Exposure kink special. Sissy falls in a well

Description



I was trembling, my fingers scrabbling against the moss. Ten feet down a forgotten old well And I was stuck. Well stuck and dressed in sheer, black stockings , satin panties and a tiny pink bra .

Strangely, I wasnâ??t afraid of never being seen again I was afraid of being seen . I needed to be found but if anyone found meâ?¦ what would they think.

I sat down and pulled my knees up, trying to hide myself, but the floor was cold and uncomfortable and the attempt futile

Then I heard it. The crunch of gravel. A car door closing.

Hope, sharp and desperate, lanced me. A rescuer. Someone to pull me out, to maybe laugh about how I ended up in this ridiculous predicament.

â??Hey! Down here! Iâ??m stuck!â?•

The footsteps approached,

â??Hello?â?• Can you help me?â?•

I looked up and saw the silhouette of a head, then the glint of something over the edge. Not a rope. A lens.

A camera.

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â??Well, well, well â?• the voice said â??Quite the predicament.â?•

The camera clicked. The sound echoed in the pit.

Click.

Click.

Click.

Each was a violation. I flinched, trying to twist away, but the space was too narrow. The camera captured it allâ??the stockings, the, revealing panties, my flushed face. My ridiculous predicament

â??Stop! Please, stop taking pictures!â?•

â??Iâ??m from the Gazette,â?• the man said.

I was out scouting for a feature on abandoned landmarks but this â?¦ this is a much more compelling story.â?•

He lowered the camera,

â??Whatâ??s your name?â?• he asked.

I was mortified.

â??Donâ??t be shy,â?• he said. â??The outfit isâ?¦ striking. I think weâ??ll need to approach some of your colleagues and neighbours for comment, about how you ended up here. Do you mind giving me their names and addressâ?? . Donâ??t worry if you canâ??t remember. Iâ??ll find them.

I felt my cheeks burn hotter. A strange, conflicting heat began to rise in my chest and flush my cheeks The heat of being seen , the heat of being seen by everyone in the town, A strange sensation made the hairs on my neck prickle. The tingle came from how utterly humiliating this was all becoming.

â??Letâ??s pull you up. And get a close up â?? He said

He unlooped a nylon strap from his bagâ??and let it dangle down. â??Grab this. Iâ??ll pull you up.â•

It was my way out. But out to what? To the man with the camera and exposure to everyone I know

â??Or,â• he said â??I could come down and get some more intimate shots. For the front page.â•

Slowly and trembling, I reached for the strap.



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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