

SCARLETT STEELE

A TALE OF FEMINIZATION AND CROSSDRESSING

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Sissy Pet

By Scarlett Steele

I thought by now I'd be used to seeing all the beautiful women rushing around campus. I obtained my bachelor's degree in science and I got a small apartment close to the campus so I could work on my masters. Working as a lab tech means that every day I get to come back over here and see these beautiful girls. I assume they look at me as a geek and most pay me no mind. That's okay, I'm shy and I just get happy watching them.

Professor Johnson hurries around the corner as he's late to class. With his gray hair in disarray and a crazy look in his eyes he reminds me of a movie star fitting for a role in a science fiction movie. He truly fits the bill of a geeky scientist. But he landed a girl thirty plus years ago and even had three children. I envy that, someday I hope to land a girl too.

"Oh, Alex, good, good there you are. I have a staff meeting I must go to so go ahead and start the labs are in the class. I trust you know what to do and have everything in order," Professor Johnson says as he pats my forearm.

"Of course, go ahead I have it all under control," I say as I offer the old man a smile. He grins and nods and turns making his way down to his staff meeting.

This is a new semester, so a new set of students. A walk in the room still not remembering each of their names. They've been in school for a week and I have three labs and all new faces. I'm not very good at remembering names but I try. My lab coat hangs from a hook as I grab it, pulling it over my shoulders in making sure that the badge at the top of my left chest says Alex. You know, just in case any of the girls want to know my name. I grin and shake my head knowing that's wishful thinking.

This class is particularly lively as a fresh set of faces look up at me. They are sophomores and juniors and as I look at the roster, I see that many of them are going for their education degree. This

means they plan to teach some sort of a science class in either junior high or high school. I smile at the group as I mark who's present.

The ladies on the front row eye me as if I'm a piece of meat, or maybe that's just my imagination and wishful thinking. If only they would look at me as a piece of meat. A slightly shake my head and keep on the script, the talk of the safety of the lab we're performing today.

I love the vast knowledge I have for the how the lab equipment works and with what we're doing with the lab experiments. I walk around the room and for all intents and purposes I am as good as the professor. The students don't question my authority or my knowledge. I am an official lab assistant and only those who have the proper education beforehand can become what I am. So, I hold my head high and do my job well .

And so, it goes as I delightfully look forward to coming to work every day. Especially, this semester with all the beautiful women in my classes. Especially, the class that meets in the late afternoon. The educational women are something else. I'm not sure about the policy of the University on lab assistants dating students. I know that the professors are not allowed to date their students, but I'm not a professor, and I don't hold the professor's credentials. And technically, I'm still a student because I attend night classes working on my master's degree in science. So, I know should some young lady become interested, I should be able to go out with her with no problem.

Professor Johnson is rarely in the lab most days as he's in his office working on the computer. I noticed that other science professors do the same thing leaving the lab assistant in charge. He even set me up with my own computer so that I could grade the lab experiments. It makes me feel important and well worth my pay. However, I do wish I could receive a little bit better pay so that I could work on a better social life.

The young student approaches my desk as they're busy working on the notes from their lab experiment. Tori Asher, with her flaxen blonde hair shining and bouncing at her shoulders, her fair

blue eyes big and beautiful with long sweeping black lashes peer at me from across the desk. Her full lips are painted a lovely pink and when she bends forward, her V-neck shirt swoops down just enough to give me a peek inside at the line that creates the valley. I almost want to slobber when I can't help but see it, but I must remember I'm the teacher and she's the student.

"Alex, could you help me with my notes? I have some questions about the experiment and I'm not really sure what to put," Tori says.

Oh boy! I give her a big grin, one that she doesn't return. She simply looks at me as if she's bored for being there. I follow her back to her station watching her round butt wiggle as she walks across the floor. My damn cock wants to pitch a tent with in my jeans. How embarrassing. I lean over her and get a whiff of the honeysuckle coming from her hair. I would like to picture her on top of me with her short hair brushing against my cheek as she kisses me long and hard. I slightly shake my head again, I've got to stay focused as I can't keep wandering off in my thoughts like this.

Tori explains her issue and I enjoy the lilt of her soft voice, the way she shakes her head as she pushes her hair from her eyes. I realize I've got it bad for her.

"Alex, what do I do?" she demands. In a stupor over the daydream, I need to pull my focus back to her. After clearing my throat, I explain it to her.

"Gah, I wonder if I've chosen the right field. Firstly, I'm a physical education major, but I needed to choose a secondary study so I can teach something besides PE. Science seemed like a good match since science teachers are in demand. I figured I'd find a teaching job quicker with the science," she says as she shakes her head.

I smile at her. "I love science. You are right, with the science tack on you'll be in more demand. Or math. It's rare a physical education major chooses science. Good for you. Stick it out, it will be worth it in the end," I say.

"You think so? Maybe so. Yeah, I'll keep at it. Thanks for the pep talk, Alex," Tori says and smiles at me. Of course, I wonder if

there is more to her smile than just a friendly thank you. I hope there is. It's enough to set my imagination running.

Every day I look forward to work, especially the class with Tori. I try to come up with excuses to talk to the pretty lady as much as I can during lab. Professor Johnson notices my activity with her and questions me.

"Is Tori having issues in here?" he asks.

"No sir. Well she's asking questions. I'm trying to be thorough in the explanations," I say hoping he'll drop it.

"Oh, okay. It's just that I've seen you spending a little more time with her than with the others. Make sure you give them your equal attention." Professor Johnson chastises me.

I come into work the next day feeling a little down. I don't like being blue, because it's not like me. Professor Johnson is in here today to give a lecture about the next lab. But my world brightens when Tori walks in and she looks my way and smiles. Of course, I offer a big smile back and I start thinking. Does her smile mean anything other than just a smile? I wonder if she would ever go out with me? I wonder if I'm even allowed to go out with someone who is a student while I am the lab assistant?

I muster up the courage to ask the young lady out. Perhaps we could just go out as casual friends and no one would think anything else of it. I dream about Tori constantly, wishing I could gather her in my arms and taste her lips. I want to whisper in her ear and nibble her lobe. There's so much I want to do with her I can hardly contain it. But when she's here, I freeze. My shyness outweighs my courage and I simply sit here and dream.

I grow weary of my shyness. Every single time I try to walk up to Tori to ask her out, she says something that throws me, or acts very disinterested. I take my online classes late at night and decide to spy on the woman in hopes of it helping me to come up with a way of talking to her. Maybe if I find a common interest, something aside from her taking my lab class, I could broach the subject through that.

The first couple of days, I have no luck. Finally, the third day I see her sprinting across campus. I follow in hot pursuit and find she's late to one of her educational classes. I bide my time as I've carried

my laptop, so I can sit anywhere and do work. After class she strolls to the student center with some friends. I go in there too and order some lunch. She's sitting at a table talking and doesn't even notice me. I choose a table across the room and eat while watching her.

Finally, at the end of the day after following her around to her classes and various hang out spots, she walks the distance to an apartment complex on the east end of the campus. The small apartments are big enough for two people and she has a roommate, one I've never seen or met. At least I know where she lives now, or I think I know.

After a couple of days of walking and sneaking, I'm certain she lives in the apartment complex. My apartment is across town. I begin driving my little car and park down from her spot. She also drives a little white car. She nearly spots me, and I duck before she turns out of the apartment parking lot. It's a crazy venture.

After two weeks of stalking and spying, I'm happy to discover Tori uses the gym on campus four times a week. The men's and women's locker rooms are side by side. The second day, I stroll in with the intent of lifting weights. She's on the treadmill and then does a set on the equipment, never noticing me. There are plenty of other students and even a few professors in there working out. Everyone has earbuds on, and no one pays attention to anyone else. It's a serious place. I try to watch her as she works out, but the weight lifting area is off on a different spot away from the equipment.

Tori works out like clockwork. I sneak behind her and her group of friends overhearing their conversation.

She's giggling. "I have to work out, it's part of my appearance. Who wants to hire a flabby PE teacher?" she says to her brunette friend, Crystal.

"What will you do when you are attending the afternoon tutoring sessions?" Crystal asks.

Tori smirks. "I suppose I'll go to the gym later in the evening. I like it better anyway, normally there are very few in there or no one at all. I like working out when I know I'm alone and not worried about the way I look," she says.

Perfect! I carefully pay attention to when she starts her tutoring sessions. Like she told Crystal, she heads to the gym later in the evening. On certain days more are in there at that late hour. But on other days, she's the lone one on the equipment.

I try to decide if I want to work out with her during that time. It makes perfect sense. We could strike up conversations, work out together. I could ask her for a late dinner after, problem solved.

I come to the gym ready to work out and I pause standing in the door as its open just a crack and I watch Tori working out by herself. My feet turned to lead, and I can't make a step forward to walk inside the area. I don't know what's wrong with me as I freeze at the thought of being alone with this beautiful woman. But if there were other people in the gym, I'd probably go in but right now I'd probably look like I was stalking her, which I am.

For a few days that's what I do, I watch her from a cracked door and by the time she comes out, I duck inside the men's locker room and listen for her taking a shower. I should be ashamed of myself for acting this way, but I can't help it. I start to become bolder and bolder as I walk out and stand at the ladies' locker room door while she's inside. No one else is in the building, I put my hand on the door threatening to go inside. I can't understand the kind of man I'm turning into, sneaking around like this instead of being bold and asking her out on a date. The longer I go without doing this, the bolder I get in other areas, areas that seemed to be darker than I care to think about.

I love how the gym clears out after six and how Tori comes in around seven-thirty each evening. She's the lone one doing her thing in the gym and while I've enjoyed watching her, I've planned on something else, something more exciting. I wish I had the guts to walk in and ask her out. I don't like that I have a dark side, a side that wants to stretch the limits when it comes to sneaking around.

I wait patiently as she works out and when she advances into the shower, I'm giddy with anticipation of what I'm about to do. Listening carefully, I can hear her moving around within the ladies' locker room. When the shower comes on, I wait another couple of moments and her sweet hums reach my ears. Very quietly I open the

door and peer within to see if she's indeed behind the shower curtain. It always strikes me as odd that the women's showers had curtains whereas the men's are open for all to see. She's humming and splashing under the hot steaming water when I sneak inside. Her pile of dirty clothes are on the floor under the bench. She can't hear me as I pad to the pile and rummage through it until I find what I want, a pair of white cotton panties soaked in sweat.

Standing quickly, I make my way to the door, leaving Tori and the steamy room behind. A fierce flush burns my face as I stuff the pair of panties into my pocket and rush from the building and to the parking lot to my car. I don't look back; I don't look around. I'm guilty as sin at what I just did and I'm fiercely ashamed of myself, but I don't care. The gas guns as I drive back to my apartment across town. I have desperate need to be alone and uninterrupted.

Finally, I'm in the sanctity of my apartment. My phone is off, and the door is locked so I can focus on my new found treasure. After peeling out of my clothes, I grab the pair and climb up on my bed. Ah, to lie back while completely naked, alone with my dirty thoughts and this prize puts a smile on my face. One hand reaches for my stiff cock while the other hand pulls the dirty pair of cotton panties to my face. Tori's sweat and essence is all over the panties as I take a deep sniff and inhale her spicy scent. My cock grows even harder if that's possible. I groan as my hand slides over it and squeezes the head. Precum provides just the right amount of lube as I inhale the wonderful scent. I groan and rub faster and faster. Cum pools in the base of my cock and my groans are louder and louder. I don't fucking care who hears, this is good. I lurch forward as I spew into my hand, hot drops of cum land on my thighs and belly as I go wild squeezing and stroking my hard cock until I'm empty.

I sleep better than I have in a while. The following morning I'm fresh and walk with a spring in my step. The guilt of taking her panties is overwhelming, so I trudge back to return the pair and steal another. I don't need Tori alerted from her missing underwear. I enjoy the sneaking around more than I thought I would. The nagging in the back of my mind worries me that I'm so willing to do these things. Tori doesn't seem to notice her panties are missing. I don't take a

pair every day, but I take it a couple of times a week. She's clueless it's me because she treats me the same in class. I no longer feel the need to ask her out, instead, I keep doing what I'm doing. I date her dirty panties. Maybe I'm a pervert for doing this. It keeps me happy and at ease as I enjoy a good bout of masturbation while her panties rest of my face. It's a lovely time while I'm imagining her pussy squeezing around my cock instead of my hands. I'm hoping someday to make her mine, but for now I'm okay with enjoying her underwear.

Like all things sexual, I grow bored with the panties. I threaten to wear the pair but decide against it. I have another plan in mind and one that is riskier than anything I've done yet.

I'm led around like a lost child by my cock. Trying to come up with something exciting to do next gives me a headache. Why can't I just come up to her and ask her out? I approach her many times without speaking the right words. She doesn't act at all interested in me. The only time she gives me a smile or shows any warmth at all is when I'm helping her with her work.

Desperation is an ugly thing when it comes to a stiff cock. And especially so when it comes to one as inexperienced as me. I'm a loser when it comes to women. The best sex acts I've performed have been backseat quickies when I was younger. I turned to browsing porn for a quick lifting during college. Toward the end of my third year I grew bored with that and immersed myself into my studies.

Tori strolls to the gym like she doesn't have a care in the world. I hope I'm not so dark as to do something that shouldn't be done. It's like my body is ruled completely by my cock, which is swelling bigger than I've ever felt it swell before. Of course, I can't tell for sure because I'm dressed, but it's big enough that I'm acting on impulse rather than reasoning. I'm a bad boy who is about to be completely out of control. I follow my instincts and wait patiently for Tori to finish her lonesome workout. She's sweaty and in desperate need of a shower. Good.

Tori makes her way to the showers in the ladies' locker room and I patiently wait outside, hoping to hear the telltale signs of the

shower starting. My hand is on the outside of my trousers, holding the stiff cock in place. I groan as I finally hear the shower and open the door just slightly. There's a small foyer before entering the locker room, so I'm safe. Her humming indicates she's within and the billowing steam hits me before I'm fully inside the room.

Her pale pink silk panties are on top of the bench along with the dirty clothes, which are strewn across most of the bench, as if she came in and tossed things to the bench while she was walking. I smile because silk panties retain her scent better than the cotton ones she wears occasionally. She bellows out a song, the scent of honey-suckle is heavy in the air. Suds appear from under the curtain which is moving as she moves. I gasp waiting for a glimpse of her naked body and alas see nothing. I'm about to turn and leave when I have a better idea, again, led by my cock. I duck into the shower stall next to hers and shut the curtain. She's singing so loudly she didn't hear the metal shower curtain hooks grating across the metal bar.

I come out of my shoes, socks, jeans, and underwear. There's a small bench inside the shower. After shoving the silk panties to my nose and inhaling deeply, I slide my feet through the leg holes. Tori is humming now, the song ended. My cock is raging hard and I can barely stuff it within the pale pink silk panties. I groan as the panties stretch over my body pressing my man goods to me tightly.

The steam of Tori's shower enters my area. She's right next to me but doesn't know yet that I'm here. It greatly turns me on to think of her naked body being scrubbed by her hands. What would she do if I just popped in there with her? Would she smile and wrap her arms around me while pressing that sexy body against mine? Would she kiss me with parted soft lips, giving me a taste of her? Or would she scream bloody murder and shove me away? It's that thought that keeps me from entering her stall.

My hand moves down my body until it's over her silky panties. My cock, already stiff, grows more until the head pokes out of the top. I groan as I rub over the top of the soft material, gently squeezing my cock within. Tori sings again and I moan as I rub my cock through the panties. While the shower is rushing, I groan and lurch forward spilling the contents of my balls inside the panties. I'm

panting and dizzy and sit on the bench, lifting my feet because Tori turns off her water.

I wait with my feet on the bench holding my breath. I can hear Tori slowly moving around with the rustle of clothing as she dresses. I'm sure she's not aware of me in the stall or else she would have said something by now. It's taking her a long time to finish dressing. The hairdryer blows and she's walking around. Finally, she makes steps to the door and it opens and shuts with a whoosh. I exhale. My feet hit the floor and I grab my clothes to change by the bench. The panties are soaked with my cum. I plan to peel out of the pair and wash it before returning it to Tori.

As soon as we told curtain back before I could even step out, Tori came at me with her fist first and pelts me right in the balls. "Oof, oh," I cry as I bolt to the floor holding myself. Tori got in three pummels before I could back away and stop her from hurting me further. The pain shot through my body, up into my spine and down my legs but my balls and cock throbbed with an increasing number of stabs like I've never felt before. I sat hard on the concrete floor rocking myself pulling my knees up with my hands on the cum soaked panties cupping my balls and flaccid cock.

Tori's nostrils flared as she stared me down, her cheeks burning red, her brow furrowed. "What the fuck are you doing in here? And what the fuck are you doing wearing my panties?" she demands.

Oh no! What can I say? She somehow figured out I was in here. She played a trick on me to make me think she had left. I can't fault her for that, because I was being equally as sneaky. "I..." Ahem "I'm sorry," I squeak. Words aren't forming too well for me right now.

"Sorry? Alex, you know better than this. You're a professional, or on your way to being one. Why? I should turn you in that's what I should do. I should call for the campus police right now." Her phone is already in her hand.

I look up as I try to be composed after the ball pummeling. "Don't, please. I'm so sorry. I'm embarrassed and ashamed all the same. But hear me out," I say as I straighten. Scooting up to the shower bench, I remain guarded from her fists.

She snorts. "Why should I? You can't say anything that will make up for this despicable act."

"Please. There's got to be some way I can make this up to you," I say.

"First, why? Why did you do this?" She shakes her head.

"I want to ask you out and didn't have the courage. I was thinking of ways to be close to you while satisfying my itch."

"You're a fucking coward, Alex. You want to make it up to me? You really rather be at my beck and call than for me to call the campus police?" If it were possible, I swear I saw steam coming out of her ears.

"I am a coward. You are right. Yes, I will make it up to you, whatever you want me to do," I say. I figure she'll ask for an A in lab. I think right now she has a high B. It will be risky and something I've never done before, but I have access to the grading system, and I grade most of the labs anyway.

"Okay, come to my place tomorrow night at seven. Be ready to be my bitch or else I'll turn your ass in," Tori says. I know she means it.

"Your place at seven? For what?" I'm confused, I thought she'd want an A.

She steps forward, the look of horror on her face as she digs her fingers into my shirt and bends so close, I can feel her breath on my face. "Just be there, or else. Got it?" She shoves me back and pivots.

I reel from this side of her. I'm afraid to stand, afraid she'll hit me again. "Okay," I say and swallow hard as she exits the dressing room. My heart pounds in my chest over what just transpired. My balls ache. I doubt I'll ever be normal again. She's disfigured me. I guess I'll find out just how cruel she can be tomorrow night. I sure as hell won't let her down.

Tori giggles as she fixes my face. I look utterly ridiculous in the outfit. A red mini skirt rides high on my thighs, the tight shirt with a V-neck hangs to just above the waistband of the skirt. On my feet are black strappy sandals in my size. On my ass is a pair of Tori's silk panties. I'm all set complete with make-up looking like a doll some

child had messed with. To top it off, she places a collar around my neck, pink with rhinestones, and applies a leash. I'm literally her bitch. I suffer in silence as this will save my job. I know where she's taking me we won't run into my superiors. Truly, I deserve this.

Tangled Webs is a racy club where anything goes. Men in drag accompanied by their boyfriends waltz in ahead of us. The walls and floors pulse with the beat of the music as Tori leads me with the leash to the bar. I gulp down a martini at her command and she throws her head back laughing at my predicament.

"I'm sorry, Alex, but you look so damn silly. Still, I'm impressed by how willing you are to do this," Tori says. The twinkling lights dazzle her eyes and even though she pummeled my balls yesterday evening, I can't help but feel the stirrings in my heart for her.

"I know. I deserve this. I hope you realize how much I want to keep my job. But more importantly, how badly I want to make it up to you. I only did what I did because I'm an idiot who is totally into you," I say. My words slur just a bit as the alcohol takes over. I've had three shots of tequila after the martini, I've reached my limit.

The server brings a mug of beer for both of us. I shake my head. "I can't. I'm seriously about to get drunk here and when I'm drunk, I'll say and do anything," I say as I give her a half grin.

"Good to know. Bottoms up bitch," Tori says as she tilts her mug and downs a fourth beer. Impressive. She belches and grins mischievously at me.

I drink mine down to half. I stand, feeling my oats, and though I look utterly ridiculous, I bow to her. "Would the lady care for a spin on the dance floor with her bitch?"

Tori stands as her brow lifts. After grabbing the leash, she gives it a yank. "It's always my idea. Come, bitch, dance with me."

I grin as we march to the floor. I stumble in the heels in keeping up with her, but it's okay. My cock grows significantly within the silk panties as she wiggles her sweet body against mine while dancing. During a slow song, she presses her curves to me and glances up into my face. My excitement is evident in the tent I'm pitching under the skirt. She sees it and lifts a quizzing brow my way. Her hand stays on the leash and she pulls me down to her.

“Kiss me, bitch,” she says.

Will do! I grin and slowly close the gap, her breath smelling of draft beer, but her lips tasting like sweet berries from the lip gloss. Her mouth opens as I prod my tongue within, dancing with hers. She presses to me, grinding into me as her arms wrap around my back. I’m so fucking turned on I about lose it in the skirt. I don’t care how silly I look if it gets this much attention from her.

Tori pulls the leash and we make a dash for the door and to her car. The smile won’t leave my face as she drives us back to my apartment, since we’re closer to where I live.

“Does this mean you’re as into me as I am you?” I ask as she pulls into my parking lot.

Grinning she nods. “Honey, I’m about to show you. I expect you to prove to me just how much you are into me.”

“Can I be a man again once we walk through the door?”

Her eyes soften as she places her hand on mine. “Yes, I think you’ve paid your debt to me. I’m ready for the next step. However, you should have just asked me out, because I’m totally into dating the assistants of the professors,” she says.

“There were others beside me?”

She laughs. “Don’t you worry. Only you have pulled the shenanigans with me and only you have been a good sport about the punishment.”

Once we enter my apartment, I excuse myself to remove the make-up and clothes.

“Don’t bother dressing, just come on out,” she calls from my bedroom. She’s bold, taking over even here. I don’t mind at all.

Her eyes twinkle making my cock thump in a way I’ve never experienced. She smiles seductively as her eyes scan my body.

“Come here. Show me you mean business,” she purrs.

She doesn't have to say it twice. My cock leads the way and when I approach, she pulls me roughly to her. Our lips meet and melt together and parting. Once again, her tongue flicks at mine and I groan and take over. Now, I must have her and prove my manhood. We llop on to the bed, our bodies in a tangle as our lips work in a heated and passionate.

She groans as we part, the look of desire in her eyes. As she backs away to the pillows and smiles. "Taste me," she says.

Her long smooth legs part revealing her sweet muff already glistening with a hint of hornyness. My brow lifts as I slowly grab her foot and gingerly kiss her toes while my hands massage her ankles. She moans as I travel up, kissing every inch of her silky legs. Slow and precise, my lips move over the crease behind her knees while my hands squeeze upward, ever upward. Her thighs are soft and supple. She bucks her pelvis to me. The spicy musk reaches my nose, filling my senses and making me harder than a rock.

I skip over her mid-section and crawl up her as she groans in protest. Smiling I launch on her lips again and move to her ear as I gently nibble the lobe. My lips kiss down her neck, her hands rub my back. Slowly, ever so slowly move to her chest to taste each voluptuous breast. My tongue rolls over the taut nipple eliciting a deep husky moan. Her nails dig into my shoulders. My kisses trail down her belly. Her body is begging me to dive in between her legs. She whimpers as she opens her legs wide. Her juices run through the folds beckoning me to run my tongue there. Finally, I give her what she wants and run my tongue through her soft warm folds. She moans loudly when I flick at her hard knob. She's so ready for me. As my tongue swirls over her clit, my hands find her mounds again. She squirms, moving her head back and forth, grinding her ass into the bed. The juices flow tasting sweet as I bear down on her clit. Suddenly, she explodes and bucks up and down. I stay with her, my tongue moving over the quivering knob.

"Oh, fuck! Uh!" She rocks through the powerful orgasm until she shoves my head away and shuts her legs.

I lift and grin, my face wet with her desire. Climbing on top of her, I nuzzle her knees until they part and she allows me entrance. My lips, wet with her musky essence, finds her lips. She sucks in my mouth, slurping the juices from my face. The kiss makes me groan as I press in my cock between her legs. She moans as I pierce through her tight wet hole. Pulling back, I thrust all the way in, her pussy squeezing my cock.

I groan as I lurch forward, pounding into her with all my might, happy to know my cock works despite being pummeled in the balls. She lifts her ass making my cock scrub against her clit, sparking more pleasure for both of us. The orgasm hits us at the same time, I'm filling her full while she's bucking her pelvis. Finally, I'm empty and she's trashed, her body falling limply to the bed. I collapse beside her and we cuddle in the afterglow of the sloppy sex. Would I do it all again? Hell yeah!

THE END