

A photograph of a woman, Scarlett Steele, from the back, wearing a white bikini and black high-heeled shoes. She is leaning against a vertical pole in what appears to be a club or stage setting. The background is dimly lit with blue and purple hues, featuring a curtain and some equipment.

SCARLETT STEELE

A Tale of Crossdressing and Feminization

SISSY

PUNISHED IN AN AFTERNOON OF SISSIFICATION

FACESITTING

A woman is shown from the back, wearing a white bikini and black high-heeled shoes. She is leaning against a white shower door. The background shows a bathroom with a sink, a mirror, and some plants. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong purple or blue hue.

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“Okay, so where are we going again?” I ask as we stand quietly just outside the back door of the college dorm.

Blaine looks over at me and replies, “We have one room each. You can take room two-eleven and we each already have our own.” Shaking his head, he asks, “Are you sure you are ready for this, Travis?” The vice-president of our campus fraternity glares at me as he awaits my response.

“I can do this,” I say as I nod my head. It was my friend Craig Davenport who gave me a copy of a key to the dorm rooms for tonight’s panty raid. He works part-time to remove garbage on the weekends and some during the week in the dorm as a part of his work-study position on campus. I then approached the fraternity vice-president with the key and asked about doing a panty raid. This was the sort of initiative they are constantly looking for when they elevate fraternity members to the executive council, so at the moment I am hoping that as a sophomore I will soon be taken more seriously by those in charge. At least, I hope they see me as a good candidate.

“Then let’s get this done.” There are ten of us in our group and we all are wearing regular street clothes to pull this off. The dorm is co-ed, with both girls and guys residing within. Each floor, however, is still segregated between the sexes, so we have to appear to be seeing girlfriends or relatives while there if we are caught. Chances are we’ll be able to get in and out with very little trouble if we stick to the plan. We are not to spend any longer than sixty seconds in the room we have been assigned and the naughtiest pair of panties wins.

Just after ten in the evening on a Friday we go in through the back door and split up. There are two floors of women’s dorm rooms and we have been divided up to keep from looking too suspicious. I make my way to room two-eleven, just as assigned by Blaine, and as I do one of my fraternity brothers comes by with the key. He knocks first. When there is no response, he unlocks the door and I open it slowly as he moves on to the next door to open it for another frat guy.

“Hello?” I say quietly as I peer into the room. The room is dim with only the light of a street lamp outside illuminating it. Satisfied there is no one inside with me, I reach over and turn on the light as I close the door behind me. “Nice room,” I say as I look around and see how it has been decorated. There is no doubt it has had a lady’s touch as it is colorful and inviting, unlike my own meager living space.

Walking over to the small dresser on one side of the room, I begin to open drawers and look around. It does not take long for me to find several pairs of panties folded neatly and placed in a row in a drawer. As I search through them, I find a couple of pairs that are very promising. “Thong panties,” I quietly remark with a smile on my face. They are lacy and very sexy as I pull them out and look them over. Putting one to my nose, I smell it. It has been washed, of course, but it still almost seems to have the sweet aroma of a college girl’s twat on it. After stuffing two pairs of panties into my pockets, I close the drawer and begin to walk around.

“What’s this?” There is a picture on the wall of a young woman holding a volleyball. “Shit,” I say quietly as I realize I am inside the room of one of the university’s volleyball players. “I’ve seen her on campus.”

One of my fraternity brothers pokes his head through the door. “We need to go, man.” He stares at me as if I am a complete moron for sticking around in the room so long.

“Coming.” I turn and make my way to the door and leave down the hallway with the others. We are soon outside and walking quickly to three awaiting cars.

“Not so fast,” Blaine says as we walk toward some students along the sidewalk. We pass by them quietly and without incident before getting to the cars.

As I get in with the fraternity’s vice-president, I ask, “How did you know which rooms to go to?”

He smiles as he turns on the car and backs out of the parking lot. “The lady’s volleyball team is gone this weekend for a tournament. They won’t be back until tomorrow night sometime. So, I figured they would be the best to hit up in the dorm.” I have a sinking feeling as I realize we have taken the panties of some of the university’s prized athletes. It is not the sort of thing I would have preferred to do, given that the university takes all of the athletes and their programs very seriously.

“You don’t think this will come back to bite us in the ass, do you?” Tim Kingston asks as he leans forward in the back seat of the car. “Some of those girls are pretty fucking intimidating.”

Blaine laughs. “They will be pissed, but they will never know who did it, as long as we keep our mouths shut.”

“Yeah, we need to stay quiet about this,” I observe as I sit back in my seat and look out the side window. Being the first real panty raid I have ever been a part of, I am not sure how I should feel about what has happened. On the one hand, I feel a sense of accomplishment for the way we got in and out so quickly. On the other, the volleyball player in the picture I saw in the dorm room was tall and very stern looking. If she knew I was in her room I might find myself in deep shit.

The next night, the fraternity president decides to have a quick meeting with us about what happened at the dorm. The president, Joe Dennison, was unaware that there would be a raiding party at the dorm. His girlfriend, Hillary Weissman, is a member of the volleyball team but was not targeted because of her affiliation with Joe. Still, he is not happy that Blaine took some of us to do the raid.

“You guys could be kicked out for this,” he says with a grimace on his face. “If

they find out...”

“They won’t,” Blaine replies quickly. “Man, this was a flawless panty raid. It was just like the one you and I pulled off our freshman year.”

Joe shakes his head. “These girls are going to be pissed when they find out. If they find you guys, we are all sunk.”

“Because of Hillary,” Blaine retorts. “You don’t think she would back you up?”

“This was not my thing,” Joe tells the vice-president. “Honestly, this was probably the first time something like this was pulled without asking the president to okay it.”

“You would have never been okay with doing this,” Blaine counters. “We couldn’t come to you because of your girlfriend. I had to go around your back, man.”

“Around my back.” The president sits back in his chair in the small meeting room and looks at all of us. “All of you will take the panties you have brought here and toss them into the garbage. Then you will swear secrecy to your part in the raid.”

“The other guys,” Blaine says as he shakes his head. “We did this for them.”

“You are not going to tell the rest of the fraternity what you have done, Blaine. This secret is permanent.”

“And what if I bring it up with the executive council?” The threat is palpable as the vice-president of the fraternity threatens the president. “I think they would be on my side on this.”

Joe very calmly holds up his cell phone. “I have recorded this entire meeting, guys. If my instructions are not followed completely, the Dean of Students will receive the recording as will the fraternity’s general council in Chicago.”

“What?” Blaine begins to shake as his face turns red.

“You heard me. It’s over.” Joe gets up and calmly walks out of the room with his cell phone. The rest of us are left alone to consider what we have been told.

“He’s bullshitting us,” one of the other frat brothers says as he folds his arms across his chest. “Joe wouldn’t do that to us.”

Blaine sighs. “If Joe says he will report us, he will report us. He doesn’t aim a gun unless he has ammo in it.” Thinking for a moment, he continues, “Get rid of the panties, guys. This never happened.” The vice-president gets up and walks out of the room. The rest of us follow and I decide I need to get some sleep. I have an early class tomorrow and the panties are sitting inside a drawer in my dorm room. Maybe tonight would be a good time to dispose of the evidence.

The next afternoon, I am sitting in the student union while reading through a short story on my iPad as I see something from the corner of my eye. Looking up, I see a tall young woman sitting down in the chair across from me. “Hello,” she says with a slight smile.

“Oh, hello.” I sit up in my seat as I try to understand what has brought her to my table. “How are you today?”

The young woman reaches up and pulls back a few strands of her blonde-brown hair from her face. “I’m good. How are you doing, Travis?”

My heart jumps a little as my mind races to remember who she is. “Do I know you?” Her face looks familiar but I can’t quite place where I have met her before.

“We haven’t been properly introduced.” She reaches across the table with her hand and shakes mine. “My name is Sarah.”

“I’m Travis.” I shake my head. “I guess you already know that. Wait, how do you know me?”

Sarah shrugs her shoulders. “Maybe it was in one of our classes. Who can be sure, right?” She seems sweet as she smiles and looks down at my iPad. “A good story?”

“Not really,” I chuckle. “It’s as boring as anything I have read before. It’s for one

of my classes.”

“Which class?”

“English Literature,” I reply. “I have a test over the story tomorrow, so I’m working on getting whatever I can from it before I go take it.”

“That’s a good idea.” Her blue eyes look into mine and I feel goosebumps rising along my neck. There is something about Sarah that is so familiar. I can’t put my finger on it, but I know I have seen her somewhere before.

“So, what kind of man are you, Travis?”

The question confuses me. “What?”

Sarah giggles as she leans forward. “What kind of man are you? If you were to have to explain to someone your maleness, what would you say to them?” She seems serious as she continues to look into my eyes.

“My maleness?” Sarah nods her head. “Well, um, I guess I am a man because I like manly things.” My mind struggles to answer the thesis-level question from the young woman. “I don’t know. I haven’t really been asked that before.”

With a smile on her face, Sarah replies, “I think I know what kind of man you are, Travis.”

“Okay.”

“You are the kind of man who isn’t much of a man at all. You like wearing women’s things and you like to imagine you are a woman. That’s what turns you on, right? You are more of a girly guy than a real man.”

I gasp as I try to figure out what to say to the woman I met just five minutes before. “Um, I don’t get what you are trying to do here. I don’t think that I am really all that girly in any way possible.”

“You wear women’s panties, right? I mean, you seem to like them.”

“Where is this coming from?” I watch as Sarah pulls her cell phone out of her pocket, tapping the screen a few times before laying the phone on the table. A video appears and I watch it with horror as I see someone I know on the screen. Me. “Oh, shit,” I stammer as I avoid looking into her eyes.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought too when I first saw it.” Sarah’s smile turns into a venomous smirk. “You have been caught, you little priss.”

“Wait, how do you have this?”

“It’s called the Ring camera, dipshit.” Suddenly I realize why she looks so familiar. In the picture I saw in the dorm room last Friday, the woman was posing with a volleyball and did not appear to wear any makeup. However, the

tall woman in front of me now has plenty of makeup on her face. Sarah is, in fact, the same woman.

“Shit.”

“I wonder what the campus police would think of this video, Travis?”

“No, please,” I reply. “It was just a crazy thing that my frat brothers and I did.”

“A fraternity is involved?” I suddenly feel as if I have just shared the American nuclear launch codes with North Korea. “Which one?”

“No, it was just me,” I lie.

“The hell it was. Maybe I could get you arrested and your fraternity banned from campus. The only problem is, I have to think that no fraternity would ever want a pervert like you. Maybe one of the sororities?”

“It was all me. Just me.”

“Yeah, sure it was.” Sarah sits back in her seat. “You took my panties, Travis. Are you wearing a pair of them right now?” Her accusatory tone is far different than the one she had as we introduced ourselves to each other. Oh, how things have changed for the worse.

“No, they were not taken for me to wear.”

“But you said you did this alone, right? What other reason would there be to take panties if there was no fraternity or sorority involved?”

“Please,” I say quietly as I sit forward. “I’m sorry. I can give them back.”

“Are you wearing them?” Sarah asks again. I stand to my feet and look around before I pull my jeans down just enough to expose my briefs. “Then you have them back at your dorm? That’s Kelly Hall, right?”

I take a quick breath before asking her, “How do you know my name and my dorm?”

Sarah smiles wickedly. “I have lots of friends on this campus, Travis. All I had to do was go ask one of my friends who happens to work in the Student Records Office to do a quick search of photographs on student identification cards. Did you know that they can take a still shot from a video and use their computer to identify a student?”

“That’s illegal,” I tell her. “You can’t just access student data like that.”

“It might be illegal, but I have you on video in my room taking my panties, Travis. It appears I have the upper hand.” She once again allows a strange smile before asking, “So, what are we going to do with you?”

“I will give them back.”

“That’s not even close enough,” she replies. Sitting back in her chair, she looks at me and shakes her head. “I think I’m taller than you.”

I swallow hard. “Okay.”

“How tall are you?”

“About five-ten,” I tell her. My height is about average height for a man, so it has never really bothered me.

“Five-eleven,” she replies. “It makes being a volleyball player the natural choice for me.” Sarah smiles and adds, “You are such a sissy guy for doing what you did. I should stand up and tell everyone in here that you are a sissy guy.”

“No, don’t do that.” I look around at the forty or fifty university students sitting or standing throughout the large room. “I’m not a sissy. I’m a man who just made a huge mistake, alright?”

“A mistake that is going to cost you.” Sara raises an eyebrow as she says, “You need to stand up and tell everyone here that you are a sissy, Travis.”

“What?”

“You heard me,” she answers. “Stand up and tell them you are a sissy man and you love being a sissy man.”

I look around again and estimate that two-thirds of the students in the student union are female. “That’s not fair.”

Sarah does something on her cell phone before turning the screen to face me. “Is that the campus police email? I think that’s correct.”

I look closely at the email message she has composed as well as the attachment at the bottom. “Please don’t do that. I swear, I didn’t mean any harm.”

“Stand up and say it, then. Say your name and tell everyone you are a sissy man and proud of it.” I can see by the expression on the young woman’s face that she is serious about what she wants me to do. There is nothing I can do but to follow her instructions completely.

I stand up and clear my throat as I look nervously at Sarah. I then turn my attention to the rest of the people in the large student union and say, “My name is Travis and I am a sissy man. I love being a sissy man.”

“What the hell, dude,” I hear a college guy nearby say to me.

“Nice.” A young woman smiles and giggles as she looks over at me. I sit down as my face turns red.

“Wow, about half of them actually looked over here.” Sarah puts her cell phone away before standing up. “I think you have probably worn my panties already, so I don’t want them back, Travis. But, you owe me for them.”

“I just embarrassed myself in front of lots of other people.”

“Yeah, but it still isn’t enough to cover the cost of my panties. I’ll be in touch.” Sarah gets up from her seat and looks down at me. “Try to man up a little, Travis. It’s embarrassing to know that someone who is such a prissy little sissy took my panties.” The volleyball player offers a wicked grin before turning and walking away.

“Fuck,” I say to myself as I hide my face in my hands. The panty raid the other night is beginning to seem like a terrible idea as I try to comprehend just how bad things could get for me now. All I can do at this moment is just wait for Sarah to drop the next shoe on me.

Later in the evening, I go see my friend Craig in his dorm room. He opens the door immediately after I knock and I go inside. “Wow, you guys have really stirred up a hornet’s nest,” he says as I walk in and he closes the door behind me. “If I had known you were going to hit the lady’s volleyball team, I would have probably not given you that copy of the key.”

I nod my head as I sit down in a chair near the window. “I am royally screwed,” I tell him. “One of them had a camera in their room and she filmed me taking her

panties.”

“Fuck, dude.” Craig sits down on his bed. “How do you know you were filmed?”

“This one girl named Sarah found me in the student union and sat down at my table. She told me it was her room and that I was going to have to pay for what I did.”

“Sarah Greene,” Craig says as he shakes his head. “Of all the volleyball players you could have gotten, she is probably the worst for you.”

“Why?”

“I know Sarah and I know pretty much the rest of the team because I go through the dorm and pick up the garbage. They are all great girls until you piss them off. Sarah will eat you, Travis. She has a killer instinct about her.”

“Shit.” I begin to feel myself shake a little as I think about my conversation with her. “She called me a sissy and told me I needed to be more of a man. What the hell does she mean by that?”

“It means you’re fucked,” Craig says while grimacing. “You can’t tell her that I had anything to do with this, alright? If she asks how you got into the dorm, just make up a story. Maybe you found an open window or something like that?” It is rare that my friend is so worried about something. If he is concerned about Sarah

finding out about his involvement, it must be pretty serious.

“I’ll not tell her about you,” I promise. “I don’t know what she has planned for me, though. I’m worried.”

“I would be too, but you have to do it no matter what it is, Travis. Just go along with it and maybe she will let you slide. Sarah loves hazing new teammates, so that’s probably what she plans to do with you. Go with it and do whatever she wants you to do.”

I nod my head before saying, “I have to go. There is a test in my first class tomorrow. I’ll see you later.”

“Yeah, later.” Craig’s face is pale as he follows me to the door and opens it. As I leave I wonder what is going to happen now that Sarah has me in her sights. I do not want to be made an example of, but it seems that she may do just that. Do I dare just go along with her? What if she wants to cut my balls off? What then? I shake the thought from my mind as I walk toward the exit of the dorm hall. This is going to be a long week.

It is four days before I hear from Sarah again and I have begun to think that maybe she has decided to let things go. Then again, it would make sense for her to let me worry until our next meeting. Apparently, she has the same idea.

“Hello, Travis,” I hear a voice say behind me in the cafeteria. I turn to see the volleyball player just behind me with her tray as I am getting a glass of water.

“Oh, hey.” My body becomes tense as I shiver from the sight of the tall university woman.

“Let’s have a seat over there, alright?” Sarah nods her head toward a group of tables where other volleyball players are sitting. They are all wearing their warm-up outfits as they have lunch together. I simply nod my head and walk toward the tables as Sarah leads the way. “Right here, please.” She sits her tray down and has a seat. I do the same beside her. There are already three other young women sitting at the table.

“Volleyball only,” one of the players says to me.

“He’s with me, Jackie,” Sarah tells her. This seems to quell any resistance to me being at the table with them.

“New friend, Sarah?” another one of the young women asks.

Sarah nods her head. “His name is Travis. He is going to be going to watch us play this afternoon in the sports complex.”

“Oh, you’re a fan of the team?” Jackie says with a smile on her face.

“Yes I am,” I say as I try to hide my confusion. “What time is the game again?” I ask.

“It’s at three,” Sarah tells me. “We don’t get many spectators for the afternoon games on a Friday, so it’s nice of you to come.”

I nod my head. “Yeah, I can’t wait.” The fact of the matter is I have a class at three this afternoon and I can hardly afford to miss it. I have a paper due next week and the professor is going to be giving out more information on how the paper is to be put together. I do not have a friend in the course, so getting that information without being there is problematic and the professor is no pushover. He would not understand why I missed class.

“What are you majoring in?” One of the volleyball players asks me.

“Um, engineering,” I reply. “Civil engineering.”

“Cool.” She nods her head, her blonde hair in a ponytail that is bobbing up and down.

“Travis is a really cool guy. He is going to come back to my room after the game and watch a movie with me. We have been on a kick watching some of the old movies that he likes.”

“Oh, a boyfriend?” Jackie asks.

Sarah giggles. “No, silly. Travis is gay.” I almost choke on a small bite of the sandwich I am eating as I hear her say it.

“Gay?” I manage to squawk.

“I’m sorry, were you not out of the closet yet?” Sarah asks as she pats me on the back. She turns to look at her teammates. “He’s a very private guy, so we will keep this to ourselves, girls.”

The blonde volleyball player smiles at me. “My brother is gay too. Don’t be shy about it, Travis. Be bold about your gayness.”

“Yeah, Travis. Be bold about your gayness.” Sarah turns her eyes toward me and glares. She then suggests, “Wouldn’t you like to get that out right now? You could declare that you are gay to the world right now. We will support you.”

“Yes we will,” Jackie declares.

“Go ahead, Travis. Stand up and let everyone know you are gay.” Sarah’s eyes seem to stare right through to my soul as she looks at me. I have no choice but to do as she wants or else she will ‘out’ me for something else. So, I stand to my feet.

“Um, hello,” I say out loud, but not as loudly as Sarah would like.

“They can’t hear you.” She points to the diners across the cafeteria hall. “You need to speak out a little more.”

I nod my head as I feel my face turn red. “Attention everyone. I’m gay.” Several other students, including the rest of the volleyball team, turn and look right at

me. After several tense moments, some of them clap for me and tell me that they are proud of me for coming out. Others just go back to eating.

After I sit down, Sarah pats my back. “That was great, Travis. I’m so proud of you.” She smiles and begins to eat her food as I feel like a trapped rat in a cage. She has me now. Sarah can do whatever she wants with me and I have no power to resist her. The shit is about to hit the fan.

“Not a bad match,” Jackie says to Sarah as they walk off the volleyball court later in the afternoon. I have been sitting and watching for the last hour as they played another team from across the state.

“Not bad at all,” Sarah agrees as they walk toward me. “What do you think, Travis? Did you enjoy the game?” I nod my head as I think about the skimpy uniform bottoms the volleyball ladies wear when they play. I can’t believe that I have not come to a game before. I probably would have if I had realized what they wear.

“Do you two want to hang out at the ice cream parlor, Sarah?” Jackie asks. “We could get to know your new friend a little better.”

The young woman shakes her head as she looks at me and smiles. “No, I think Travis and I will go back to my room and watch a movie or two. We have a lot to talk about.”

“Oh, alright.” Jackie turns her attention to me and says, “It was nice to meet you, Travis. I hope to see you a little more.” She nods her head and then walks away.

“Get up,” Sarah tells me as she watches her teammate leave with the other players.

“I missed a very important class,” I tell her.

She turns her eyes toward me. “I’m sorry. Should we go talk to the Dean of Students about that? Maybe he can help you out with your problem.”

I shake my head. “No.”

“Then come on.” She reaches down and takes my wrist, pulling on me to get me up from the bleacher seat. Sarah then wraps a sweaty arm around my neck. “We are best friends now, Travis. As my best friend you are going to do whatever I ask you to do, alright?”

“Sure.” We walk out of the sports complex and make our way across campus to the dorm hall. Sarah then leads me back to the room where last weekend I took her panties. I wish I had never seen it at all.

“Sit down,” she says to me as she closes and locks the door behind us. I go to a chair nearby and have a seat. Sarah then turns toward the same dresser where I got her panties the weekend before and opened a drawer. She pulls out a pair of lacy panties that are similar to the ones I took from her. Holding them on a finger in front of her, she says to me, “Take it, Travis.” I reach out and cautiously retrieve the underwear from her finger. The black fabric of the panties is satiny and light.

“I’m sorry,” I say as I look up at the young volleyball player. “What can I do to make this up to you?”

“You are about to find out.” Sarah smiles as she tells me, “Stand up and take off your clothes, Travis.”

I shake my head. “What?”

“You heard me.” Sarah turns and walks back over to the dresser. “Put the panties on when you are naked.” What is she going to do, parade me up and down the campus in her panties? It seems that public embarrassment is her theme.

“Please...”

“Do it or I call the campus police, Travis.” Sarah does not turn around but stands quietly with her back toward me. I begin to undress as I notice on the corner of the wall high above the door a small camera. It was the same one that captured what I was doing in her room that night.

It takes a couple of minutes to get everything off and then for me to slide her panties on. They are snug around my cock and balls as I pull them on, the thong part of it creeping right up against my asshole. I almost panic as I say to her, “I’m finished.”

Sarah turns and her eyes grow wide. “Now, that is a pretty sight,” she giggles.

“Shit.” My face turns red as she looks at me.

“Now it is time to pay for what you have done.” Sarah begins to remove her uniform top and soon I am greeted with her small B-cup breasts. They are firm and round and I begin to grow a little hard as I see them. “Happy, are you?” She gives me a strained look as she then pulls down her bottoms. Sarah’s pussy is waxed and glimmering with the sweat from the game she has just played. “Get on the bed, Travis.”

“Okay.” My voice shaky, I decide not to fight the naked woman as she walks up to me. As I lay down on her pillow, Sarah straddles my crotch before moving her pussy to my face.

“I’m going to ride you, Travis. I won’t move until I get off, so this had better be good.” Suddenly she drops her sweat-soaked muff onto my face and her aroma fills my nostrils as Sarah begins to grind into my nose and lips. “Lick it, Travis,” Sarah moans as she works her pelvis back and forth on my face. “Oh, fuck, you had better make me cum or you will suffocate, you asshole.” The young woman rocks back and forth as I lap at her soft labia and find her large clitoris. As I begin to pleasure her, Sarah rocks even faster.

“You like my panties, right? Well now you are my panties you little sissy.” The volleyball player’s powerful abdominal muscles work her pelvis around all over me as her sweat and pussy juices flow around my cheeks. Finding my nose, Sarah moves her clit to it for a moment to use it to rub her just right. “Fuck, this is good.”

My tongue finds her pussy and then her sweaty asshole as she grinds around on

top of me. Sarah stops so that I can lick her puckered backdoor as she enjoys my face in her valley. “Oh, Travis,” she moans as she reaches up and plays with her hard nipples. “Fuck, you are such a dirty little man whore. You fucking man whore.” She looks down and smiles at me as she moves her clit back to my mouth. More of her juices flow down on top of me and I gratefully swallow them as I feel my cock break out from the side of her lacy panties. Though I wished earlier I could be free from her, I now want more of Sarah.

“Fuck...” She reaches out with her hand and steadies herself against the wall. “Holy shit, Travis...uhhhh...” Sarah begins to cum as her pelvis moves quickly across my face. I am having trouble catching my breath and I feel like I might pass out as she pushes hard into my face. “Ohhhh...nahhh...” The young university woman cares little about my wellbeing as she rides my face hard. “Ohhhh...TRAVIS!!!” She soon stops moving around and within seconds she lifts her pussy from me and I take a quick breath.

“Are you still alive?” she jokes. Looking back at my cock, Sarah asks, “Why do you have a hardon, you little priss?”

“I want to come,” I plead with her. “Fuck, I want to come.”

Sarah smiles. “Did you like it that much?” She gets off me and stands next to the side of the bed. She then takes my hard johnson into her hand and begins to stroke it. “I’m surprised you don’t want a man for this.”

“I want you,” I say as I feel her skin against it.

“Did you sniff my panties?” she asks me.

“Yes,” I moan as I feel my balls ache.

“Do you want to smell my dirty ones?” I nod my head and she turns to pick up the sports bottoms she took off earlier. Pushing the crotch against my nose, Sarah smiles wickedly as I get to smell her essence again. “I’m going to make you pop while you smell my sweaty pussy, Travis.”

Her hand comes up hard as she milks my manhood. “Fuck!” My toes curl and Sarah smiles. She then bends down and takes my cock into her mouth. “MOTHERFUCKER!” The sensation of her powerful sucking makes my body tense. My back arches off the bed as Sarah gives me an unexpected blowjob. “Oh, fuck...” My balls throb as I feel her siphon my manly gravy from them. “Sarah...uhhhhh!!!” I lose my load as I begin to cum inside her mouth. “Nahhh!!! Uhhhh...ohhhh...ohhhh...” Each spurt is powerful as I coat the back of her throat with my jism. This is the sort of thing I would have never guessed would have happened to me last weekend when I took the panties from her room. “Ahhhh!!!” Sarah sucks so hard that I begin to hurt as I release the last of my genetic soup into her mouth. At first she does not appear to want to stop, but soon the volleyball player lifts her mouth from my cock.

“You dirty man,” she says as she wipes her lips. “You came inside my mouth. You were supposed to warn me.”

“You swallowed,” I say with shock. “Shit, what did you do to me?”

“Get up,” Sara says as she pulls the athletic bottoms from my face and tugs at me. I sit up on the bed as my cock still hangs out through the side of her panties. “Get dressed.”

“Get dressed?”

“You heard me,” she says as she grimaces. “We’re done for today.”

“Are we finally even?” I ask.

Sarah looks at me with a sly grin. “We have only just begun.” With that, I hurriedly get dressed and leave her dorm room.

“What the fuck?” I say to myself as I leave the dorm, her aroma still on my face. “Where is this going?” There is no way to know what Sarah has in store for me next, but what I have seen so far is a woman who wants to be pleased sexually. More than likely I have become her favorite sex toy and I will have to find a way to live with that.

THE END

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