me, as if she's chastising me. I smile up at her. I pull her onto my lap and I hug her, pressing my nose to her neck. She smells so good, like jasmine and roses.

"I just finished up, and I was getting ready to come to bed," I say. Good save, Astor boy. She believes me as we both walk back to the bed. She's tired, and is relaxed. She snuggles into my embrace.

The next night, Luisa is in the shower and from where I lay in the bed I can see her. I take my phone and snap the shots, as we have one of those shower doors that are clear. She steps out, dripping wet and steps onto the soft bath mat while she lets the water run down her body. She's looking at the towel and not at me as I lift my phone and snap pictures. She turns around and bends over drying off her feet and I snap the pictures of her blossoming buff which makes me grow hard. When she stands up she looks around and grins at me.

"That was for you, dear," she says.

Oh shit, did she know I was taking pictures?! She steps into the room still naked and comes to me with a sexy expression on her face. I set my phone down and grin at her as she crawls up to me.

"And I like you to look at my body, " she says.

I groan as she crawls on top of me, she settles her soft sweet muff on my face while she reaches down to my cock. Oh yes, 69 is wonderful. I groan as her lips slide over my head, and her hand squeezes down the shaft. She continues moving and squeezing my cock as I jut my tongue forth, swiping through her soft warm folds. She shimmies her hips in my face, pressing her muff to my chin. My tongue juts forth and lands on her hard little knob. While swirling it I groan as her sweet lips slide over my head, she sucks my cock so expertly to the back of her throat. She shatters for me, the moisture growing between her lips. I lap it up, gleefully, as my tongue swipes ever upward reaming her hole and then back down onto her beautiful clit. She groans as her ass wiggles, and her pelvis

explodes and she grinds into my face. Aw, the wonderful sensation of a lovely muff squishing into my face. Suddenly, my cock grows long and the cum fills the base of my cock. She keeps sucking and moaning softly as I continue licking, my cock shoots, as I groan and I keep my tongue moving as best I can. I'm filling her mouth full of my cum, she swallows, expertly. She's a good wife. We rock together through the waves of pleasure for a moment, and then I'm done, she raises up fast and hard. She lies on her back with her feet near my head. We simply breathe.

I keep the nasty habit of taking naked pictures of my wife and uploading them to the internet. I become careless as I have my phone set to directly upload to the cloud which unfortunately slows the internet down. She settles in bed beside me as she is on her phone.

"Damn Internet, it's so slow right now. Are you uploading something?" she asks.

Oh, you have to think fast. "Let me go check my computer. I was uploading files earlier," I say. I hop up and run to my office and hope that she doesn't follow me. I click on my phone and see that it is still uploading the fresh photo that she just took when she had a shower. I stop the uploading immediately and breathe a sigh of relief. But the photos are still on my phone, I need to get rid of them. I quickly turn on the computer and plug in my phone. It uploads so much quicker when I do this. After the photos are uploaded I turn off the computer and delete the photos and the discriminating evidence is clear from my phone.

"Is it faster now? I had files uploading," I say.

"Yes, it's faster. Normally when you upload your stuff, it takes all evening. Strange that it's doing that, isn't it?" she asks as she peers at me.

"Depends on how big the files are. I had some pretty good sized graphics and some of the files and it does take a little longer," I say.

That satisfies her as she smiles and snuggles into my arms. We spend a little bit of time watching TV and she plays games on her phone while I think about the nude pictures I just uploaded. I'm anxious to get back on the computer and get them onto the website. We turn off the light, because honestly, I'd rather go into the office and jack off with her in the other room. I know that sounds weird but it's the thrill of being caught that gets me.

At 1:30 AM she's sound asleep and I go into the office and click on the computer. I can always say I'm checking the files that were being uploaded. I sit back and relax, as I see the files waiting on my computer to be uploaded to the website.

I pull up the website and smile and as I read through the comments of the naked photos of my wife. I do take a few moments to blur her face so that if there was someone we knew looking, they won't know who the Bus is. I pull up my graphics program and blur her face on the new photos. It's her naked body that people are looking at but we have to be careful. She still has no clue what I'm doing.

It takes a few minutes for me to upload it to the website, and I titled the folder Nude Shower. The comments are wonderful as many men talk about how they pull her up on their big screen and jack off.

I look through the photos as I sit back and pull out my cock. My cock extends in my hand, as I run my hand down to the base. My hand slides back up and

squeezes over the head. I use my right hand on the mouse and I click through naked pictures.

There's something about this that makes me grow harder, especially when I see it's my wife, Luisa. One hot chick, one-man states. I chuckle and close my eyes for a second enjoying the sensation of pulling my cock while the cum settles into the base. I open my eyes and a click through her pictures, groaning as my cock grows longer and harder. My hand moves faster, the pre-cum coming out and creating a nice lube to help my hands glide faster. I moan, probably a little too loudly. I think I hear the floorboard squeaking and I pause, but I'm in angst because I want to come so bad. I hear nothing. I look at the door and see nothing. I might be a stupid man for leaving the door open, but it's also the thrill of it. I groan again as I put my hand over my cock and suddenly lurch forward, the hot cum squirts straight up. I point my cock away from my computer as it lands on my belly and my thighs. I keep going until I'm finally done.

I grab the tissues and clean up quickly. I smile as I shut the window to the website and close my computer. A few spots of cum dot my underwear. Heading to the bedroom, I hear movement. Once I walk inside, she's rolling over and rustling the covers. I quietly go to my chest of drawers to grab a pair of jockeys and head to the bathroom. After a good handwashing, I change my jockeys and pitch the soiled pair to the dirty clothes hamper. Sliding in bed beside my wife, I am completely satisfied and happy for my accomplishment. It is an enjoyable secret obsession, reading the messages from the other men who gawk at my wife. Suckers. They can't touch her, but they sure can look at her.

I feel like Luisa is acting kind of onto me now. She helps a friend who runs a diner in town and works the breakfast and lunch hours. She comes to me after I've been away for a day, having a meeting with one of my clients.

"What is the password to your computer?" she asks. Her hand is on her hip.

"I keep it locked in case someone steals it. I've got confidential client information on there. I don't need that messed with," I say.

"I didn't ask you for an explanation, I merely asked for the password. I need to use it this afternoon, if you don't mind," she says.

Oh. I can't let her on the computer. Her photos are in my folder and she can see them. I smile as a standup. "Hey, grab your handbag Luisa," I say.

She pulls her hand out stopping me. "Why? I need to use your computer for a quick moment. I need to do something on the computer that I can't do on my phone," she says.

"What?" I ask.

"Why won't you let me on your computer?" she asks.

"It's not that I'm not letting you on the computer. I thought I would take you down to the computer shop to let you pick one out. We can get you a laptop and then you can do whatever it is you need to do on it you don't have to worry about mine," I say.

"I need to take care of one small task. I don't need you to buy me a computer. That's a waste of money. We have a perfectly good one in the office. But you have it locked up like Fort Knox," she says.

"Okay, come on," I say.

I lead her back into the office as I sit in the chair and turn it on. I look up at her. "What do you need to do exactly?" I ask. I will find a way around showing any files that she shouldn't see.

"I need business forms to print. Boot it up and you can get up and just let me have a few minutes here," she says.

"Okay," I say. What other choice do I have? She's going to be very suspicious if I don't. I stand and step aside. "Please, you've got to be careful. I've got so many client files on there and there is a confidentiality clause. I know you're my wife, but you shouldn't be looking at the files I have with them," I say.

She turns to me, her eyes narrowing. "That's not a thing to say to me. Why do you think I want to go nosing around on your computer? It's just weird, don't you think?" she says.

She opens up a website which has business forms. I breathe a sigh of relief. She's looking for a contract for a supplier for her and her business partner. Then she glances up at me again. "Do you mind? I mean I might have something private that I don't want to see between me and my clients," she says sarcastically.

"Here, I'll turn on the printer for you," I say.

"Thank you. But I'm probably going to save this file on my phone and take it to work. You really are making this difficult on me," she says. Her fingers are clicking over the keyboard. I walk out of the room and swallow hard.

I sincerely hope she's not discovering things she shouldn't discover. And when she's done, 30 minutes later she comes back and eyeballs me.

"Would you please be honest with me, are you looking at porn?" she asks.

Oh no! What is she seeing? My mouth goes dry. "I might occasionally see something but I've not spent a lot of time looking at it, no," I say. Unless she wants to call her on naked photos porn in which case then yes. But I don't say that. I smile at her. "Why?"

"Oh, no reason. It's just that I was surfing on a few different websites and I went to the browser history because I forgot one of the ones I searched for and I saw that you have it set to delete history immediately. I just find that a little suspicious," she says.

"I do that on every computer I'm on. It's a great way to keep viruses and malware from clogging up the network. If you don't keep history of it, then if there's a virus or malware on the website it can't grab hold. It's as simple as that," I say hoping she'll drop it.

"It just seems weird. I never heard of doing that. I mean if you go to a website with a virus or malware is going to show up immediately anyway. Just by visiting it," she says.

I chuckle and shake my head as if she's talking nonsense. Of course, she's right but I don't admit it. I'm not sure what to say to her and I realize that I'm very close to having my secret revealed. I can feel the coolness of her attitude towards me. She rolls away from me claiming she's very tired. I struggle falling asleep and I don't even get up to go check the website. I don't need to give her any more fodder for the fire she's already started. It worries me big time.

The next day when I come home from work I can't find Luisa anywhere. I look all over the house and I finally see that my office door is shut. I know when I left it was open. I walk to the door and pause just outside and I can hear the computer humming inside. Oh no! I slowly open the door and she is sitting at my computer, her face alight from the screen. She glares up at me, not a smile on her face. I'm caught off guard, I'm not sure what to do or say.

She pushes out of her chair and marches to me. "You son of a bitch. How dare you," she says.

She comes at me, her fist out and lands square in my crotch. She pummels my balls, busting me as I cower to the floor. Catching me off guard I can't protect myself and the pain seizes me. I'm seeing nothing but black and white sparks before my eyes as I hold myself and rock back and forth. She got in a few good hits before I could protect myself. She is standing over me, wearing a short body hugging dress which would have otherwise been good for me. She glares down at me, her face reddens with anger. I look up at her, through the tears in my eyes.

"You son of a bitchh! I trusted you. I fucking trusted you and now I realize I shouldn't have. All those funking nights that you got up to go to your office to work," she says as she holds her fingers in quotation marks. "You weren't fucking working, now were you? You were fucking uploading pictures of me to a website. Don't cower down, I saw it. You piece of shit. You fucking piece of

shit. You snapped pictures of me when I didn't even know it. Pictures of me stepping out of the shower, and pictures of me doing things with you. How fucking could you?"

I glance up at her, the pain in my balls still rushing through my body. "I, I'm, I'm so," I try to say.

"There's nothing you can say. I caught you red-handed. I should leave your ass, that's what I should do. I should fucking leave your ass. You are shit. Right now I hate your guts. Nothing you could say could stop this," she says as she stands there with her hands on her hips.

I rollover crying and rocking. Finally I gather the nerve to speak. "Luisa, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry that I did that. But you have to understand you're such a sexy and hot woman. I wanted to share you with the world," I say.

"You want to share me with the world? I didn't fucking give you permission to share me with the world. I would've never allowed you to do this. I want a divorce, you son of a bitch. I don't even want to be in the same room with you. You've fucking sicken me," she says as she stomps out of the room.

I can hear her rifling around in our bedroom, no doubt she's probably getting ready to leave me. Then she stomps back to me. She thrust her head within. "I'm not the one who is going to leave, you are. So get off your lazy fucking ass and get the fuck out of my house," she says.

"It's not your house it's our house," I say. Probably the wrong thing to say but I have to straighten myself up. She walks away stomping back into our bedroom.

Slowly I get up as the pain rushes through my body. She got in five hits to my balls. I lost count at the second one nearly blacking out. I walk, bent over wanting to cry as I carefully guard myself.

She's in the room with the suitcase on the bed and she's pulling my stuff from my drawers. I go over to her and stand between the suitcase and her. I guard my balls. "Luisa, please, don't do this. I have nowhere to go, let's talk," I say.

"I don't want to talk to you, you son of a bitch. You uploaded nude pictures of me to the internet. I don't give a flying fuck if you thought I was hot tonight. You had no right to do that," she says. Man, she is mad. She's madder than a wet hen.

"Please, I'm sorry. I know I'm a son of a bitch. I deserved the ball busting, please, Lusie, forgive me. I don't want to lose you," I say as the tears flow from my eyes. I fall to the floor on my knees. I don't want to lose my smoking hot wife. I love her.

"Give me one reason why I should forgive you. What you did was unforgivable."

"I know, I know it was. Please, please tell me what I can do to make up for it. I don't want to lose you. Please believe me. I'm so sorry. I'm so so sorry I did this. It was very wrong of me. I promise I'll never do it again," I say.

"You humiliated me. I don't mind being naked for you but I sure as hell don't want to be naked for other men. That website had horrible comments about my photos," she said.

"They were compliments, did you read that?" I ask.

"No, they were disgusting. And yes I read them. You did this without my permission. I could call the police on you, I could turn you in. I should," she says.

"No, I beg you, please, please Luisa please forgive me," I say.

"Like I said, I don't know that I can forgive you. What you did was unforgivable," she says.

"I'll take it down, I promise," I say.

"No wonder you hid your computer a lot because you didn't want me to see. And your phone, your fucking phone was always in your hand. Now I don't trust you any further than I can throw you. And that's not far at all. I can't believe you did this to me," she says as the tears flow hot and heavy into her eyes.

She crumples down to the, crying hard. Oh my, I didn't realize how bad this would hurt her. I'm such an ass hole. I don't deserve a good woman like Lusia. But I can't lose her either. I crawl over to her, my balls are so sore I can barely feel my legs. But I want her. I reach her and I reach out and touch her. She looks up at me with her tear stained face and hits me again. This time it's on my arm and shoulder. I stand still and shut my eyes.

"Go ahead, hit me all you need to to get it out of your system. And then tell me what I can do to earn your forgiveness," I say as I squeeze my eyes shut.

She reaches back and she wants to pummel me I can tell and she does, she hits me several more times on the shoulder and shoves me on the chest. Then she cries.

"I love you, Astor. I don't want to lose you," she says.

"I don't want to lose you either. I will do anything, I'll even cut off my toes, my feet, go have myself castrated if that would make you feel better," I say.

She looks up and laughs at me. "No, don't do that. I want to have kids someday," she says. It's the first thing she says that makes me feel hope again.

"Does that mean that you found it in your heart to forgive me?" I ask.

"Not right this second, maybe someday. I want to humiliate you the way you humiliated me," she says.

"Then tell me what to do you can to humiliate me all you want in public whatever. Please, please forgive me," I say.

She stands up and grabs the clothes to take a shower. She turns back to me. "I need some time, I'm going to take a bath and I'm locking the door. I'll decide

what I need done in order for you to earn my forgiveness. But for right now leave me alone," she says as she slams the door at me.

I walk into the office and sit down at the computer. I remove every single photo of her from the website and discontinue my account. I leave it up so that she can see that. I click on my folder, all the pics of her and completely delete the account. I trash every single folder that has anything of her on it. I'll give her my password. I'll let her look at my computer every day. I'll let her look at my phone every day. I'll let her put a spy on it so she can see what I'm doing. I will do anything.

It takes a while for her to finish the bath and I'm beginning to grow cold. I'm sitting on the bed rocking back and forth when she finally emerges. She's been crying, and her face is puffy. She comes to me and sits on the edge of the bed as she looks at me.

"First, I want the website stuff removed and your account canceled. I want every nude photo you have left me destroyed, do you hear me?" she asks as she narrows her eyes at me.

"I've already done that, and I'll show it to you. Only you have full access to my computer. I let you even make the password for it if you want. I'll give you access to my phone and can even spy on me. Nothing will be hidden from you, ever. I promise." I'm still crying and I'm hoping she will forgive me.

Her expression softens as she puts her hand out and pats me on the knee. "I'm sure it will be a while before you're ready to make love to me. I only hope I didn't damage you so badly that you can have children," she says. And then she turns to me again. "This is what I want to do, where can we go out Saturday night. I'm going to dress you in one of my outfits. You're going to go out as a

drag queen. I want to see you humiliated in public like you did me. Only your face won't be blurred out. I'll makeup your face and I'm going to treat your mount like my little bitch. I'm going to put a collar on your neck and a leash for me to hold. Do you understand me?" she asks.

I smile and nod. "Yes, I will do whatever you want me to do. I will do anything you want me to do. You name it I'll do it. As long as it keeps us together and as long as it ends up with you forgiving me that is what I want."

By the time Saturday comes, we spent a few frosty nights in bed together. She's still sleeping with me. It relieved her greatly when she saw that I had deleted the account and destroyed all the folders of her new pictures. She let me put a spy app on my phone with her from being in control of it. Anytime she asks I let her do whatever she wants to do with my computer and my phone.

When Saturday evening comes, she chooses one of her emerald green sequin dresses, it's a body hugging short dress. She sets out a pair of her panties, and a bra that matches. That's all emerald green. And she laughs. First she found a pair of heels that fit my big feet. I endure it. I dress in her outfit, my hairy legs showing that she shakes her head.

"No, go to the bathroom and shave your legs you need to look presentable," she says.

I do as she says even though I don't want to. But I don't want to lose her. I shave my legs and slip into the dress she has for me and I slide my feet into the shoes that are almost too big. It has spiked heels and I can barely walk in them. I sit down as she puts makeup on my face and glues false eyelashes to my eyes. Lastly, she puts a blonde wig over my otherwise reddish hair making me look like a male Marilyn Monroe. She smirks at me as I stand and I look ridiculous.

My face is overly painted and she laughs.

"Come on, Ashley," she says. I stand up to her and follow her to the car and she's going to drive. She reaches over and she places a dog collar around my neck. It's sequined and spiked in a pink dog leash. I stare forward as I let her do this, if it earns her forgiveness and it's worth it.

I feel like a total dunce with Lusía leading me into the club by the leash. I fumble as I nearly twist my ankle. People gaze our way. I look around, and notice there are other drag queens so I'm not the only one. It's possible we can run into someone we know here, but that's okay. I work for myself and most of my clients are from around here. Running a computer business like I do, it gives me a lot of anonymity. Luisa traipses to the bar, where she smiles sweetly at the bartender. Of course, his eyes pop while looking at her and I think to myself how many men have seen her nude. But then it's because of that I'm in this predicament.

"I'll have two frozen margaritas, the lady here loves hers with extra strawberries," she says.

"Thanks," I say.

Once we have our margaritas we walk to one of the tables close to the dance floor. I perch on the chair, and wonder how women can wear these things without showing their goods. When my knees part and she taps my leg.

"You're a lady now, remember? Ladies sit with their knees together," she says as she laughs.

I nod as I push my knees together and cross one over. Even this is highly uncomfortable as the dress is binding. Of course, it's Luisa dress and meant for someone her size not for someone as tall as me. The dress covers me but I deserve this. At least she's having a good time as she keeps holding the leash. She wears it on her wrist as if it's a bracelet encrusted with rhinestones.

"This looks great to me, too bad it's a leash and not a bracelet," she says.

I chuckle. "Yes, sweetheart, it looks beautiful on you," I say.

After we finish our frozen margaritas, Luisa stands and yanks on the leash. "Get up, it's time to dance," she says.

She leads me to the dance floor as people give us a wide berth. She keeps the leash on her hand and I glance around sheepishly. When I see my reflection in the mirrored walls, I realize that I'm unrecognizable as Astor. At least there's that. She pulls me to her, she's leading me. It feels odd as I want to take over but she yanks on the leash whenever I try.

"Behave," she says.

"Yes ma'am," I say as I shut my eyes.

We dance a few more dances, ending with a slow one. She pulls me to her, her hand reaches around and squeezes my front. She smiles up into my face, sweetly

and presses her curvy body to me. I can't help but react. It's nice to know my cock still works and then my balls are still supplying my cock with plenty of hormones. She leans back and looks down and I'm pitching a tent in the dress. I smile as I'm proud of it. I actually find it a turn on.

"Perhaps this time when we go back home we'll see if he still works,," she says.

"Does this mean all is forgiven and we can start afresh?" I ask.

"Yes, as long as you give me complete access to your phone and to the computer and you promise never to do it again. Because if I ever see another nude photo of me on the web, I will see your ass in divorce court," she says.

I know she is serious, that's exactly what will happen. And that's exactly the incentive I need to walk the straight and narrow. She leads me out of the club and we head back home. I laugh. The dress is pitching a tent and it rides up higher. We are heading home but instead of going straight there she pulls off into the back of the parking lot of a well lit department store. It's open and people are milling about. She laughs as she pulls up the dress and bends over, pulling my cock from underneath. She gently strokes it and looks at it and whispers sweet words to it.

"I'm glad to see you can still stand to attention. I'm glad to know that you are so enthralled with me that you drove him to do things he shouldn't have done. You behave and you will always be satisfied," she says.

Her lips slide over the head, as she gulps me to the back of her throat. I groan, feeling the slight pain in my balls but then as she sucks and runs her hand over

the shaft the pain goes away. She is an expert with a blow job, and she sucks my cock well while I lurch forward, filling her mouth full of my cum. I groan loudly and I don't give a flying fuck as if someone walks by and sees what's going on. After I'm done she sits up and licks a small stream of cum landed on her lips. She smiles at me as she starts the car and I lower the dress.

"And when we get home, I'll land face first into your muff and lick you from stem to stern," I say.

"Good! Because I'll let you," she says.

"And all is forgiven now?" I keep asking.

"Yes, as long as you stay above board with me. I'll be your sexy wife and you can ogle me all you want while I'm nude. I just don't want other men ogling me."

"At least I hid your face," I say and grin.

She reaches out and playfully hits me on the shoulder. She's right, I better act above board if I want to keep her.

THE END

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