**Thornbush Academy**

by luv2custrip

**Thornbush Academy Ch. 01**

*An American professor lights up a British school for girls.*

(Author's note: all of the characters in this story are at least eighteen years of age. All of the fine academies mentioned herein-- although the names are fictionalized-- have assured me they do not take in young ladies until one day past their eighteenth birthday.)

Professor David Rogers had never been as excited in his life as the limo sent to pick him from Heathrow finally entered the sleepy Sussex village of Southmound. Its "downtown" appeared to be nothing but a worn down pub and inn (The Wayward Mound), a postal office and some kind of general store. The driver breezed on through, made a right, and came upon a long and winding road that passed by farms and hills that were dotted with sheep.

Finally, and David realized that he must've dozed off, they were off the main road on a driveway blocked by a gate. The driver gave his passenger's name to a squawking intercom and the gates slid open. David noted the lack of any signage. No: Thornbush Academy's methods, its primary goals, indeed, its very existence were all kept secret from an intrusive world...

David reflected on his own long and winding road that had brought him to this place. It had started in grad school with his relationship with his slightly older female teacher. She was so remarkably intelligent and so open to experiment sexually that they tried out positions that were new to them both. One in particular came from an extremely X-rated video. They tried it and David insisted he could improve on it. He did. The results were rapid fire multiple orgasms for her while he remained hard and still ready to fire.

Over the next few weeks they nearly wore themselves out. Terri (his professor) told him that she had done due and diligent research and that David had truly invented something completely new and wonderful. She also told him that she had confided their results to her girlfriends and they asked her permission to try him... or it.

It was an extraordinary offer of an extraordinary experience. Terri worked out all the details: in the end there were going to be three young women who would participate in David's uniquely hands-on-- or penis in-- teaching experience. Terri would be there: that is, she would be right there in the bedroom "supervising" as each of the three girls took their turn atop David.

The lessons began with each girl riding David-- who was actually not doing much besides lying back and playing director while ensuring he remained sufficiently hard. The girl had to lean herself back at first in a certain way and then suddenly practically fall on top of him-- all the while riding him up and down. The result-- if done right-- would not only stimulate her g-spot but also the entirety of her clitoris from inside her vaginal walls. Since David would have just started going, two and possibly three or more intense female orgasms were possible before he finally succumbed-- if at all-- to all of those pulsating vaginal contractions...

David shook back his memories as the limo pulled up to the entrance of a sprawling, ivy-covered Tudor mansion. What immediately caught his attention was a smiling, elegantly dressed, classically British blonde who reminded him of no one less than the sixties movie bombshell Shirley Eaton: the Golden Girl from 'Goldfinger.'

After the driver deposited his luggage at the entrance and departed, the lovely smiling elegant lady took both his hands in hers and held them.

"Welcome!" she said. "I'm Janice Griswold: one of the few professors who isn't currently occupied in instructing our young ladies. Let me look at you!"

(She actually said that, and she actually did.)

"You are the stuff of legend! We're already using and adapting your techniques and I absolutely adore your introductory lesson: 'How to be sexually submissive (even if you're not'); it's brilliant and you're brilliant and..."

Janice stopped and blushed as she realized she was gushing. David looked her up and down and wondered if she was a gusher from other parts of her body. Janice looked down as if she had forgotten she was still holding both his hands. She made a show of looking around and then she suddenly hugged him hard and kissed his cheek.

"We are going to get along... famously!" she whispered. She disentangled herself from David and insisted on helping him inside with some of his luggage.

As he followed Janice inside, he was certain that she was well-aware of his eyes on the slit in the back of her tight pencil skirt. As he was sure that she was also aware that her skirt was just a bit too tight to contain the twin mounds of her buttocks which were straining to happily bounce along in rhythm to each of her long-legged, high-heeled steps.

As this delightful lady showed him his nicely furnished quarters-- all set up with a very welcoming, homey touch-- David thought back to the aftermath of his very first hands-on class in female sexuality...

All three of the girls were nervous and shy at first-- they were, after all, making love with their girlfriend's boyfriend, right in front of her. But, as all three began to enjoy themselves, riding on his still hardly worn out penis, David noticed them all giving him significant looks. He knew that all three wanted more, and they all wanted it done... unsupervised.

Therefore David wasn't surprised when all three contacted him afterwards, requesting a private group lesson. Terri taught one night class every Wednesday from 7 to 9:45, so that was the optimal time. She was usually too tired afterwards to show up at David's Cambridge co-op, but 9:45 was still the safest time for his own very personal class to end.

The girls all showed up blushing and giggling, but it only required a glass or two of white wine to relieve any remaining inhibitions. It was a group decision that all four of them would pile in naked to David's bedroom as each girl enjoyed her multi-orgasmic ride in turn.

The girls nearly all provided helpful suggestions, but they also had other sexual questions. They now had a willing man-- with a very willing penis-- to experiment with without all of the usual emotional complications.

Everything went into David's notes. He was slowly developing a unique, inside view of female sexuality and how to teach it. Everything went fine for a while, until of course Terri figured it out, angrily left, and took two out of three girlfriends with her. The one who remained with David also went beyond the student/teacher relationship, and made things very personal...

Janice was speaking and David once again had to snap out of his reverie. "I'm sure you'll be very comfortable here, and if there's anything at all you need, my quarters are right down the hallway." She helpfully pointed.

Looking back and forth, Janice got close to him. "You'll have a very busy day: Dean has delayed Home Room so that you'll enjoy a very special meet-and-greet with all of our girls, as well as our very own 'The A B C's of Female Sexuality' presentation. So..." She leaned in and quickly gave him a very firm hug and quite the lingering kiss. Her firm hug grazed his left buttock on her way around, as her lingering kiss provided just a hint of a talented tongue.

"I will hopefully be able to see you later tonight," she said softly. "We have, I'm certain, so many things to go over-- to discuss as learned adults in a more private setting."

As Janice strolled to her quarters she glanced back at David, happy to see he was so intently enjoying the view of her own posterior quarters. "I will, of course, be more appropriately dressed-- so to speak!-- for the evening hours... something for you to look forward to as you continue with your busy day." And then she grinned and turned the corner and was gone.

David sat on his new bed, deliberately testing its firmness and its bounce for the anticipated nocturnal activity. His mind drifted back to his student turned girlfriend-- Nancy or Nan-- and how she was the one who told him about Claymore Academy:

It was an all-girls school for eighteen to nineteen-year-olds. It was "well-known," according to his new girlfriend, that the wealthy daddies silently encouraged their daughters to get rid of their sexual frustrations through brief affairs with the older and wiser professors-- instead of those clumsy, fumbling "Cambridge boys."

How did she know all this? Her Daddy was one of THE daddies; he was on the board, and they were currently looking for a like-minded professorial candidate who understood the unspoken rules.

David had just completed his Masters in American History and, while inexperienced, felt that Claymore was ideal for him. With help from his girlfriend and hints and winks during his two interviews, it was clear to the board that this young man (only twenty-five at the time) was a team-player and they took him on.

David soon established his own new private classes in sexual education with the very-willing young ladies of Claymore. He wisely started with one girl who told her friends, and they told their friends, and so on. That was how David ended up settling on eighteen to nineteen as the ideal age range for intense sexual training. These eager young ladies were just leaving girlhood behind and were only now entering into the fullness of womanhood.

Nan had long since moved on but their were no hard feelings. It was her father in fact who took young David under his wing and hinted that he had his own ideas about instructing young ladies...

David got off the bed and checked out the view from the window. There was a stone portico, covered with vines, all the way around at least this portion of the building. Just beyond that he could make out the very edge of the garden. The garden...

Dean Williams had already sent him some very interesting photos that the girls had taken as part of Art & Photography class. They were of course nudes of some of the less inhibited girls, and many of the nudes were quite revealing. There were indeed more than a few shots of girlishly young hands and fingers parting firm thighs and holding open bright wet pink folds. There was still something so innocent about it all, as if all these young ladies wanted to do was to properly introduce their intimate insides first to the gaze of the sun, and only secondarily to that of an eager world.

They were, amazingly, actually selling these photos in select galleries as classic erotica. The photographs consisting of closeups with flowers all around were titled "Girls and Their Opening Flowers" and were credited to "The Shameless Ladies Collective" and all proceeds were split between the photographers, the naughty young models, and the Academy.

David had at least thirty minutes to prepare before the special class in his honor. He thought about strolling the grounds at random and hoping that he'd run into a female student at random. They were all trained to be initially submissive and submit to proper uniform checks in addition to vaginal, clitoral and nipple checks under their minimal clothes-- as well as submitting to the reasonable (non-penetrating) needs of a "randy" male. But he knew there would be a lot more of that later.

David got out his laptop and opened up his masterwork: "They Only Want to Learn: a Manual for the Sexual Training and the Intimate Education of Select Young Women."

David sighed as he remembered the night of Nancy's sister's eighteenth birthday party; the night he had first discussed his manual with anyone. He had been so wary of running into his ex, but her father informed him that both she and her mother were traveling though Europe for the summer.

David hadn't known that it was a swim party for the girls. He was escorted through the house out to the pool by one of the staff. He was immediately assaulted-- if that was the word-- by the sight of at least twenty eighteen-year-olds splashing and giggling and running all around, with each one wearing the most minimal of teeny bikinis.

David found his way to the outdoor bar where three of the fathers were gathered. They all sat and took in the scene in front of them. Terri's father (John) observed wisely: "there is simply nothing else in the whole wide world-- no other sight quite as wonderful as this." The other men agreed. David wondered if they were all consciously avoiding ogling their own bikinied daughters, or if such a thing was even possible.

John turned to him. "How would like to have about half of these hot little honeys here-- say ten girls-- out of their bikinis and completely nude and in your capable hands as you teach these little bundles of sexual energy to be totally submissive and yet so knowledgeable about sex that they blow everyone else out of the water?"

David stared at him with his mouth open. John clapped him on the back. "We know all about your unofficial sex classes-- let's talk about making them... semi-official..."

David was scrolling through his laptop during his reminiscence and signed into one of the erotic galleries. Talk about "hot little honeys!". He smiled. There was nothing like the blossoming openness of a young woman's vulva: outer and inner labia-- once aroused and opened-- had a tendency to stay open. What a pleasure it would be to actually be there, and to watch their inner folds, their poky nubs and their teardrop-shaped holes all gaping open and flowing with their own sweet nectar...

There was a knock on the door and David slammed his laptop shut. Why? he wondered, shaking his head as he got up. This was a place where eighteen and nineteen-year-old girls were subject to having their skirts pulled up, panties pulled down, and pussies-- or cunnies-- publicly stroked. Feeling guilty was a throwback to, what was for David, an ancient time.

He opened the door and there was a French maid standing there. She was really all dressed up as the proverbial French maid: short skirt with stockings and garters and a tight white blouse with half the buttons unbuttoned.

"Hello!" she said. "Welcome to Thornbush! I am Brigette, at your service always, and ready to escort you to the Home Room." David went and managed to grab his laptop with all of his hidden files and meet her out in the hallway without ever taking his eyes off her luscious form.

As David followed her through the hallways and past the entrance hall, he was watching her tight little ass which was twitching in a very exaggerated manner. He also noted that Brigette had emphasized the words "service" and "escort."

She must have read his mind: "Since you are the new guest, I must tell that I am truly always at your service; I will for the instance clean the room nude except for the bed and wait for you under covers if that is your wish. I am the true submissive and to serve you is my great delight."

David knew they must be getting close to Home Room. Still, he was now becoming excited in more ways than one.

"Are you truly submissive?" he asked.

She licked her lips and looked around. "Oh monsieur! We are just at the corner and someone may see!"

"Bend over," he commanded, his voice husky. "All the way over and touch your toes."

Brigette sighed but she did as she was told. David flipped her tiny skirt up to her waist and pulled down her white thong panties in all of five seconds.

"Oh monsieur: merci!" she cried.

David ignored her. He roughly opened her thighs and cupped his right hand between her legs and then ran his fingers up and down the length of her vulva from behind. She was already nice and slippery from clit to cunt. He withdrew his hand and smelled her, then tasted her juices.

"Ahhh..." he exclaimed. "You may rearrange your clothing now, cher fille, pardon moi, but I simply cannot go that long without that smell; without that taste."

Brigette stood up and rearranged herself; she curtsied, her face flush. "I exist to service you. There is no apology." And then she led him around the corridor and pointed to a closed, heavy oaken door. "The Home Room," she said. "They are waiting." She came close and put her hand on his chest and then kissed him softly. "Thank you for using me: I am always yours. Ask anyone for me and I will come to you. We will... finish what we started."

David watched her walk away and turned to the door. He thought of wiping his hand but he saw no need. There were supposedly nineteen girls in there; many of them would require intimate handling. Their scents, their juices, would simply mix with sweet Brigette's.

He squared his shoulders and walked in.

As David entered, his breath was literally taken away by nineteen smiling, curious and slyly inquisitive young female faces. They were all behind little desks that were designed to reveal-- not hide-- any of their charms, especially their long long girlishly young legs.

Those legs were so long, and there was much of those 38 limbs visible, that David briefly wondered if they were skirt-less. No, he mused, probably not. They would be saving the joys of flipping up their tiny skirts and eventually taking them off, just for him...

David flashed back to his first "semiofficial" sexuality training class. John had led him and the other men down to his walkout basement. It was already set up classroom style, as his wife held her book clubs there. There was a sofa against one wall that would be pulled over to "center stage." It had a pullout bed for overnight guests and would be perfect for the girls as they would be required to participate in various sexual activities out in the open for the class.

Now, how to motivate the girls, as this was not only embarrassingly sexual, but also could obviously not count toward their grades? The dads all laughed. Apparently all it took to properly motivate eighteen-year-old girls were the promises of money, shopping experiences, new cars, trips abroad, and even "yes: now you can stay out all night with that boy!"

David's challenge was to come up with a course that wouldn't take up the little sweeties' whole summer. It was decided that the girls would have to sleep over some weekends to get in enough sessions. Clothing would definitely be optional, and it would get the teenagers in quite the right mood to all be hanging out totally naked and sweetly blushing in front of all of the dads as well as John's mostly male staff.

But now the schedule: David would need at least seven dates:

1 Introduction; undressing; intimate handling: "every part of your body is beautiful;

2 Submissive training: it starts with you on your knees;

3 Masturbation: learn to please yourself before others;

4 David's method: an introduction to multi-orgasmic intercourse;

5 Oral sex: more than just "blow jobs;"

6 Anal sex: exploring forbidden territory;

7 What about the ladies?: learning more about sexual pleasuring through girl on girl experiences.

The dads all loved it except they felt there just wasn't enough time devoted to perfecting the art of simple intercourse. David suggested that for the last half hour or so, the girls would take turns competing to see who would be the first to get David and/or the current volunteer "supervisor" dad off through straight sex.

Those were heady times: they only wound up with nine teenage girls, but they were all such sweetly naked and eager cuties that the classes frequently went overtime. David though, could never quite get used to one of those sweet blushing cuties shyly riding his cock while her Dad was shouting out: "That's it honey! Look at you riding him; you're doing great!"

"Professor Rogers no doubt!" The bear-like gentleman with long silver hair who came up and snapped David out of his trance introduced himself as Dean Wilson. The two men had been emailing and occasionally calling for months. The Dean was coy about how he had heard about David's "great work" but David suspected John, or even his wife, who were always in Europe on some mysterious business venture.

The Dean grinned as he gestured toward the girls: "Look at them! Aren't you positively entranced by so much beauty! Such a variety of pretty flowers ripe for the plucking!"

David glanced over to the teenagers to see their reactions. Some blushed and looked at the floor, some simply rolled their eyes, others were licking their lips and taking in their new, tall, slender, sandy-haired professor-- blue eyes behind his wire-frame glasses, and relatively young when it came to it.

David did a quick calculation: nineteen girls, two classes the first week, then three intimate classes the next weeks, and say he could take on three girls per class-- he would be sweetly fucking each and every one of these adorable young ladies in just over the next two weeks of his four week visit.

And that wasn't counting his first-year class in which he would teach eighteen-year-old bundles of sexual energy self-control by having them masturbate almost to orgasm and then learn to expertly fellate him-- but hold off before he came. Or the many other opportunities for "unofficial activities" whenever he encountered one of these sweet submissives in a more private setting.

Dean had David stand in front of his desk as he introduced him to the girls. "You will get to know him very very well over the next few weeks!" the Dean proclaimed, with just a hint of slyness to his voice and a bit of a wink.

Dean sat behind his desk and gestured David to a chair right next to it. He felt absurdly exposed in this position and wondered what he was worried about. He would undoubtedly maintain a near constant erection during the next forty-five minutes: so what if the young ladies noticed!

Dean stood up and directed everyone's attention to the board, on which was written these letters and words in chalk;

A = Access

B = Beauty

C = Compliance

D = Discipline

"Now, ladies: show the good professor what we mean by 'access'" the Dean was beaming as this was obviously a well-planned presentation.

The girls all stood up at once, giving David a chance to see their sexy school uniforms. They all wore tight midriff-baring white shirts that tied in front. Their tiny plaid skirts looked to be nothing more than two pieces of fabric attached to a thin black belt-- one piece in front, a centimeter below panty level, the other similarly short in the back.

They were lined up so neatly: ten lovelies in front and nine in back, but all spaced out so that the new professor could check them all out. Most were indeed the fair British beauties he was expecting, but there were two teens with darker skin and one sweet little Asian. All good, David thought. He needed input from all different types of young ladies, from all different cultures-- as he of course personally added his own input deep between their firm little thighs!

David watched as Dean Williams made a little turning signal with his fingers and the girls instantly complied with a slow 360. Dean was obviously in his glory; indeed, there was nothing like having a bevy of well-trained barely-dressed females at your command. They would all drop their clothes, they would all neatly line up to take turns riding your cock once properly trained. They would even-- with proper training and motivation-- sweetly go down on each other...

Professor David Rogers' very last semi-official class had a female guest lecturer. She was the author of a bestseller: "My Year Down Under: or, How a Formerly Straight Girl Spent a Year Loving Only Women." When she was done, she happily undressed and joined the nude female students who had been instructed to pair off and "feel free to experiment."

For once Professor David and John were not the ones providing the hands-on demonstrations. They had nothing to do except stroll around and enjoy the views of naked girls who had paired up on the additional couches that had been brought in or were just writhing around on the plush, expensive carpet, tongues and probing fingers in places they had never been before.

Then David was shocked by the sudden appearance of two pairs of sexy, short-skirted legs coming down the stairs. It was-- unbelievably-- his last two girlfriends, Terri and Nan! Both were dressed in naughty schoolgirl outfits they must have rented from an adult costume store.

Terri came right up to the already stunned professor and slapped him hard on the cheek. "You deserved that," she proclaimed. "You were so wrong for fucking around on me while I was in class. But then..." she paused as her voice broke, "I never took the time to really understand your work-- I was so wrong for leaving the man who was the best lover and the best friend I ever had!"

David wrapped her in his arms as she cried. Girls whose tongues weren't otherwise occupied went "Awwww..." while girls whose hands weren't all sticky actually applauded.

Nan waited quietly until Terri had calmed down. "And I just stupidly wandered away, off to Europe and missing you, while you were accomplishing all this! Terri and I have talked, and... if you wouldn't mind sharing two crazy ladies..."

David opened his arms wide and took Nan inside and now all three were crying-- in addition to most of the naked ladies.

When all had at last disentangled themselves and wiped their eyes, Terri and Nan looked at each other and nodded. David knew that they must have something planned.

"Well," Terri began, looking around. "Not only were we late for class, but we're overdressed!"

"We know how to fix that!" Nan responded, and the two slightly older ladies (early thirties) quickly added their costumes and their thong panties to the pile of feminine clothing that was started by the author.

As the two new nudes waded in to the sea of female flesh, Terri shouted: "David! We're going to demonstrate how nice a threesome can be!" as each lady joined an already happy couple.

Now all of the tears were wiped away and replaced by the sounds of girlish giggles and sloppy wet kisses as all of the girls returned to the happy art of greedily devouring each other...

David was brought back to the present by more choreographed moves as every other girl delightfully spun her short-skirted form and turned round, prettily presenting their barely-covered rumps next to the pretty front-facers: what a sight! The Dean counted "1-2-3" and each young lovely instantly lifted up her minimal skirt and held them up to the highest height.

David was thrilled to see matching black thongs on each firm young body. In front, the tiny bit of cloth barely covered each young lady's vulva, but David saw absolutely no sign of any stray hairs. In back, except for the tiny pouch over the girl's pooch, the black string appeared to be naughtily eaten up into each of their ass cracks.

Professor David was certain that none of these grinning girls, so caught up in the rehearsed choreography, really understood what their Dean was demonstrating: that their vaginas were totally accessible from every angle: just tug that little strip of cloth aside and shove yourself in.

David stood up and applauded. He didn't know if that was the proper British protocol, but that was his immediate response. "Bravo, ladies, bravo! What an enticing, stimulating show! Well done!" He was actually very stimulated and he was very glad he was wearing rather loose slacks.

Dean Williams was beside himself with the impression his skirt-hiking crew had made on the young American. "Well, let's continue on to B for Beauty!" he exclaimed. "Unbelt and step out of those silly skirts, all of you! Fold them neatly on the back of your chair."

Dean and David watched intently. It didn't matter if a young woman was performing a striptease on stage or just casually undressing: no creature on earth moved as wonderfully as a girl who knew that she was being watched as she took off her clothes. It came as something completely natural; a part of every human female's innate repertoire.

Once the girls were done, they were ordered to all face front. "Let's just continue on with our sultry striptease," encouraged the Dean. "I know that this was not planned, but we are both so taken with your little performance today, we just have to see more! Untie your blouses, remove them completely and fold them neatly. Let's show our special visitor that each of our fillies has her young teats properly harnessed."

David against studied the girls' reactions to all of this sexual teasing and stripping commands. He was pretty sure he could differentiate between the first and the second year students by the amount of lip-biting, down-staring and blushing occurring.

Once the blouses were all removed, all nineteen teenagers stood at attention and deliberately thrust out their breasts. They all wore open black shelf bras that lifted up and exposed their young tits and relentlessly hard nips for maximum viewing pleasure.

With their blouses off, their youthfully firm breasts seemed to be rising. Their nipples took the lead; as they were exposed to the air, it was if there were invisible strings attached to each one, pulling along each accompanying breast up toward the ceiling.

David was carefully studying those breasts; in fact he was currently conducting a special study, comparing the size, shape and coloration of the young female's nipple area to their genitalia. Both sensitive areas had to observed in a quiescent state, then fully aroused. David now had thirty-eight very suckable nips and-- presumably-- nineteen very fuckable cunnies to literally play with.

He knew enough though to not request that the nineteen teens strip off completely right away. David was sure that their stunning striptease performance would be quite enough for most of the girls-- for now. He would have to think about a way to request that each of them pose naked for him-- and allow him to photograph them in both areas, in both states of arousal.

David tore his eyes away from the seemingly unending line of breasts to actually look down lower and at their pretty legs. This was another way to pick out the younger ones: their legs still had a bit of baby fat, especially around the knees. He also noted that the girls all had black, spiky, open-toe high-heels on their feet with sexy thin straps that wound around their ankles. David was later told that the shoes and the matching underthings were all color coordinated each day; their clothes were coming off anyway, so why not make them look especially nice underneath it all?

Both Professor David and the Dean could have stood there for hours, watching all of those youthfully firm bared breasts rise and fall with each girl's breath. But... this special homeroom was already cutting into the other classes: Art and Photography, Classic Literature and History were the "normal" courses. The afternoon was taken up with classes in such other special subjects such as "Oral Sex as Foreplay," "The Arts of Full Striptease and Naked Dancing," as well as "An Introduction to Bondage and Discipline."

But there was also a rare field trip tomorrow that the eager young Professor so wanted to join. Some advanced, second-year girls were being brought to a quaint nearby village, popular with locals and tourists alike. They would be encouraged by the closely-supervising staff members to unbutton their blouses and hike up their short skirts, as they flashed their male waiters during lunch.

It was a somewhat dangerous introduction to the joys of female exhibitionism. After lunch, the giggly girls would pile into a swimwear shop and forgo the dressing room as they stripped off and into the teeniest bikinis, right out in the open.

Before they left, the boldest young ladies could try parading down the village streets-- totally nude. The Academy staff would be pacing the blushing beauties and filming their naked escapades. Any goggle-eyed passer-by would be informed that they were filming one of those naughty "nude in public" videos.

But as for now, the Dean's eyes were sparkling as he asked the young ladies who were now clad in nothing but adult lingerie to take their seats. He needed a "very special volunteer" to come up front and demonstrate parts C & D: Compliance and Discipline, in one very personal combined program for the lustful young professor.

David watched as slowly, three, four then five hands were raised. Only five of nineteen? he shook his head. There was something more needed here, he mused: a very special object lesson that would more deeply ingrain the dual concepts of compliance and discipline not only into their tenderly yielding naked bodies but also into their yearning, open minds.

David's trained, expert mind went into overdrive. He began scanning the girls' bared breasts rising and falling, their lip-sticked lips being bitten and licked, and their shy doe-eyes glancing his way.

In David's limited experience, teen girls who were being newly sexually awakened and immersed into a world of near-constant nudity and pleasure, developed a keen sense of the male gaze. They would be constantly checking: are his pupils enlarging to take in my beauty? Is that a telltale bulge down there?

The true submissive female is constantly scanning the eyes of the male (or males) present to try to anticipate their every desire. If his gaze drifts down in front, she should be prepared to open her legs. If his gaze shifts upward, then she should thrust out her breasts for suckling.

David was in that mode now: looking for a shy girl's glance that could not resist coming back to his eyes. There! The back row, second from the left-- how could he have missed her up till now?

She was a very light-skinned beauty with dark red hair and freckles all over and a finely chiseled face that was clearly the face of Ireland. She had very thin but nicely shaped arms and legs that matched her mostly slim figure. Except... her breasts were unusually large for her petite size-- probably 32Ds-- and they also sported unusually large brown puffy nipples that simply melted into the equally large brown aureola.

David sensed that she had become an expert at trying to hide; she didn't have the rose petal pink tips of the other girls' tits, and she hated standing out. But he also sensed something else: in his heightened state of awareness he knew that she was watching him with a burning intensity, but she would quickly look away every time they locked eyes.

David wanted her. He wanted to see her naked lower lips which he imagined were as puffy as her nipples; he saw in his mind's eye her inviting wet folds as a dark, sensual red. He wanted to taste her breasts and bite down hard and measure how far he could make her dirty brown nipples poke out. He just wanted her... and now it was time to get her!

Less than a minute had gone by in real time as Dean Willams kept urging more of the shy teenage girls to raise their hands. But time had slowed for David. He matched his breathing to that of the freckled redhead. He never took his eyes off hers. He relaxed his own body and sought that his every thought would be broadcast to her in his own body language.

'You so want to stare at me,' he thought. 'Yes you! You with the flowing mane of red and those breasts that I must hold and pinch and kiss and bite-- yes you!' She was at last directly staring; meeting his eyes and not looking away. She arched her eyebrows and widened her pretty blue eyes.

David did the same; mimicking her every movement... and then he saw her smile. He smiled back. Hers though was a smile that would melt the heart of the most dominant, aggressive trainer, determined on bending her to his will. But then, that was just one of their secret weapons: a shy smile, a sad little puppy dog look, a tear in their eye, and the most powerful men would want nothing more than to just hold their soft little bodies close and kiss them gently to sleep.

But now that the Professor had made contact, he pressed his advantage. He began tensing his whole body as if he was going to stand up. And he kept thinking: 'You want to stand up. You want to come to me. I have chosen you from all these other pretty little girls. I will undress you, I will caress you, I will give your soft young body the attention that it's desperately craving. All you have to do is stand up. Come to me, my sweet beautiful girl, come to me."

He made the motion of starting to stand. He nodded to her. He whispered "stand up for me... come to me." He saw her lick her lips. He saw her look at all the other girls. And then she slowly stood up.

The Dean was speaking: "Professor David? Are you with us? I know it is hard to pluck just one flower from all the roses but--". He stopped, stunned. "Maggie?? Dear little Maggie??"

Maggie had by now walked around both rows of girls and seemed to be holding her breath as she stepped out into the open, the other girls staring in shock.

Maggie came up the Dean's big antique desk so hesitantly, her lovely thin legs shaking, that David wondered if he would have to run up to catch her from fainting.

First-year girls like Maggie appeared so shy and virginal, but David knew that virgins were not accepted here. The Dean, he knew, would describe to the downcast parents the very intimate examination their daughter would be required to undergo before the Board: "She will be nude and her entire body will be intimately examined; as a final act, she will probed deep within with the male member, and the discovery of an intact hymen may be painful for her, and embarrassing to all." He would recommend that the parents find a trustworthy, experienced gentleman to deflower her in the most romantic way possible. "All girls deserve that for their first time," the Dean would say, at heart an old softie.

"Oh my," the Dean was now saying in open disbelief, "it seems that we have our volunteer!"

"But, Maggie didn't really volunteer," David spoke quietly but firmly, "I summoned her."

There was a sudden silence after two or three girls gasped. They were looking at this unassuming young American now with a new sense of awe. What other masculine powers and abilities was he hiding under his calm demeanor and under his light linen suit? A few naughty girls were taking advantage of all eyes being turned to the Professor and were slipping naughty fingers under their thongs.

These girls were taking a chance: masturbation was supposed to be saved for the appropriate class. Any girls caught diddling their twats in any other setting were subject to be immediately spanked bare-bottomed in front of the class. Their punishment would include having to remain bottomless the rest of the day; their reddened ass cheeks a bright warning to any other would-be wayward girl.

"Indeed!" the Dean finally replied. "Well, young Skywalker" he whispered jokingly, "you must train the rest of us in all of your Jedi mind tricks!"

"But," he added more seriously, "I did have a compliance and discipline demonstration in mind, but I concede: you are already a master! You decide: you may do with Miss Maggie as you wish-- as long as you comply with Academy guidelines!"

Now Professor David was beaming. His suggestion to this very suggestible girl had worked wonderfully. He now had a shy, blushing, and soon to be totally unclothed teenager to do with as he willed.

"First," he began, "she must strip completely nude-- right here, in front of the class-- and that includes her shoes. Second-- if I may be so bold-- I would like to borrow a collar and a leash from Professor Dunbar's bondage class. Maggie will be my nude guide, my sweetly bared companion, and my naked pet, until the end of classes for today."

Dean Williams was nodding and licking his lips. "Excellent... excellent. You will have whatever you need. I do hope both of you know that if you bring your 'naked pet' into any active classroom, she must participate-- no matter how advanced the sexual activity."

David smiled. "There is a class at two I wanted to sit in on: "Stretching out the vaginal walls whilst tightening the vaginal muscles: the delightful contradiction of deep, frequent penile thrusts," he recited from memory.

"Ah yes," said the Dean, still licking his lips as he was taking in the poor girl's blushing body. "I just might have to 'sit in on' that one myself!"

"It is also quite interesting," stated David, "that we have eighteen girls remaining in class-- and eighteen more days remaining in your four-week semester..."

Dean Williams actually clasped his hands together in pure joy. "We can take turns-- all of the staff-- and each take one girl out naked and leashed per day! What better way to teach compliance and discipline beside being led around in the nude?!"

He stood up next to David and spoke quietly. "We have some endowments and other funds for worthy projects. I will talk to the Board on your behalf. You have already taken our staid old Academy to a whole new level of intimate instruction. Thank you sir!" and he pumped his hand.

David's eyes took in the sea of shocked female faces above the ocean swells of their pink-tipped breasts as each girl took in the fact that little Maggie's fate would soon be their own.

Professor Rogers was touched by the Dean's gesture-- but he also wanted to begin touching Maggie. Once his hand was done being nearly squeezed off by the Dean, he went over to Maggie and turned her by the shoulders to face the class.

"I am now going to undress Miss Maggie and inspect her for signs of sexual arousal... which is a good thing! That's what you ladies are being trained for. After all of the attention we've heaped on her just now, we're expecting some leakage of clear vaginal fluid, puffy and distended inner lips, and an elongated and reddening clitoris that by now has escaped from it's covering. Let's begin..."

Professor David Rogers stood behind the sweet, nearly naked redhead. And then he surprised her by bending down and pulling down her thongs. He nearly gasped at the sight of her shapely twin mounds, and noted that her buttocks were lightly sweated.

Maggie's newly-freed ass cheeks seemed to be saucily shaking at him, and he understood it was because the poor girl was still trembling. David instinctively knelt down and, putting his hands on her thighs, gave each trembling cheek a soft kiss.

He thought he heard a sigh escape her lips as she calmed down somewhat. So this was a girl who responded to the gentle touch and to loving kisses. Professor David was more than happy to provide both.

But, at some point in her training, little Maggie would have to understand that, for a male in heat, her body was nothing more than a heated receptacle. At some point she would be pushed down, pulled open and then powerfully entered by a male who had left behind the very thought of gentleness. A male in heat wanted nothing more than to penetrate her as deeply as possible to ensure that his burst of hot semen hit its mark deep inside.

Now David could not wait to see and to touch her outer and her inner lips and then trace the line of her vulva down from her clit to her cunt with his long fingers. He wanted to make pearls and drools of girlie-goo drip out of her as he watched. But, he was pacing himself-- deliberately. This was already one of the best days in his short career of teaching teen girls the joys of sex-- and his day had hardly begun!