

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing a pink lace thong and high-heeled shoes. She is holding a lollipop in her right hand. The background is a solid pink color.

SCARLETT STEELE

TURNING THE PROFESSOR INTO A
CROSSDRESSING
SISSIFIED
AND FEMINIZED PET

A TALE OF FORCED FEMINIZATION

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing a pink lace thong and high-heeled shoes. She is holding a lollipop in her right hand. The background is a solid pink color.

SCARLETT STEELE

TURNING THE PROFESSOR INTO A
CROSSDRESSING
SISSIFIED
AND FEMINIZED PET

A TALE OF FORCED FEMINIZATION

Turning The Professor Into A Crossdressing, Sissified and Feminized Pet
A Tale of Forced Feminization!

From Alpha Male to Feminized Sissy

Book 1

All Rights Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2018

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to femdom,

female domination, pegging and more.....

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.

This ebook should be purchased/borrowed and read by adults only.

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>

Before you start this short story, visit my Smashwords Author page for more stories of -

Femdom

Pegging

Facesitting

Domestic Discipline

Goddess Worship

Female Domination

and more.....

CLICK TO VISIT MY SMASHWORDS AUTHOR PAGE

Turning The Professor Into A Crossdressing, Sissified and Feminized Pet

A Tale of Forced Feminization!

Though the gym was crowded with college students, I shoved through the doors anyway. May as well because I'm here.

"Oh, Professor Stockton, looking good," Ashley Wells said as she exited the building. Her body sheened with sweat, even in the crevices on her athletic top were mopped with sweat. I inhaled deeply wanting to catch her feminine scent. Just a whiff of wild honeysuckle and female sweat caused my shorts to pack a bulge. I smiled because that's what I need people to see. Since I'm at the gym, I'm wearing all the right things, jockeys, athletic shorts, muscle shirt. After shoving my bag in the lockers, I head to the free weights. I've been lifting every day for over four years now and have built up a nice physique.

Lucy Henshaw beams a smile my way as her eyes travel over my body. Please come to me and sit close by so I can experience your pheromones. I send her a telepathic message as I lift my chin and grin. Having the attention of the opposite sex is not a problem. I've worked hard for my image, buffed, masculine, manly. I keep hoping the extra testosterone I'm bound to be making will erase the secret fetishes I have. Even just the thought of my secret life and the blush steams hot across my face. I hurried and lifted the fifty pounds and start the set, hoping to mask the redness in my face before someone notices. It's a big problem. It's as if my secrets follow me and taunt me all day long.

Lucy moved on without coming near. I'm both thankful and disappointed. I need for her to see me pump iron. I have a reputation to uphold that goes against my secret obsession. Rachel Evans waltzed out of the locker room wearing a pair of pink silk shorts. Her ass wiggles just right. My cock thumps at the thought of sliding into a pair of those and that shade of pink. I shake my head. Damn imagination. Damn daydreams. Why can't I desire to wear, oh, I don't know, dark

blue or black? Something manly that screams I'm a man. I think I'll swing by Unmentionables after I'm done here. You know, I might need to pick up a pair of silk bottoms for my, ahem, girlfriend, who just happens to be my size.

Three other guys are in here lifting weights. I peer at them. Nice looking guys, upper college students. They don't look like they have dirty little secrets. They probably have drawers full of jockeys and men's clothing. They probably don't even think about wearing something like pink silk shorts. Their biggest issues are passing the classes and boning the next girl. Damn, what I would give for that kind of reality.

After the weights, I hit the treadmill. It allows me time to think and workout and blank out without having to pay too much attention. It also builds leg muscles, you know, to make them look masculine. Lucy came back through with two of her girlfriends. They are walking and giggling and talking. I wish I was in the center of their circle. They pause at my machine.

"Ladies, how are you this evening?" I ask in my authoritative Professor voice.

"Fine Professor Ethan. How many miles?" Lucy asks as she nods at the treadmill.

"Five today. I have errands to run, so can't stick around too long," I say.

"You sure are dedicated. I see you up here every time I come," Daisy Lawson says.

Good. She noticed. "Use them or lose them," I say as I made a fist and bounce my biceps. The ladies swoon and giggle.

"Well, see ya around," Lucy says. They walk away, their little asses wiggling for my sake. I'd like to plant my face in the middle of that.

I sigh heavily, down boy. My cock has a mind of its own. It's like I'm back in high school. Girls excited me then, but they do now more and for a slightly different reason. I don't care, I let my package shine, showing my virility. It just makes the girls squirm more in my presence.

I blow out a deep breath as I enter the locker room. Two guys are showering, and I glance at the bench to see a pair of grey jockeys and a pair of plaid boxers. After I come out of my sweaty gym clothes, I start the shower and join the guys. The banter is friendly and surface, nothing too heavy.

"Damn, Professor Ethan, I think your muscles have muscles. Teresa keeps at me to build more bulk. Do you use steroids?" Jeff asks.

I chuckle. "No, these are homegrown. Took four years of dedication to the free weights. Can't take off from it. If you want the muscle bulk, you must work hard for it," I say as I finish my shower. Even the guys notice how manly I am. They want to be like me for their girlfriends.

The mall is crowded as it always is in the evenings. I skirt around the walkway to Unmentionables. The associate, Cherie, greets me immediately when I walk through the doors. "Hello, can I help you find something?"

I smile as my heart beats hard when I see all the feminine things hanging on racks, silks and satins, lace and soft, oh so soft fabrics. I'd like to jump into a pile of it naked. Ahem. "Yes, I'm looking for a pair of silk shorts for my girlfriend. She's a size 14," I say. The lie flows from my lips as if I really had a curvy girlfriend. I learned long ago what size I can wear in women's clothing. Before I bulked up I could squeeze into a size 12, but once I started weight training and bulked up I had to increase the size.

"We have sleep shorts, in all colors. What colors does she like?" Cherie asks. Her shapely ass sways as she walks to the sleepwear section. My cock starts stiffening. I reach down for a quick adjustment before she turns her pretty eyes back to me.

"Oh, pink. She loves pink," I say. Yep, the lie continues. I'm a master at this. I can fake out anybody. My damn cock is hard, so hard it thumps when I see the all the silk shorts hanging on the racks. Cherie plucks a pair of light pink and a pair of dark pink shorts in size 14 and holds them over her arm.

"Which pink?" she asks.

Damn. "Both," I say. "I'll take both." Fuck. The hard on is a problem. I can barely walk because the tip rubs against my leg. You'd think I could have better control over it by now. After all, a twenty-eight-year-old male normally doesn't act like he's eighteen with a raging stiffy every time he's in the presence of a sexy woman. Or worse yet, in the middle of a women's lingerie store. I am hopeless, that's what I am. Shamefully hopeless.

I glance at the bag of women's silk shorts sitting next to me on the drive home.

When did it come down to this? I blame Allison, my friend who is a year older than me from high school. She invited me to college one weekend and I stayed in her dorm with her. We weren't anything but good friends, so nothing happened, except I fell in love with women's clothing. She had a boyfriend and partied that night. She thrust her dorm key into my palm and told me to stay in her room while she went off with her boyfriend. I'll never forget it because that's the night that changed my life and turned me into someone that I'll never admit to being.

I remembered opening Allison's drawers and going through her clothes. I stripped down naked, my cock harder than a brickbat, and shoving my feet through her baby blue lacy panties. They stretched over my body, but it was a close enough fit. I was skinnier back then and she was curvy. I about came right there when I walked around her room, wearing her panties. My cock rubbed against the soft thin fabric and I liked it. I really liked it. I rubbed one out right there while wearing her panties. They were soiled and stained with my massive amount of cum. That's when I learned about fine washables. She had a small bottle of detergent under her sink and I washed and rinsed the panties and hung them in the shower to dry, hoping they'd dry by morning.

I couldn't resist it. I plucked up another pair of her panties, a black lacy pair and slept in them. I loved the feeling of my cock bound in the soft lace. I woke up that next morning and rubbed out another all over the black lace, I simply couldn't resist. I was a bad boy for I had dug through her drawer and reached into the back and stole a pair of pastel floral print panties with lace edges. And since I had soiled her black lace panties, I shoved the dirty pair into my backpack too. The baby blue panties were dry, and I easily replaced those back into her drawer. The one thing I counted on was the fact that she had so many pairs like she was obsessed with panties or something. I laughed because it sparked my obsession with feminine clothing. Ever since then I've kept women's underwear in my drawers and occasionally wear a pair. I know it's probably some sort of sickness which is why I joined the gym four years ago, so I'd be forced to wear jockeys and manly clothes. In all the time I've gone to the gym I've yet to see one man wearing women's clothing. I guess you could say I'm a closet cross-dresser. Well, I really haven't bought any women's clothing except

for the pieces I buy at the lingerie shop. I'm not sure I could handle myself if I actually slipped into a dress. That would be cute, a woman with a full package poking out in the front. I really make myself laugh sometimes.

The light pink silk shorts feel so good on me I decide to wear them all day on Sunday. I slide the baby doll tee shirt over my head, the one with the emblem of the bulldog holding a pompom. It's a lady's shirt in size 14. When I go out for milk, I slide the man's tee shirt and a pair of athletic shorts on over the pink outfit. The man's clothing presses the soft fabrics next to my skin. I feel dirty and wicked as I trek to the grocery store on Robinwood Lane. It's a big fancy grocery that sells everything imaginable. I pause at the cosmetics wishing I could browse through the many items there. I can't, too many people in the community know who I am. I'm able to pass off the lingerie as my girlfriend's but who buys cosmetics for their girlfriend? I wish it were a thing. I contemplated traveling out of town to a mall in a distant city just so I could browse through the cosmetics without risk of anyone I know seeing me. I've suppressed the urge. If I do that it's like I'll have to admit to what I really am rather than keeping my own dirty little secret.

Walking to my car I feel the soft silky shorts rubbing against my cock. The phallus lengthens, and I love the sensation of it growing against the fibers. It takes everything I have to concentrate on the drive home because I bought ice cream and can't wait. But the urge to touch my cock grows stronger. I saw a couple of college girls at the grocery, all were wearing skirts and blouses. Their asses wiggling as they walked. The memory keeps my member hard as I quickly unload the groceries and put away the cold stuff. Finally, I tear out of the masculine clothing and revel in the softness of the feminine shirt and shorts. I wear nothing under the light pink shorts.

The mirror doesn't lie. I poke out like a tent pole for girls right here in my pants. My pants and yes, they are pastel pink, thank you very much. I don't care. Behind my closed doors, I can be who I want to be. My hand goes there and caresses my cock. "Uh, fuck," I say as my hand moves faster over the silky

fabric. It feels so good as I succumb and soil my new pink shorts. I rub and rub and enjoy mixing my hot cum into the fabric. I don't have to hide them. They are mine. It was a good fuck. I close my eyes and imagine wearing a skirt and having someone like Tanya Reedy dominating me and fucking me while my skirt is hiked, while my silk panties are down around my knees. She takes full on control and rides me hard. Damn, why am I fantasizing about a college student? I can't have a fucking college girl. That's against the fucking rules. Fuck the rules.

Back in my jockeys and trousers and button up shirt in front of my class on Monday morning. Tanya Reedy walks in wearing a black mini skirt and a white silk blouse. The instant erection forces me to stay put in my seat instead of walking around like I normally like to do. I pull out a book and my phone acting as if I am busy doing something besides hiding the bulge in my pants. I'm really not the perverted bad teacher. I don't want that for a reputation. Tanya spies me watching her cute little ass walk by. She smiles and comes up to my desk, dammit. Her scent intoxicates me. I want to throw her down and rub my cock all over her skirted silk covered body. She brushes against my arm; the silkiness of the blouse drove me crazy. It's all I can do maintain my composure. I smile at her as I glance down at her black skirt. My mind goes to what's under it and I want to know what kind of underwear she's wearing.

"What can I do for you, Miss Reedy," I ask in my calm and collected professor tone.

She thrusts her book onto my desk, over my own book and bends over enough that I can see her young fleshly mounds behind a white lacy bra. The urge to reach out and touch the blouse, the bra, her tits, is overwhelming but I restrain myself. Her long auburn hair spills over one shoulder and smells of strawberries and cream. I'd like to add my cum to the cream. If the rumors are true, the girl has a crush on me and I can so easily take advantage of the situation.

"I was wondering if you could explain how they came up with these statistics?" She points to the problem on the page discussing the economic stats of the 1970s and how we can learn from it.

"I can," I say. Before long I am deep into the discussion about it while I pull the hand with my phone in it to my lap. She can't see what I was doing, and I open the phone and pull up the camera app. I simply have to know what kind of panties she wears. Before I lose my nerve I slowly slide my hand far enough to the side to snap a photo of what is under that skirt. She doesn't know I did it, but her brow lifts as she gazes into my eyes. She moves just enough that she could have seen the phone in my hands. I know my face reddens deeply as I shove the phone into my lap.

Tanya looks at me like I am a weirdo by the time I finish. She gazes at my phone with her brow lifted, squints at me and smiles. "Thank you, Professor. This was most informative," she says. I watch her walk away and I swear she wiggled her hips even more. She takes the seat front and center of my class. I don't have a rule about cell phone usage, but she sure has hers out in a flash. She's a smart student, in her senior year and serious about her studies. She also has a body and she flaunts herself around, parading with those legs and that rack, endlessly teasing. I want her badly.

I make a pit stop after classes again at Unmentionables. I really need to stop coming by so much. The sales clerk probably knows me by name by now. She might inquire about the lucky girl I'm dating and who is receiving all this nice merchandise I keep buying. I'm an idiot. I turn around and leave before I walk through the doors. As much as I love real life shopper because I like to feel and see the stuff, I decide to give online shopping a try to save myself grief later. My fetish brims out of control. I think about culling back the days I go to the gym, you know because the experts say three days of exercise a week is sufficient. That's my story anyway. My muscles won't suffer if I do that. And the rest of the days, well, I can wear whatever the hell I want to wear under my trousers and button-up shirt.

I hop into the tub for a long luxurious bubble bath in strawberry scent. The bubbles soften my skin and make me feel pretty instead of masculine like the manly black bottle of men's shower gel that I normally use. The bubble bath is for special occasions such as this. The hot pink silk shorts fit as nicely as the pastel pink ones. The pastel ones are still my favorite, but these sure feel nice against my hard cock which is always hard and always wanting attention. I recall Tanya's scent, the feel of her silk blouse next to my arm. I can't wait to look at the prize I grabbed.

I relaxed on the recliner and pulled up the picture I snapped of Tanya's crotch. She wore a pair of black silk panties that barely covered her muff. I zoom in because it looks like the start of a wet spot in the very center. Maybe so. I'd like to think she was so turned on from standing next to me that the wet spot formed. My cock lengthens, dragging across the super soft silk. My hand goes there, I can't wait. I rub on the outside, slowly, wanting to relish it. I quickly pull up the browser on my phone and find a linger store. A quick search and I find the silk panties in all colors. While I love the baby pinks, I want a pair like Tanya's. I quickly order a pair of black silk lacy panties and a matching chemise because if I hit a certain amount I'll have free shipping. The phone fell to the floor as I focus on my stiffy, my hand gliding effortlessly over my cock. I glance down and see the wetness the precum made and reach down for my phone again. I pull up the pic again and finish the job, gliding my hand over my cock and imagining it piercing through Tanya's panties. I'd like to fuck her with her panties on and yank them to the side, so I could feel the panties and her at the same time. The cum fills the silk shorts, I yelp out loudly, the phone dropping to the floor with Tanya's crotch still on the screen. I stare at it for the last few seconds while coming.

The next day...

The knock at my door startles me. I am deep into grading research papers and glanced up. "Yes, enter," I say as I straighten. I'd been grading for over an hour,

sitting at my desk. I stand and stretch as the door opens. I figure it is the janitor in for the daily sweep, or probably Roger, my student assistant, coming by to see if I have more papers for him to grade. Instead, I do a double take as Tanya walks in followed by the class walked through the door. I glance at my watch. "Oh damn, sorry. I was caught up grading papers." I didn't realize it was class time.

I suck in a couple of deep breaths to prepare for the class. The smart board is a lifesaver for coming up with stuff on the fly. I point the remote and launch into the lecture over the next lesson. Right in the middle of the lecture, an image blooms on the screen. I do a doubletake at the computer screen to make sure it's on the right place. Someone in the class has hijacked my smartboard. The screen shows a drawing version of the photo I had snapped of Tanya's crotch. I squint and read the caption, "If you wanted a picture all you had to do was ask." I immediately redden deeply amidst the gasps of the class. I shake my head and hit the next button thus removing the drawing. "What in the world was that?" I ask while trying to play innocent. The other students have no idea, but Tanya turns to me with a satisfied scowl on her face. I'd been caught and now humiliated in front of my class.

Deborah Collins, always the inquisitive one, raises her hand. I nod. "Professor, who put that drawing on your smart board? Who was that?" she asks.

"I... I'm sure I don't have a clue. I don't know who that was nor do I know who would have put that slide in there. It wasn't on my computer screen," I say. A quick glance to Tanya and she is staring at me with a brow lifted.

"So, someone in this room did it. I mean I can do stuff like that via Bluetooth to my television even if someone else has the remote," Deborah says.

"Yeah, who's crotch was that? I'd like to ask her out," Dale West says as he nods eagerly. He is a jock and only in my class because it is a requirement for his degree.

I stand. I need to take control of the situation and quickly. "I said I don't know who did that or even if it was a real person. It looked like a drawing. Someone in here is playing a sick joke. Now everyone, please pull out your books and turn to pay two-hundred-and-twenty-four." I say.

"Looks like the jokes on you, Professor," Tanya says as she narrows her eyes at me. I brace for it, for her to admit to it being her and for her to accuse me of snapping the photo. I still have the damn image on my phone. How in the fuck did she get it or even know? I know I'm red as a fucking Washington apple, but I don't care. I'm both angry and humiliated.

When class was over I bark, "Dismissed." I rush off to my office behind me and slam the door not giving Tanya the time to confront me. To my shock, she leaves and that self-satisfied grin on her face haunts me. I just about cost myself my job over my damn fetish. Fucking silk underwear. I'm not gay, why do I get off with such feminine things? I hate myself to the point that I call in sick over the next week, claiming I came down with the flu. I force myself to go on a women's clothing strike. When the mailman delivers the package, I sink to the floor like a fucking sissy and cry. Inside are the black silk panties and chemise. I pitch the package to the sofa and it falls behind the damn thing. I laugh, ironically, and leave it there to gather dust bunnies. I'm a fucking man, for fuck's sake. I shove my ass into the men's athletic shorts and muscle shirt and head to the gym. I need testosterone or at least I need to be around it more. Maybe whiffing the body odor of other men will help me shake this sick obsession I have.

After a vigorous workout and a shower, I'm ready to jump back into life again. I forego the urge to head to the mall and buy my girlfriend a pair of silk panties and instead head home. I fling the keys to the entry table and furrow my brow.

The TV is going in the living room and light illuminated by the lamps. I know for sure I didn't turn on either before I went to the gym. I nearly jump out of my skin when I turn the corner and who but Tanya Reedy is sitting on my sofa wearing the same black mini skirt and white silk blouse she wore the day I snapped the photo. Her shapely legs are crossed and foot swinging as she looks up at me from the sofa. In her hands is the package I'd tossed behind my sofa a few days earlier. She smiles seductively and pats the cushion beside her.

"Have a seat, Professor dear," she says in a sultry tone. I swallow hard and immediately come to her, drawn to her. She is ripe and ready for me. All the weight lifting I did at the gym set free the testosterone I had stored in my body.

"What are you doing here?" I ask. I brace for blackmail and indeed, she brings it to the table.

"I think you know why. I was worried about you, having the flu all these days. Funny, I didn't know it was going around. But my, you look healthy and fit," she says as she runs her hand up my arm. I shiver, her touch is so soft, so alluring. Her aroma amazing. I tremble under her hands. She looks around. "You have a nice place. I hope you don't mind, I gave myself a grand tour."

My mouth opens. If she saw my laundry room, she would have seen all the women's underwear drying on the rack. I can pretend I have a girlfriend, but I know that is a lost cause. Tanya knows better. "Um, okay. Can I get you a drink?" I ask feeling like a scared schoolboy in her presence.

She cocks a half smile. "You're sweet. You have some secrets, Professor dear," she says. Yep, she went into my laundry room.

"First, please stop calling me Professor dear. Just Ethan is fine," I say. I resolve to receive my just rewards for my awful behavior. Whatever she says will happen, I can't fight this any longer.

"Okay, Ethan. Why don't you open this package here? Looks like it was delivered days ago. I found it peeking out over the back of the sofa. Much like your cock is trying to do through your pants right now," Tanya says.

"You open it. It's a gift for you," I say building on a lie.

She tears into it like it was Christmas morning. When she pulls out the black silk panties and chemise, she frowns. "Why Pro... Ethan, these aren't my size. But I bet anything they'd fit on your body," she says. A wicked smile stretches across her face.

I look down, defeated. My career is over, my family will find out what a pervert I really am. "All I ask is that you leave here, forget you saw anything. I'll give you whatever you want otherwise for you to keep quiet about this," I say.

Tanya comes to me and places her warm soft hand on my shoulder. "Ethan, I'm not here make you crawl back into a corner. You're a drag queen wannabe. Have you ever hit the clubs in full drag?"

I snap my eyes up to her and shake my head. "No, I can't be a drag queen and keep my job. I have a sick obsession and I will figure it out," I say.

"No, if you want me to keep quiet to your work peers and your family, then you will do as I say." She folds her arms over her chest.

I have to admit the idea intrigues me. I am quiet as Tanya takes charge. "Look, you will do this. Tonight, you're my girlfriend, got it. Not my professor. You're turning into someone you want to be. Now, I assume you have women's clothing? If not, I can run to my cousin's second time around shop and get you something," she says.

"You better run. All I have here is underwear."

Tanya runs her hand under my chin. "You are a little perv. Be back in a flash. Put on your new chemise and panties, girlfriend," she says and winks at me. She is out the door in a flash.

The only reason I do as she requested is because of the raging hard-on in my pants. I can't contain it. In fact, to help me calm down, I rub out a quick one, just so my cock will cooperate. The thrill of Tanya Reedy calling me her girlfriend makes me come fast. I dress in the new lacy panties and chemise. Oh, it feels so soft and wonderful against my skin. My damn cock still stiffens a little, even after just ejaculating. Tanya is back within twenty-five minutes and she has a red dress, a pair of silk hose, and three boxes of heels.

"I wasn't sure of your shoe size, so I grabbed several pairs. I also have a wig, just right for this occasion," Tanya says as she produces a wig of long wavy golden tresses.

I feel like a babe in Tanya's hands as she does my make-up, fixes the wig, helps

me dress, and chooses the right pair of black patent leather stilettos. When she stands me in front of the mirror, I whistle. I look like one hot momma, albeit tall.

"Okay, Etta, darling. Allow me a moment to prepare and we're going to the city," Tanya says.

I stay in front of the mirror admiring her handiwork. She emerges in a pair of tight black pants, a lowcut white V-neck silk top and stilettos. I tower over her in great height, but I don't care. I am pretty and hot in the outfit, and my make-up is done to perfection. When we walk my cock rubs against the black lacy panties underneath and I must ask her. "Are you also wearing your black lacy panties?"

She grins. "You bet," she says. Tanya takes charge and drives me as Etta to the city to a bar where drag queens abound. I don't stick out like a sore thumb there. I am able to be my own person on Tanya's arm. She introduces me as Etta to everyone and she introduces me as her girlfriend.

"Are you a lesbian?" a lady asks Tanya. She grins.

"Only if my girlfriend is packing a nice load," she says and grabs my crotch through the dress. I immediately swell beyond the black lacy panties, the head poking out the side. I groan unable to hide it in the dress. Tanya's eyes swing down at the bulge and smiles. She yanks out her phone and before I can protest, she snaps several shots of me in the dress with my cock bulging through the middle. She will not allow me a chance to adjust myself. My embarrassment stands out there for all to see. The dress rubs against my cock head and a small wet spot forms from the pre-cum. Tanya takes another pic of it. She pats her phone. "Blackmail bait."

I am so hot for Tanya, I can't control it. I just want to bend her over something and yank off her clothes, sniff her crotch and plow into her with everything I have, all while wearing the dress with it hiked up around my waist. "I'll do whatever you want," I say. I am her bitch, I am her pet. She parades me around in the club circuits with the dress on with the bulge protruding in the middle, with the damp spot becoming larger the more I moved around.

Finally, she takes me home. I am tired of the stilettos. Tanya isn't done. She pulls out a piece of paper she found and scribbles dates. "I need you to buy more women's clothing. I can't supply you from my cousin's shop. These are the upcoming dates. I'm entering you into a drag queen beauty contest." I try to say no, but she pulls up her phone and shoves the photos in my face while shaking her head. "You don't do it, every professor at the University will receive these, as well as your family."

I grimace. She has a full schedule. I've created a monster with her. I've become her pet, her true girlfriend. But I can't take it any longer. She stands there scowling at me, wagging her finger. I pluck the phone from her hand. "Too late it's on my cloud," she says and laughs.

"I don't give a fuck about the photos. I'm not telling you no. I'm ready for phase two of our date tonight," I say and press my hard body into her, my lips on hers. She doesn't resist like I am afraid she will. Instead, she takes charge again. She shoves me back and tears out of her clothing and she is in nothing but her black lacy panties. I bend down and stick my nose between her legs, taking a big whiff of her womanly essence. She opens her legs and slides out of the panties and tosses them to the side.

I pull off the silk stockings, which already have a massive run down one leg. Disposable garment, I toss it to the waste paper can. Tanya shoves me down onto

my bed and lifts my dress. She tears off the black lacy panties and my cock bobs free. Precum squirts upward as she mounts me, her on top. I groan as she kisses my neck and moves her body over mine, her muff at my cock. She lifts her ass and comes down, holding my cock and sinks it deep inside her very wet pussy. She is as turned on by the night's events as I am. She moves her body up and down, hard and fast. I groan as my hands come up and land on her D-cups. I massage and pull on the nipples. Her groans are louder than mine as she rides me. Leaning forward, her face skews into ecstasy. She glances down watching my cock sawing past her clit. She grinds into me as she claws my chest.

The undulating pulses rushing through her pussy sends me over the edge. I growl and grab her helping her bounce over me with vigor. I shoot everything I have into her, and for a few moments, we are a mass of rocking pleasure, the waves crashing over us as we come together. When it is over, Tanya immediately hops up and before completely leaving me, she hovers over me, emptying the mixture of she and I from her vagina.

"Just marking my territory," she says as she wags her brow and trots off to my bathroom to dress.

I am a mess, my body sticky with all the precum I emitted and now with the full brunt of what Tanya and I produced together. I am trying to undress when she bee-bops back into my bedroom. She perches on the bed and watches me as I remove the women's clothing.

"I won't breathe a word about this to anyone at school as long as you play along as my pet," she says.

I nod. Being her pet and her sex slave plays right into my daydreams. If I have to be Tanya's girlfriend, so be it.

THE END

If you enjoyed this short story, visit my Smashwords Author page for more stories of -

Femdom

Pegging

Facesitting

Domestic Discipline

Goddess Worship

Female Domination

and more.....

CLICK TO VISIT MY SMASHWORDS AUTHOR PAGE

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>