

# **Caught In Her Closet**

**by Ann Michelle**

**Illustrations by Ilgor**

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## Introduction

Dear Readers,

Getting caught in panties has to be every young man's nightmare. It must be even worse getting caught by your stepsister. Why? Because you know she will show you no mercy. That's what Jimmy faces in this new story.

Jimmy's a normal young man with a desire to cross-dress. Up to now, he's never been caught. But that's about to change when his stepsister Christine comes home unexpectedly from the mall. Imagine her surprise and Jimmy's terror! But getting caught is just the beginning. Christine knows an opportunity when she sees one, and she quickly realizes that she can use her newfound knowledge to turn her pesky stepbrother into her sissy servant!

This is my second illustrated story. This time, it's illustrated by ILGOR, a fantastic artist with a real feel for feminization. Please let me know what you think of the new illustrations!

As always, I hope you enjoy the story. Thanks for reading it!

With love,  
Ann :)

P.S. Please note that all characters herein are above the legal age and there will be no sexual contact between any characters related by blood.

## Chapter One: “Gift Wrapped To Boot!”

*Stuck In The Middle With You* played on the stereo as Jimmy swayed back and forth to the beat before his stepsister’s closet. The song choice was intentional. Jimmy had chosen it to remind himself that he shouldn’t be doing this. Indeed, ever since he touched his first pair of panties and found himself getting hard doing so, he knew this would always be part of him even as he knew it could only end poorly.

“Don’ know why I came here tonight,” sang Jimmy.

He casually flipped through his stepsister Christine’s dresses with his fingertips.

“Got a feelin’ that somethin’ ain’t right.”

His fingers stopped as they found the one dress that always got him. It wasn’t a fancy dress or an elegant dress. To the contrary, it was quite a plain dress, being just a simple pink skater dress. But something about it was magic to him. It was also the first dress he ever wore... *ever*. And if there’s one thing that’s true, it’s that a boy remembers his first dress.

The music returned his mind to the present.

“Tryin’ to make some sense of it all,” he sang.

He slipped the dress over his arm.

“—but I can see it makes no sense at all. Is it cool to pick some shoes off the floor, cause I just can’t say ‘no’ nomore!”

Jimmy crouched down to examine his stepsister’s extensive collection of shoes. Christine had everything, from sneakers to sandals to high heels in every style and every height. She was a shoe fanatic and that made him happy, especially as his feet were the same size as hers.

“Heels to the left of me,” he sang, “flats to the right, stuck in the middle with you. Yeah! Stuck in the middle with you.”

As he sang this last line, Jimmy picked up a pair of shoes Christine had bought recently and sang directly at them.

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She'd worn these shoes three days running, but not today apparently. Interestingly, he didn't really like these that much at first, but they grew on him as she clomped around the house in them. They had a thick wooden platform, a thick yet high heel, a handful of heavy leather straps and brass rivets attaching the leather to the wood; they were slides. They were surprisingly light though, as all women's shoes seemed to be to Jimmy.

"Why are men's shoes so heavy and women's shoes so light?" he asked himself.

Jimmy sniffed the shoes. He could smell the leather and a hint of smelly feet from the three days wear; the "smelly feet" smell was most like Christine's sweat. It was like perfume to him.

"I do love that smell!"

Jimmy looked at his watch and set the shoes back. He didn't have time to dress too elaborately today as he always liked to leave a large time buffer between when he returned everything to normal and when Christine came home. The last thing he wanted was to get caught.

"So sadly, I must pass today my friends," said Jimmy with a sigh to the slides.

Jimmy rose again and walked over to Christine's panty drawer. He knew it well. He'd been here many times to investigate its treasures. He dug through the drawer until he came across a pair of pink boy cut panties with frilly bands around the leg holes. These excited him.

"You, on the other hand, I have time for," he said to the panties.

As he held up the panties, he shuddered. He always did for some reason. Something about panties just made him weak, and something about *stealing* panties added an intense thrill to that weakness. He wasn't sure what it was exactly, but it made his spine tingle and it made his knees tremble and it made him shudder.

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“It’s probably the risk of getting caught,” he told himself.

He suddenly thought about what might happen if he got caught. He saw a montage of images. If Christine caught him, it would get ugly for him for sure. She would *love* to humiliate him. He saw her laughing, pointing and telling everyone. As for his stepmother, he had no idea how she would respond, but it wouldn’t be good. She would probably send him to military school to toughen him up. He now saw himself in a frilly dress and heels being laughed at by a gaggle of boys in uniform.

“Fate worse than death,” he whispered.

Jimmy put those images out of his mind and stuffed the panties into his pocket, pulled the dress over his arm, and walked over to the door; he was headed back to his room to dress and play with himself. This was a happy time. As he reached the door, however, his eyes drifted back to the new shoes. They were kind of exciting and he hadn’t worn them yet. He suddenly felt an urge to take them as well.

“Can I do it?” he asked himself.

Jimmy tapped the tip of his nose with his finger nervously. He was doing math in his head. His stepsister had left forty minutes ago. She was supposed to be gone two and a half hours. Even assuming she got back early, that conservatively left him over an hour to play. That was more than enough time to be a little more elaborate today than just panties and the dress. Besides, these were slides. You just slip into them and out of them in seconds; the hardest part is putting them back before you get caught, he thought, and today he had almost an hour to do that! Easy!

“Yeah, let’s do it!” he told himself.

Jimmy grabbed the new shoes and carried them and the dress and the panties to his room, where he tossed the shoes onto the bed and turned off the stereo. He left his door open so he could hear what was happening in the house. It

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wouldn't do to have Christine come home without him hearing her.

“And now the fun!”

Jimmy walked over to the bed and stripped off his sweatpants. He was now naked. He sat down, looked at his erection, and then looked at the shoes and the pink dress.

“All right, girls,” he said to the clothes, “let's have some fun.”

—o—

Christine walked into the house. She had been shopping but she came home early. She and Gina had intended to see a movie after shopping, but nothing struck them as all that interesting at the theater. They thought about getting a bite to eat instead, but Gina wasn't feeling well, so Christine came home instead.

The house was silent.

“I wonder where Jimmy is?” Christine asked herself. Not that she wanted to see him. To the contrary, she thought he was annoying and she was happy when he wasn't home. She just wanted to know if she needed to deal with him now or if she had the house to herself. If she was alone, she would strip to her bra and panties and some slippers and watch a movie.

She stopped and listened, but heard nothing.

“Maybe he's not here? Great!”

Christine set down her shopping bag and dropped her purse onto the hallway table. She raised her right leg behind her and pulled off her high-heeled sandal. She repeated this with her other sandal; it felt good to be out of her heels. She then made her way to her room, carrying the shoes.

“Maybe I'll take a nap,” she thought.

But then, everything changed. As Christine walked down the hallway in her bare feet, she heard the sound of

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erratic breathing coming from her stepbrother's room. It almost sounded like he was struggling to breathe. She raced to his door and stuck her head inside to make sure he was all right. Her jaw dropped, however, when she saw what he was doing.

“Oh my God!” she exclaimed in shock.

Not in a million years would she ever guess that she would come home to find this. There was her annoying stepbrother, lying on top of his bed with his knees up but spread wide, naked except for two things. Around his butt, he wore a pair of pink panties. *Her panties!!* On his feet were *her new shoes!* Even worse, if that was possible, he had pulled the panties down around his erect penis and his balls, which were visible for her to see, and he was stroking his shaft hard and fast with his hand... at least until he saw her and froze.

Jimmy gasp. How had he not heard her come through the door? He always heard the door? And if not that, he always heard her heels. It was one of his favorite sounds in the house, truth be told, even if they didn't get along that well. How had he not heard those? He had no answer for this at the moment. In fact, he had no answers for anything at the moment, as his mind had completely seized up. It didn't matter though. The issue wasn't what had gone wrong anymore, it was what he should do next. Unfortunately, he had no answers for that either.

“Y— u— h—” came out of his mouth.

Meanwhile, Christine was overcoming her shock.

“*What are you doing in my panties?!*” gasped Christine, and she stormed over to the bed. She now stood directly above her partially feminized stepbrother. She saw her pink dress lying on the floor.

“U— b— w—”

“*Those are my new shoes!*”

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They both looked down at his feet. He was indeed wearing her new shoes. He tried to kick them off, but his legs wouldn't move.

“Why are you wearing my shoes?!” she yelled.

“I— uh— b—” babbled Jimmy.

Christine glared at his erection, and his hand which remained partially around his shaft even as it stopped stroking. He yanked his hand from his erection until he realized he had just left his erection free to be seen and he grabbed it again with his hand to try to cover it from view.

“And why are you playing with yourself, pervert!” she exclaimed.

Christine's yelling finally snapped Jimmy back to reality, or at least to a panicked version of reality. One thought dominated his brain now: cover up! So he yanked the panties up over his erection, which did nothing to hide it, and he tried to pull the blanket up over himself to cover his body. Unfortunately, he was lying on it and this proved impossible. All he ended up managing to do, after considerable tugging, was entangling himself in the blanket leaving a portion of the panties uncovered and his high-heel-clad feet sticking out the bottom for his stepsister to see.

“Get out of my room!” he yelled in desperation.

“Gladly, pervert!” growled Christine. “We'll see what mom says about this!”

“Your mom?!” gasped Jimmy.

“Yes, my mother. She's not going to like this!” said Christine angrily and stormed to the door.

“Wait!” called Jimmy after her. “You can't tell your mom!”

His words fell on deaf ears. Christine was shocked by what she had seen. Her stepbrother was a pervert. What's more, he was using *her* clothes to get himself off! She was burning red with shame and anger. She had to tell her mother to get him punished... to get some justice.

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“I’m ruined,” whined Jimmy to himself.

But then in a blink of an eye, everything changed. As Christine reached the door, she suddenly stopped. An eyebrow went up. She pursed her lips and cocked her head to one side. An idea had occurred to her and she was processing it. Christine slowly spun around until she faced Jimmy again. An evil grin appeared on her face. She started toward him.

Jimmy saw the look on her face. It terrified him. He had no idea what she was thinking, but he knew it was bad.

“I’m sorry about the panties,” he said cautiously, trying to mollify her.

She ignored him.

“I won’t ever do it again,” he added meekly.

Christine reached the bed. She now stood right over her helpless, humiliated, trapped stepbrother and stared down at him. She put her hands on her hips and drew in a deep breath. She was savoring this moment. “It just dawned on me that I was about to waste a golden opportunity—”

“What opportunity?” asked Jimmy nervously.

“Don’t interrupt me, perv.”

“But—”

She held up her hand to silence him. “Let’s pretend we’re in a world where I’ve just caught you playing with yourself while wearing women’s clothes. In that kind of world, you should shut up and listen to me talk as I tell you what’s going to happen next. Do you think you can do that?”

Jimmy bit his tongue. This was bad. He nodded his head.

“Good,” said Christine. “See, I could tell mom and she would ground you forever.” As she said this, she grabbed part of the sheet near Jimmy’s waist and slowly pulled it up, further exposing his panties and making the sheet tighter around his trapped arms. His erection remained embarrassingly obvious beneath the panties.

Jimmy felt increasingly worried.

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“She might even send you away for treatment or to toughen you up, if that’s even possible,” continued Christine.

Jimmy started to speak, but caught himself. Nothing he said could make this better. It was best to ride this one out in silence. So that is what he told himself he would do.

“I could tell your friends,” added Christine.

Even though Christine said this calmly and almost in a musing manner, this threat shook Jimmy and sent a chill racing down his spine. Exposure was the thing he feared the most.

“How do you think they would react, I wonder?”

Jimmy knew how they would react and he swallowed hard at the thought. It now took all the strength he could muster not to beg her not to do this. His friends would never let him hear the end of it. He would become the sissy laughing stop of the group and that would never end.

“I doubt they’d forget that any time soon,” said Christine. She paused. “I could ruin you, of course. I could post pictures of you like this at the school and you can spend the rest of your time there trying to explain them away as everyone calls you ‘panty boy’ to your face and much worse behind your back.”

Jimmy could take no more. “What do you want?!”

“What do you think I want?”

“I don’t know. Name your price!”

“What will you give me?” asked Christine coyly and she ran her finger up his exposed thighs until it nearly touched his erection. This tickled and it made Jimmy shudder at his helplessness. It also horrified him that his evil stepsister might touch his erection.

“I don’t have a lot of money—”

“I don’t want money,” countered Christine.

“What do you want then?”

“I want you to obey me from now on.”

Jimmy furrowed his brow. This confused him. “Obey you in what way?”

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“In *every* way.”

“I don’t understand. What do you want me to do?”

Christine laughed and shook her head. “All right, I’ll spell it out for you. Unless you want me telling people what I found you doing, you will obey any command I give from now on. You will do what I say. You’re going to do my chores. You’re going to do favors for me. You’re going to be nice to my friends. You will treat me like I’m your master and you are my slave, my servan—” A strange look came over her face and her lips formed into a sort of distant smirk, some new thought had entered her mind and it was a doozy. “*And you will wear exactly what I tell you.*”

Jimmy shuddered. None of this was good, but that last part seemed particularly ominous. “What are you going to make me wear?”

“Whatever I want.”

“Like what?”

Christine smirked. “Well, I’ve always wanted a sister—”

“No way!” exclaimed Jimmy.

“You don’t have a choice,” said Christine.

“Yes, I do. I can just say ‘no’.”

“Not unless you want me telling everyone what I caught you doing here,” said Christine and she tightened the sheet even more with another twist.

By this point, Jimmy had calmed down just enough for his mind to start processing his situation again and his mind told him that Christine had made a mistake. “How is making me wear girls’ clothes any better than exposing me for wearing girls’ clothes?” asked Jimmy. “By making me wear girls’ clothes, you’re guaranteeing that everyone will catch me. I might as well just let you expose me right now and get it over with!”

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Christine shook her head dismissively, as if her stepbrother were stupid. “Because I’m going to keep it secret, dummy.”

“Secret?”

“Yes. Secret. If you do everything I say then no one else ever needs to know. It will be our little secret, you and me, for me to use against you whenever I want. That’s how this works,” said Christine.

Jimmy bit his lip. That made sense. And admittedly, that changed things. At least he wouldn’t be ruined. But the cost was very high and the whole idea disturbed him deeply.

“Can’t we work something else out?” he asked.

“Like what?”

“I don’t know. I’ll give you my allowance?”

“No, I want the slave,” said Christine. “I’ve never had one before and I think it will be fun.”

“I’ll let you have my room.”

Christine shook her head though his room had the better view and was larger and she had complained about that for years. “I can take it now if I want and still have my slave.”

“But—”

“Think about it, perv. You have no power here. There is nothing you can offer that I can’t just take anyway.” She pulled harder on the blanket, wrapping him up even tighter.

Jimmy was running out of hope. As he saw it, he had one last chance at this point and it only had a tiny possibility of success: “I’ll tell your mom that you’re blackmailing me!”

Christine laughed. Her laugh cut through his confidence.

“What?” he asked nervously. “You’re mom won’t like it!”

“I can see it now,” said Christine with a laugh. “You slowly approach my mom, looking all sheepish. You fold your little hands demurely and try to look my mom in the face. You can’t do it naturally, so you look down at her shoes.” She

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paused for a moment and then snickered. “That probably turns you on actually, now that I think about it. Anyways, she asks what you want. ‘Gee, Christine caught me dressed in her clothes and masturbating and now she—’ That’s about as far as you’ll get before my mother *loses her mind* and steps on you like a bug.”

Jimmy swallowed hard. She was right. His stepmother would show him even less mercy than Christine would, and Christine wasn’t going to show him any. He felt trapped. Christine’s offer had been a terrible, horrible offer, but it was the only one he would get, and he had no choice but to accept it. Jimmy hung his head.

“All right, I agree,” he said softly.

Christine chuckled. She then pulled her phone from her back pocket. “Just in case you get any ideas,” she told him. “Smile, *little sister*.” She took photos of him in the heels and the panties all wrapped up in the blanket. “This is going to be fun!”

## **Chapter Two: “Playing With Her New Toy”**