

From Student to Master – Finale

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Lisa sat in what remained of what was now, her apartment. The tiny, dank space had barely any furniture in it, only a mattress, a few boxes of clothes and an out of date laptop. After getting Stuart fired, she'd decided enough was enough, it was time to switch them back. She could return to the life of luxury and fun she'd always known and Stuart would have nothing; no job, no livelihood and no friends thanks to his now ruined reputation. The perfect revenge for having turned her down so many times; she'd returned 'home' for what she had assumed would be the last time to retrieve the necklace only to find the drawer where she'd stashed it empty. A single polaroid camera photo in it's place; her own smiling, feminine face winking.

How had she not foreseen Stuart breaking back into his old place while she wasn't looking? He must have snuck back in before going on holiday and yet, he hadn't switched them back. Horrified she'd tried calling, texting, emailing, everything she could think of to contact him only to get a single reply.

Dear Professor Haynes,

I think the way we have been communicating is incredibly unprofessional. I think it's best I change universities and that we cease all communications. I now see, thanks to help from some loving friends, that you were taking advantage of me, exchanging sex for better grades. I have reported you to the authorities to ensure you can never do this again.

With all the respect you are due,

Lisa.

The little harlot! She'd been filled with rage and spent several days planning her revenge while he was off enjoying a holiday on her dime. Stuart was so arrogant; did he think she was not capable of doing the very same thing he had? Breaking into her old penthouse was a breeze, she had all the old passcodes and security camera access; she'd crept inside, sitting herself down on her old bed for the first time in weeks and enjoying the feel of satin sheets. When Stuart had walked in, wearing a light summer dress, fresh from the airport, she'd pounced.

She'd expected his usual token defiance but to her delight, he'd screamed, high pitched and girly as she approached. It would be a shame to bruise her old pretty face but if that's what it took to get her life back, she had been prepared to do it. Stuart's terrified face had turned to a wicked grin for a split second and then a fist collided with her temple. Brad, huge and fuming, stood over her. Stuart had clung to him like the little bitch he was, crocodile tears streaming down his face as he

begged Brad to get rid of him. She could only watch, mouth agape as Stuart spouted lies of extortion and abuse at her hand; and in response, Brad had beat her into the ground.

Within the hour the police were called and a restraining order written up. Any chance of her finding that necklace now dashed forever as she was no longer allowed anywhere near her old penthouse or body. Streetwalkers could no longer satisfy her, fuck, half the time she couldn't even get hard without sneaking a look at a picture of her old body first. Only a few nights ago she'd tried to log into the security system, hoping for another show only to find herself locked out. The last video available, Stuart winking at the camera as he changed the passcodes.

Which bought her to this moment, penniless, alone and desperately horny. Disgusted with herself, she opened up the OnlyFans page that was her only salvation, knowing full well Stuart would see she'd logged on. LovelyLisa had become an instant hit on the site; Stuart now using the body that was rightfully hers to make himself even richer. There was a new video; the naked form of that bodacious blonde slowly dancing around a pole that had since been installed in her old bedroom. Within seconds she was hard, hand grasped around her pathetic cock almost painfully. Her eyes were locked to the video, remembering just how good it had felt to be inside that tight, wet cut currently on display. How soft her tits were, the sounds she'd made Stuart make with her voice...fuck she missed it. She missed being able to play with her own pussy and stretch out naked across her soft carpet. She wanted to be in that body so badly, in every sense of the word.

She picked up speed, matching her rhythm to the music as Stuart humped the pole. She moaned, pretending that pole was her cock and that her hand was instead those soft folds. In the video, Stuart flipped his long blonde hair as he stepped away from the pole, a single finger slipping into his wet hole as he gave a high pitched gasp. Lisa was cumming, sticky cum spilling over her fingers as she watched her old face wink as the video ended.

She growled, furious with herself for being so weak; each time she vowed to move on she wound up back here; staring at herself and jacking off. She wanted to say this was the last time but by now she couldn't even convince herself. A pop up appeared on screen:

LovelyLisa is now selling her used panties! Limited run! Get them while they're still warm ;)

Lisa felt her stomach churn; each pair was selling for fifty dollars. She barely had enough money for rent this month as it was, she couldn't afford it but...to have the chance to smell that pussy again to *taste* it. It was too tempting. With trembling, desperate fingers she moved the mouse to the purchase button, watching as what little remained in her bank account drained away. She couldn't bring herself to regret it though; the knowledge that soon, she could hold those panties in her hands, against her cock once more; it only made her more excited. Finally, she had something to look forward to.