

SCARLETT STEELE

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TRAINING THE STRUGGLING STUDENT



AN OLDER PROFESSOR TRANSFORMS HER STUDENT INTO A

CROSSDRESSING SISSY

IN AN AFTERNOON OF SISSIFICATION AND FORCED FEMINIZATION

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Sissy Training The Struggling Student - An Older Professor Transforms Her Student Into A Crossdressing Sissy In An Afternoon Of Sissification and Forced Feminization

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Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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Chapter 1

Jack looked down at the F grade written on his work . He had given up reading the two pages of feedback given to him by his English lecturer. It was nothing he didn't already know.

After passing his first two years with high grades he'd become complacent in his final year of university. The lure of the student bar and Freshman girls had suddenly become too tempting to pass up. Jack knew that he had to get a good grade on this last piece of work, but as usual he'd left it to the last minute to write his essay, resulting in an unresearched, poorly written piece of garbage. He'd hoped his lecturer would go easy on him, he'd always managed to charm the older ladies with his cheeky smile and boyish good looks, but it was clear this lecturer was having none of it.

“See me after class” She ordered sternly as she walked past Jack's desk, congratulating other students on their fantastic pieces of writing.

“You're in big trouble with Mrs Drew!” His housemate Riley leaned over and elbowed him in the arm. “What did you do this time?”

Jack held up his essay to show Riley what a colossal idiot he was.

“You’re kidding me!” Riley’s eyes widened as he snatched the paper from Jack’s hand. “What’s happened to you, Man? You used to be a straight A student.”

“I know, I’ve messed up. I thought I could get by with just my brains and good looks” Jack forced a smile, trying to act unbothered by the fact his future was slipping away from him. “Turns out you have to study too.”

Jack walked to the end of the long corridor to Mrs Drew’s office, wondering what he could say to her. He could lie, make up a family bereavement, say he’d been unable to focus through grief. He could beg, tell her he’d been an idiot and he’d do anything if she’d re-consider his grade. Jack took a deep breath and knocked on the door.

“Come in.” came the stern voice of Mrs Drew from behind the door. Jack entered. “Take a seat,” she gestured towards the empty chairs in front of her.

Jack could feel his palms sweating. There was something intimidating about Mrs Drew that he couldn’t put his finger on. Maybe it was her striking good looks, she was in her mid forties but she definitely still had it, in a strict, sexy lecturer type of way.

Jack couldn't help notice that Mrs Drew's shirt was unbuttoned lower than usual, offering a glimpse of her soft, generous cleavage and just a hint of lace from her black bra. Suddenly Jack felt his cock awaken at the sight. 'Not now,' he pleaded internally with his growing hard on.

"Jack, I was very disappointed with your last piece of work, in fact, your grades have been falling for a while now. Not surprising however, considering how low your attendance has dropped." Mrs Drew removed her glasses and sat back in her oversized leather office chair, waiting to hear whatever excuse he was about to come out with.

"I'm so sorry Mrs Drew." Suddenly Jack could feel tears well up behind his eyes as the severity of his situation finally hit him. Knowing with such low grades this year, he was unlikely to pass at all. He'd messed it all up and he was going to have to go home and explain himself to his family.

Mrs Drew's face softened as she rose from her seat and perched on edge of the desk in front of Jack.

"You can call me Ellie." She said softly, leaning forward to put a comforting hand on his shoulder. Jack couldn't help but notice that he could see all the way down her top as she bent forward. Her breasts looked like they could escape from the too-tight white shirt she was wearing at any minute. "You do know that unless you get a near perfect score on the final exam that you won't pass this course." She added.

“I know!” Jack snapped back, wondering how on Earth that was supposed to make him feel any better.

“Now, now Jack, don’t be like that” Ellie tutted. “I may just be able to help”. Mrs Drew sat up, a smile stretching across her red lips. “We have a few days before we have to upload student’s grades onto the hard drive.” She added.

“Right, go on” Jack urged. This was his chance, maybe she would let him re-submit his work. The only problem is, he’d missed so many lectures he didn’t know if he could do a better job than he’d already done on his last attempt.

“ Well, you see Jack. Sadly, I’m going through a divorce.” Ellie continued.

“OK .So, what does that have to do with my grades?” Interrupted Jack, his palms starting to sweat again.

“I’m finding that I’m a woman with needs.” Ellie crossed one leg over the other, causing the hem of her skirt to lift a few inches. “When I go to submit your grade,” she continued, I can bump it up a bit, maybe to a B.” She looked at Jack, trying to gauge what he thought of her proposition. “All I ask in return is that

you help me satisfy those needs.” Ellie bit the bottom of her lip in anticipation of his response.

Jack sat unmoving in his chair, unable to speak as he tried to take in her offer. He’d been handed a get out of jail free card. With a B grade and some hard studying for the final exam, he could easily pass this course. But this seemed too risky, what if they get caught?

“If you want, you can think about it.” Ellie leaned in closer and put her hand back on Jack’s shoulder, deliberately teasing him with another view down her shirt.

“I’m in. I’ll do whatever you want!” The words escaped from Jack’s lips before he knew what he was saying. This was too good an opportunity to pass up.

“Great.” Mrs Drew’s face beamed with excitement as she stood up and took a step closer to Jack. “I’ll be online tonight about 8. I’ll send you a private message.”

Jack sat momentarily looking up at Mrs Drew. She looked particularly hot today in her tight white shirt and pencil skirt which hung to every curve. Mrs Drew was the type of woman who always wore high heels. Today she had on a pair of spiky black ones.

“There’s just one other thing”. Mrs Drew bit the corner of her red lip. “I want you to wear these.” Ellie pulled up the hem of her skirt exposing more of her soft white thighs. She reached underneath and slowly slid down the black, lacy thong she was wearing. After readjusting her skirt back into place she pressed the panties into Jack’s hand.

Jack’s heart pounded as he looked down at her delicate undies and thrust them into his jeans pocket. This was definitely not what he expected when he came to her office.

“You can go now Jack.” Ellie commanded, walking back round her desk and taking a seat in her leather chair. Jack stood up, awkwardly adjusting his trousers to hide the hard bulge underneath.

“Can’t wait to speak to you later.” Mrs Drew gave a teasing wink as he walked out her office, wondering what the hell had just happened to him.

“What did she say?” Asked Riley, catching Jack in the cafeteria.

“Oh,ummm, she wants to give me some extra tutoring.” Replied Jack, stuffing the thong further into his jeans pocket to make sure no lace was poking out.

“Lucky you.” Riley elbowed Jack in the side. “I’d like Mrs Drew to give me some extra tutoring, if you know what I mean.”

Jack forced a chuckle, desperately trying not to give the game away. He felt his cheeks burning, like everyone in the cafeteria could tell he was hiding something.

“A few of us were gonna get together tonight for some drinks, you up for it?” Riley reached for a cheese sandwich from the fridge.

“Nah, not tonight Man” Jack shrugged.”Got to study.”

“Good for you”. Riley smiled. “Our boy Jack’s turning over a new leaf.” He said to no one in particular, flinging his arm around Jack’s shoulder.

“Anyway, catch you at home, Man” Jack broke from Riley’s grip, sweat started to form on his forehead as he thought about the panties in his pocket. Mrs Drew’s panties. What if someone caught him with them? He had to get home.

He waved goodbye to Riley and headed off toward their shared house at the edge of town. He couldn’t get Mrs Drew’s panties out of his head as he made his way across campus. Did he really have to wear them? He had to admit, the thought kinda turned him on.

Jack walked through his front door and up to his room. He could hear the sounds of music playing from his housemate Sarah’s room. Luckily she keeps to herself, he thought. With a houseful of people, he was going to find it difficult to keep his secret. Jack locked his bedroom door behind him and pulled the lacy undergarments out from his pocket. He brought them to his face and took a deep breath in. The sweet sweet smell of Mrs Drew’s pussy bringing his cock to life once more. Jack took another breath and then held the panties out in front of him, examining the delicate, soft lace with his fingers.

He walked over to the nightstand and pulled out the secret bottle of whiskey that he’d been stashing for a special occasion, or for when he was really desperate, like now. ‘If I’m going to do this I’m going to need some courage’ he thought, taking a large swig straight from the bottle.

After three big gulps Jack felt the smooth liquid warm his stomach and lighten his nerves. “Here goes.” He said aloud, unbuttoning his trousers and pulling them down. Jack took another swig from the whiskey bottle and took off his

boxers, still holding the thong in one hand. 'Here goes' he thought as he slid the lacy fabric slowly over one foot, and then the other. The soft material brushed his thighs as he glided them on and adjusted the delicate material over his growing bulge. Jack let out a groan as the lace tickled against his balls, the thong back playing with his ass as he adjusted himself further.

Pleased that he was as contained as he could be in the tiny underwear, he walked over to the mirror.

Jack giggled at the sight of himself, the whiskey making him feel slightly tipsy now. He took in the sight of his T-shirt tucked into his new frilly underwear, with his socks pulled up almost to his knees. 'Not very sexy, he thought removing his T-shirt and socks and setting them down on the chair beside him.

"Much better" He said aloud to himself in the mirror. Jack gave himself a slow twirl, taking in how the thong back showed off his firm ass and the way the flimsy material cupped his manhood, making his bulge look impressively huge. Jack's cock throbbed with excitement at the thought of his dirty little secret. He could hear his housemates laughing downstairs, if only they knew what he was up to behind his bedroom door.

Jack decided he would keep the panties on until later. It made sense, he thought, trying to justify keeping them on when really, he kinda liked wearing them. They made him feel sexy. He slipped on his clothes over the tiny thong and headed downstairs.

Chapter 2

Jack's heart was nearly pounding out of his chest by the time the notification came up that Mrs Drew was online.

'Mrs Drew has sent you a private message,' it showed at the bottom of his screen.

Hesitantly Jack clicked on the message:

'Are you wearing them?' It read, straight to the point.

Jack reached for the whiskey bottle on the bedside table and took another drink.

'Yes. Mrs Drew' He replied, unable to think of anything else to add. He pressed the send button and waited for what seemed like ages for her response.

‘Bing.’ Finally, he thought, clicking to open her next message.

‘Good. I’d hate to think I’d walked around all day wearing no panties for no reason’. Jack felt the thong tighten around his growing hard on. The thought of Mrs Drew having to deliver the rest of her lessons panty-less somehow added to the thrill of their naughty arrangement.

‘Send me a picture.’ Came her next message on screen

‘Shit’ Jack thought. Could he really do this? Wearing them in his bedroom was one thing, but sending a picture? He had a reputation to uphold, he played sports, he was a ladies man. He couldn’t be seen in frilly knickers.

‘I’m waiting.’ Came another message soon after.

Jack adjusted his webcam and tried to figure out his best pose. Should he stand, or lay on the bed? He usually knew how to please the ladies, but this was completely new territory for him. Eventually he settled for kneeling on the bed, it gave her the best view from the position of his webcam. Jack tucked his hard on into the fabric as best he could and pressed the button to take a picture. ‘Not bad’ he thought as he admired his work. Even he had to admit he looked good. His muscles somehow stood out against the delicate undies, and his cock had never looked bigger. Jack held his breath and pressed send.

‘Nice’ Came her reply a few seconds later, followed with another message:

‘Show me the back’.

Jack obeyed, turning and taking a picture of his ass, the flimsy material almost disappearing between his firm looking butt cheeks.

‘You have no idea how wet this makes me,’

Jack smiled at the thought of her getting off on his photos. Maybe she was playing with herself whilst looking at him in her tiny lacy panties. Jack felt like his erection could burst through the delicate fabric at any minute now.

‘Do you like wearing my panties?’

Jack wasn’t sure how to respond. He really did like wearing them, but was he supposed to admit it? Would it make him look like less of a man? Maybe Mrs

Drew expected him to hate it, maybe that was his punishment? He didn't want to appear like a sissy. 'Fuck it' he thought, he'd be honest. He had nothing to hide, he was a man. Just a man who gets off on wearing women's undergarments.

'I fucking love wearing your sexy little panties.' He wrote.

'Tell me why.' Came her reply followed by a flirty winking face emoji.

'The lace feels great against my dick.' Jack typed. 'Plus it makes me hot knowing that you wore them too, knowing the same panties were against your pussy all morning.' Jack pressed send and waited for her response, his hands shaking with excitement.

'Bing.' Eventually another message popped up on screen.

'I want you to make yourself cum in my panties and bring them back to me tomorrow'.

Before Jack could reply, a notification appeared on screen that Miss Drew was offline.

He fell back on his bed. That was intense. Jack knew it was wrong, but that just added to the fun. He wanted Ellie more than he had ever wanted anyone. She wasn't like the girls he normally went for. She was an older woman. He liked that she took control. And he liked that she was involving him in her kinky little fantasies.

Jack smiled and thought about his naughty homework assignment. He couldn't wait to cum in her sexy panties. He grabbed his manhood through the lace and groaned at the feel of the material against his stiff cock. Thinking back to Ellie, he began pumping slowly with his hand, letting the soft fabric caress his erection and balls with each movement. He thought of Ellie doing the same thing right now, looking at his pictures and satisfying herself. He thought back to earlier, her sliding her panties down and giving them to him. He thought about her having to teach for the rest of the day with no panties on.

Jack pumped harder now, his hard on throbbing under the silky underwear. The soft material rubbed against the tip of his cock, adding to his pleasure and soaking up his pre-cum . His body shook with pleasure.

All of a sudden, Jack let out a deep groan as he brought himself to intense orgasm. He watched as he let the soft lace soak up all of his hot man juices.

He laid there for a while in the wet panties, unable to catch his breath, his body

shaking from the best orgasm he'd ever had. Hopefully Mrs Drew would be pleased with him, he thought.

Chapter 3

The next day Jack went to English class as normal, apart from the fact that this time he couldn't stop his cheeks from blushing and he had a cum-soaked lace thong in his pocket.

Mrs Drew did not acknowledge him throughout her lecture. Jack couldn't stop thinking about the night before. The way she demanded photos, demanded he make himself cum in her panties and the way the soft lace felt against his skin.

Today she was wearing a light summer dress, accentuating her large bust and nipped in at the waist. Jack could just about make out her white thong underneath when the thin material caught the light in the right way. He licked his lips, wondering if he would be wearing the same undies later that day.

“Meet me after class again Jack”. Mrs Drew ordered as the rest of the students were packing up to leave. Jack couldn't take his eyes off her tongue as it brushed her lips when she spoke.

He waited until the last student left to approach her desk.

Ellie looked around to make sure that they were alone. “Have you got my underwear?” She asked, holding out her hand. immediately, Jack removed the garment from his jacket pocket and handed them over.

Ellie took them quickly and stuffed them inside her bag, making sure to hide them at the bottom. “And, did you do what I’d asked?” Mrs Drew bit her lip seductively.

“Yes, I soaked them.” Jack smiled, remembering back to the amazing orgasm he’d had the night before and how the material had soaked up every last drop of his cum.

“Good.” Mrs Drew replied with her sexy smile. “Tonight I want you live on the webcam. I want to see you in some different lingerie too.”

“Ok” answered Jack, his heart pounding with both excitement and nerves. “What have you got for me to wear this time?”

“I want you to surprise me.” Ellie looked at Jack with her sexy, deep brown eyes, a naughty smile spreading across her red lips.

“Where the hell am I supposed to find women’s underwear?” Jack asked abruptly. He wanted to please Mrs Drew, plus he needed her to give him a good grade. But he wasn’t going to spend what little of his student loan he had left on expensive lingerie and it’s not like he can just ask a friend to borrow their panties.

“Use your imagination Jack.” Mrs Drew’s voice became stern. “Just like I’m going to try and imagine you have a B grade instead of an F.” She packed the last of her things into her bag and walked toward the door of the lecture hall. Jack watched her leave, taking in the sight of her curves in the tight dress and the way her ass swayed with every step.

He couldn’t let her down tonight.

He arrived home later that afternoon. Still unsure of how he was going to keep Mrs Drew happy. He walked towards the kitchen to get himself a Coke from the fridge when all of a sudden, Jack noticed that he was alone in the house. He listened harder for the familiar faint sounds of music or laughter coming from the bedrooms until he was satisfied that he was the only one in. It was rare that he found himself home alone. It gave him an idea.

Jack knocked on the door of Sarah’s bedroom. There was no answer. He put his ear against the door to see if he could hear any noise coming from the other side.

Satisfied that she wasn't in there, Jack slowly turned the handle and stepped inside. Once in, he was instantly hit with the sweet smell of floral perfume. 'Why do girls always smell so good?' he wondered.

Moving quickly, he looked around the room until his eyes located a chest of drawers at the back. That's probably where she keeps her underwear, he thought. Jack opened the top drawer. Jackpot! He carefully examined the array of panties in front of him. The only problem was, they weren't exactly sexy. Sarah was one of those girls who was super hot, but didn't know it and didn't care. She made it very clear was only at university to study, not to party and she certainly wasn't the type of girl who would be looking to show off her underwear. By the looks of the garments on offer in front of him, Sarah most definitely choose comfort over style.

Jack was about to give up when he spotted a Victoria's Secret box hidden at the back of the drawer. He took another look behind him to make sure he was alone in the room and carefully pulled out the box.

"Shit". Jack heard the familiar sound of keys jangling in the front door downstairs. It was too late to put the box back now. He re-arranged the underwear drawer to hide the gap left by the box and swiftly made his way out of Sarah's bedroom, closing the door silently behind him.

Back in his own room Jack leaned back against the doorframe and let out a long sigh of relief. He'd had no idea what he'd have said if he'd got caught. His heart still racing, he locked his door and sat on the bed to open the large pink box.

Inside was not one, but several sets of sexy lingerie.

Jack lifted out a red G-string with lace round the top. 'Sarah's a dirty little minx' he thought, his cock grew hard as he thought about Sarah wearing nothing but the G-string, He wondered who she had bought it for. Did she have a secret boyfriend? Maybe a girlfriend? Or was it just for her? All this time he had thought she was boring, who knew she had a saucy side.

He carried on sorting through the box of sexy goods and decided on a pair of black silky french knickers. There was something else in the box too; Stockings and suspenders. Jack had always had a thing for women in stockings. He'd drooled over them in films, seductively pulling their stockings up over their silky smooth legs. Jack always wondered how women managed to get anything done in their sexy lingerie. I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off myself, he thought.

Jack arranged his new outfit on the bed. There was a bra too. He chose a black bra to match his knickers and noticed they had a soft layer of padding inside the cups. He decided to try it on for size, fumbling with the back fastener until eventually he managed to hook it correctly. He'd only ever removed bras, he never had to put one on before.

Jack squeezed the soft padding and was impressed by how the bra made him

look like he had real tits. Ok, maybe tiny ones, 'but all you need is a handful right,' Jack thought cupping his new boobs through the lacy material.

He couldn't wait to see what Mrs Drew thought of his sexy ensemble. For now though, he'd have to hide this box and pray that Sarah wouldn't notice it had gone missing. He would return it tomorrow, it was too risky to do it now.

Chapter 4

That evening Jack could not stop thinking about Mrs Drew. Would she like what he had picked out for her? All afternoon he had struggled to hide the relentless bulge in his trousers from his housemates.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Riley snapped, after the second time of asking him a question with no response.

“I dunno, Man.” Jack answered back. “Sorry, I’ve just got stuff on my mind.” He wasn’t lying. He was thinking about the sexy lingerie waiting for him upstairs. At least Sarah hadn’t noticed the missing box, not yet anyway.

“I’m gonna disappear anyway Dude, I’ve got some work to do.” Jack excused himself and went upstairs to his room.

Once alone, Jack locked his bedroom door, double checked that it was secure and walked over to his wardrobe. He fumbled around until his fingers found the large box hidden under a bunch of clothes at the back. He pulled the box down and placed it on the chair in front of him. Eagerly, he opened the lid to reveal the silky delicates he had chosen placed on top. Jack excitedly laid them out on the bed and removed his clothes.

First, he picked up the French knickers. Jack played with the soft fabric between his fingers, his erection growing harder with anticipation of the naughty adventure ahead of him. Slowly he glided the knickers on. He loved the way the lustrous material skimmed his skin and cradled his enormous bulge. Jack noted that these felt different to the last pair. They felt softer, silkier.

Next came the bra. Jack was pleased that this time he had managed to fasten it on his first attempt. He adjusted the straps and took a look in the mirror. From the neck down he looked pretty hot. From a distance he could easily pass for a sexy female. He turned to the side to take in the french knicker back. Jack gave his butt cheek a firm slap, he could not believe how good his ass looked.

Ok, time for the suspender belt, Jack thought, picking up the satiny fabric and holding it in front of him. There were a lot of straps and Jack took a while to work out which way round it went. Finally, he managed to fasten the confusing garment around his waist. It was slightly too tight, but the restrictive feel of the fabric was alluring. Like being bound in silk. Jack let out a soft groan as his cock fought with the fabric of his knickers. The anticipation of seeing the end result was almost too much to bear.

All he had to do now was put on the stockings. This was his favourite part.

He unfolded the first stocking and bunched it up like he'd seen women do in

movies. Carefully, so as not to rip the delicate fabric, he expertly glided it over his foot and up his legs. Just the movement of pulling on the stocking had the tip of his erection throb with excitement. Jack settled the stocking on his thigh and rubbed his hand over the lacy top, all the way down his silk encased legs. He picked up the other stocking and slid it on, slower this time. This was it, he clipped them into place with the suspender straps and walked over to the mirror to see his work.

“Wow.” He wouldn’t have even recognised his own body. Suddenly, the suspenders gave the illusion of sexy curves. The stockings clung to his legs making them look longer and more feminine. His ass looked great in his provocative knickers and he couldn’t keep his hands off the black lacy bra, loving the fact that it gave him new cushiony little breasts.

Jack sat on his bed and positioned his webcam to give Ellie the best view of his ensemble. Now, it was time to wait. Jack took out the bottle of whiskey from his bed side table. A fair bit had gone from it since yesterday. He took a long swig and sat back on his bed, propping himself up on his pillows.

‘Bing. Mrs Drew is online.’ Came the notification at the bottom of his screen. This is it, he thought as the video call came through.

All of a sudden his nerves kicked in. As soon as he pressed ‘accept’ there was no going back. She would see him in his sexy outfit. What if she laughed? What if she didn’t like it? Jack took a deep breath. ‘Fuck it.’ The thrill of it was just too tempting.

“Hello there Madam.” Ellie raised her eyebrow at the sight of Jack’s lingerie covered body. “I was looking for Jack, but all I got was this sexy slut!” Mrs Drew giggled as she brought a glass of wine up to her lips.

“Do you like it?” Jack asked, his cheeks burning at the thought of her eyes on him, taking in his provocative underwear.

“Oh, this is so much better than I thought it was going to be.” She smiled in response. “How did you get all that lingerie?”

“Umm, let’s just say I hope my housemate doesn’t examine her underwear drawer too closely tonight!” Jack laughed uncomfortably, was it Ok to admit he’d stolen his housemates panties?

“Ohh, you naughty boy! And your housemate has some pretty sexy underwear.” She added, moving her head closer to the screen to get a good look.

Jack crammed his escaping manhood back inside the flimsy panties and moved up on to his knees to give her a better view.

He was slightly disappointed to see that she wasn't giving much away herself. She looked hot as hell with her hair draped across her shoulders. Jack could make out that she was wearing a silky dressing gown, open just enough to reveal that she was braless underneath. The material clung perfectly to her firm cleavage and Jack started salivating at the sight of her hard nipples poking through the silky fabric.

“Are you going to take your robe off for me?” Jack asked, hopefully.

“I like to watch.” She smiled.” Plus, you're the one who needs the good grade, not me.”

Ellie sat back in her chair to make herself comfortable. “Now, what are we going to do with you?” she asked, biting the corner of her bottom lip.

Suddenly Jack felt a little out of his depth. He'd slept with loads of girls but never really had to work to keep them satisfied before.

“Give me a good look at what you're wearing, I want to see all of it.” Ellie took another sip of her wine and waited for the show.

Jack immediately obeyed and moved closer to the camera. He had to admit, he liked her giving him orders.

He turned around, remembering how the material showed off his firm ass. The straps of his suspender belt added to the kinky look. He pinged one of the straps and recoiled as it slapped back against his ass, resulting in a stinging pain in his cheek.

The seams of Jack's panties struggled against his enormous erection. He turned to face the camera once more and ran his hands slowly down his stomach, stopping at the silky fabric of his French Knickers.

"I like your stockings". Ellie commented, taking in the sight of his silk encased legs and sexy suspender belt.

Jack laid back on the bed, seductively stretching his legs out straight to give her the full view. He ran his fingers up the silk of his stockings and let out a soft groan of delight at how tantalizing the material felt against his skin.

"You look like a naughty little slut." Mrs Drew giggled, licking her lips.

Jack smiled, he had to admit, he felt like a naughty little slut. He thought about Sarah wearing the same lingerie, he wondered if she felt this sexy when she wore it.

”I want you to make yourself cum for me like the naughty little slut that you are.” Mrs Drew demanded sternly with a flirtatious grin.

Jack did not wait to be told twice. He’d been desperate to shoot his load ever since he’d put on the underwear. He moved his hand over the soft fabric of the French knickers and groaned as the silk brushing against his skin heightened the pleasure. Jack reached inside the panties and grabbed hold of his manhood pumping harder and harder as Mrs Drew watched in silence on the screen. She seemed to be enjoying the titillating show as he brought himself closer to orgasm, moaning too loudly now as he satisfied himself under his kinky underwear.

“You’d better be quiet in case your housemates hear.” Ellie warned . “You don’t want them to know you’re a dirty little whore.” She was clearly enjoying this, men in lingerie had always been her secret fantasy.

“I can’t help it, this feels so fucking good.” Jack pumped harder, stopping occasionally to stop himself coming too quickly. He needed to give her a good performance if she was going to bump his grade up.

Jack ran his free hand up the glossy stockings and let his fingers play with the lace tops. Slowly he moved up to his lacy bra, cupping and squeezing the material with the palms of his hands.

This was it. Jack was about to cum, but he couldn't do it in Sarah's knickers. He had already let a little pre-cum escape. She would definitely know someone had worn them if they were returned covered in his juices.

Jack moved the lace top of the panties down to reveal the tip of his cock, eagerly twitching with its impending orgasm.

"I'm gonna cum." He warned Mrs Drew breathlessly as he erupted all over himself. He tried to avoid the panties, but in doing so the suspender belt and bra received some splatterings of his man juices as his erection throbbed and released more of its hot liquid.

"You really are a bad boy." Mrs Drew smiled approvingly once he'd caught his breath.

"If only you put that much effort into your work." She teased, "But I must say

this is one assignment where I have been really pleased with your performance.”

“Thank you” Jack really could not think of anything else to say. He suddenly felt exposed as he lay in his lacy undies and stockings, covered in his own cum. His body was still shaking with pleasure.

“See you tomorrow Jack.” Mrs Drew gave a flirty little wave to the camera. “I’ll let you know if you’ve done enough to convince me to change your grade.” She added. “But, you’ve certainly given me lots to think about.”

Chapter 5

Jack gave himself a lay the next morning. He didn't have classes until later in the day, plus he had to return this box of underwear while Sarah was out. She always left early in the mornings to go to the library when she didn't have classes.

Jack had barely slept the night before. His mind had been racing. What if Mrs Drew decided not to change his grade after all? What if Sarah found that the box was missing and that he's taken her underwear? Even worse, what if she noticed the cum stains that he had spent ages trying to get out last night using only a cloth and some water. He couldn't risk putting them in the washing machine with his housemates around.

He waited until he heard Riley close the front door behind him at a little after 10am and snuck along the corridor to Sarah's room. As he suspected, she was already at uni. Making sure to put it back exactly as he found it, he sipped the box back into place in the drawer, covering it with a few pairs of underwear. He felt relief wash over him as he closed her bedroom door behind him and made his way out of the house to Uni.

Next, he had to face Mrs Drew.

Jack walked into the lecture hall and sat next to Riley in their usual spot. Mrs

Drew had given him a subtle glance as he had walked in, but she was giving nothing away yet.

The lecture had seemed to take forever, he was unable to concentrate on a single word as Riley frantically scribbled down notes beside him. Jack was unable to take his mind of the underwear he'd worn the night before. He was pretty disappointed that he couldn't get to keep it. Jack wondered if Mrs Drew was thinking the same thing, if she was imagining him in his saucy stockings.

Finally, it was the end of class. Jack held back, arranging to catch Riley later. After Jack told him he was getting extra tutoring From Mrs Drew, Riley hadn't seemed to suspect anything was untoward with their little meetings after class.

"I very much enjoyed your work last night." Ellie smiled, running a finger down Jack's chest and stopping at his belt buckle. "You'll be pleased to know I changed your grade this morning."

Jack couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. He still had lots of studying to do, but this could be the difference between a pass or fail.

"Thank you." Jack smiled gratefully.

“Hell, you know, if it was up to me I’d have given you an A* just for last night alone. But your grades have been so low recently, it may raise a few questions if you’re suddenly getting the highest grade in the class.”

“Thanks again.” Nodded Jack walking out of the lecture hall, unable to hide his grin. Not only did he get the grade he wanted, but Mrs Drew had introduced him to a new sexy kink that he would never forget.

“Oh, Jack.” Mrs Drew called after him. “Don't forget we have a practice exam next week,” she winked, “You know what will happen if you don’t get a passing grade, don’t you?”

Jack felt the familiar stiffening in his trousers. Maybe he wouldn’t study after all, he thought to himself.

THE END

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