**Thornbush Academy**

by luv2custrip

**Thornbush Academy Ch. 04 - Naked Lunch**

*David & Maggie enjoy lunch, followed by a nude dance class.*

(Professor Roger's diary continues. It is unexpurgated, so forgive any crudities. I have asked to be allowed to edit, but all I get is "no." Americans!

As always, all of our delightful female students are eighteen or nineteen years old.)

Maggie led me around the pond to a secluded place amongst the bushes where we could clean up. She surprised me by going off to one side, squatting and peeing. She looked at me the whole time, saying: "It just helps to get your stuff out of me."

Maggie was really something: shy and blushing at times, but now openly urinating with everything out there, right in front of me. I shrugged and joined her, pissing into a pile of already decayed leaves to clear out my own un-shot semen. Maggie laughed and said I looked just like one of those statues that constantly pee into fountains.

I wasn't worried about going in bareback. All of the girls were regularly injected with powerful contraceptives. In fact, the main reason for the Academy's four weeks of class, followed by two weeks off, was to give their young bodies time to recover.

Maggie was a petite light-skinned Irish lass with dark red hair and freckles all over. Her outstanding feature (or features) were 32D breasts which were topped off with dark brown nipples and matching aureole.

Maggie found some leaves that had just recently fallen and dipped them into the pond. "It's perfectly clean," she informed me. She used some of the leaves on herself, wiping off her own pudenda first, then proceeded to clean my cock with the biggest grin on her face.

As she was finishing up, I confided my fantasy: I wanted to take her into the forest behind us, both of us naked, and roam around with her in nature and in the sunlight all day. Maggie was delighted with that. She told me it was "near impossible" to get lost, and that there was a scenic overlook from which we could spy on the sleepy village below. Maggie informed me that she planned to "jump up and down naked" and hope that "some lucky bloke" was looking up at her.

Maggie stayed on campus weekends, and students who stayed were required to be totally nude the entire time anyway.

The Academy did have a strict weekend dress code to discourage casual visitors: not only did female students have to be naked, but female visitors also were required to surrender all of their clothing at the front desk. The only difference between the two sets of nudes strolling the campus on Saturdays and Sundays was that students were required to "submit to reasonable, non-harassing, non-penetrative requests for sexual play." Female visitors were clearly identified by colorful photo i. d.'s that they wore around their necks. Any time they also wanted to indulge in some sexual adventures, they could simply leave their i. d.'s in their rooms.

I put my clothes back on; Maggie had nothing to wear besides a black, metal-ringed collar attached to a matching leash. She was my nude guide and my naked pet for the rest of the school day, a gift for me from the much too generous Dean Williams.

I had already stripped Miss Maggie naked in front of her classmates and given her an intense orgasm with my entire right hand inside of her. Now, I had just fucked her without very much foreplay at all, leaning her over a wood and metal park bench and entering her sweet interior from behind. Naturally, she was wondering what was next on our naughty agenda.

I looked at my watch. "Lunch?" I asked. Maggie rolled her eyes as if to say 'men and their appetites!'

The dining hall surprised me. I was expecting something staid and stuffy; instead, it was set up more like a trendy restaurant. There was a lower seating area that looked like a converted sunroom. Throughout were tables covered in white cloths.

Maggie was trying her best to act nonchalant in her nude, leashed and collared state. We did get our share of looks and obvious whispered conversations. What: they had never seen a naked girl on a leash in here before?

Just when I was going to try to find a table, the door to our left flew open. A burst of kitchen noise and cooking odors flew out, along with a rather handsome young man with a mop of dark blonde hair in a chef's jacket.

Maggie stopped dead. "Jacques!" she exclaimed.

Jacques stopped dead. "Maggie?!" When I use the phrase "his eyes raked her naked form" I sincerely mean that. His deep brown eyes were dancing over every square inch of Maggie's delectably exposed flesh.

Meanwhile, Maggie had suddenly adopted a model's stance, with one leg bent, one straight. Her arms were crossed over her breasts. The very same girl who had just squatted down and peed in front of me to help clean out my semen was now hiding her naked state from this man. Hmmm... what was going on here?

Jacques was never going to notice my presence, much less my existence with naked Maggie standing inches in front of him. I stuck my hand out-- the brash American. "Professor David Rogers."

He looked at me as if I had just materialized. "Jacques Campan: head chef of this... amazing place!"

I looked around. At least ten of Maggie's classmates were already seated, bare breasts quite visible in their open shelf bras. There were also a handful of beaming male professors, obviously quite pleased that Dean had already chosen to strip all of the pretty teens down to their skimpy lingerie in home room. Yes, it was definitely an amazing place. And then there was Maggie...

"Dear girl," he said in a French accent that I'm sure entranced the ladies, "whatever did you do to end up this way?!"

I jumped in. "It's merely an exercise... each of the girls here will be going through it. It's to teach them submission, compliance and discipline."

"Ahh..." he breathed in as if he was inhaling her. "But you, monsieur; you are so lucky to be able to walk around with such an amazingly beautiful naked prize!"

I looked to Maggie who had her head down, sweetly blushing nearly down to her brown nipples. I studied Jacques, who was completely entranced.

"As long as you take care of her, and see that she is well-fed, I entrust her to you for the hour." I held out her leash.

They both gasped and said "what?!" simultaneously.

"Go ahead," I said to Maggie. "I'm sure Jacques will take good care of you." She looked at me in disbelief, then at Jacques, who was beaming. I handed him the leash. He actually bowed. "I am in your debt, sir." As he led naked Maggie to the kitchen he said to her "The guys in the kitchen will be thrilled with you!"

"Guys?!" Maggie's eyes widened. Before the door closed behind her bare ass I heard male shouts of joy in British, French and Spanish accents that burst out all at once at the unexpected nude vision who had just walked in. I knew though that these two had some kind of unrequited crush on each other, and that Monsieur Jacques would do his best to protect her.

"That was amazing!" I turned to my right into the sweetest classic British girl face, framed by flowing waves of dark hair. My eyes traveled down to sumptuous breasts encased in a black open-shelf bra that were at least 36C. I recognized this creature from home room this morning. She indeed had the largest and most impressive set of the nineteen bare-breasted female students.

"Olivia, or Liv to my friends." She held out her hand. Perhaps influenced by Jacques, I took that soft hand and kissed it.

"So nice to meet you, Liv."

Her whole sweet face crinkled with a smile at my instant familiarity. "Those two--" she inclined her pretty head toward the kitchen "have got it bad for each other. But he hasn't even touched her naked, much less done it! This will be sooo good for her. She will be soooo excited providing all the cooks and the waiters and the busboys lunchtime entertainment-- she will be out of control when she gets out!"

"Oh Liv. Leave it to you to know what's good for everyone!" It was my little friend Andie from class this morning. She had such a teasing tone and such a smile for a face as serious as hers, I knew that these two had to be the best of friends.

"Would you like to sit with us Professor?" Andie asked. "That's our usual table and we are running a bit late..."

"I would be honored," I replied. I noticed that both girls were trying to suppress grins. I sensed that there were other girls in the room watching us intently who were very jealous-- and these two were loving it.

I kept glancing over at the very serious little Andie with that smile on her face and her light brown skin. Suddenly I saw how wonderfully pretty she was. Maybe 5' 4" without those heels, her 32As were perfectly round wonders and her big button nipples were poking out for me nicely. I had never been attracted to wiry, muscular girls before, but, once I got to know them, I was finding that all young ladies were special treats-- especially with some or all of their clothes off!

Olivia or Liv, to my right, had a face that reminded me of Jenny Agutter or maybe Lesley Anne-Down. Both actresses were before my time, but I went through a period growing up when I had totally fallen in love with sexy British babes in old movies and television reruns from the sixties and seventies.

Lesley was an oh so innocent-looking ingenue from 'Upstairs, Downstairs;' Jenny was best known for 'Logan's Run;' she was an actress who seemed to have a great deal of trouble keeping her clothes on.

Speaking of which, we were just getting ready to sit at our special table (I was gallantly pulling out the chairs for my half-dressed friends) when Liv reached behind her and started unclasping her open bra.

"Uhhh..." I said, looking around nervously.

"Oh professor," Andie sighed. "She always does this for a new man: she wants you to give them a proper feel."

Liv shook her head at my look of shock. "Do you see the older gentleman in the corner?"

I glanced over and spotted a very old gentleman indeed. He was at least in his seventies, if not older. He was very well attired in a somewhat old-fashioned suit. What was most remarkable about him however, was that he had two teenage girl students seated quite close on either side of him. They both were simultaneously biting and licking their lips, and squirming around and giggling. And our distinguished gentleman had both hands under the table.

"Those aren't black napkins on the tablecloth in front of them--" Liv pointed out. "Those are their knickers."

"He's on the board and he's very sweet," Andie informed me. "He lives quite near and treats two of us girls to lunch and 'finger pie' at least two three times a week."

"He's actually very good," the now braless Liv told me. "He picks two different ones each time to give us all a go and he keeps you on the brink for near an hour."

"My point," Liv sighed, "and I do have at least two very nice ones, is that almost anything goes here. I mean, we are required to show teats or cunnie to any bloke who wants to do an up close inspection." She shrugged. "We're used to it."

Then Olivia-- Liv-- stood up straight and presented her magnificent breasts to me for my own very public inspection. I colored slightly: I should have been used to this but-- here at lunch? I had more than a sense that this girl was being purposely out there, trying to assert herself.

Very well. I would play her game for now, but once I had her in my classroom, I would find her weakness; her personal kryptonite. For many young ladies it was public ass play. If that failed, calling her up front and having her demonstrate various sex toys in front of her classmates usually did the trick. It wasn't easy being brash when you were being instructed to fuck yourself to orgasm with an oversized dildo.

But for now: I held one breast in each hand as if weighing them. Liv's tits were especially buoyant and bouncy. I did love touching them. Then I lightly ran my fingers in circles until I reached each nipple. I twirled those rose-pink buttons around until each one lengthened to nearly twice their original size. Finally I proceeded to pinch each naughty nip roughly and attempt to raise her titties skyward by nipples alone.

Liv was breathing hard, licking her lips, and letting out little gasps throughout the procedure. When I stopped, she just looked at me and nodded. She sat down finally, her black shelf bra on the table in front of her.

Andie broke the silence: "Well?"

Liv was still staring into my eyes. "Wonderful: very experienced hands; long long fingers. Powerful: very self-assured."

'Wow!' I thought. I had just been evaluated as well.

Then to my surprise, Brigette the French maid appeared with menus. Her eyes widened and her mouth opened when she saw me-- and both girls noticed. I had felt up Brigette in the hallway outside of home room just over two hours ago. I had slipped my finger between her legs and tasted her tangy juices.

"Oh!" she said, obviously flustered. "Will you ladies need the menu since you have a guest?"

The girls looked back and forth at each other, evaluating our situation.

"Non," Andie told her. "We will have Jacque's special as usual."

Another uncomfortable silence. "You've only been here three hours, and you were with her too?" Liv asked.

This was beyond impertinence and I was quietly fuming. "As a professor-- even a visitor-- I have the right to personally punish you for failing to show proper submission. I've just punished Maggie, although she is my choice-- my naked pet for the day. I will be happy to tend with you too-- in private."

Third uncomfortable silence of our lunch hour.

"I wish you would-- punish me. I'm sorry, but... we really need you here! We are so bored with these same old men with their gnarly cocks putting them inside us and we're supposed to be grateful. We do have true full intercourse once a week but... with the same men! We are young, passionate, sexually yearning women. We need more. We need more!"

Liv looked away from me, blinking furiously. She knew she was in trouble. Her right hand was on the table, trembling. After a long pause, I reached out and took her hand, squeezing it tight. "You're right," I said.

Her mouth made an 'O' in shock.

"You're right in that we're not listening to you girls! We think we're so different because what we do here has to be hidden in the shadows. But no: we're making the same mistake of 'one size fits all' education."

I gripped her hand even tighter. "I want to start to be the change. You girls are all special to me-- each and every one of you! We're going to start listening, and you can start by telling me what you need."

Liv was breathing hard. For a second or two I was afraid she was about to burst into tears. Then Brigette broke the spell, carrying over three fish lunches along with white wine with the help of a grinning busboy.

The spell was temporarily broken but it wasn't. All three of us ate in silence. We came toward the end of our meals and Liv had her head down. I was turning to ask her if she was alright--

"I should be naked," she announced.

My eyes got wide.

"Maggie is learning compliance and discipline and she's naked... I can do it too."

And with that she reached under the table and un-strapped her thick heels.

"Uhhhh..." was all I could get out. What do you say to a pretty teen who is intent on stripping herself nude in public?

Andie found her voice: "Olivia?!"

By that point her panties were off and on the table next to her bra.

"It feels right," Liv said. "Because I need this! Here I am, a second-year, and I still haven't learned proper submission!"

"Are you... going to stay nude all day?" I got out.

Liv nodded. "I'll tell everyone I was quite rude to you and this is my punishment."

She was apparently quite satisfied with that and she continued eating her lunch. Liv was seated just to my left and I had an uninterrupted view of her bare skin from her shoulder down to her thigh.

"I have to touch you," I told her. "You are just so... young and soft and fresh."

"I do hope so," she replied. Liv leaned back a little for me and pushed the tablecloth away from her long, lovely legs.

"Beautiful," I sighed the word out as softly as her newly bared skin. Nothing like the endless length and the soft, supple appeal of a beautiful teenager's legs.

I reached to my left and stroked that bare skin from her hip down to her pretty knee. Liv settled back even more. I moved my hand to her inner thigh, teasing her. I looked to her face and saw her staring down at my hand.

"Andie," I said and I sensed that I startled her. "I don't want to neglect you. Tell me what you are missing here, what intimate studies you would like."

She was silent for a while as I moved closer to Liv's cunnie. I began to rub and pull on her soft curly hairs down there.

"I love cocks," Andie abruptly announced. We both looked over at her and she was actually blushing.

"I mean... they take us straight to 'here's how you fellate a man;' 'here's how a penis should feel when it's deep inside.' That's all well and good-- but I would LOVE to spend an hour or two just holding a man's lovely cock-- kissing it and touching it."

Both Olivia and I were absorbing this revelation as I started to stroke Miss Liv's plump outer lips.

"Why don't you start now? When no one is watching, slip yourself under the table and show me what you mean by handling my own cock."

Both girls went silent. I decided not to even look at Andie; she had to make up her own mind. In the meantime, I was gently pulling Miss Olivia's outer lips open with two fingers while I started a preliminary investigation of her innermost regions with another.

"Alright." Now I looked. Andie had her most serious intense face back on as her eyes quickly darted around the room. Then she seemed to hold her breath as she lifted up the white cloth and slid completely under the table.

I had finally located Miss Liv's love nub. It was a little shy at first but, now that I had her open for me, I began some serious twirling of her little girl-cock as I coaxed it out from its hiding place as well as to new lengths.

There was a voice from under the table. "Uhhh... should I just unbutton you and pull everything down?"

"Yes please. Pull everything down as much as you need. Remember not to only concentrate on the cock-- men have balls too and they are often overlooked."

I felt Andie's handy ministrations below. When it came to the proper moment, I lifted my ass off the chair to facilitate the lowering of the briefs.

I heard: "Ooohhh... God!" from below.

"Not quite." I was trying not to grin too much, but there I was, fingering one teenager's clit while girl number two was about to feel up my cock and balls.

Speaking of balls, I felt two soft little hands scooting under me so I helpfully lifted myself up.

"They're so hard and heavy!" Andie exclaimed.

"That's good," I said. "That means that I still have something of a load available." The girls were silent once again. Even Liv was fairly silent during my clit-twirling exercises. She only let out soft little "Oh!"s every once in a while.

Andie slipped her warmed-up hands from under my balls. "Are you... planning on uh... shooting out another load? Sir?"

"Whose class do you have next Miss Andie?

"It's Creative Nude Dance with Ms Griswold--- oooh!" Andie had both still very warm hands around my penis. She was only stroking it very lightly and playing with it.

"If you want a preview of sorts of Miss Griswold nude, she does dress down to see-thru nightie and tiny knickers. It's us girls who she makes strip off and dance naked."

Just the thought of Janice in naughty lingerie and matching thong panties gave a certain something a surge that Andie noticed.

"Oohhh... look at you getting even bigger!"

I had to turn my attention back to Liv. I traced the line of her vulva down to her vaginal opening. I was pleased to note that it was already gaping open, and that there were lines of stickiness oozing out. I searched for an extra napkin to place under her, then I saw that she was already sitting on one. Good girl!

"I don't know if I deserve to cum for you!" Livvie was almost moaning. "I want to so much... but..."

I cupped my hand under her body and curled my fingers against her pulsating opening. "Stop telling me you're a bad girl who doesn't deserve the pleasure I want to give you! There are no bad girls-- only untrained ones."

I sensed no resistance so I simply pressed inward and upward. I had three fingers inside her now, curled up close to her G-spot.

Meanwhile, Andie had changed her light handling technique to one of boldly grabbing onto to my cockhead and pulling. "Oh Andie! Ordinarily I would love that but... considering what I am up to up here..."

She let up a little and just held me, cupping me in her soft, warm hands. "What exactly are you up to, professor? It is getting awfully quiet up there," she said, teasingly.

"Oh Andie! You're making me so very happy and I'd love to make your friend happy-- if only she'll let me." I was addressing Andie but my message was for Liv.

"Olivia," came the voice under the table. "You're always telling me that I'm always so serious, that I should let go-- why don't you let go now? Just let it all go."

"Yes, Olivia, why not?" I moved in closer until my mostly-on slacks were bumping her totally bare thighs. There were protests from under the table that I was "getting all squirmy." My undercover friend began planting little kisses up and down my shaft-- even down to my balls. "See what you'll get if you just keep still?" Andie promised.

I was nearly on top of Liv. I wanted to kiss that sweet face. I glanced around. No one was watching except that one elderly board member. He smiled and nodded at me as our eyes met. He seemed to be saying: "Look at me, young man! I'm still fingering teenage girls at my age; maybe you'll be too!"

I mentally said 'fuck it' and planted a big wet kiss on Liv's soft, pliant lips. She only hesitated a second, then she grabbed me behind my neck and pulled me to her. I swirled my fingers around, deeper into her love hole and she started grinding her lower body against me.

Faster and harder I went... Olivia was either a very quiet girl when aroused, or she was doing a very good job at suppressing her vocalizations in public. All I got were faint "Oh!" "Oh!" and "OH!!"

We were sucking each other's tongues when she came. Her entire body, from legs to thighs to soaking wet pussy to hard-nippled breasts went totally stiff. There were one, two, three quick tremors like mini-quakes, then she practically melted away.

Miss Andie was quiet under the table. I'm sure she knew what was going on. I felt her hands let go of me-- only for her to put her mouth totally around my penis. She just held me in her mouth like that for a long moment, licked me up and down with her talented tongue, then let me slip out.

We all sat back as if stunned. Andie herself slid out from under the table with a smirk on her face. "Did I miss anything?"

If I wasn't seated between the two girls, Liv would have given her friend a nice little love smack.

Of course Brigette the ever present French maid chose that moment to stop by. "I could see that you were... busy, but it is getting late. The ladies, they have only the ten minutes to class."

Both teens muttered "shit" and jumped up. Liv looked down at her naked self. Andie took in her nudity. "If you're really going through with this, I'll take your clothes to quarters."

'Clothes!' I remembered my slacks and my briefs were still at half mast and tugged them back up and buttoned up.

Both teens got up and kissed me on their separate ways out. I stood and watched Miss Olivia's amazing rear end twitch with each step. "Oh!" Andie called out. "Do you still want to come to Nude Dance? I must let Ms Griswold know."

"Yes my dear." I hurried up to her and kissed her again. "As always, you are indispensable." She smiled and blushed. I thought she liked me-- a lot. Well, I knew she liked my penis...

Just outside the kitchen door with no sign of Miss Maggie. What to do? Do I barge in?

Then the door flew open and a busboy came out. I saw a scene I could not believe. I rushed up before the door closed and stood there, blocking it.

There was a much-used long wooden table in front. It was covered with recent food scraps as well as much older stains, cuts and burns. Directly behind it, to my right, there was a naked woman leaning back on a countertop with her legs spread open. It was Maggie.

She was propped up on her elbows with some kind of utility sink behind her and I noticed her leash was tightly wrapped around the faucet. On Maggie's breasts and on her belly were dollops of what looked like salad dressing. I was guessing dressing as there was a salad bowl complete with tongs between her pretty open knees. Male cooks and kitchen staff were helping themselves to salad, then dipping the leaves onto her breasts and her belly.

They didn't stop there. It seemed to be some kind of game for the hungry crew to finally and carefully hold the tongs and slide the already wet leaves in between her drooping inner lips, and then even try to poke the wet leaves into her winking cunt-- undoubtedly for a most spectacular taste sensation.

Maggie had her head thrown back long red hair falling behind her and her eyes closed as if in a kind of ecstatic state. Then I noticed Jacques. He was smiling and seemed to be softly talking to her just a few feet behind his eager staff.

As soon as I saw him, his eyes locked on mine. He held up his hands as if to block my view, then rushed the door so fast I nearly stumbled back into the dining hall.

"What you saw monsieur: you did not see!" He was still waving his hands at me as if to clear my vision.

"What I saw, I didn't see?!" I made a puzzled face. "Sounds very existential."

Jacques simply stared at me, eyes wide. No intellectual humor for him. Oh well, if my sweet Miss Maggie liked him then he was a really good guy.

"Jacques," I said. "I'm not upset with you. All I want to know is: did Maggie have a good time?"

He shook his head as if to clear it. Then he took my arm and leaned in, conspiratorially. "Oh oui, monsieur. She kept repeating: 'this is wonderful,' 'this is so amazing' and 'I am absolutely loving this!'

"Good!" I clasped his arm back. "We both love that sweet girl and we both made her very happy!" I looked at my watch. "If you could get her cleaned up? I'm observing a class in less than five and I do NOT want to make this particular professor angry."

Jacques thanked me again and he was so happy I was afraid I was going to get a kiss on each cheek. I had to shoo him back into the kitchen and reminded him to just get the naked girl in there cleaned up ASAP and ready for class.

At last, naked Maggie was delivered up to me, as freshly cleaned as she could be but still smelling a bit like salad. Leash handed over with yet another bow, I told her our destination and instructed her to lead.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed. "That would have been my next class. Maybe she won't make me dance though. I am NOT taking my collar off."

I mumbled something encouraging. Andie was waiting for us outside the classroom door. "Oh Mags!" she said. "I'm sure you thought getting stripped all nude and leashed got you a ticket out of class!" She got closer. "Did you at least have some kitchen fun?"

Maggie gave little Andie a big grin. "It was glorious being all naked and adored and touched by all those men. They loved every inch of me and they just couldn't get enough of me." She looked to me. "We should all have a class like that!"

Andie took my arm to lead me inside and instantly turned red. This little one definitely had a major sexual crush on me.

As soon as we entered my breath was taken away. There was a small raised stage at the far end of the room. There were only six or seven student desks and they had all been pushed against a wall, creating a large open area.

But what took my breath away were four teen girls in the open area who I recognized from home room. They were all dressed in completely see-through negligees that came to about mid-thigh. And they were all barefoot and all totally nude underneath.

As a unit, the four girls all gasped and turned away from me, although I did notice a lot of whispers and feminine giggles. All they did by turning away was to present for me four delicious sets of naked rumps, each set more bouncily enticing than the other.

Then Andie reappeared-- I hadn't even noticed she was gone with all of the sudden nudity. She was now nude herself and barefoot under the same type of see-through nightie.

Andie was staring at me with a faraway look in her eyes. She had her hands in front of her, over her crotch. Then she boldly put her hands on her hips and presented herself.

I had already spent part of my delightful lunch hour gazing at her breasts, although they were now freed from her open shelf bra.

My gaze went immediately to the thick mass of dark hair over her pubes. Her hair was somehow well-groomed but still silky and luxurious. I just wanted her on her back with her muscular legs opened wide for me. I wanted my face buried in her hair down there. My nose would be tickling her clit while my tongue would be making inroads deep inside her wet pussy. I would probably chew and even bite off some of her fur in my passion.

I had to make that happen. I knew she wanted nothing less than for me to bury the cock she had just lovingly handled deep inside her-- but I really did want to save up my sperm bank for the long-awaited love-making session with Ms Griswold tonight.

As if on cue with my dirty thoughts, the girls parted their naked asses a bit. I saw behind them a much more mature older woman bending over an old-fashioned phonograph, presenting her firm, sumptuous buttocks to me. Said buttocks were barely concealed behind lingerie identical to that of the nearly nude teenagers, but Ms Janice was the only female present to have on any other clothing. A tiny white string, presumably the back end of a tiny thong, was visible from behind as it emerged halfway up her marvelous ass crack.

I knew she knew I was watching her, but she made a show of it. Janice whirled around suddenly and made a silly attempt to cover herself.

Ms Griswold then slyly uncovered her body as if she had no choice. Her little white thong certainly showed that she groomed herself nicely down below.

But it was her nearly naked breasts that captured my undivided attention. They were somehow smaller and yet fleshier than they looked when bra-encased. Janice must always wear uplifting brassieres so that now, they were only slightly sagging. It wasn't a bad sag: it only seemed to make each teat more available, whether to the sucking of a baby or to a grown-ass boy like me.

Ms Griswold's nipples at first glance (and second and third) appeared to be startlingly long and bright red. Then I realized that, once she knew I was coming, Janice had applied a little lipstick to those nipples. Even so, they looked extremely nice and very long and quite suckable.

"Have you completed your evaluation, Professor David?" she teased.

"All except for a few square centimeters," I replied. I was down to her legs now, the long, firm legs of a beautiful older woman. Those luscious limbs had been sculpted by years of exercise and high heel wearing. I imagined how they would feel wrapped around me tonight, heels pounding my naked ass.

"Exactly what were you looking for by observing my class?" Janice asked. "I mean, beside staring at my breasts? Most of the class consists of simple exercises." She stood behind Andie and put her hands on her shoulders. "I teach my girls to dance with their love holes, centering all of their body movements around those two enticing openings. Andie, why don't we slip this off and show our dear professor?"

Andie was licking and biting her lips. I could practically see her heart pounding in her chest. Each of the diaphanous nighties had a pretty white ribbon tied in a bow at just below the belly button that served as a belt. Andie untied the ribbon. Janice pulled the sexy garment away from the naked girl before it hit the floor.

"Show him standing, vaginal movements. Focus your cunnie on him and him alone."

Andie opened her muscular legs and thighs wide enough for me to see a dark pink slit that split her furry jungle. She began to gyrate her lower body. She closed her eyes and her movements became even more sensual. After only a minute it was as if she was thrusting her pussy directly at me, simulating wild sex. And yes, with her legs open I could finally see her little pink slit of a hole. It was obvious now as it was oozing out milky-white stickiness. Andie muscular brown body wanted me inside so much that it was already lubricating itself for me.

Janice put her hands back on Andie's shoulders once Andie's demonstration was done. Little Andie was breathless. I was breathless. I wanted this wiry little bundle of untapped sexual energy under me and l wanted to sweetly fuck that leaky hole so much.

"Girls!" Professor Griswold announced. "Each of you will strip off for our professor-- and his constant companion-- why don't you two take a seat? You will show him-- in order-- standing, kneeling, squatting and finally floor vaginal movements. Then, if he's not totally bored, we will reverse things and do our anal dance moves. Are you ready, Professor David?"

My mouth was dry. "I am more than ready. But... if class is only... erotic exercise, then... why are you 'dressed' as you are?"

Professor Griswold looked down at her almost naked self and smiled. "Toward the end of every class, we rehearse our movements together for our next live show and naturally I lead my girls. It will be the end of October, so we have an All Hallow's Eve theme. The girls-- and I-- are lost female spirits who manifest as beautiful naked women. Our unfulfilled sexual longings still consume us, so we dance nude, only tormenting ourselves and those who watch."

"And... who will be watching?"

"So many questions! We have donors and potential donors who are mostly male. Believe it or not, they enjoy watching naked women dance! Does that shock you that we all strip nude to elicit donations? This Academy has survived for over one hundred years, and I for one am willing to throw away my inhibitions along with my clothes to keep it going."

Janice had moved until she was standing in front of us and glanced at my nude and leashed companion.

"Oh, don't worry Miss Maggie: I'm not making you dance today even though you're already nude. Today, you are receiving lessons of a different kind."

Maggie swallowed.

"So, are you finally ready Professor David, to have each of my girls dance naked for you, each one desperately offering to you their tight little love holes?"

At that point, I could only nod.

Ms Griswold went back to Andie and stage whispered: "We have an actual male in our audience today. You know what to do: make him insane with desire for you."

And naked Andie stepped up to me and continued her dance.