

SCARLETT STEELE



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A TALE OF FEMINIZATION AND CROSSDRESSING

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## Sissy Professor Caught Red-Handed

### A Tale Of Feminization And Crossdressing

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To be honest, I never thought I'd land the job so easily. I'm fresh out of school with my masters in my hand and the university hired me on the spot. I guess that shows their desperation. Whatever, I don't mind. I teach English 101 and mostly my classes are filled with college freshmen. I love my job though. It's so easy to teach these eager beavers who are fresh from high school and not too much younger than me. It was just seven years ago that I walked onto the campus as a fresh-faced first year student with stars in my eyes. But really, I'm a walking testimony of what it means if you follow through with your education and simply go for it. Yeah, it's that simple.

I sigh as I walk into my class room. Lovely young ladies fill the front row who

all eye me like I'm a piece of meat. I'm easy on the eyes, but these girls are off limits, I keep reminding myself. I take my place at the front of the room and bring out the laser pointer while I turn on the Smart Board.

The questions are endless from the young ladies sitting on the front row. I don't recall English 101 being so animated in my years. But these ladies sure know how to pursue an in-depth conversation about the topic of sentence structure.

"I don't understand it, Ted. Why is this happening?" I ask my colleague and friend, Ted Baker.

He grins. He's about four years my senior and one of my mentors while I make my way through the waters of being a first-year professor. "Marco, don't you get it, man? The chicks dig you," he says as he sits back and takes a drink of his soda. We're sitting in a burger joint not too far from campus. I didn't want to meet on campus because it seems no matter where I go, I run into my students. This is fine but I need to talk to my mentor without their ears hearing it.

"I mean I know I'm a good looking fellow," I say and grin.

Ted laughs. "Look man, I was in your shoes not too long ago. This has stopped some of it and Stacy's growing belly has stopped even more of it," he says as he thrusts his hand up showing me his wedding ring. His wife, Stacy, is about five months along with their first child. They've been married for two years.

"Okay, so what? I need to get married and sport a wedding band?" I laugh.

“Or just sport a wedding band and name some phantom chick as your pretend wife,” Ted says. He keeps chuckling at me.

“Come on, man, how do I tactfully handle this?” I ask. I’m desperate.

“It’s called trial by fire; you just have to endure it. Any new professor, if he’s young and good looking, goes through this. Blame your genes. Blame your parents. Grow some integrity and muddle through somehow,” Ted says.

“You’re not much help. I mean I chose the most boring profession in the world, English. I thought it would be a breeze to teach English 101. I don’t recall this being an issue,” I say.

“And who was your professor?”

“Jenkins,” I say. The man was easily in his seventies, of course the chicks weren’t into him. In fact, he retired when I received my masters and that’s why I have this job now.

“There you go. Just get through it as best as you can,” Ted says.

“It’s too bad these are freshmen chicks. Damn. Too young and fresh for me,” I say, and we laugh at my joke.

“Joke’s on you because occasionally you’ll have an older student taking English

101 and well, things can be different,” Ted says as he shrugs.

I want to be professional, so I try not to flirt. I try to maintain order in my classroom, but it’s not always easy. I decide that perhaps I should wear a suit and maybe try to make myself look older, more distinguished. I watch my older peers and will try to imitate them and their behavior. Yeah, like that will work with my baby face and my light blue eyes. Girls swoon over my appearance, Ted’s right. It’s tough though, I keep my expression granite and grit my teeth through my classes. Teaching is much harder than I ever anticipated. Still, I must maintain a professional appearance and behavior.

I sigh heavily as the young ladies file into my class today. The same ones who constantly give me googly eyes and make me curse the fact that I’m a professor and they are mere students.

Laney wears a mini skirt and oh no! She sits front and center with her eyes painted smoky and her hair spilling over her voluptuous breasts, the shirt too low for comfort. And under that denim skirt is nothing. Absolutely nothing. Her knees part and the side-ways smile beams at me. Instantly my cock grows, and I curse under my breath. Averting my eyes is the only thing that saves me. I cannot look, not again. Tammy, who sits beside her is equally as animated wanting my attention. Lu licks her lips suggestively at me. It’s as if they had gotten together to get under my skin. What’s funny is that I’m a master at playing it cool, even if I’m really flustered, which, believe you me, I am.

My heart pounds today, as the ladies are trying hard to get my attention and they have. Ted told me just to ignore them as best I can.

“Never let them see you sweat or flustered. That just serves to fan the flames of their intentions and it will blow up. Don’t let it happen,” Ted said.

“I am assigning a set for you to do over the weekend. It’s pages 127-145 in your English 1 book. If you would, type it neatly and send via pdf to your class portal. You may start this now. As always, if you have questions, let me know,” I say.

Finally, I want to sit at my desk in the corner with the large computer screen that hides the ladies on the front roll. Before I turn, Amber’s hand shoots up. Shit.

“Yes, Amber,” I say with the tone of disdain clear in my voice.

“Forgive me, Professor Marco, but could you please explain the role of dangling participles in the sentence and why we can’t use something more appropriate instead,” she says.

I inhale deeply. Of course, they want a discourse discussion on how this works. I want to roll my eyes. I turn to the ladies and give a simple pat answer. Anyone in the high school level should have already mastered this. The students in the back are ignoring the discussion as they are already working on their papers. I’m thankful.

“But Professor, if it’s an option, why?” Laney opens her full lips and her tongue slowly licks, as if she’s dry. She’s not for the glossy magenta color shows plenty of moisture. Rainbow club. Shit. Marco, put your mind back on English.

I turn back to the group and will the sweat forming under my arms to stop. “Listen, ladies, I feel these things you should already know. I’ve checked your high school transcripts and each of you made exemplary marks. This is high

school level stuff. Normally, most students just breeze through this class. It's why I chose to go into English, because it's easy to teach, easy to learn." I smile hoping I made my point clear.

Laney pouts. Very childish behavior for a college freshman. They are trying so hard to rile me. Calm down, Marco, you can do this. I lift my chin.

"If you go to the help guide on the online version of your book, you will see explanations of most of your questions. While I'm here to teach, I think the fundamental basics should be already learned. Dig back to your high school English years and remember what you were taught. If you still can't get it, please ask me. I feel you are smart enough to know this stuff. Work on your papers, that will help refresh your memory," I say resolutely as I step to my desk in a dismissive action.

Tina Crawford is a senior who had changed degrees part way through her college years early in her junior year. She had come to me to be included in my class, laughing that she had taken all the other English basic courses, but not specifically English 101. Of course, I had no bones about admitting her into my class. She's the only upper classman and she sits quietly in the back of the class. However, today I notice she's watching eagerly the exchange between the young ladies on the front row and me. She eyes me as I sit down at my desk.

After class, the others file out, thankfully and I exhale, feeling better from being out from under the microscope the young ladies placed me under. I shake my head and chuckle as I reach down in the bottom drawer for my planner.

"What's so funny?" asks a sweet, chirping voice, soft and sultry. Giant blue inquisitive eyes stare at me.

“Tina! Just glad class is over. What can I do for you?” I ask.

She sets her giant backpack down and thrusts a paper at me. “Those silly girls won’t leave you alone. You handled it very professionally for a young single professor,” she says. “Could you sign off on that. It’s stating that I’m indeed in your class.”

I glance at the paper. Tina bends over as her soft auburn hair falls gracefully over her shoulder as she points to the line I need to sign. Spicy notes of sandalwood and lilacs hit my nose and stirs something deep within my belly. Suddenly, I’m stumbling, dropping my pen, shaking, trying to sign my name while she’s so close I can hear every breath she takes. Her scent is intoxicating, and I see her with new eyes. She has a nice petite body, sexy long slender legs, and soft supple skin. I want to run my finger tips over her collar bone....

Dammit. I shake my head again. “Okay, there you go.” I glance at my watch. “Oh, I forgot about a meeting with the department head.” It’s a lie, but I need away from her.

She smiles and peers at me as if she’s reading my mind. “Thank you, Marco. Professor,” she says softly.

“You’re welcome,” I say curtly and offer a smile as I push back in my chair. I must get away from these young ladies who have sufficiently crawled under my skin today.

I breath a huge sigh of relief when Tina leaves. She's the one that gets to me more than the no panties flirting from the freshmen on the front row. She's older, mature, and very sexy. My spine tingles at just the thought of being so close to her. Suddenly, she fills my every waking free moment and enters my dreams. Tina, though she sits in the back, she smiles and keeps her blue eyes planted on me the entire class. Every class is the same, she hauls in the giant backpack. So many times, I've wanted to ask her what's in it, but I don't.

Another day and here she comes again. She doesn't sneak up on me because I have my eye on her as much as she has hers on me. I badly want to ask her for coffee or a drink. I know for a fact, she's twenty-two, so legal, anything goes, age. My heart pitter-patters in my chest as she approaches.

"Professor Marco, would you terribly mind helping me with my final spring schedule?" she says as she pulls the giant backpack from her shoulders. Again, her scent intoxicates me, my thoughts muddle, I can't focus. Why does she have this effect on me?

"Sure, let me see," I say though my eyes are blurry in her presence. She bends over with her papers and runs her perfectly manicured fingers over the columns.

I gaze at her degree, business. She was an engineer major. What a huge difference. After I clear her on the courses, I glance up at her as she's now standing beside me.

"What made you change from engineer to business?" I ask as I carefully look her over.

“I had to own up to a truth about me. I’m not a dig in the dirt get dirty type of girl. I rather like finer things, and well, engineering would have me chop my fingernails short, wearing protective gear. With a business degree I can pursue different avenues, explore my passions a little more. I love to shop, and I love to mingle with people. I’m thinking a masters in banking or finance, something that would have me with a closet full of nice outfits and excuse to look the best I can every day,” she says. Her smile lights the room. “I know that sounds superficial, but if I must be honest, there you have it.”

I force words to my throat. “No, not superficial, just real. If you enjoy that aspect of life, dressing up and looking nice, which you look great, then, pursue a career that will make you happy in that respect,” I say.

She smiles and lifts a brow. Her hand brushes mine when she reaches for her papers from my desk. The blush burns on my cheeks as she opens her giant backpack and shoves the papers within a folder there. I spy gym clothes and sneakers on top. Of course, if she’s so into dressing well she wouldn’t be wearing sneakers out and about.

“Thank you. You’re always such a big help,” she says and pivots. I watch with extreme interest as she sways her hips while exiting my class room.

I have no more classes and my cock is now in control of my actions. I’ve fought the younger ladies until I’m weak. Tina takes on a whole new interest for me as I barrel out the door and stride across campus to our gym. Sure enough, Tina comes strolling out of the ladies’ locker room wearing the gym outfit. She heads to the racket ball cage. Ah, she plays racket ball. I stand back in the shadows and watch as she plays hard enough to sweat. It’s more than I can contain as I hide in the shadows and watch her play. Since my last class is late afternoon, there’s no one else in the gym. I enjoy the show immensely and sigh aggressively as she steps back into the locker room for her shower. My cock is so hard I can’t stand it. I duck around the corner to an alcove with a couple of benches and wait while

I hear the showers running through the thin walls. Tina is in there alone and she's thorough with her shower as I'd expect no less from her.

My pulse quickens as I come up with a plan. My palms are sweaty. I'm acting like a lovesick teen. I step around the corner and pause. The smile stretches across my face as I turn the corner and step fully into the ladies' locker room. There it is, Tina's big backpack. My heart pounds as I walk up to it. I'm a sicko, but that's okay. My throbbing cock is blazing this trail. The shower curtain wafts where Tina showers. I freeze for a moment to see if it opens enough where I could see her, and she could see me. It doesn't as it's secured by a magnetic strip.

Right there it is, stuffed on top. An easy find as my fingers brush against a white pair of silk panties, still damp from sweat and hopefully pussy juices. Grasping the pair, I quickly I hear something like the faucet turning from her shower. My heart pounds as I listen. It's like slow motion as I duck inside the stall next to hers and quickly turn it on, the water beating down fast as I try to step out of the way. She's still in the shower and she must have adjusted the water. She's humming and my cock throbs. I pull out of my clothes to make the most of it. Thankfully, a hook is on the inside of the wall just out of reach from the water. I bring her panties to my nose and sniff. My cock shoots precum as I want to get off. I slide into the pair and stand just far enough away from the streaming water. My hand reaches down and rubs my cock stiff cock through the silky fabric. I groan, quietly, as I don't want Tina to hear. I get into it, moaning as I rub. The steam from the shower fills the stall and I groan. My cock extends and I can't stop it, I rub fast and hard as I come, groaning and leaning back against the wall. I fill the panties with my hot cum, and there's a lot. Finally, it stops shooting and I can take a breather.

Suddenly, the curtain pulls back, before I'm fully finished. I gaze up drunk with euphoria from the orgasm. Tina stands there, her face skews in anger and disgust, her body covered only by a towel, water drips from her hair.

“What the mother fuck are you doing, Professor Marco?” she demands. I stagger and stand, looking around and making sure we’re the only ones in the room.

Oh fuck! Oh fuck, what have I done? I’m standing in front of a nearly naked Tina, wearing her panties soaked in my cum. I gulp from a dry mouth and sit on the small seat just under the hook holding my clothes. What can I say? “I... I.” I shake my head and tremble.

“You what, perv?” Her hand is on her shapely hip, her bare foot tapping.

“I’m sorry, Tina. This is inexcusable.” I resign to my fate. My job will be lost. I may need to change my name and move to another state in order to get a decent job. Maybe I’ll take up writing under a pen name.

“I’d say, inexcusable. What the fuck were you thinking? You stole my panties, jacked off in the shower next to me. You’re my teacher for fuck’s sake. I’d expect this from an underclassman, but not from a professor. Not you,” she says. She’s obviously disappointed in me.

I’m embarrassed. I wish she’d leave so I could dress, or at the very least step back and shut the curtain. But then again, since she’s already naked. I smile up at her, might as well make the most of this moment. “Now you know,” I say.

“Know what?”

“That I like you. That I have a thing for you. Though it will likely cost me my

dream job, I deserve it. No worries, I can sneak off into the sunset and forge a new life elsewhere,” I say.

“Why would you think that? That might happen if I nark on you. Do you want me to tell on you?” She taps those beautiful painted toes.

“Well, no, not really. But I figure that’s where this is heading. I mean, I’ve done a bad thing here. I guess I was hoping you’d leave, and I’d get dressed and you’d never find out,” I say.

“And when what would you pull next? Because this is a bold act, you know?”

“I have no clue. Thinking with my cock, obviously.” I mean, what does she want me to say?

Tina paces in front of the shower stall. I have a good mind to stand and shut the curtain, so I can dress. I stand and reach for it and she snaps back to the opening and grabs it, her face glaring at me. “What the fuck are you trying to do now?”

“Maybe dressing with what little dignity I have left,” I say flatly.

“Dignity? You shot that wad when you came in my panties,” she says.

I’m such a shithead for what I’ve done. I’ve lost all credibility with Tina and that saddens me. I really like her and had some semblance of hope that we could go

out at some point. I'm sure I've ruined that now. Then I smile.

“Since we're here, naked for all intents and purposes,” I say as I grin stupidly.

Tina winces and reels back for a second as she blinks fast. “Really? You did not just come onto me after what I've caught you doing?”

I smile. “Why not? My life is screwed now. You can't blame a guy for trying. You're a hot lady standing in front of me in nothing but a towel, what do you expect?”

“I expect you to behave better than you have. I expect a professor to be above reproach. You disappoint me, Professor Marco,” she says.

Ouch. Her words utterly deflate me. I'd rather she march forward and slap the tar out of me than to tell me how disappointed she is in me. “I don't deserve the title any longer. Please, just call me Marco,” I say hoping she'll comply.

“Okay, Marco. I think you do deserve the title. I mean, I'm well, I'm disappointed in you, yes, but I'm not sure what to do about this,” she says.

Hope springs in my heart. Maybe she'll be forgiving. “Whatever you want to do, I'm putty in your hands,” I say resolutely.

“My first impulse was to scream until someone else came in here and turn you

in. I seriously almost did that,” she says.

I breathe a sigh of relief. “Thank you for not doing that.”

“Well, you deserve it. You deserve for me to turn your ass in with your boss and have your ass fired,” she says.

Suddenly, that’s not what I want. I realize how lucky I am in that no one else has walked into the ladies’ locker room. “Please, Tina. I’m truly sorry I’ve done this, not just that I was caught, but sorry I did it in the first place. I’m sure it’s too much to ask you to forgive me and we go our separate ways so I’ll ask one favor, please come up with something else I can do to make it up to you,” I plead.

Tina smiles. “That’s a great idea. You can make it up to me by coming to my apartment tomorrow evening at 6. If you want to dress as a woman in my panties, I’ll do one better, I’ll dress you in my dress and bra also. If you don’t show up, well, I’ll just scream all the way to the president’s office.”

My chest pounds as I tread the winding walkway to Tina’s tiny studio apartment on the second floor. Glancing around quickly, I make sure no one has seen me. She’s chipper and sweet and opens the door wide for me. The apartment is decorated nicely, with a privacy screen hiding her twin bed and the door to the bathroom from the very small living room and kitchen area. Only a bar with a single stool operates as a place to eat, a loveseat and two crates turned upside down with two small lamps make up the living room along with the TV hanging on the opposite wall. A small desk with a laptop sits near the kitchen.

She pauses and turns to me after closing the door. “You need to know, if I didn’t

already like you, I wouldn't be giving you this chance, so consider this a just reward for that. Follow me."

Not far from the front door we step behind the privacy screen and there on the bed is a red dress with matching strappy sandals, a pair of panties, and a bra. I try to hide the grimace, because she likes me and because I need to prove I can take the punishment as well as I can dish out the depictable act I did in the shower.

"Now, you're being so cool about this, Pro... Marco. I love the transformation. You make a very nice, er uh, handsome woman," she says as she stifles a giggle and hands me the large hand-held mirror.

I blink at the reflection, the eyelashes sweeping up and down. It's surreal as I step into the sandals and glance at the mirror hanging on the outside of her bathroom door. The golden wig on my head reflects the light with soft glints of coppery red, the soft curls landing on my nearly bare shoulders. I look silly in the body-hugging dress, my lack of curves and especially lack of breasts, cause the dress to hang oddly at the hips and chest.

"Just magical, darling. Bet you didn't know I was a lesbian, did you?" Tina asks.

I look at her as my eyes widen. She's a lesbian? I had no clue. "Um, no, I did not," I state flatly.

The giggle escapes from her lips, her eyes flashing at me. "Silly, I'm a lesbian tonight because I'm going out with this lovely lady I just created." She waggles her brow at me, and my cock stands at attention.

Oh, I breathe a deep sigh of relief. For a moment, I thought what I did was all for nothing. Knowing this makes the punishment she's putting me through worth it. "Okay, I'm glad," I say with a chuckle.

"Why? Did you honestly think I was a lesbian? Especially with the way I flirt with you during class?" She shakes her head as she smiles.

She's wearing a lovely blue dress, body-hugging and flowing over her curves just right. Unlike my dress which hangs from me. At least I'm unrecognizable as Professor Marco. "Okay, no I didn't think you were. If I thought you were a lesbian, trust me I would not have snuck into the ladies' room shower like I did. I don't make it my life goal to change people from their lifestyle choices," I say and laugh again. "But I don't want to be called Marco."

"No, of course not. How about Mara? Because you make a lovely Mara," Tina says as her eyes rove over my body.

"Mara it is," I say and offer her my arm. Even though I'm a woman, I still want to be a gentleman.

"Nope, I'm the lead here," she says and offers her arm. Though I'm taller, especially in the heels, I don't argue with her and take her arm.

"Where are we headed?" I ask as she takes the freeway and heads to the city.

“Club Meade,” she says as she grins.

Club Meade is a racy place where anything goes. It’s an attraction for the flamboyant. I sure as hell hope none of my colleagues are there, because I’d have some tall explaining to do if so.

We find a parking place at the side of the building. I stumble in the heels as we walk to the entrance. Tina holds my hand as we enter through the double doors and we are greeted by flashing lights and loud hip music.

“Eddy, two tall ones please,” Tina calls to the bartender who brings us two mugs of draft beer. At least I can enjoy the beverage.

“To my beautiful girlfriend, Mara,” Tina says as she holds up her mug of beer.

I can’t help but chuckle as I lift my glass. I may as well step fully into the role of Mara. “And to my beautiful girlfriend, Tina,” I say as I nod to her and we clink the glasses.

The carefree beat makes even my feet tap. Tina hops up and grabs my hand while pulling me to the dance floor. As I glide across the floor the breeze reaches the panties stretched over my man goods and I smile because I’m enjoying it a little too much probably. I’m not admitting to it. Tina giggles as we take a twirl, moving fast to the beat of the hip hop song. I can cut a rug as good as anyone and she’s quite impressed by my moves. Too bad I can’t be the suave man that I am, and I’m bound in the dress and heels.

The slower song commences, and I pull the beautiful lady into my arms. “I’m leading,” I say as I peer down into her face.

She smiles. “Oh, I like a lady who knows how to take charge,” she says and winks at me.

“I am sometimes blinded by what’s right and wrong, but when given the opportunity, I feel I do a wonderful job at taking charge,” I say.

Tina twirls out and back to me as I press her to my body, my cock stiffens as I feel her soft curves. She tilts her head as she notices the tent I’m pitching in the dress. When the slow song stops and a fast one picks up again, she dances out from me and sure enough, my cock has poked out of the top of the panties and it’s obvious in the dress.

The funny thing is I don’t care. I’m surrounded by drag queens, flashy couples who are practically eating each other’s tonsils right here on the dance floor, and people who aren’t paying us any mind. I’m glad that I’ve not recognized a soul here, so I let it all hang out, literally.

We dance as she giggles and I laugh, we move together, undulating and sweating. Finally, the song ends and I’m winded. “Need a beer,” I gasp.

“Need to adjust yourself,” Tina says as we make our way to the bar for another drink.

“One more for the road. I have more surprises for you later,” she says and waggles her brow at me.

That doesn't help me hide my cock. After downing the beer, I need a piss. The restroom is packed with men dressed in drag and dressed normally. I squeeze in at a urinal and my cock won't go down. The drag queen beside me chuckles as I spray the back of the urinal.

“Nice, I guess you're having a good time,” he says as he nods at my cock. That did it, my cock goes down because I don't swing in that tree. I merely smile and nod and quickly shake the dew from my phallus and wash my hands as fast as I can.

“Nothing like having another drag queen compliment my cock,” I say disdainfully.

“I'm sure he spoke the truth. Let's go,” Tina says.

I grab another beer and down it before we leave. She holds off since she's driving. I'm feeling a good buzz on the way back from the three large mugs of beer. Tina lets me hold her hand on the way back to her tiny apartment and she smiles seductively at me as she steers the car onto the freeway. A half an hour later we're pulling into the parking lot at her home and I'm needing another piss before I bust. I figure this evening will end well and while I'm in her tiny bathroom, I chuck the dress and wig and try as best I can to remove the cosmetics on my face. My clothes are on her bed, so I smile big as I open the door completely naked.

Tina smiles as she gazes over my naked body. She's clad in only a robe and I advance on her. "Hold on there, cowboy. We're not done. You have one more thing to do." She set a kitchen timer for fifteen minutes and set it on the night table by her bed. "You are to do as I say until this goes off and then you'll be free of the threat of me telling the president of the University what you've done."

I nod. "Okay, what will you have me do?"

"Simple. Lie on my bed with your head at the foot of my bed. Lie there and take the punishment. Close your eyes and don't fight me," she says.

I make myself comfortable hoping by punishment she means something kinky. I close my eyes and suddenly, my face is filled with female muff. She settles over me, her slit right at my nose, her clit at my lips. Knowing I can't move until the timer dings, I put my tongue to work. I'm a fast learner. She moans and moves over my mouth as my tongue comes out and licks through her tasty soft warm folds. I focus on the hard knob causing her to groan louder until she's bucking over me, forcing my tongue to stay on her clit. I gulp large quantities of air. I pride myself in being able to hold my breath underwater for several minutes before needing air. She moves, arching her back, and her hard clit suddenly quivers violently as she's producing a lot of feminine juices, which I greedily lap. She thrashes over me as she's coming, her body quivering. The timer dings and I keep my tongue moving until she's finished.

When she lifts, she collapses back on the bed. I growl and come at her on my hands and knees. All bets are off now, the timer went off and I'm free to be me and do what I want to do. My cock is dripping pre-cum by now. I shoulder between her legs and crawl up until I'm fully on top of her. Even though my entire face smells of her muff, I dive in for a real kiss before I fuck her. I make it a pact never to fuck a lady unless I've kissed her first. Surprisingly, she doesn't fight me, and her tongue matches mine as we probe each other's mouth.

She settles her feet around my waist, and I grab her legs and pull her feet to my shoulders. I lift her ass until I can penetrate through the soft folds, diving deep into her tight pussy. Now it's my turn to groan as I pump into her with vigor. I growl and moan as her tight body pulses around my hard cock. She moans and rolls her hips, each thrust in my cock saws against her stiff clit. She bends forward to watch as she takes the trip again and lops back in the throes of another orgasm.

I lurch forward and with fast thrusts I come as we rock through the pulses of pleasure together, both of us moaning loudly and moving in unison until we're spent. I roll off her pulling out in the process and lie on the little twin bed beside her and pull her into my arms for some sloppy after sex cuddling.

"I think, Professor Marco, we've turned a corner," Tina says as she laces her fingers through mine.

I smile, a deep satisfying sigh escapes my lips as I pull her closer with my other arm. We're on a twin bed and can't part, but that's fine by me. "Yes, it seems we have. I'm not sure of the ethics of a professor dating a student, so we'll need to keep this on the down low, for a little while."

Tina giggles. "I graduate in a few months. Once I have my degree in hand, no more sneaking. And do me a favor. If you want some more of my muff, just tell me, I'm pretty easy to comply with the professor's wishes."

I wag my brow. "Lesson learned, my dear. You could have easily been the teacher teaching me. I'm in new territory with this," I say.

“Me too, love, me too,” she says as she kisses me.

THE END

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