



Tutor To Babe

Hela Knotty

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Chapter One

"Kramer. How are the tutoring sessions going?" Dr. Wolowitz asked me. He was my thesis advisor. We were supposed to be discussing my upcoming dissertation. Unfortunately the old man clearly had other priorities.

"Tate is doing well. I think he can definitely pass his physics class." I resisted the urge to shout at the old man. All he cared about was his grandson passing the university. Like everyone else in school, they all prioritized the Tate since he was the football quarterback. Apparently, talent like his only came once a in a blue moon. He was heralded as the one to bring back the championship to our university.

"Good. Good. Remember you have to make sure he passes all his classes. I wouldn't want him to fail anything. That would simply be disastrous for our team. As his tutor, I'm sure you know how important this is for the university." Dr. Wolowitz looked pointedly at me.

Besides familial love, he was also a greedy professor. A championship win meant more donors, which meant more money for the faculty to spend. It was literally in everyone's best interest that this big hunk of meat who was only good at passing a ball pass all his classes.

"I understand sir. I'll make sure Tate remembers all his lessons well." I cringed at the bald-faced lie. Everyone knew Tate was an idiot. All the concussions from playing had damaged his brain. I would put his skill at elementary level at best.

The only reason he hadn't been cut from the team for having low grades was because I did all his papers and homework. This was on top of all the teachers giving him preferential treatment. While this worked for the semester, it wouldn't work for the final exam. There was no way I could take the test for him.

"If you'll excuse me, I have an appointment schedule with Tate actually." I said snappily. I had only agreed to become Tate's tutor so I could get Dr. Wolowitz as my mentor. As the head of the department, all of his graduate students were practically guaranteed their doctorates. I just didn't realize that that guarantee had so many strings attached.

"Good. Remember your defense is the day after the championship. Hopefully everyone will be in a good moon when Tate brings home the trophy." Dr. Wolowitz narrowed his eyes at me and smirked. The threat was barely veiled. My graduate degree was entirely dependent on some knuckleheads ability to throw a ball into the ground.

I took three steadying breaths. I could do this. I had worked long and hard to get my PHD. This was another obstacle I just had to overcome. I could handle Tate.

At least that's what I told myself. My confidence quickly shattered as I reached the Greek house he lived in.

There was yet another party on the lawn. Two brothers were already naked chasing around women in bikinis. I entered the place being ignored by everyone.

A woman bumped into me, letting me feel her soft plush chest against my body.

"Watch it nerd." She sneered at me.

I muttered a quick apology but turned around to watch her walk away. She was so gorgeous with perfect skin and nice tits. Everywhere men flocked to her did everything she wanted. I just knew she had everyone eating out of the palm of her hand.

Then a jock practically ran over me as he chased after her. Meanwhile, I was still being ignored. Despite being older than all of these kids, I felt like I was back to being a freshman being laughed or ignored.

"Hey pledge. Get in line." Some blond frat brother yelled at me. In front of him were three naked students completely blindfolded. It looked like some chaotic initiation ritual.

"I'm Tate's tutor. Where is he?" Somehow I managed to find my voice.

The frat brother shrugged and pointed upstairs. I didn't bother waiting to see what he would do to the poor freshman. At least my days dealing with bullies were over.

I found Tate's room thanks to a poster of him slapped in front. Usually we didn't study together at all. After the first week of trying to tutor him, I just decided to do all his homework for him. For a while that arrangement worked out for the both of us. But with finals looming over, I actually had to cram knowledge into his thickened skull. How I would manage that, I didn't know.

I opened the door expecting a huge mess or possibly even a drunk Tate. Instead I found the big muscle head pounding into a woman.

I stood there shocked at the scene in front of me.

Tate was hunkered over a woman who looked tiny compared to his musclebound body. The entire bed shook as his powerful hips slammed into her tight pussy. Her moans filled the room as she cried out in pleasure.

"Holy fuck." I gasped in surprise.

Tate looked at me. Instead of getting angry he smiled.

“Hey Kramer. Just let me finish up. Ready for it babe?” He turned to look at his partner.

The woman cried out in the affirmative. He buried his cock deep into her pussy and roared. The woman shivered around him, leaving claw marks all over his back. When Tate pulled out of her, cum gushed out of her pussy.

She was a complete babe. Her body was covered in sweat, glistening from exhaustion. She licked her lips as she looked at me.

“Want a taste?” She fingered pussy in front of me. She was so confident in her sexuality I couldn’t stop staring at her even though I knew it was wrong.

“Don’t tease my tutor babe. I’ll see you tomorrow okay?” Tate nuzzled her neck. He offered her her clothes and helped her get changed. I was watching them the entire time.

“See you around.” She touched my chin before she left. “I don’t mind you watching. But just so you know, I can handle you together at the same time.” She squeezed my cock through my pants.

I nearly came right then and there.

Tate didn’t bother putting on any clothes as he watched her leave.

“Fucking hot isn’t she?” Tate grunted. He was back to stroking his mighty cock.

“Christ Tate. Did you forget we had a session today?” I turned away and grumbled. The images of his powerful cock was ingrained forever in my mind. I tried to erase the memory but it would flash back again with even more detail. No wonder the girl had been screaming. Tate was massive.

“Sorry bro. With these new pills Coach is giving me for my performance, I can’t stop thinking about sex.” Tate laughed completely unconcerned and unapologetic. He grabbed a pair of basketball shorts and put them on. “Ready for ya.”

I grumbled. Thankfully, looking at his mess of a room was enough to kill my boner. I didn’t know how Tate lived like his. His room was a mess. My OCD nature was going crazy at even having to work in a place like this.

His dorm room was somehow exactly stereotypical and much worse than the average male dorm. There were clothes strewn everywhere as if they were strategically placed to cover every square inch of surface. There were three pizza boxes all having only one slice left each around the place. The walls were covered in movie posters of half-naked women, which while nice, might have contributed to Tate being so horny all of the time.

In short, this was no place to study at all.

“Do you think we can go to the library?” I asked as Tate offered me a chair. It looked like it had cum stains on it.

“Nah man. Going some place else is going to take some time. Besides, all my books are here.” Tate shut down that idea quickly.

Thinking about it, he was probably right. The chance of him getting distracted outside was higher. At least here, it was only the two of us. I had his complete attention.

I stood up and locked the door. Who knows what kind of interruptions would happen if I left it open.

“Woah there buddy. Got some plans for me?” Tate pulled up his hands in a mock defensive position teasing me. “I don’t go for dudes.”

“Very funny asshole. Stop delaying open your book.” I humored him with a smile before turning on the discipline. While Tate was a decent guy, my PHD was riding on him understanding basic physics. I had to cram a semester’s worth of knowledge into his head.

I figured Tate worked well in high pressure situations thanks to Football. By cramming at the very last minute, he was able to retain just enough lessons and pass his tests. It was the most efficient way of using our tutoring sessions. Unfortunately I wasn’t sure if that same method would work for his finals. Today was me testing that theory out.

After just fifteen minutes, Tate pulled away from the chair.

“This shit is so boring. Didn’t we already study force and acceleration?” Tate turned his chair around like a petulant child. At least he would like a child if he didn’t have a thick chest and prominent abs.

“Yes. You passed that test. It’s going to come back on finals. We can skip it if you can prove to me you know it.” I challenged him.

He grumbled as he went back to reading it. It was clear he had already forgotten everything.

This time his attention span lasted only ten minutes. I wasn’t liking the pattern that was forming.

“I can’t do this man.” Tate stood up. He flicked open the TV and put it on sports.

“Tate come one. We’ve done this before. You passed your tests. We can do this again.” I said to him. I felt like a mother reasoning with his child. Or a wife trying to teach her husband to clean up. It was exhausting. The lessons weren’t even that hard.

“Finals are like two weeks away. Can’t we just cram last minute again.” Tate rolled his eyes at me. He flicked the channel until it landed on a porn channel. “Oh yeah.”

I watched the screen as two beautiful women began rubbing their soft breasts against each other. They ran their

soft hands all over each other's smooth skin. They looked so beautiful and mesmerizing. I felt jealous of how attractive they were.

"See this? This is what I should be studying." Tate growled proudly. He fished out his cock.

"Fuck Tate. Put that back in your pants." I grumbled as I turned away. Secretly I took another peek at him. His cock was just so big. It didn't even look the same as my tiny one.

"Just let me rub one off. Then I'll get back to studying. Can't focus when there are these beautiful babes." Tate groaned. He squeezed the large tube in his shorts.

"Tate. We have to study now. You have an entire semester to cram in our study sessions. If you fail, you're kicked out of the team." I pointed out to him. I didn't mention that I would also fail.

"Fine. But can I just finish this one? My brain works better if I cum." Tate didn't even bother asking for my permission. He just took out his cock and began stroking himself.

My mouth got dry as I watched his cock. He stroked himself like a man on a mission. It wasn't a normal jerk-off where he just fisted his cock. Tate masturbated as if he was having sex. He was squeezing his nipples, rolling his hips and fucking his fists. It was as if I was watching a performance.

"You know, if you were a chick, I'd ask you to suck me off. This would be over in seconds." Tate said after five minutes of jerking off. He took another ten minutes to finish off.

After that, despite my embarrassment, Tate was able to study for a good hour. During that time, he was on his best behavior doing everything I asked. He even seemed to be understanding some concepts. His chances of passing seemed to get brighter with each minute.

At least for that hour. Then he got horny again. When his dick was hard, his brain didn't work. It felt like he only had enough blood for either his brain or dick. I let him jack off again. Except this time, his personal pleasure session took up half an hour.

We managed to get studying again but only for thirty minutes. Then he was horny. It was a vicious cycle that ended up in shorter study times and longer masturbation sessions. After four hours of working together, we had only finished studying one full week out of the entire semester. It wasn't a great sign.

I needed to think of a better way to motivate Tate.

Chapter Two

After the session, I headed to Coach Manafor's office. He was the one who initially approached Dr. Wolowitz to get help for Tate. He was the one who interviewed me and decided I was the perfect tutor for the golden boy.

When Tate was out of line, I was supposed to report to him. He also knew about Tate's actual tutoring arrangement. He didn't care that I did all the homework as long as nobody got caught.

"What can I do for you son?" Coach Manafor asked me. He was a big brawny man who despite being as old as my dad was still built as if he played college football. If it wasn't for his salt and pepper beard, people would think he was still a player.

I quickly explained to him the problem with Tate. I didn't leave out any details, especially how Tate was just jerking off in front of me. As far as I was concerned, Coach Manafor was the reason I got into this mess. He should be the one to fix this.

He was the only other person with more to lose than I did if Tate didn't pass. As the coach of the team, he needed to get that championship.

Hopefully he would see things my way and talk to Tate about his behavior. I couldn't work like that.

"Christ. The pills must be doing a number on him." Coach Manafor laughed instead of commiserating with me after the story. He seemed to find my situation infinitely funny.

"Can you talk to him? Or stop giving him the pills?" I asked frustrated. I didn't get the reaction wanted.

Coach Manafor sighed. He asked me to sit down in front of his desk. Then he put his hands together and looked at me seriously.

"Here are the facts Kramer. One, Tate needs to pass his exams. Two, Tate needs to take the pills to increase his performance. Three, Tate gets horny when he takes the pills. I can't do anything about that." Coach Manafor spelled it out for me.

"Fine. Can you get a cheerleader to suck him off or something while we study? Or at least tell Tate to. I'm sure he can get a girl to do that. Tate told me he gets off quicker that way." I felt bad about asking a girl to do that. But I was at my wits end. I needed a solution quick.

"Not a bad idea." Coach Manafor nodded. "But you have to ask the girls. If word gets out that the team coach is getting girls for his players, my integrity is shot. I can't even ask Tate to get himself laid. That would be an ethics violation."

"So you're saying you can't help me at all." I almost growled at the older man. I had wasted an hour of my life talking to him.

Coach Manafor shrugged sheepishly. I was about to leave when I saw an idea spark in his eyes. He was about to say something but then stopped himself.

"What? Tell me. I'm out of ideas." I asked him. At this point, I would do anything to just get this tutorial over with.

"The pills I got for Tate enhance the masculine powerful aspects of my players." Coach Manafor said cryptically. "So?"

"I have another set of pills that focus on the feminine aspects. They come in a set."

"What does that have anything to do with me? How is that supposed to help?" I rolled my eyes. I knew Coach Manafor was crooked. He was one step below drug dealer.

"You could take the pills, turn into a woman and suck him off." Coach Manafor rubbed his chin thoughtfully, as if his idea wasn't the dumbest thing I had ever heard of in my life.

"You're fucking crazy. Even if your pills could make that happen, there is no way I'm turning into a woman just for some jock." I scoffed as he brought out an innocent looking pill bottle.

"The effects are temporary. Once you stop taking them, your body turns back to normal. All my players who stopped taking the pills off season lose all their benefits. My wife use to take the female one, her breasts would get bigger and she'd get so hot." Coach Manafor reached down to stroke his cock.

"Why'd she stop taking them?" I asked curious.

"She cheated on me with another man. So I stopped supplying her with the pills. She went down three cup sizes and went back to normal in a week. It's completely temporary." Coach Manafor grinned as he tossed me the bottle. "Yeah. This is a great plan. Tate is bound to do everything you want as long as you suck him off."

"I'll think about it." I put the pill bottle in my pocket. This wasn't the solution I had been thinking off.

"Now that I look at you, you are kind of pretty. I'm sure those pills will turn you Into a bombshell." Coach Manafor looked at me differently for the first time in my life. He checked out my whole body.

"Gross. See you around Coach." I said trying to ignore the weird feeling in my body as I felt his gaze on me.

As I reached home, I couldn't stop thinking about the pills in my hand. Could they really turn me into a woman? How would that even feel like?

I couldn't believe I was even considering it. But as I recalled how the last study session went, I realized how much the plan made sense. All I needed to do was suck Tate's cock and become a woman to get my PHD. What was one week of womanhood compared to years of hard work?

I headed home and locked my door tight. I sent an email telling my advisor I would be taking the next two weeks off. It was time to enact my plan.

I took the little white pill in my hand, and then I swallowed it.

Chapter Three

By the time I woke up, I could already feel the pills working. I stared up at the ceiling for a long time. What had I been thinking?

In what world was it justified for me to change my whole personality just for to suck of some jock to make sure he passes a test? It all felt so ridiculous.

But at the thought of that thick powerful cock, I felt my mouth water in excitement. A heated flush spread across my body as I imagined myself on my knees pleasuring Tate in his dirty bedroom. Arousal filled my body as I envisioned myself in the carnal act.

Oh.

I was aroused.

Oh.

Something was definitely missing.

I imagined his cock again and instantly I knew there was something missing in between my legs. There was no rigid hardness in my groin. There was only punctuated heat in between my thighs. There had been no pain at all. I didn't think it would take effect so quickly.

As I sat up, I realized the drug was still working its way throughout my entire body. Even six hours later, the change hadn't been complete. It felt like thousands of little workers ants were crawling all over my skin and muscles rearranging every part of me. I could feel my chest get heavier along with my hips. My arms and legs felt like they were getting longer and smoother.

Did I want to see myself as this new woman? Would I look like some old Drag Queen?

Deep down, I knew I wanted to see myself.

Instinctively I covered my bare chest as I stood up. My arms felt the plump weight of soft bouncy flesh. I had breasts. They were big too.

I kept my eyes closed as I approached the mirror. I wasn't afraid that I had turned into a woman. I was afraid of how much I knew I would like what I saw. Something inside had been revealed by those pills. Now that it was out, the pull was unlike anything I've ever felt before. It was so strong.

Finally, I took the plunge and looked myself.

Gorgeous brown hair encircled my tiny face. As I blinked slowly, I was mesmerized by bright beautiful eyes. My lashes were long and sultry. Each time I blinked, it seemed like they would flutter like a butterfly.

As I turned my head, I realized my nose had become thinner and more defined. It was no longer pudgy and wide like it had been. Now it was just the right size, giving my face aristocratic elegant features. I looked like I had just come out of a fairytale book.

My mouth formed an O in surprise. My lips had turned bright red and become plump. As my tongue flicked out to wet them, I got a thrill at how sexy and sultry it looked. When I pursed my lips, I looked exactly like a fashion model in Paris.

It felt like this beauty should be on print instead of my face. I couldn't stop turning my head trying to see the different angles of my face. It seemed like I had no bad side at all. I was beyond gorgeous.

Then I saw my breasts. They were big, beautiful and natural. They were nice and bouncy with just the right size. When I grabbed onto them, they were soft and plush in my new new delicate fingers. My whole body seemed body seemed to sing with pleasure as I groped my own chest. It felt so good.

The same arousal I had felt earlier came back and filled my body. It seemed to accelerate the change making me into more of a woman in seconds instead of minutes. I could feel the fat distributing in my body. This was no mere change on the surface of my skin, all my body was transforming into a woman.

Instead of feeling disgusted or confused, I felt excited. This was something new for me. I could suddenly see all the possibilities opening up for me.

Despite wanting to admire my body for longer, I decided to put on some clothes and go outside. I couldn't wait to see how everyone would react.

Thankfully, I had the foresight to borrow clothes from some of my friends. Since I was supposed to seduce Tate anyway, I decided to go for tank top with lots of cleavage. It showed off my new breasts while showing off my flat stomach. Then to have a little more coverage, I put on a nice jacket. I matched it with a pretty and short skirt and heels.

As I looked at myself in the mirror, I felt so sexy. I had never worn such clothes as a man. I was always too worried about being respectable to wear anything alluring. I also didn't have a body of someone sexy. I was lanky and thin.

But now that I was woman, I had all the sexy curves I needed. I tried walking a few paces in heels. I had heard horror stories from women all over. But when I walked around in my apartment, I didn't feel any discomfort at all.

I only felt confidence and sensuality from my strut. Each step I took, I wiggled my ass making sure to draw the eye. My legs looked even better elongated by the heels. I was a bombshell.

Tate wouldn't know what hit him.

Chapter Four

As I headed to the Tate's Greek house, I was surprised by how much people were staring and looking at me. I knew my body was hot and I had dressed to impress, but I didn't think people would literally stop and stare at me.

A guy slammed straight into a lamp post on his skateboard as he watched me walked past him. Feeling flirty, I sent him a flying kiss to soothe some of his pain. Despite the big bump on his head, he smiled at me goofily, satisfied from such a trivial gesture.

The more I headed to crowded places, the more I realized how much attention I was taking. Girls would slap their boyfriends when they were caught looking at me. Guys would stop playing basketball and just stare at me.

When I was still a man, being seen would terrify me. It meant people would notice how insecure and weak I was. If they were bullies they would see me as an easy mark. I should have been afraid of being noticed so much. When I was a boy, there was nothing more that I wanted than to be invisible.

But that had all changed. My new body made me feel proud and confident. For the first time in my life I felt powerful. And rightfully so. Everyone around me was fawning over my image.

A tall handsome approached me. He was the type every girl wanted. Before he wouldn't even know my name.

I simply ignored him and walked away. He looked at me confused. He had never been rejected before.

All the cards were in hand. I couldn't suppress the grin of triumph from my face.

As I arrived in the Greek house, all the brothers reactions were all the same. Instead of pushing past me, they deferred to me.

"Hey there. Who are you here for? Can I get you anything?" The pledge master from the previous night asked me. He pulled off his shirt causally and flexed his muscles. He kept looking at the cleavage on my chest.

I was tempted to touch him. Something about his douchey male attitude was turning me on. But I needed to focus. There was only one reason I was here. And if I wanted my PHD, I had to tame Tate to get it.

"No thank you. I'm here for Tate." I pushed him away. I was surprised at how easily he moved against my touch. His face got flush as I touched his bare chest. I knew he wanted me.

"Come on. Tate's got nothing on me. I can show you a real good time." He said as he leaned into my ear. He pressed his hard bulge against me.

I had done that. All I had to do was walk and men got so turned on by me.

"You know what? I think I could use a good drink? Do you have any?" I flirted with him for a bit. I wasn't seriously considering doing anything with the douchebag, but it was fun to feel wanted.

Douche scampered off quickly. He pulled out an expensive bottle of whisky from a nice container. The label said 1976 so I knew it was expensive.

"Only the best for you." He said as he poured us two shots. One for me and another for him. He intertwined our arms expectantly as we took the shot.

I simply took a sip of mine and threw the rest out. It tasted old and bitter. He drunk his entire glass.

"That was delicious. But I really have to be going. I'm Tate's tutor." I explained to him. I was already getting bored of his antics.

"I'll be waiting for you." He said eagerly as he kissed the back of my palm.

I almost snorted at the distorted sense of chivalry. Still it was fun to exert my new found power.

Of course the most important test was finding out if Tate liked my new body. Then again, if he didn't he must either be blind or gay. I was a complete hottie.

Two freshman fell over the stairs as I walked up. They had been distracted by the sight of my breasts.

I knocked on Tate's door figuring a woman wouldn't just barge in. I had emailed him last night, telling him he was getting a replacement tutor because I was sick. I told him my name was Mary.

"Who is it?" Tate called out. I could hear the sounds of video game gunfire from behind him.

"Its your new tutor." I said as I opened the door.

When I entered his room was still in the same state of disarray. Everything was still messy and disorganized. I was having a headache just looking at it.

At least Tate had on some shorts. Although he was still completely shirtless.

"You're Mary?" Tate said flabbergasted. His jaw had fully dropped. If he was a cartoon, it would have fallen on the floor.

"What were you expecting?" I asked. I coked my hip and twirled my hair playfully. I could see him follow my movements. His shorts did nothing to hide his hardening cock.

"Could you give me a minute? My place is kind of a mess. I'll just clean up." Tate moved so fast I couldn't respond. He carefully put me outside the room and dragged the two freshman inside.

Loud noises and commands filled the room while I waited at the door. He was actually cleaning up for me. I was flattered. This was the power of a beautiful woman like me.

"I'm ready for you now." Tate said. He had sadly put on a clean shirt and nice jeans. At least they hugged his body well.

The two freshman scampered out with his old clothes and other garbage. When I looked at the room again, it was completely clean. It looked exactly like the clean rooms the college entrance brochure promised. I was impressed.

I put my finger on his chin and playfully flirted with him. If he had done all this upon seeing me, I wondered what else would happen when I unleashed all my charms on him.

"Let's get started shall we?"

Chapter Five

The first thing I did was to take off my jacket. I wanted Tate to be extremely aware of me. Not for one second did I want him to forget why I was here.

"Let me get that for you." Tate reached for my jacket. He let his hand linger on mine. He even rubbed his thumb on the inside of my wrist.

I felt the heat rise up through my arm. He looked at me intently with those bright blue eyes. He had a confident smirk on his face. He leaned in to kiss me.

Reflexively, I leaned towards him. My new body was yearning for his powerful male touch. I wanted to feel his thick cock in me so bad.

But I pulled away and put my hand on his mouth. I couldn't give it up so easily. I became a woman for only one reason. I just had to remember what that reason was.

"No need to be shy. I'm not going to hurt you. I promise, I'll make you feel real good." Tate leaned in to my ear and kissed the skin behind it. My body shivered from the intense pleasure at that sensitive spot. His hand fell on my thigh and reached higher up under my skirt.

It felt so good, I found myself leaning in to his touch. His fingers rubbed my untouched inner thigh and spread my legs open. He was already so close to my pussy. He would feel how wet I had become.

Then he grabbed my hand and placed it on his lap. He made me squeeze his big powerful cock.

"I know its big. But I know how to use it. Pretty girl like you will love what I'm packing." Tate said confidently. He was all alpha male. I could understand why women constantly fawned over him. He was just so good at what he did well.

But I wasn't just any woman.

I was his tutor. And I had a job to do.

I grabbed Tate tightly by the balls, using just enough force to keep him threatened but not enough to hurt him. He stiffened immediately and released his hold on my leg.

"We study first." I leaned in and whispered into his ear. I had to make sure he was motivated. Plus, I didn't want him to think I wasn't enjoying the attention. His cock had been all I had been thinking about on my way here. "If you can pass the practice test I made for you, I'll give you a special reward."

I released his balls and traced my finger up his cock. I could feel the rigid strength underneath his basketball shorts.

Tate licked his lips as he looked at me with lusty eyes. I could tell he was completely captivated by me.

"What's my reward?" Tate asked hungrily, eyeing my body.

"That's a secret." I answered him coyly. I grabbed his arm and turned him to face the table and his textbook. But I made sure to press my new breasts on his skin. His nostrils flared as he felt their plush weight on his arm. "But I promise it will make you feel real good."

"Fuck. You are a tease." Tate growled deep and low. I could tell he was resisting the urge to just take me then and there.

Some part of me wanted him to just ignore my orders and take over. I wanted him to be dominant and take what belonged to him. I wouldn't be able to stop him. My womanly limbs would be powerless against his big strong muscles. The idea of him dominating me moistened my pussy.

"Right. What are we studying again?" For the first time since I began tutoring him, Tate opened the textbook himself.

I should have done this earlier. He was actually motivated to study better. I quickly pointed him to the correct lesson and we began our work. Studying was surprisingly so much easier when Tate had the proper incentive.

When he still got distracted, all I had to do was give him some tactile attention to bring him back on track. I would run my finger up across his thick forearm. Sometimes when he got an answer right, I would press my tits against his shoulder. I added in a squeeze of his thigh. When he perfected an entire set, I rubbed my foot against his ankle.

We got through tons of material in record time, even though he had an erection throughout most of it.

He finally reached his breaking point an hour in. I could feel he wasn't absorbing anything new.

"I need a break." Tate pulled off his textbook frustrated.

"Don't worry you did well." I grinned at him. I uncrossed my legs making sure he could see the color of my panties. "I think you deserve a little reward. You get to choose. I take off one piece of clothing or you get to touch one body part."

Tate grunted in satisfaction. He stroked his cock through his shorts blatantly. His blatant display of arousal made

me horny. I hoped we could finish this lesson soon.

"I'm only wearing three pieces of clothing," I clarified. "Right now I only have my tank top, skirt and panties."

"Strip." Tate said after a moment's thought.

I grinned at him. I stood up and gave him a little show. Then I reached for my blouse. I was about to unbutton it when Tate stopped me.

"Can I choose the piece of clothing?" Tate asked.

"Sure." I answered. I would have thought he would want to see my breasts first.

"I want your panties." Tate huffed. His gaze was directed at my crotch.

"Naughty." I squeaked in surprised. I pulled them with my skirt still covering my body. I handed them over to him.

Tate grinned as he snatched them from me. He clearly felt how wet and soaked they were. He brought it up to his nose and inhaled sharply.

"Fuck yeah. You smell so good. How long until I get my reward?" Tate growled. He liked my panties and squeezed his thick cock. He was clearly enjoying this.

"We'll do an exam. Based on your score, we decide what happens next." I licked my lips to keep him properly motivated.

Then I took a blank sheet of paper and wrote down a reward rubric.

If he failed, I would leave and take my panties.

A barely passing grade would get both of us naked.

Anything above that would lead to light groping.

The list continued higher like that with the sexual act getting more and more advanced the higher he got. At a perfect score, he would get to fuck me. I showed him the list.

"Fair enough don't you think?" I said as I straddled his bare thigh. My pussy grazed against his muscular leg. He could feel my wetness against his skin. "I really want you to get that perfect grade."

He was about grab my hips and pull me close when I stopped him.

"Nu-uh. No touching until after the test." I stood up. I did reach down and squeeze his cock to show him I wasn't just a tease. "Need to review? I'm only giving you one chance at this for today."

"Fine. Let me look at the textbook first." Tate said much to my amusement. I was glad he was finally taking his lessons seriously.

"Let me help you with that." I said once I noticed him having difficulty with a mathematical computation.

"Let me figure it out. You're not going to help me on the test are you?" He hid his paper from me. Then he went back to work.

Maybe there was actually a chance for him to pass the final. I should have turned into a woman months ago. As I said that in my head, I realized how ridiculous it was. But a big part of me felt that it was still true.

Chapter Six

Tate started the test and diligently worked. We had never reached the stage where he actually did the practice tests. His attention span would always disappear. And since I was a man before, I didn't have anything to motivate him. Now he was completely focused on getting the job done. Not once did he even look at me for more inspiration. It was like he was a completely different person.

But that did mean I currently had nothing to do with my time. Since the apartment was clean, I couldn't even fix his things for him. I laid down on his bed. It smelled strongly like him. It was all man.

My body reacted in a way it didn't. Somehow this new female body was responding to the masculine scent. As I watched this muscular back hunched over in his table, I couldn't stop imagining him taking me right here on his bed. The anticipation was killing me. My whole body yearned for his touch.

I tried to stay strong but the temptation was too strong. Even if I hadn't seen his grade yet, I just had to get out of my tight clothes. My tank top felt like it was too tight on my boobs. When I pulled it off, my boobs bounce freely. I felt so liberated. I couldn't help but touch and marvel at their weight and softness. I traced my fingertips over my sensitive nipples. I made a quiet moan that I was sure Tate heard.

I needed him to know I wanted him. Whatever the outcome of his test, I needed him inside me. I took out my skirt so that I could touch my pussy. My whole body quaked with pleasure as my finger grazed against my folds. It felt like the sensation extended to my entire body. It was nothing like jerking off. Being a woman felt so much more sensitive and intense. If my thin fingers had made me quiver, I wondered what his thick powerful cock would do to me.

I couldn't wait for him. I pushed my finger into my pussy eliciting an automatic gasp from my body.

"All done." Tate stood up. When he turned around to hand me the paper, there was a huge wet spot at the tip of his hard erection. He had heard me after all. "I could have finished the test if you didn't keep moaning." Tate said with a little bite in words. But they quickly dissolved as he saw my naked body.

Any annoyance he had quickly evaporated once he realized how close he was going to get to actually fucking me.

"Need to make sure you're prepared for all distractions." I said coyly. I went on my knees and grabbed the paper from him. I wanted him to get a preview of how I would look giving him a blowjob.

I sat on his chair and began reviewing his paper. I was thoroughly impressed out of the the twenty multiple choice questions, he only had gotten one wrong.

"That means I pass for sure right?" Tate leaned over my shoulder. His hands fell on my hips.

"Not necessarily. But if you get one computation problems right, then you can't fail." I stuttered as he began stroking my hip. His hand found themselves on my inner thigh. He was making small circles with his thumb. I felt so good I couldn't focus. My legs were spreading on their own.

"Well check that number. I want to get my passing grade." Tate nudged me on the test. He infuriatingly left his hands still on my thighs. They were already so close to my pussy.

I started doing calculation on the paper. Every time I pressed something on my calculator, his fingers would dart ever closer to my pussy. Tate was clearly enjoying teasing me. It took me twice as long as I normally would to check the problem. He had gotten everything right. He even used all the proper notations showing that he knew what was doing.

"You definitely passed. The next three questions will determine what grade you get." I stammered. I tried to remember the rubric I had given him. He would get to fuck me if he passed right. I didn't need to check the rest of his paper. I pushed his paper aside. "Time to get your reward. Fuck me."

Tate looked ready to pounce. And I was ready for it. But instead of lifting me off the chair and throwing me to the bed, he knelt down in front of me.

"Finish grading my paper. When I fuck you, I want to have earned it." Tate said to me. Before I could protest, he grabbed my thighs and spread them apart, exposing my bare pussy towards him. "Fuck, I loved clean shaven women. I can smell you from here."

"Oh yes." I whimpered. My sex was ready and waiting for him.

After a few seconds of nothing happening, I looked down at him. He was just watching me.

"What's wrong?" I asked frustrated. I needed to be fucked so bad.

"You're not grading my paper. I want to know my results." He grinned wickedly.

He had turned the tables on me. Now I was the one desperate for sex.

I grabbed his paper and began checking it for errors. Unfortunately, he got the second calculations wrong which meant there was no chance of us having sex. The only thing left was oral. I wanted that. I could grant him bonus

points if his solutions were correct.

Just as I was computing his score for the problems, I felt something wet and hot flick up my pussy. My entire body shuddered in intense pleasure. That wet object had touched something inside me. I couldn't understand what was happening from feeling alone. All I knew was that it felt so good.

My voice came out in a soft whimper as I looked down at Tate. He was actually licked my folds. I didn't know men liked doing that.

"What?" I gasped, my words dying in my throat as his tongue traced the outside of my vagina. My whole body shuddered under his expert tongue.

"Keep going. I want to see how high my score can get." Tate said before eating me out again. He made noise of pure pleasure as he buried himself in me.

Grading his paper was extremely difficult. My mind had gone delirious from the intense pleasure I was feeling. His tongue was flicking at places I didn't know existed inside me. I couldn't focus at all. My brain turned to mush.

But every time I would succumb to the glorious pleasure he was giving me, Tate would pull back with smug smile on his face. He was determined to see this through.

It took me ages before I finally finished grading his paper. He had gotten a pretty high grade. I snatched the rubric I had just hastily down and matched the scores.

I would give him a blowjob.

"Nice." Tate said as he saw his reward. He suddenly grabbed my body and lifted me up in the air. It was like I weighed nothing to this powerful man. He just tossed me on the bed. He pulled down his shorts revealing his thick cock. He straddled my body and grabbed my breasts.

"Ever sucked a cock before?" He asked me. He must have seen the nervousness on my face.

"No. But I want to." I quickly added.

"Are you a virgin?" Tate's smug smile disappeared. It was replaced with an intense hunger.

"Yes." I squeaked.

"I'm going to treat you so right." Tate suddenly kissed his way down my body. He sucked in my nipple making my back arch up in pleasure. His lips and tongue trailed their way all over my body. It felt like little pleasurable electric shocks. Nobody had ever kissed me like this before. It wasn't just my breasts and pussy, but my entire body.

My brain turned into mush as I tried to process the sensations coursing through me. Later I realized he had started eating out my pussy. His tongue wasn't teasing me anymore. He was diving deep into my pussy tasting all my walls. His nose rubbed against my clit and then he would suck it into his mouth.

I couldn't even warn him as my entire body spasmed around his expert touches. My vision went white as I trembled in powerful climax. Colorless fluid erupted from pussy and coated his face.

It didn't deter Tate. In fact, it made him lick me even more. He kept his tongue lapping up at me until every single one of my powerful aftershocks subsided. His tongue was caressing me as if I was an exotic and expensive delicacy. My whole body felt weightless as if I had just ascended to a different plane of existence.

"Was that good for you?" Tate asked me as he crawled up my body. His hard cock pressed against my pussy, making my body come alive again. It wasn't like a man's body that needed to rest. My vagina was ready for another round.

"It was so amazing." I said in breathy gasps. He kissed me deep and hard. His tongue pushed past my lips letting me taste myself. I was caught by surprise but I wasn't disgusted at all. I leaned in to his touch and affection.

"You were amazing. Keep yourself a virgin for me. When I ace my taste, I want this sweet pussy all to myself." Tate growled deep and low. He was marking me for him. "Do we have a deal?"

"Yes." I answered him. My fingers reached around his rigid cock. "Now I think it's time for me to give you your reward."

Tate lay down on the bed and put his hands at the back of his head. All his powerful muscles flexed for me. He was showing me his hot body.

"Yes. I think it time we give you a taste of real cock." Tate grinned at me.

Chapter Seven

The next week proceeded quickly. Tate and I had so much material to cover that I was in his dorm room every day. Properly motivated, Tate turned out to be an excellent student. He was learning all the topics correctly. He was able to take all the practice tests I gave him.

At first, he would have trouble with the longer lessons. He had a hard time even finishing the test. But day by day, he would constantly improve, until finally he finished the exam. We would then focus on perfecting his basic knowledge.

The goalpost moved from just passing his test to perfecting his score. I finally understood how Tate became the best player in the league. There was just a competitive fiery spirit in him that couldn't be doused.

He had just never applied himself in his academics before because he was so focused in football. Nobody gave him any praise for being the smartest person in the room. They all expected him to be the big dumb popular jock.

But that all changed with me. I had given him a proper incentive to succeed in his scores. Naturally every day bought a new sexual adventure. Tate was adamant about collecting the fruits of his labors.

After every test, he made sure I graded his paper immediately. Then he would adhere to the sex reward rubrics I had given him. With his increasing scores, we had done everything but sexual intercourse itself. I had sucked him off, got titty fucked and stroked him to completion.

I was a sweaty mess after each tutoring session. But Tate was properly motivated. He promised me he would have the top score in his class. When that happened, he would finally fuck me for real.

I couldn't wait.

Beside teaching Tate, I spent my time finishing up my thesis. I refined every last bit of detail. I was going to get my PHD.

At least, that was the plan. But after becoming a woman, I found my mind drifting to other things. There had to be more to life than getting a doctorate. Did I really want to spend my one life in academia writing research papers that no one read? Was that really the life I wanted?

Doubts began to seep inside me. I went about exploring what other possibilities laid in my future.

But before I could embark on my exploration I had to get more pills from Coach Manafor first. I was running out of supply. I wouldn't be able to tutor Tate. My whole strategy was to use my body as inspiration.

It was after office hours when I finally came to his office.

"Hello Coach. Thanks for seeing me," I said as I entered the door.

"Would you lock it dear? I don't want anyone seeing what I'm about to give you." Coach Manafor said evenly.

I did as he was asked. If either of us got caught, it would turn out quite troublesome. Performance enhancing drugs was never a good look for a coach.

"How is Tate's lessons doing? He seems to be in a great mood lately. His plays have been fantastic." Coach Manafor handed me the bottle.

"Great. I even think he has a chance at becoming a Dean's lister." I answered quickly. I took the bottle of pills. I realized this supply was only going to last me for one week. It was just enough pills to last until Tate's final exam. After that my body would turn back into normal.

I didn't like that thought one bit. I wasn't ready to give up exploring my life as a woman. Sure I would transform back into a man for my thesis defense. But afterwards, I needed to get back into this body.

"I knew my idea was perfect. The boy just needs the proper motivation to get into studying." Coach Manafor eyed my body lasciviously. "I could see why he works so hard. If you were my tutor, I'd be happy to study everyday."

"He does have all the right incentives." I basked in the attention I was getting. I loved being admired for my new womanly body. There was nothing better knowing that everyone wanted a piece of me.

"Good. That's good to hear. Tate is our best chance of bringing back home the championship. Boy is really gifted." Coach Manafor put both his feet on the desk and leaned back with a relaxed sigh. He eyed the cabinet which held the previous trophies.

Now would be my best time to ask for more pills. In fact, I would probably needed to find out where he got his supply. Once Tate passed his exam, there would be no reason for Coach Manafor to give me anymore pills. I couldn't have that at all.

"Hey Coach. I was wondering if I could get more of your pills?" When he wasn't looking, I unbuttoned my blouse showing a tiny bit more cleavage. I found men would respond to me better with a little flesh peeking out.

"Why? That should get you through Tate's finals?" Coach Manafor answered. He did a double take when he saw my chest.

"It's just that I promised Tate I would give him a celebratory weekend reward. I wouldn't want to stand him up. He might get so disappointed it could affect his performance." I but my lip, drawing his gaze towards my mouth. I flicked my tongue slightly.

"Alright. But this is the last one. These are very expensive pills." Coach handed me another bottle.

It wouldn't be enough. I couldn't just become a woman for two or three weeks. I needed more time. I decided to push my luck.

"I was wondering Coach. Where do you get these pills?" I sat on his desk causing my skirt to hike up. My bare thigh made contact with the warm wood. My silky lingerie peeked out showing him the thong style panties I was wearing.

"I can't tell you that dear. Have to protect my supplier." Coach Manafort was completely focused on me.

"But I think I want to stay like this a bit longer than usual. I might need a few more of those pills." I leaned towards him.

"You did change for the better. I never expected you to become so sexy and hot." Coach Manafort placed his hand on my knee.

"It would be such a waste if nobody ever saw this body again." I took his hand and brought it up towards my mid thigh. His touch was electric. I realized Coach Manafort was another man I could have sex with. Why had I limited myself to experiences with Tate? Why wasn't I going around having sex with so much more men?

"That would be a waste." Coach Manafort's nostrils flared. He rubbed the seam between my legs and crotch. He was teasing my outer folds with his fingers. "You look so much sexier than my wife."

A thrill shot up my spine as I realized I was about to become a home wrecker. It felt so sinful and taboo. It only made me want to do it more.

"You have to tell me who your supplier is. I want to stay like this for a bit longer." I unbuttoned another button on my blouse. Just one more, and my breasts would come spilling out.

"I think you should prove to me how well you use that new body of yours first." Coach Manafort grinned.

"It would be my pleasure." I undid the button. Coach Manafort was older than Tate but his body was no less muscular. His age seemed to give him an even more masculine air. Having sex with him was no punishment on my part. In fact I should have done it ages ago.

I walked over to the other side of the desk so that there would be nothing between us. I pushed his chair all the way to the wall. My body moved on its own, giving him a sultry and sensual striptease.

First I removed my top but left my bra. Then I pulled down my skirt constantly swaying my hips. Coach Manafort removed his clothes on his own. Before I could even unhook my bra, he was already naked with his erect cock sticking out.

"You're very excited to see me." I teased him as I reached out to grab his cock.

"Fuck yes. You are so fucking sexy. Look at that tight body." He growled possessively.

"Where do I get more pills?" I asked him.

He got a piece of paper and jot down a name and address. He handed it to me quickly. "All there. The pills are pricey but I'm sure a gal like can get a hefty discount." Coach Manafort grabbed me by the ass and placed me on his lap. He ground his cock against my ass.

I stuffed the paper into my wallet. Then I focused my attention on the handsome older man in front of me. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

Coach Manafort's hands were all over my body. He had expertly removed all my clothes without me noticing. He was far more desperate than Tate. He squeezed my boobs with unrestrained gusto. His cock left a sticky trail of precum on my back.

"I want to fuck you." He whispered into my ear desperately.

"I need a rain check on that. I promised Tate my virginity if he passed." I answered back to him. But I rolled my hips over his cock. I felt its massive size. There was no way I was missing out on this magnificent cock. "But once that's done, I'll make sure to come back and give your bad boy a ride."

"I'm holding you to that." Coach Manafort growled. Then he pushed off and forced me on my knees.

I didn't need to be told twice what to do. I grabbed his thick cock and began stroking up. I looked up at him, seeing his eyes completely taken over by lust.

"Open your legs wider." I ordered him. I was going to give him the best blowjob he had ever had.

Coach Manafort followed my orders. I then pushed my breasts forward letting him fuck my tits. I was sure his wife would never do that for him.

"Holy fuck." He grunted as he thrust in between my cleavage.

I loved the feeling of his cock in between my chest. I then took the head into my mouth and swirled my tongue all over it.

“Depththroat it slut.” He ordered me.

I was more than happy to oblige. I took his entire cock in my mouth. Since I had so much practice with Tate, I swallowed him all the way back into my throat. Coach Manafort grabbed my head and began face fucking me hard. He was in complete control being much harsher than Tate ever was.

I loved every minute of it. This was my place being used as a hole for a thick cock. I fingered myself as he fucked me. I felt him stiffen in my mouth. His cock pulse and flooded my mouth his cum. The warm sticky fluid filled my throat. I swallowed every single last drop.

Coach Manafort wasn’t done though. He lifted me by the arms and laid me on his desk. Then he ate me out with a fiery passion. I didn’t stand a chance cumming all over his face and desk in seconds.

When we both recovered, he handed me another bottle of pills.

“It would be such a waste if you turned into a man again.” Coach Manafort grinned at me. “Don’t forget the promise you made me. I want that tight pussy on my cock.”

I kissed him goodbye and walked out happily with my three bottles of pills. I wished Tate’s finals would come sooner. Sex felt so good. I wanted to get fucked by a cock already. All this waiting was making me go crazy.

Chapter Eight

I waited at Tate's room with trepidation. Right now, he was taking his final exam. Usually, results would be posted after a few weeks. But Tate had requested his professors to grade his test immediately. He claimed it would be so he could concentrate on his playing without having to worry about his score. The professor obliged him. I was a simple request that wouldn't cause and trouble. Besides, everyone had something to gain if Tate won the championship.

Naturally, Tate only wanted his score so he could fuck me. As long as he passed his final exam, he would have my virginity.

During our tutoring sessions, the farthest he had gone was putting two fingers inside me. And that had been an intense experience. I couldn't wait to get fucked for real. I was completely confident in Tate's ability to pass.

I lounged in his bed wearing the sexiest lingerie in the world. It was dark black lace that showed off each and every one of my curves. I looked like a high class escort, the kind that would cost ten of thousands of dollars for one night. I felt sexy and uninhibited.

Today I would lose my virginity.

The door to Tate's room suddenly opened. He was standing in the hallway with a triumphant look on his face.

"Ninety seven over a hundred." Tate said proudly. Then he closed the door behind him and locked it. He grabbed and pulled me to his body urgently. He captured my lips. The kiss was harsh and urgent.

I needed more. I had waited long enough. My fingers grabbed the edge of his clothes and pulled them off his magnificent body. I ripped some items away in the desperate search for more skin and contact. I was hungry for his touch.

The entire time, he was sucking on my neck and grabbing my hips. His hands squeezed my ass.

"You look so fucking hot. I've been waiting for you for weeks." Tate said to me in desperation. He unhooked my bra and cupped both my breasts. He then sucked my nipple into his mouth.

"Fuck yes. Take me Tate." I pulled my panties down. Originally I thought we were going to have some seduction and teasing. But the minute I saw him, I knew I just had to be fucked immediately.

"You smell so good." Tate pushed me on my back. He kissed his way down my torso.

Tate had always loved eating pussy. Whenever he did a particularly well on a practice test, he would ask for a pair of my panties. He loved my smell. I wasn't surprised that it was the first thing he wanted for his reward.

His tongue lapped at my folds, licking my wet pussy. His actions got me more excited getting me more wet. It was a vicious cycle that got me soaking wet.

Then he sucked in my clit making me arch from the intense pleasure. My whole body thrummed with sexual energy. He was so good at me making me feel good. The butterflies in my stomach coalesced into a hurricane of ecstasy.

A finger went inside me prepping me for what's to come. Tate was a big man. At six foot four and over two hundred pounds, he had muscles everywhere. It also meant he had long thick fingers. He had no trouble finding my G-spot and coaxing me into an early orgasm.

I tried to hold on as long as I could, but I was helpless at his intense assault. When he put two fingers inside me, I couldn't contain myself. I flooded his hand with my juices, climaxing from the intensity of my pleasure.

My whole body quaked from the sheer ecstasy. I lost track of everything. I was in a complete state of bliss.

I was floating on my post orgasmic glow, when I felt something hot and thick press at my entrance. When I looked down, I found his massive cock awaiting at my pussy.

"You ready for this?" Tate was hunkered over me. All his big muscles were on display. His prominent chest and eight pack abs were flexed tight. He was holding himself up with his strong arms. This was the alpha who was going to claim me.

"Yes." I cried out.

He pushed in with his hips. The first stretch was painful. Tate was so big it was impossible for there to be no pain especially since I was a virgin. But that pain subsided quickly as the feeling of becoming full overtook my body. The head of his cock was all the way inside me. It felt so hot and alive.

Tate didn't stop, pushing in slowly and steadily, letting me get accustomed to his size. I squirmed around the feeling of something invading my body. It was unlike any sensation I had ever had before. It wasn't painful anymore.

And then his cock slid against that sensitive spot inside me. Pleasure bloomed from everywhere inside my body. Each movement he made made my body tingle in pleasure. It felt so good to have his cock rub against my vaginal walls.

"You like that don't you. I can feel you tightening around me. That's it baby. Take all of this cock." Tate grunted

as he pushed all the way inside me. His balls slapped against my pussy. I had completely taken his massive cock inside me. We were connected.

"It feels so good. Fuck me Tate." I cried out in desperation. When he wasn't moving the pleasure didn't feel complete. I needed more friction. I needed more movement. I needed to be fucked desperately.

Tate didn't need any more encouragement. He started thrusting his hips against me. He pulled his cock all the way out and slammed back in. The movement made my entire body go on overdrive. It was the best feeling in the world to be fucked by this powerful man.

His hips slammed into mine with every thrust. His massive cock stretched my pussy wide. The sheer girth of him rubbed against my clit. It was nothing like his fingers. This was so much better.

I didn't last long. Although I had just come a few minutes ago. I was cumming again. My whole body spasmed around his massive cock. I felt myself clamping down on him.

Tate cried out in sheer ecstasy, slamming into me one last time. His cock flooded my inside with his cum. I felt the hot wet fluid inside me. He was putting his seed inside me. The aftershock of my climax caused me to spasm around his cock, milking him for every last drop.

He collapsed to the side pulling his cock out of me.

Both of us lay on his bed breathless.

"That was amazing." Tate said as he kissed me.

"You were amazing." I corrected him. I pushed my tongue past his lips.

Tate reached over and pulled me into his arms. I felt so safe with his big body. He was nuzzling my neck softly. He was cuddling me.

I felt so good to be held. Being a woman just felt so much better than anything I had ever imagined.

"You know, next semester I have this very hard physic course. I think I can use a tutor like you." Tate whispered into my ear playfully. His hand began groping my boobs. I could feel his cock Harden against my hip.

"Yeah? I think I can make that happen." I answered him back with a kiss. My whole body was ready to go again.

Tate's hard cock pushed its way back into me.

I moaned in pleasure. This was what I needed. This was where I belonged.

Chapter Nine

After that, Tate asked me to be his girlfriend. I told him yes. I had never felt more needed or fulfilled whenever I was with him.

Tate would go on to win the championship, after which, he fucked me four times. He still had another two years left at the university. He would need a tutor to make sure his grades would be kept high.

I didn't bother showing up to my thesis defense. Kramer was long gone. I was now Mary, Tate's sexy girlfriend. I knew I would not be happy in academia. There was simply no excitement in arguing with old men about theories and hypothesis. It wasn't a dynamic enough environment for me. Besides there was nothing grosser than old man smell. I wasn't about to spend the rest of my life with men who didn't appreciate my beauty.

Living with Tate who worshipped the ground I walked on was more fulfilling. Thankfully Tate was open minded about sex. He didn't mind sharing as long as I came back to him. He even shared me with some of his teammates that I found attractive.

There was just so much pleasure to explore in being a woman. Tate didn't stop me from doing anything I wanted. I was completely free and uninhibited.

I went back to Coach Manafort and fulfilled my promise to him to get fucked. He was an excellent performer. I went back to him often when I needed a rough no holds barred fucking. He was always so rough and ready for me. Coach Manafort was a wild animal in bed.

I also found his dealer and got myself settled with a year's worth of pills. The dealer decided to give it all to me for free as long as I let him fuck me. I had secured my supply. I also made him promise to tell me if they could make the change permanent.

I had never felt more myself than when I was in this body. There was no way I was ever going to go back.

It was so easy being a woman. My body would make men give anything I wanted. I didn't need to work a single day in my life. I attracted attention whenever I went. I was beautiful, intelligent and sexy. It was a lethal combination.

Tate promised to provide for me once he became a pro player. I could relax my pretty head. He promised me the world.

But I wasn't the type to stay idle. While Tate was studying, I decided to open my own tutoring center, specifically catering to jocks like him. I knew I had a gift for teaching. I had to give back to the community.

"Excellent work Tyrone. Good job Jonah." I said to my two newest pupils. There were two black footballers. They were Tate's defensive lineman and they were failing their classes. Since they watched Tate's back on the field, I decided it was in my best interest to make sure they passed. I had been teaching them basic math. I was determined to let them have good grades. I wasn't about to let their talent go to waste.

"Do we get our reward now?" Tyrone asked me. He reached down and readjusted his hard cock.

"We worked really hard Mary." Jonah licked his lips as he waited for his grades.

"I think its time to teach you boys a more personal lesson." I grinned at the both of them as I stripped off all my clothes.

I loved my new job.