**Thornbush Academy**

by luv2custrip

**Thornbush Academy Ch. 07 - Strange Night**

*Miss Griswold’s nighttime visit does not go as planned.*

I successfully returned Miss Maggie and Miss Andie back to school in time for dinner. Andie's clothes were as she had left them in the cloakroom in Classic Nude Dance class. There was a bit of a panic for poor Maggie: her clothes were nowhere to be found in Home Room; finally we thought to check Dean's office and there they were, all neatly folded on his desk.

Now I was very late for my own welcoming dinner. I hated to do it but I had to shower off all of Andie's scents and smells and all of her sweat and her all of sweet and sticky love juices from my body. I almost cried.

Entering the stuffy dining room in my best clothes and I still got looks. Especially from Ms Griswold. I got the distinct feeling that she had planned to sit next to me and entertain with some under the table hand manipulations. Alas, that seat was taken by the surprisingly stuffy professor who taught the "Ladies Only" class in lesbian love.

"Oh Professor!" he was gleaming. "We were just discussing whether our girls should be left on their own to discover the ways of Sappho, or should there be a more formalized class structure."

I looked around and saw most eyes downcast. Obviously, Professor Dunbar was the only one included in his "we"; until I had sat down.

I suppressed a sigh and told of my own girl-on-girl class in which we not only had a special guest lecturer speak, she then stripped and joined in.

"Capital idea!" he exclaimed. "Capital!"

Hmmm. I wondered if I was in the middle of an exceptionally boring non-nude scene in a stale British sex comedy. I caught Ms Griswold's eyes: her brows went up and I finally got a hint of a smile.

So, dinner went on for much too long. I was trying to hold off on sampling too much of the astonishing variety of liquors offered me. I kept glancing over at Ms Griswold, and prayed that I had enough stamina left to fully enjoy our scheduled assignation.

I had-- let's see-- only actually fucked Miss Maggie and Miss Andie. With Emily-- Miss Em-- I had quite gallantly held off ejaculating inside her whilst penetrating her delightful depths.

Finally back in my quarters and I was getting more than a little nervous. Janice Griswold was a sexually experienced, fully mature woman-- not a gushing, nubile teenager who would instantly melt in my arms.

I stripped completely and then examined myself in the bathroom mirror. Hmmm... I did make some adjustments to the styling of my pubic hair. I very carefully cut it in length to match the hair on my chest. It did give me a nice, overall, finished look.

Getting late and I was sure that I heard girlish giggles not very far away. I put on a robe and looked up and down the darkened hallway: nothing. I smiled and mused that with nineteen sexually-charged teenage girls, ten male professors, two or three male assistants, the male kitchen staff, and an as yet unseen administrative staff upstairs, there was a great deal of opportunity for many more nighttime assignations than just Ms Griswold and me.

Only 10:30 and I nearly jumped at a soft knock on my door. I can verify that my heart literally leapt; was Janice so longing for my touch that she was unable to wait?

I opened the door and I lost the ability to breathe. Ms Janice Griswold was "dressed" similarly to dance class-- except her diaphanous nightie was nude black, her thong panties were black, and her spiky open-toe heels were black. I sensed a theme. I was twenty-six years old but I was wondering how close was the nearest hospital that dealt with premature heart failure.

"Sorry I'm so early." She looked around the room. "I do hope you're all cleaned up and ready for me. I do hear that you had a most exciting day."

"Come in," I said, for once not able to bounce back any of her raised brow commentary.

Janice shut the door behind her and leaned against it. "A true gentleman would at least take my cloak."

I smiled and untied her nightie and opened it up and began to push it off her naked shoulders when she grabbed the back of my neck and opened her warm wet mouth mouth and devoured me. I had never been kissed like that before and I doubt that her particular combination of lips, teeth and tongue action could truly be defined by as innocent a word as "kiss."

I think her nightie fell somewhere on the floor. We fell onto the bed. Janice was on top of me.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed.

"What?!"

"You still have your clothing on so I must rip everything off."

And she did. Shirt and slacks and briefs quite literally ripped off and thrown on the floor. Buttons went flying and there was a tear around my fly that later required expert repair.

Ms Griswold pushed me down onto the bed naked. I reached for her thong.

"Not yet, my love. You know, I do get very excited when a man pretends to be all tied up; spread eagle on his four poster bed."

I grinned wickedly and spread my legs and arms out wide.

"Now?" I said.

"Girls?" she replied.

Then I heard the same giggling as before. As Miss Griswold held me down, my right hand and then my left foot were quickly cuffed to a post. Then my other appendages suffered the same fate.

Andie and Maggie emerged from under my bed, flushed and still giggling.

"Whew!" Maggie stated. "Not very nice under there. We will have to have a word with Miss Brigette on under-bed cleaning."

"Speaking of whom, do open the door, dears. Now that the prisoner has been secured, we can bring in the all of the witnesses."

I was still in shock. What kind of wild sex game was this?

Then, the aforesaid Miss Brigette entered, followed by Olivia (Liv), and Emily (Miss Em). They were all wearing identical black thong panties and black stilettos to Ms Griswold. Six pairs of bare breasts beneath six smiling faces.

"Okay," I squeaked out. "I've never had a... six-some... or a seven-some before. Four was my prior record." I sighed. "You got me. Now-- can we lose the handcuffs?!"

"Ladies!" Janice ignored me. "As you have witnessed, the prisoner is still

unrepentant, overly self-assured and annoyingly cocky-- in all senses of that word."

She glared at my cock.

"Misses Andie and Maggie will speak for the defense. I must play judge and prosecutor both."

Janice addressed me for the first time since I was cuffed. "Since you are American, we will attempt to conduct your trial in your own inimitable fashion. We have just watched three back-to-back episodes of 'Law and Order,' and one 'Night Court.'" She paused. "The latter program was probably selected in error, but it was quite droll."

Okay. Maybe this was how they played their nighttime sex games; I would play along.

"What are the charges?"

"That in the course of only seven hours, you arrogantly chose to engage in sexual congress with five women; four of these our innocent young students. Over 21% of the student body? I'm sure that smashes a record of sorts."

"I'm not... I didn't... I just..."

"Oh, shush for now, sir. You have two fine and nearly naked defense attorneys who will speak on your behalf."

"What is... the penalty?"

That seemed to brighten her up.

"We will simply leave you like this, for someone to find when you aren't waiting outside for our 'Nude in Public' excursion tomorrow. Oh, don't worry if you have to... ahhh... relieve yourself. Miss Brigette will be in periodically with a bedpan."

Ms Griswold leaned forward. "If you are found innocent however, all six of us will simply launch ourselves into entertaining your naked body. I will of course concentrate on that unrepentant cock; the others will split up and attack the rest of you."

Janice leaned back and pulled out a folder with several papers. I strained but I couldn't see how a woman wearing nothing but black thong panties could have been concealing that.

"Calling our first witness, Miss Brigette."

My sultry French maid stepped up. Ms Griswold pulled up a chair at the foot of the bed, facing me. My "attorneys" were standing to my right. The other girls were huddled in a corner, all of them grinning at me and at my naked predicament.

Brigette was instructed to stand to my left.

"Miss Brigette," Janice instructed: "Please remove your panties and hold them up. Do you swear as a beautiful naked woman that will tell only the truth?"

She quickly stripped. "I do," sighed Brigette, gripping her sexy undies. Her eyes were on me the whole time-- or rather on my penis, which would stubbornly not go completely soft, considering the scenery that surrounded me.

"Now, Miss Brigette, when did you first encounter the defendant?"

Brigette looked me over, as if she was trying to recall how I looked when I had clothes on.

"It must have been the 10:25. I was sent by the Dean to bring the young man to the Home Room."

Janice nodded. "Let the record show that I personally witnessed the defendant's arrival at approximately 9:43. My point is that this first 'touchy-feely' incident took place only forty-five minutes after he arrived!

"So... what did he do to you, just outside of Home Room?," Janice continued.

Brigette bit and licked her lips. "He told me to do the bend over, he lift up my little skirt then he pull down my little pants. He touch me."

Janice glared at me or rather, she got more glaring.

"How and where did he molest you?"

Andie started to open her mouth, then apparently decided against it.

Bridgette leaned forward into an imaginary mic. "On my little kitty. He finger the kitty and lick and suck and then make happy noises."

Janice shook her head. "Defense?"

Andie and I were whispering, exchanging information. I just wanted to kiss her, despite my situation.

"Miss Brigette," Andie addressed her, "What did the professor ask you beforehand?"

Brigette looked confused. "Before he use his hand?"

"Uh... yes." Andie gave up and went with it.

"He ask if I am the true submissive."

Andie leaned over the bed, rounded little breasts and button-hard nipples about twelve inches above me. If my hands weren't cuffed...

"And are you?"

Brigette sighed. "Yes I am. I love to be the submissive."

"I see. And after you were 'molested', did you slap him? Did you run away?"

Ms Griswold interrupted. "I must caution you, counselor, on leading the witness. She is not on a leash! Please rephrase your question."

Andie sighed. "Very well. Miss Brigette: what did you do or say immediately after?"

Brigette smiled. "Ahhh... I say I will play naked maid for him, and clean everything except the bed as he watches. Then I will get into his bed. Naked."

Andie grinned. "No further questions!"

Ms Griswold was staring at Andie-- whether in admiration or annoyance it was impossible to tell.

"The witness may step down-- and put her panties back on. Now I must call Miss Maggie to the stand."

I watched as poor Maggie bit her lip and walked around the bed. As soon as she was blocking Janice's view, she gave my left big toe a playful squeeze. I loved this girl!

"Miss Maggie," Ms Griswold intoned, "please remove your panties and hold them high."

Maggie did as she was told and took her naked oath. My god-- had all the attention that I had placed on her cunnie today make it protrude out even more?

"Now, Miss Maggie; we will ignore the fact that you were penetrated and brought to orgasm in class--"

"Objection!" Andie was already standing so she waved her hand. "Madame prosecutor is very deliberately bringing up incidents that she then states will be ignored."

"Very good Andie! I'll bet you've been watching a great deal more American television than we have. Sustained."

Ms Griswold sat back. "Let's cut to the chase as they say. I encountered the two of you on our pond bench at very approximately noon. What occurred immediately after I left?"

Maggie looked around wildly. I was thinking the same thing-- how did anyone know what we did? We must have been spied upon...

"Uhhhh..."

"You are under oath."

"Professor David had sex with me," Maggie whispered.

"Please speak up for the court."

"We had sex-- and I loved it!"

Ms Griswold stood up. "If I had a gavel, I would be banging it mightily. The witness shall only answer the question and not provide inappropriate commentary!"

Maggie blushed and looked down.

"My point," Janice stated, "is that the defendant had only been here just over two hours and he had already had sexual congress with two women. Defense!"

Andie stepped up again, pleasingly right over me. "Did you enjoy it?"

Maggie looked up. "Oh yes!"

"Did you achieve orgasm?"

"Yes indeed!"

"Did you indicate you wanted a repeat performance?"

She looked at me. "I did then, and I still want it now."

Andie smiled, nodded and stepped back.

Maggie was excused and put her panties back on. She never broke eye contact with me except to check out my cock. It did not seem that I would ever totally lose my erection-- at least not with six bare-breasted and occasionally nude women surrounding me.

"Miss Olivia: please step up. Remove your pretty panties!"

Liv looked surprisingly shy. She didn't seem comfortable with the whole situation. Strange for a girl who had voluntarily stripped herself totally naked at lunch and spent the rest of her class-day in the nude.

"Miss Olivia: it has been reported to me that the defendant was, and I quote 'all over that poor girl's naked body.' Please tell us what happened."

Suddenly Liv's eyes went wide. She stood up straight-- she looked at me-- and she thrust out her big, beautiful breasts. I could feel my penis responding, as I could feel all six sets of eyes on my body.

"It was I who stripped off my bralette in front of him. I dared him into copping a feel, right there in front of everyone. Then, I was unconscionably rude to him-- such a sweet, gentle man! He held my hand, he spoke so sweetly, he very nearly made me cry, he was so kind and loving towards me."

Olivia stared at Janice. "I stripped myself naked to punish myself. And then whatever he did is what any man should do when a woman gets nude for him: kiss her and touch her and love her all over!"

Judge Janice was silent for a while. Finally: "Defense?"

Maggie stepped forward. "No questions for this one, Madam Your Honor." She stepped back, so proud of her moment in the spotlight.

Janice was looking down, a faint smile on her face. She looked back at the girls. Liv had not put her panties back on; she had dropped them on the floor. The girls glanced at each other and then did the same: panties off, then their shoes; then standing up even more naked, even more beautiful, even more proud.

Ms Griswold looked at me, shaking her head. She pulled her own thong off, slowly as she stood. It was my first glimpse of her nakedness and I saw a firm, plump little puss with long pink lines, bulging lips, and a deep dark hint of a deep dark hole.

My cock rose to new heights.

"I declare the defendant guilty of--"

(Massive intakes of breaths; shocked whispers)

--guilty of loving women too much, of wanting to do nothing more than to love each of us and to make us happy, and to make each of us feel that-- when we are in his arms-- we are the most incredible, perfect creatures that he has ever seen."

Someone-- more than one someone was crying. I blinked my eyes and it wasn't me.

"Maggie and Andie: free him immediately and tend to him if he needs tending."

The two now naked schoolgirls (formerly defense attorneys) happily bounced around and unlocked each cuff. I sat up and stretched out and the girls jumped on my bed and started rubbing my wrists, my ankles, and then other things.

"Miss Emily: I never did call on you, your testimony would have been challenged anyway. Please take one of the handcuffs and bring them over." Janice was strangely subdued.

Emily did as she was told. I watched her sweet nude form and especially that bouncy bubble butt of hers as she turned around. She offered the cuffs to Ms Griswold, who shook her head and clasped her hands behind her.

"Put them on me."

I gently pushed my naked angels away and scooted to the edge of the bed. "No. Throw those things away!"

I pushed myself up and off the bed although-- ouch!-- my wrists hurt from those stupid cuffs.

I walked up naked to the formerly formidable, now very naked and very downward-looking blonde Janice Griswold. How can I describe her? She was exactly halfway between the lovely ingenue Shirley Eaton as the doomed Golden Girl in 'Goldfinger' and that big beautiful blonde boss in 'Ted Lasso.' Tell an AI to mix those two beauties together and see what you get.

I put my hand under her chin and lifted her up to me. I was astonished to see a single tear streaking down her pretty, sculpted cheekbones.

"I'm so sorry, sweet David: I am just so sorry!"

And then she fell into my waiting arms.

"Why are you crying? My sweet, sweet lady!" I held her loosely and bent down and sweetly kissed each of her naked breasts.

Janice looked up at me and wiped her eyes. "Oh, it's all because I have this damnable reputation to maintain: the man-hungry, wise-cracking older yet wiser woman." She sighed. "This whole thing started as a sexy joke; then I actually got into it."

She looked around at the four naked schoolgirls, and the one naked maid who were quietly watching.

"David, when I'm near you, I'm just like one of these little girls: I blush when you smile at me, and my knees literally do get weak when I see you mentally undressing me. I've had enough... I am yours."

I was already holding her naked in my arms. I whispered "hold me tight" and then as she grabbed me around the neck, I picked her up.

Some of the girls applauded; some were crying.

"Only two feet to your bed I see. Good for both of us!" Ms Griswold's voice was still shaky. I gently laid her down in the middle of the bed. I opened up her long, strong, sexy legs and I knelt between them.

I looked down at her.

"Oh my god," I breathed. "Such a beautiful girl!"

Janice's pretty pussy was lightly furred all over. Her long slit had opened up along with her legs and revealed her poky hood as if it was a delectable treat. Her inners were like long flaps, bulging outwards and deep pink. Her vagina was wide wide open: a definite entrance into her depths and not just an enticing little slit.

Her breasts were surprisingly rounded and jutting out, even in this position. They were rising and falling with each breath and her hardening nipples were crying out for love bites.

I was so ready for her. I saw how sticky wet she already was. Some thoughtful young lady (or ladies) had spread out some fluffy towels all over the center of the bed.

The girls gathered around the bed, trying to maintain a respectful distance whilst also being aware they would be witnessing a long-awaited, possibly historic moment.

I was having none of that.

"Andie: I want you kneeling on the bed toward my upper right." She looked around, shrugged and complied.

"Miss Em: opposite Andie on my left if you please." I waited for that naked beauty to get into position.

"Miss Brigette--"

"Oui, monsieur!"

"Kneel up on my lower left."

"And Livvie: opposite her on my lower right."

Once all the girls were in position, I paused.

"Miss Maggie?"

"Oh yes! Oh yes sir!" The poor girl thought that I had forgotten her. I would never forget her!

"Carefully scoot around your friend, Andie. Remember how you were over her on the stone? Kneel up over Ms Griswold's head and spread those pretty thighs wide."

Janice stared upwards once Maggie was in position. "Oh dear god, David! This girl has the most perfect vulva I've ever seen! Every little part of her from her outer labia to her clitoral hood to her love nub to her perfectly lined-up inner labia to her pulsing opening. Oh my god: I just want to eat her up!"

I grinned. "You will. She's become quite the expert on offering herself as a snack, haven't you, Miss Mags?"

Maggie blushed and glanced at Andie. "I... we... have been doin' some practicin'."

I let out a deep breath. I couldn't wait anymore.

"Emily and Andie: I am going to lower my body over Janice and I will be extended out my arms. I will endeavor to get my fingers inside both of you... if not, just rub your sweet cunnies on my hands, my wrists, my arms-- whatever's available."

"Brigette and Liv: firstly I apologize for the view!"

I got "Oh, non!" and "Very hot buns!"

"My feet are free for your use. Grab them and use them to rub yourselves in the appropriate places."

I sighed and went back to paying attention to the lovely Janice. "Are you ready, love?"

"Sooo ready! But leave it to you to figure out how to place six naked women in your bed at once!"

"Oh my god I can't wait" I practically shouted and I lowered my body onto hers and I just slipped my hard beyond hard cock inside her.

Janice's vagina welcomed me with a rippling of her inner musculature and burst after burst of liquid globules. Every breath I took I sunk in deep and then pulled halfway out. Then deeper still.

She was staring up at me, mouth open, panting.

On a whim I stuck out both thumbs and I instantly felt Miss Em and my sweet Andie take me inside.

Brigette was threatening to pull my foot out of its socket as she frantically rubbed me all over her wet kitty. Liv had somehow maneuvered herself over my toes and I could feel my big toe slipping in and out of her.

I gazed up at Maggie and she nodded. She lowered herself over Ms Griswold's adoring face until her clit was directly lined up with Janice's tongue.

Janice started licking and Maggie scrunched up her beautiful face and began to moan.

And that was it.

I experienced the longest period of what they call inevitability that I had ever known. It was as if I was falling falling falling from an impossible height into a sea of soft, undulating, rose-tipped pink flesh.

Then I came, and I screamed, and I think I blacked out.

I found myself sprawled atop Ms Griswold's still panting body-- and I was still cumming. I looked around wildly: Emily had collapsed, her pretty head hanging off the bed. Andie was staring at me, using my right hand which must have fallen asleep as her personal dildo. Brigette was mechanically still rubbing her crotch with my poor foot, moaning undoubtedly naughty things in French. I whirled around seeking Olivia-- she had fallen off the bed but she waved her hand at me. And Maggie and Janice? Janice was still eating Maggie up, giving the poor girl four or five consecutive orgasms as her own cummings kept gripping my overworked cock and trying to pull it all the way into her womb.

How long did it last? We lost all sense of time. At some point, someone found some blankets as it was going to be a cold night. We gratefully snuggled up to each other and pulled those blankets over us tight.

\*\*\*\*\*

I woke up towards first dawn without even recalling falling asleep. I looked around, at first confused at all the softly breathing shapes around me and then it all came back. I was in bed with six sweet, gentle, loving and vulnerable human beings that we call women.

I was in love with all of them and I never wanted this night to end.

Janice was somehow on top of me. She sensed me stirring and half woke up.

"Reg, Reg," she murmured. "Love you so; love you so..." and then she was fast asleep again.

I kissed her and whispered: "Love you too" and she smiled in her sleep.

Who was Reg? A current lover? A past lover who left her? What a damn fool!

I held her tight and listened to all of the sounds of soft and gentle breathing as I fell back to sleep.

**Thornbush Academy Ch. 08a - Nude In Public**

*I join a road trip to get four girls nude in public.*

**Chapter 1: Good Morning Good Morning**

I wake with something of a start. The sun is streaming in through an open window; the cool autumn breeze is only just beginning to warm. I grab my phone: 8:46?! I look around the room, wildly.

The girls are gone; not only gone-- there is no trace they were ever here.

I get up naked, I stretch and groan. My aching body and my sore cock are telling me that last night was not only a dream.

Then I see the vase of roses on my work desk. I walk over. Six roses; one for each lovely rose who shared my bed last night?

There is a paper bag on the chair. I open it and let the contents fall to the table: six black thong panties, and each has a tiny numbered tag attached with a safety pin.

Wait: there's an index card that fell to the floor. I pick it up. The numbers one to six on one side, feminine writing on the other:

"A test: use that marvelous feminine scent-finding nose of yours and match the proper thong to the very improper lady. Results will be tabulated and released by supper. Prizes awarded for correct answers."

I laugh out loud and sit down naked. What a way to start the day; much better than Wordle! I immediately assign panty number six to Ms Griswold; her heady, mature scent intoxicated me. Andie is also easy to identify as number three; the smell of her love juice is still ingrained in my skin cells. Miss Maggie is surprisingly difficult: either four or five, and I finally pick number four.

I finish the game in less than ten minutes. I really should be showered and dressed; the van for our nude in public road trip will be outside at 10:30.

I notice the Academy's quaint old-fashioned desk phones. There are several extra buttons for various services. I notice "Fresh Towels."

I press it.

"Oui?"

It is my sweet and sexy French maid, Miss Brigette.

"It's David. Professor Rogers."

Silence, then:

"You would like the fresh towel deliver?"

"Yes... oui."

"Five minutes."

I wait. Why am I breathless?

A soft knock. I wrap my robe around me and open the door.

Miss Brigette is standing there barefoot and bare legged and bare shouldered, wrapped up in a soft white towel. She enters and shuts the door behind her and turns to me.

"Your towel, monsieur."

I unwrap it from her body. She is naked underneath. She slips my robe off me and lets it drop to the floor; she takes my hand and leads me to the shower.

Miss Brigette turned out to be an expert in massaging in the appropriate lotions and oils for my aching body and my sore member.

Miss Brigette herself was a delight when she was wet and naked and up close. She had thick brunette hair all over; and that included her head, her pussy mound, and even under her arms in the Continental style.

My penis of course rose and fell throughout her expert ministrations. When she knelt down and rubbed in deep healing lotions from my glans to the root, I openly sighed.

"You are not to do the worry," she told me, "your petite man-- he is quite the worn-out from yesterday. You are my beautiful naked man and whether you are hard or soft in my hands, everything is alright."

I was moved. I bent down and kissed the top of her head. When she was done with my cock, she stood up and wrapped herself around me. We kissed softly, tenderly. She pulled back and gazed at me.

"We will make the love and soon, and it will be as beautiful as that soft kiss." She grinned and swooped one hand between my legs and gripped my sac.

"But, until then, you save some for me!"

**Chapter 2: Day Tripper**

Well, Miss Brigette was nothing if she was not efficient. She played naked personal maid for me as she dried me off, helped me pick out my clothes, and got me out the door for our N. I. P. road trip with ten minutes to spare.

I stood out under the eaves of the portico that surrounded Thornbush, facing the circular driveway. A van of quite a good size was already there; I recognized the driver who was standing next to it as the limo driver who had deposited me here. Was that only twenty-five hours ago?

There were supposed to be four female, second-year students showing up for this invitation-only excursion. Only girls who were thought to be "ready" for public nudity and deemed mature enough to handle the indecent exposure were invited.

I saw my Andie right away. She was wearing a short plaid skirt and a tight white top and my heart stopped at seeing her dressed. I meant that-- I had gotten quite used to mostly seeing my girl stark naked.

Andie was the product of a union between a wiry, muscular, wunderkind film producer from India and a sultry brunette British heartbreaker who starred in a nighttime soap for twenty-two years. She was a tight little package in light brown skin and the most luxuriously silky black hair-- top of her head and between her legs-- that I had ever seen.

Andie came up to me for a soft sweet hug and a kiss. We couldn't really physically express the way we felt about each other here in public. As I rubbed and patted my sweetie's back, I looked to see Ms Griswold staring. She was back in her formidable blonde persona; quite unlike the naked, vulnerable woman who had totally surrendered herself into my arms last night.

Janice made a show of looking at her watch and then back at me in amazement. Yes: I was actually early for something! Besides the delightfully shared shower, I had had no sexual adventures-- or misadventures-- holding me up this morning.

I sensed movement behind me and turned. It was one of the very pretty and very petite Asian girls I had noticed in yesterday's Homeroom. She caught my eye and gave me a smile that was both dazzling and shy. She had on a very short denim mini and a soft, sweater-like top molded to her obviously braless breasts. Cute beyond cute with still adorable teen girl legs at the advanced age of nineteen and a gently rounded little body. Andie noticed my interest.

"Miko. She is very sweet; a real cutie."

I was so glad she approved.

Next to appear were two young women walking up to the van together: one I knew well; one I had never seen before. They were so very different that I have to describe them separately.

The sweet-faced brunette was the lovely Olivia or Liv from yesterday's memorable naked lunch. This girl reminded me of a trio I called my "British Brunettes" whose 1970s movies I only discovered forty years later. I became an expert on the nude appearances of Jenny Agutter, Pamela Franklin and Lesley-Anne Down. My infatuation with British beauties, and then, everything British, obviously began back then.

Walking with her, seemingly encouraging her with her hand on Liv's back, was a voluptuous blonde I guessed was about my age. She had to be at least 38D but otherwise was as tall and as leggy as any of the current crop of supermodels. Her tight, bare-shouldered micro-mini dress could have come straight from Gucci's latest show in Milan, although the men's style jacket she wore over it toned down the overt sexiness-- somewhat.

Andie was still at my side although I could tell she was so excited about the road trip and getting so anxious to chat with the other girls.

"That's Serena," she explained without my asking. "She's Prof McClean's 'special friend.' She graduated from here, six, seven years ago. She still comes in when we need a naked lady to demonstrate... certain things. She and Prof get "nekkid" in front of all the first-year girls on their first day and show those scared little ones how vaginal stretching is 'just good sexy fun.'"

And with that I got a quick kiss as she ran off to join her friends. Three cute, giggly teenage girls, all in the shortest of short skirts, touching and talking and hugging each other and having so much fun. I took it that Serena was girl number four-- or was she a chaperone? Well, I would find out all, shortly.

I was alone for a moment and I saw all of the smiles and hugs and impromptu back rubs going on all around me. Our girls-- they were already "our girls" to me-- had to put up with stripping nude and having all kinds of sexual intimacies imposed upon their blushingly bare bodies in our special classes. Somehow that created a special bond amongst them all, an unparalleled immediate intimacy.

I wanted to be a permanent part of all this. Something clicked in my head and I knew that I would drop everything and move here at once if I could be a permanent part of all this... of all this love.

Dean Williams startled me by coming up behind me and giving me a quick yet still bone-crunching bear hug.

"How was yesterday?" he inquired, whispering. "Everything you hoped for... and more?"

I gave him a side glance. How much did he know? Probably everything...

"You want to be a part of this, don't you?"

I swallowed hard. "When... when did you take up mind reading?"

He laughed. "No psychic abilities that I know of; I guess I am just a good judge of character."

We were quiet for half a minute. The girls and their chaperones were beginning to queue up.

"Is that an offer?" I asked.

"Let me talk to the Board." He straightened up his suit jacket. "We will let you know well before your scheduled visit is over." He walked up to the van.

Now, I don't know who decided on the seating arrangements; I would still like to thank them personally. The van had room for one passenger next to the driver, then two rows that sat three each. Andie sat next to the lucky driver: they smiled at each other and kissed each other's cheeks. I was seated with sweet Miko on my left and red hot Serena to my right-- a veritable love sandwich! The seat to my rear was occupied by the Dean, Olivia, and Ms Janice Griswold-- in that order.

The driver checked his mirror and asked if we were all ready. Getting all affirmations he started out. I saw that the three girls were so beyond excited-- and they at last got me genuinely excited. It was a strange outing; we were headed toward a quaint little town, known far and wide for its shops and restaurants, very popular with locals and tourists alike. The girls would start out flashing in a restaurant over lunch; then try on bikinis outside a shop's dressing room; and finally the bravest girl or girls would be filmed walking completely naked through the town's streets.

Once we were on the main road-- or what passed as a main road in this endlessly bucolic area of Sussex, the Dean made an announcement:

"Ahem! Since none of our young ladies present had their requisite morning uniform, grooming and wetness checks (being excused from Homeroom,) I would ask whoever is seated next to one-- or more of our lovely blooms to lift up the covers and examine the precious petals beneath."

I looked back and forth from Miko to Serena in a bit of astonished embarrassment.

Serena spoke up with a big smile: "Why don't you concentrate on that little sweetheart to your left first? With two of us at once, you are literally going to have your hands full!"

I gulped and obediently turned to Miko. I put my left hand on the hem of her short denim skirt and tentatively began hiking it up.

"Are you sure that you're okay with this, love?"

Miko gave me that sweet, heart-melting smile.

"I am more than okay with you checking out each and every part of me, sir."

Wow. Big breath in and out. I pushed that skirt up as far as I could, to the lowermost level of her bare pussy. She was so pretty, so smooth, but only slightly wet. She still had her pretty legs together so her outer lips were just barely hiding her innermost treasures.

"I'm going to have to hike it up for you," Miko informed me. "I should have worn something looser," she muttered.

Miko lifted her bottom up temporarily and pulled that recalcitrant garment up to just below belly button level.

"Better?!" She was shyly smiling and nicely blushing.

"Much better," I heartily agreed.

Her cunnie was sweet and adorable: definitely an innie from top to bottom. She was one of those girls whose pouty mounds seemed to be trying to hide; tucked safely away between their soft thighs.

"Make sure you use a tactile approach." The Dean's sudden proclamation startled me.

"Observe our driver who must keep his eyes on the roadway, and not on Andie's sweetly exposed cunnie. Emulate him... let your fingers take the lead."

I looked up into Miko's pretty face. Big brown doe eyes and shoulder-length hair falling back just so. She shut her eyes, she leaned back-- and she opened up her legs.

Now those outer lips were opening up as well; her inners were starting to glisten pink. Miko scooted down even more and all at once, her winking open vagina was winking up at me, just above the leather seat. As I leaned in for a closer view, I could see that she had now at last begun to drool out lines and globules of light, milky-white fluid-- forming an attractive, circular wet spot beneath her-- and I hadn't even touched her yet.

"Put a finger down and in-- your whole hand even! Enough foreplay with that little one... I'm feeling neglected over here!"

I turned to Serena and was momentarily shocked to see that her designer dress was brazenly hiked up to her waist-- displaying her own marvelous design.

If Miko was the perfect innie, Ms Serena defined 'outie.' To begin with, she was totally shaved. Her outers were full and plump but proudly open; framing her girlie pink insides. Her inners were very delicate-- looking almost perfectly aligned, they proudly opened up to display her long, slit-like vaginal opening. Up on top, her hoodie was boldly presenting, the tip of her love button peering out, wet with its own sweet juices.

"If you're done looking, I could use a hand." Serena leaned back and opened her long, fashion-model legs wide. She glanced over at Miko. "I think we could both use those long, strong fingers inside."

Miko still had her eyes closed. My left hand lowered itself toward her ultimate softness and curved naturally around her shy little mound. She sighed. My middle finger easily found the entrance to her tunnel of love, guided by a sticky, juicy trail. I slipped in with no resistance, up to the knuckle.

With Serena I was even bolder. I ran my right hand up and down from each pretty knee to the junction of her firm thighs. I could tell she was trying to control herself-- I was the new man in town, I was untested.

"Jimmy is quite taken with you, you know. He was going on and on about your first girl, your first vagina you stretched. He said she came straight up to him still naked and hugged him tight and said 'Oh... can we keep him? He's wonderful!'"

I took it that "Jimmie" was Professor McClean. I wondered if she intended to carry on a monologue while my right hand was circling her cunt. I had a sense that she was testing me.

Very well...

Knowing what she wanted I grabbed her right between her thighs as if I was trying to pull her off her seat by her slippery cunt. Serena gasped, but I knew from her reaction she genuinely admired my adjusting my groping to her own experience and personality.

I deliberately turned to look into her eyes as I shoved my middle finger in. I could feel her slit adapting to me as well, shaping itself around my finger, transforming her slitted girl-flesh into a tight, rounded hole.

Now I did as Dean suggested. I sat back with eyes closed, enjoying the sweet sensation of two vaginas tightening up around me every time the van turned and bounced along.

Miko was starting to push against my hand, which surprised me. I leaned over to whisper "How are doing, sweet girl?"

"Oh! My little thing is out. Every time we move and bump, I only want to rub it against you."

Oh. My.

I could hear other soft whispers around me, in addition to the occasional feminine sigh and barely suppressed moan. I began massaging Miko's upper central clittie area with my open palm. She instantly responded; opening up her soft, pretty legs even more than Serena.

Now I felt Serena suddenly lifting her ass off her seat, pushing herself up and into my finger. She was so sticky-slippery wet I promptly shoved a total of three fingers in.

Miko went first. She abruptly clamped down on my one finger, closing her thighs tight, tight and tighter, until she too lifted her butt up briefly, grinding against my hand and then collapsing.

I felt a searching hand to my right. Serena had found my crotch and then tried to place said area in a death grip. I heard "Uhhnn... Uhhnn... UHHNN!" and then she too collapsed back in her seat.

There was about three or four minutes of more sighs and moans. Then... a minute of silence.

I slowly withdrew all fingers and surreptitiously (I hoped) tasted each-- separately. The smell and taste of a salty, mostly landlocked bay to my left; an especially sharp, tangy, and forest-earthy theme to my right.

Dean cleared his throat. "We are less than ten out... does anyone need some wipes and/or paper towels to clean up before we exit?"

I looked around; four girls including Serena, and four hands went up. No, five. Ms Griswold, who was seated behind me, next to sweet, sometimes shy Miss Olivia, was raising her hand.

And I thought I was in the best row of seats!

**Chapter 3: A Taste of Honey**

Our driver expertly guided our oversized van into a parking space not far from our chosen restaurant. The girls-- and Ms Griswold-- had sufficiently cleaned and dried themselves off so that any remaining panty-less cunnie-moisture would not leave telltale wet spots on their smoothed out skirts and dresses.

Four pretty ladies exiting a van in those short skirts and dresses... suffice it to say that every male passerby momentarily stopped and paused... and probably forgot what he was doing for a moment.

"Un goût de miel" read the ornate words etched into the restaurant window. I inwardly groaned-- another French restaurant?!

"A tasty... meal?" I awkwardly guessed. I blushed at my middling, high schooler knowledge of French.

"A taste of honey" corrected the Dean. "And don't worry," he lowered his voice, "it's Continental: French, Spanish, Italian; all infused with locally sourced honey."

"Hmmm..." I mused. "Starting to sense a pattern here..."

Serena came up behind me and playfully wrapped her arms around my waist.

"Maybe all that you're sensing is the taste of two especially sweet honeys, undoubtedly still on your tongue."

I blushed which was not like me. I guessed that I should have expected some kind of strange comedown from yesterday's seemingly non-stop series of sexual highs.

By the time we all were inside, Dean had already informed the hostess that the Williams party had arrived. She was a very pretty young lady, maybe mid-twenties, with light brown hair down to there, lovely legs beneath a slightly short skirt and what seemed to be a lithe, dancer's body.

As she turned to gather our menus and directed us to follow her, we caught each other's eyes. She had noticed me examining her as only an experienced girl-handler does; I had mentally stripped her naked and I was down to guessing as to her particular style of vulva-- all in a three-second glance.

She colored, pursed her lips shyly and licked them. I could see her breathing harder. She had probably never been evaluated in such a bold manner before; the after effect was both scary and arousing.

As we approached our table, Serena put her arm around my waist and leaned into me. I was startled but responded in kind.

She looked back at our retreating hostess.

"She really likes you, and I just made her insanely jealous. She's practically yours, if you want her."

I gave Serena a puzzled look as the rest of the group was working out what must have been very complex seating arrangements.

"Why?" was all I managed to get out and, no, I'm not sure exactly what that 'why' was asking about.

"Because she's pretty, she responded to you instantly, and you should never let good ones like that slip away."

I was speechless as Serena and the three female students-- Olivia, Miko, Andie and then, Serena, in that order-- were directed by the Dean to sit against the far wall, facing outward, on one of those long, padded, sofa-like affairs that some restaurants have in place of seats.

Dean stood, chin in hand. "Professor David! If you will assist me, I do believe we can move this table out an inch or so... much better viewing opportunities of our lovelies."

I did as requested and finally sat on the far right, facing Serena. She was constantly smiling at me, constantly making me feel better about myself, and I knew why she was Prof's "special friend." We all need a special friend just like her!

"Oh! Miss Miko!" We all looked to the Dean. "You adjusted your skirt as you sat, pulling it down. It's an unconscious reaction, but... please do allow things to ride up." She reddened and looked down. "Hopefully, before we depart, one or more of you will have your pretty skirts completely off."

The girls were all giggling now and teasing poor Miko, who grimly responded by hiking her skirt to record heights.

More embarrassed giggles.

I looked around at the four beauties across from me and at Ms Griswold to my left. I had actually penetrated three of these five incredible women-- all yesterday.

I felt a strange surge of masculine pride. I wanted to bang my spoon on my water glass, stand up and loudly proclaim my accomplishment to the whole restaurant.

Serena was watching me and her smile got bigger. She leaned forward.

"I normally do an evaluation of the actual length of the members of those kind gentlemen who help out Jimmy in Vaginal Stretching class. You and I will need to make an appointment. We do try to match 'cock to cunt' -- so to speak! You'll dive right in and I will take your measure when I feel that you are at your very best."

She leaned back, slyly grinning.

I let out a deep sigh. I really loved all of these people-- women and men alike-- sex for them was a fun, sharable experience-- and they liked to share!

Our waiter must've been approaching for his introductory visit, as all of the females facing that direction suddenly froze to attention.

Judging by their reactions, I took it that we had a winner. Skirt lifting and top unbuttoning would proceed as planned.

Well; despite having what a sitcom character once described as "an unblemished record of heterosexuality," even I could see the dude was cute. Jet black hair, sparkly olive eyes, and a great big smile as he eagerly took in the four sets of bared legs. I guessed he was a mix of Italian and Greek. Whatever-- the younger ladies in our group were melting like the Wicked Witch-- whilst Serena and Janice were at least attempting to maintain an air of only amused interest.

Once he took our drink orders and departed:

"Oh Dean! Can we take him back with us? We do so need different male subjects to examine!" (That was my Andie. Oh well; girls will be girls.)

Dean merely grinned. "Let's just go ahead and continue with the program as planned. Now, from what I can see, only Miko is currently 'flashing' a hint of her naughty bits. Let's at least get coordinated. Hike things up for me until I tell you to stop."

Andie and Liv were glaring at poor Miko as they complied with Dean's orders. From my vantage point, I soon saw a total of three pretty, hairy pouches begin to emerge. It was a sight that warmed my heart-- and other things.

I began to wonder why Serena wasn't participating. I understood now that she was filling in for a student who got cold feet-- or cold some other appropriate body part.

"Will you unzip me? These Gucci designs-- they assume that a lady has a friendly 'un-zipper' close at hand!"

Serena's jacket was off and lying on the padded seat to her right. She was as close to me as the somewhat oval seating allowed, with her mostly bared back nearly in my face.

I leaned around the table and reached for her zipper with my right hand, placing my left upon her bare shoulder. I had just masturbated this beauty to orgasm not thirty minutes ago, and I was still totally intoxicated with her.

"Are you going to... expose other things?" I whispered.

I could feel her warm smile. "Perhaps everything, if circumstances warrant."

Before she turned back around, she squeezed conspiratorially closer.

"Jimmy and I... occasionally invite certain gentlemen that we like and trust to spend a pleasant evening together. I will have to clear things with him, of course..."

I breathed out. "I enjoy both of your company. How could I say no to such a tempting offer?"

Now Serena was turned back in her seat, dress unzipped and ready for lowering. Without looking back at me she reached under the table and took my hand. She gripped it tight, then let go.

How could I have been feeling so down before? Each of these people-- so open to shared intimacies as a way of expressing friendship and love-- each of them was getting to me.

I leaned back and decided I was just going to enjoy the show. These crazy things that we doing? -- they were only our little celebrations of life and love.

Lunch was... wonderful! I enlisted the help of our hot waiter in not only translating their three language menu, but also in picking out their best. I had an all-veggie dish that-- with the careful addition of honey-- tasted more like the healthiest dessert imaginable.

By the end of lunch, all three of our happy teen students had their skirts completely off-- and Serena had her dress pulled down to "Hello Nipples!" depth.

Our wide eyed waiter was naturally curious about his unexpected visual treats. Dean explained that the girls were from an academy where "the sporting life" was encouraged but betting frowned upon. Unfortunately, "these little miscreants" had lost a rather naughty bet along with a hard-fought match. We older folks-- as well as Serena, their coach-- were there to chaperone their little adventure and to make sure things remained well in hand.

What a story! If I ever get into trouble I want the Dean there to lie for me.

I kept nervously looking around the restaurant-- fortunately, we "adults" who were facing the naughtily naked teens were apparently blocking the delightful view from the other diners.

The nude in public girls were all in a state beyond giggly. Even Serena was distracted.

"He thinks we're footballers!" Miko giggled

once the waiter was out of sight.

"Well," noted Andie, "he's got the ballers part right!"

(Bottomless teenage girls found in a heap following uncontrollable attack of the giggles; foul play is not suspected.)

Suddenly Janice gripped my hand under the table. I moved closer to that stunningly sexy woman.

"You have... two girlfriends at home,"

she stated quietly. "Is-- are-- your relationships... open?"

"What are you asking?"

"I want to date you!" she burst out. "I haven't had a date since..."

She sighed.

"I want dinners like this, long walks holding hands, roses delivered..."

"Whose idea was the roses?"

She smiled and shook her head. "Those girls were out there in the garden, naked and shivering in the cool moonlight. I kept telling them 'you'll catch your death,' but they all said you were special; you deserved it."

I suddenly had to look away as my eyes watered.

I cleared my throat.

"My... relationships are based on commitment, but also on openness. If either or both of my ladies found someone new to love, we'd talk about it." I sought her eyes. "The same goes for me."

I looked around but our bottomless female companions were still too giggly and excited to notice us. I put an arm around Janice, pulled her to me, and gently kissed her.

"I would love to actually date you-- as long as making love is still part of the picture."

"Oh my god," she hugged me back. "Hot sex is always the number one show in my private picture palace."

She hesitated.

"It's love-- that dreadful word-- it's love that's the scary part."

I hugged her tighter. "We will work out that part together."

The table had become strangely quiet; no, they weren't looking at us love birds... Ms Serena had disappeared.

I craned my neck and saw her Gucci dress on her seat, neatly folded. Well, there was only one place she could have gone...

Then I felt what seemed to be a rather large pussy cat brushing against my legs. Janice said "What the--" and lifted up the tablecloth. Then Dean abruptly stiffened. "Oh my! Ooohh myyyyy..."

Now we all knew where that fresh pussy had gone.

"Serena," I hated to spoil the moment. "He's coming back with the check and..."

"Oh he'll never notice me with that cunnie-fest up there," came the voice from under the table. "Looking at things down here, I won't be long. Won't be able to talk now with my mouth full!"

Now, the rest of us were looking around, a bit uncomfortably. No one wanted to be staring directly at Dean when he "got happy."

"We never took off our tops," Miko observed, breaking the silence. She was directly across from Dean. She pulled her tight little pink sweater top over her head, shook out her hair, and proudly presented her perfectly rounded 32Bs for Dean's delight.

Now that was too much.

Dean threw his head. back. The "oh my's" got more and faster and louder. We all looked away. After all, we had naked Miko to look at.

Finally departing, but I lingered at the front. My shy brunette hostess was on the phone. Serena held the door for me.

"I'll just be a minute."

She was watching me, nodding. "Take as long as you need," and joined the others outside.

"Yes?" Ellie asked. Her name tag read "Ellie."

"I meant to give you this." I handed her my card from my girl's academy back in the States-- with my cell number written on the back.

She stared at it.

"I have... a lot of unconventional relationships with those people outside. Every once and a while, I'd just like to talk to someone else; someone nice."

She was biting and licking her lips.

"Just talk? No funny business?"

I forced out a laugh. "I have enough 'funny business' in that... unconventional life."

Ellie gazed into my eyes hard, making her decision.

"Well now you have me intrigued. You'll hear from me--" she glanced down at the card "--David"

"Thank you!" Why did it feel like I had been holding my breath?

A clingy romantic couple had entered behind me. As Ellie grabbed their menus, she briefly held my hand, before greeting the new pair of lovebirds.

Out on the street and Serena nearly tackled me. "You did good," she kissed me. "Men! They are trainable!"

Now we all laughed and held each other's hands as we made our way to the bikini shop.