**Thornbush Academy**

by luv2custrip

**Thornbush Academy Ch. 05b - Vagina Time**

*Professor McLean demonstrates his techniques on Maggie.*

When the three of us entered Professor McClean's Vaginal Stretching and Exercise class, I took a look around, comparing it to the other classrooms I had seen today.

All of the classrooms had a cloakroom to the left or the right at hallway level; these rooms were currently used for the girls to undress when required. There was then a step down to a wide open area. Most of the more traditional classrooms were filled with student desks here: Professor McClean's classroom floor had six mattresses scattered round with piles of white towels on each one. Along the walls there were a few rolling privacy curtains as in hospitals.

Andie and Maggie, both nude already, were quite used to the routine. "Prof is in his office, in back of that raised stage area." Andie pointed across all of the mattresses. "Most of the girls will be back there by now. We all wait naked under our little robes to be called. We chat with the first-years-- they're still nervous about the whole nude sex thing-- but basically it's just waiting for our time."

She started marching across the room, expertly dodging the mattresses. "I'll get the Prof," she called out. I watched her hot, tight ass cheeks twitch as she retreated.

Maggie shrugged. "I might as well wait with you, sir. I'm due for insertion today, so he might take me first."

I was still trying to process how complacent these teens were when it came to all of the nudity and sex. Well, they all had to be initially interviewed in person, which required that they strip completely at some point and then perform some mild sex act to prove they were ready for Thornbush (stroking or licking the male interviewer's penis, usually.)

Their final entrance exam had the girls all stripped nude in front of the whole board. During that exam, a lucky professor thoroughly examined the young girl's body, commenting on her sexual responsiveness, before inserting his penis full in to confirm that she was not a virgin.

A door opened somewhere and, if Dean was a bear of a man, this was a lion! A massively built bearded man with reddish hair and beard prematurely streaked with gray.

"Professor Rogers!" he boomed out in a voice that was richly Scottish. His handshake was firm but not overly so. I sensed that this was how he was with the girls he trained: firm, but not scary-firm. I liked him immediately.

"We've all heard so much about you, young man-- only two years as a girl-handler but you've already gone so far!" McClean enthused. He looked behind me and raised his brows. "And look at the pretty present ye brought me: little Miss Maggie, not only already nude for me but also leashed an' collared. What a sight for the old boy!"

He patted his groin which was quite reachable as apparently all he was wearing was a short silk robe.

"Well now; I've got a total of five young an' lovely ladies ready an' waitin' for their cunnies to be stretched by some'un who's hard an' willin'. So: I'm thinkin' of startin' with Miss Maggie here as my shinin' example for ya. Then you'll do a curvy little Miss Emily to get you warmed up before you end yer set with Miss Andie. An' I'll do the other two."

McClean got close and whispered: "Andie gurl can't even say your name without wettin' her knickers-- she has got it bad!"

McLean gestured to Maggie. "Come over here, gurl, and let me take a good long look at you!" He plopped himself down on the nearest mattress and his robe plopped open as well. I don't make it a habit to look but: my God! He already had a massive erection and his thick, knobby member had to already measure close to nine inches.

"Ach, an' it looks as though I might as well lose the silly robe. Looks like my little secret is already out." He dropped the robe on the mattress behind him and just sat back, unabashedly naked and hard.

"Oh, Professor Rogers! Seein' as you're the only one here with their clothes still on, why don't you strip off too." He nodded toward Maggie who was shyly standing in front if him. "Might make the nekkid gurl feel more t' home."

Sigh. I knew I had no choice. They both stared at me as I stripped, Maggie biting her lip, McLean going "ahhhh!" when my own eight inches sprang out. I was leaning against the raised stage area and put all my clothes behind me.

Once I was appropriately naked, I was totally ignored. McLean rightly focused on the shyly nude eighteen-year-old "gurl." "Ach, an' look at you: three weeks since I did ya last an' you're an even sexier, more grown-up woman now."

He looked at her hands, loosely covering her crotch. "But what do we have to do to loosen ya up? Tickle your tum?"

Maggie slowly dropped her hands to her sides. "Maybe there's something else I'd like you to tickle." She suddenly blushed furiously and looked down.

Maggie had long, dark red hair, pale skin delightfully sprinkled with freckles, and 32Ds that had the most enticingly unusual poky and suckable brown nipples and areola. She was a sight to behold.

"My goodness! What's become of that shy little gurl who wouldn't even take her robe off for me?! Let's have a look." McClean pulled her naked little body closer by placing his big hands on her thighs, just below her rear cheeks.

"Oh my," he exclaimed. "Some bad little girl is sticking her tongue out at me!" He fingered her clit. "And it's a wet tongue." He licked her. "An' it's tasty too!"

By now Maggie was squirming and giggling hysterically. With both of them redheads, it was almost like watching a lovable grandpa teasing his granddaughter-- except that the girl was eighteen and totally naked-- and gramps was teasing the girl's hardening clitoris.

McLean began to rub his face into Maggie's genitalia, growling like a lion. The poor girl was almost collapsing in a combination of laughter and arousal.

"Let's get ya down on this mattress before ye fall down!" McLean tugged her hands until she was kneeling in front of him. She almost instantly lay back and spread her pretty legs open, her head and shoulders propped up on her elbows, watching him intently, trying to catch her breath. There was a big fluffy soft towel already spread out under her and she looked like an absolutely edible delight.

I had scooted my bare ass up and onto the raised area behind me. Now, I must have looked ridiculous as I was scooting my naked self into an even better position to see what was going on between this pretty teen's spread legs.

McClean put one meaty hand right over her pussy, cupping her from cunt to clit. "Ya feel so warm; I wish I had something I could put up and in there to check you out."

Maggie giggled some more as the massive nude man searched the area, his massive boner flopping about. The Professor looked down. "Now why didn't I think of that before?!" He lay down next to Maggie. "May I put that inside you?"

"I would love you inside me."

He positioned himself between her legs, propped up on his hands over her. "Are you ready for me Miss Maggie?"

"Oh please: I only want to feel you, so warm and thick and filling me up inside."

I had to watch. There is something about the initial entry of a man's penis into a woman's warm and wet and welcoming vagina. It is so primal; beyond mere eroticism.

Maggie seemed to quickly take in nearly all his length. I was impressed.

"It's important at this time to relax them, comfort them, talk to them. Remember that these are still relatively inexperienced girls: having a man insert his penis deep inside as part of a classroom exercise is still a very unsettling thing."

I started because he must have been speaking directly to me-- and because he was suddenly speaking proper Oxford/Cambridge English.

"So, Miss Maggie," his accent returned. "What did ya do at school today?"

Maggie must have been used to this line of questioning during her initial penetration as she actually proceeded to recount her eventful day. I noticed that the professor was very lightly, almost imperceptibly, rocking this girl's lovely body up and down with his massive cock. He had remarkable control.

Maggie told of how I summoned her in homeroom "with his hypnotic eyes." McClean turned and looked back at me. I shrugged. She then went on as to how I stripped her naked in class and then inserted my hand inside her up to my wrist and made her cum "so hard in front of everyone."

And that was only the first thirty-five minutes of this teenager's schoolday!

Then, she went on, I had her leashed and collared and was granted permission from the Dean for her to be my nude guide as well as my naked pet.

Maggie reluctantly admitted that she was rude to me "in all of my outdoors naked excitement" and that I had punished her with a sexual spanking on the park bench by the pond.

She then told the Prof of the strange experience of having her cunnie juice collected for me by the delectable older blonde Ms Griswold inserting something inside of her.

Then... she left something quite important out. Well, it was quite important to me!

Professor McClean must have been ready for this strange tale to end. All I noticed was that his thrusts were a little faster and a little deeper. Well-- the man had to keep himself hard!

Maggie was finally up to my releasing her leash into the capable hands of Jacques, the Academy chef. He and his male kitchen staff turned her into an undressed receptacle for their salad dressing.

Maggie's voice was getting dreamier, more choked up as McLean was incrementally increasing the depth and the frequency of his penile plunges.

Then, he stopped.

"Maggie," he said, "I'm an experienced trainer, near twenty years now. An' I know you've been fucked recently, an' fucked hard. I can smell it on ya, taste it on yer little clit; even over the smell of the salad dressing."

Maggie stared up at him and her eyes got so wide. "Oh I'm sorry! Oh sir, I'm just so... I didn't know how to tell you-- I was so afraid! I don't want you to be mad at me!" And then that sweet, beautiful, kissable face of hers scrunched up. She was about to burst into tears and my heart went out to her, wondering what sort of punishment the Prof would bestow.

He leaned his huge naked body over her. He bent down and kissed her. She stared up at him in shock.

"Oh Maggie! What kind of trainer am I, tryin' to teach a sweet young thing to enjoy the feel of a man deep inside her, if I punish her for lettin' another man in?! The last thing I want is fer you ta be afraid of me! Ach! No more tears! Oh you little sweetheart!!"

I was so amazed I slid off the stage and was standing in back of McClean, my naked cock throbbing.

"Yer right." He was addressing me again. "This little one is not only one out of nineteen, she is one out of one hundred girls! There are ones who come along... they wake ya up with their scrunched-up faces, their sweet an' soft and parfect young bodies bouncing along under you...

"I always make my girls cum after... with me hands or with me mouth... I'm makin' this little one cum with me cock."

He started to pull out, which, with his length, was a concerted effort. "Clamp down on me Missy!" he said. "Try to keep me in-- lest ya want me out! Ohhh and that's nice! What a strong girl ya are... try to suck me back inside ya with those muscles... Mmmm... yes!"

He was nearly pulled out... well, eight of nine inches. His bulbous purple cockhead was just inside Maggie's cunt. I had never seen anything like it: this hulk of a man was moving his body around to make his cock dance, in and around her love hole.

"Oh my god! Oohhhh god!" Maggie's head, her whole body was thrown back in a look of ecstatic surrender.

Now the naked Prof grasped his penis in one meaty hand and positioned it over the girl's own throbbing girl-cock.

In spite of myself, I was nearly standing on top of them. I had never seen such sexual mastery, and I doubted that I ever would again.

McClean was using his hand to keep from cumming, plus he was actually positioning his pee-hole over Maggie's slippery clit and trying to take it inside. With every movement, his big hairy ball-sac was playing slap-n-tickle with her drooping purple inner labia.

"God god god... oh sweet sweet fuck, oh no! You can't, oh you can't... what... what... mmmm... MMMM... oh god FUCK!!" Maggie's body nearly went into convulsive shocks. Her legs were spread farther out than I thought possible, and each of her tits was spinning and bouncing on its own. She stiffened up and she let out that long soft endlessly sexy moan of hers.

I had to turn away, hands on my knees. I very nearly lost it.

"Are ye alright?" It was the professor.

"You're asking me?!" I straightened up. McLean was down on his butt, on the floor between mattresses. We were both naked, but now the camaraderie of two experienced girl-handlers took over. We were naked only to bring on the next girl.

McClean was sweating. Maggie still had her legs wide open but one knee was bent up, indicating to both of us that she had survived.

I went over and helped the Prof up.

"Whew!" he said. "She is a special one she is! Take good care of her. Take her somewhere and take her in your arms. Fall in love a little. That's what they're here for."

He started off toward his back office. "I'm gettin' us what we both need: a wee bit of some cheap scotch. Then I'm bringin' you your next victim: a curvy little blondie whose sweet round tits and bouncin' bubble butt will knock ya off yer toes."

Maggie had herself sitting up so I sat next to her and held her. She was a sticky wet mess from halfway up to her belly button to halfway down both thighs. In other words, she was beautiful.

"How are you doing, my sweet girl?"

She was watching that huge lion of a man walk up some steps and disappear around a corner.

"I love men, and I love what you do to me. I think I love you all so much that I just can't get enough of you!"

I grinned and I pulled her so close I almost squeezed her naked self into my body.